

**User Name: =**

**Date and Time: = 2025-05-10**

**Job Number: = 252540000**

**Documents (500)**

**Client/Matter:** -None-

**Search Terms:** "working class"

**Search Type:** NaturalAnd

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| **Content Type** | **Narrowed by** |
| news | Exclusions: Exclude Obituaries Source Name: The New York Times Source Language: English Timeline: 01 Jan, 1980 to 31 Dec, 2024 |

1. [**WINE**](#Bookmark_1)

2. [**O'NEILL, 10-YEAR 'WATCHDOG,' STILL SNAPPING AWAY**](#Bookmark_2)

3. [**DIVIDED LATVIANS AWAITING CLINTON**](#Bookmark_3)

4. [**3M WORKERS CAMPAIGN TO KEEP PLANT**](#Bookmark_4)

5. [**THEATER: WILSON'S 'TALLEY & SON'**](#Bookmark_5)

6. [**THE PROPHETIC SHOE SALESMAN**](#Bookmark_6)

7. [**POP MUSIC; Back, Sold Out and Playing In the Key of E Street**](#Bookmark_7)

8. [**AT THE MOVIES**](#Bookmark_8)

9. [**A REPORTER'S NOTEBOOK: LE SCANDALE GREENPEACE**](#Bookmark_9)

10. [**Cheese Maker Cites Benefit of Slow Food**](#Bookmark_10)

11. [**Riverfront Village Works to Emerge From Long Slump**](#Bookmark_11)

12. [**BOOKS OF THE TIMES**](#Bookmark_12)

13. [**The News From Woolybucket**](#Bookmark_13)

14. [**With All Boston Listening, UMass Leader Says Little**](#Bookmark_14)

15. [**October**](#Bookmark_15)

16. [**FILM; A Monumental Film Suddenly Appears Brighter**](#Bookmark_16)

17. [**LABOR CENTER FILLING A DATA VACUUM**](#Bookmark_17)

18. [**URBAN TACTICS Sorry, Superman**](#Bookmark_18)

19. [**Sports of The Times; Strangers at Home**](#Bookmark_19)

20. [**DICKENS CHARACTERS ARE SET TO MUSIC**](#Bookmark_20)

21. [**LOSS, DISCOVERY AND OTHER URGENIES**](#Bookmark_21)

22. [**Rem Koolhaas Learns Not to Overthink It**](#Bookmark_22)

23. [**California Bingo Hall Plays on World Stage**](#Bookmark_23)

24. [**STAGE: 2 LONDON PLAYS TOUCH ON STALINIZATION**](#Bookmark_24)

25. [**In the Rockaways, Hope for a Revival**](#Bookmark_25)

26. [**Out of Africa, Passionately Packaged**](#Bookmark_26)

27. [**U.S. PUZZLED BY WHITWORTH FINANCES**](#Bookmark_27)

28. [**RHODE ISLAND A CROSSROADS FOR COCAINE**](#Bookmark_28)

29. [**HORDES HEAD SOUTH FOR 'REAL RACING'**](#Bookmark_29)

30. [**JAPAN 'S WOMEN WIN SCUFFLE IN EQUALITY WAR**](#Bookmark_30)

31. [**POLITICAL RETHINKING IN MASSACHUSETTS**](#Bookmark_31)

32. [**OTHER VOICES; OVERHAUL ASIDE, CONGRESS TALKS OF TAX INCREASES**](#Bookmark_32)

33. [**Leader of Hezbollah Discovers A New Fray: Lebanese Politics**](#Bookmark_33)

34. [**In Minnesota Shift, Case Study For National Political Shake-Up**](#Bookmark_34)

35. [**URBAN TACTICS Latest Exit to Brooklyn**](#Bookmark_35)

36. [**A Furious Man**](#Bookmark_36)

37. [**Chicago Machine Savors Its Victory**](#Bookmark_37)

38. [**Reading Drive Enlivens Public School Libraries**](#Bookmark_38)

39. [**THE WHITE HOUSE; ROLLINS KEEPS ROLLING WITH THE PUNCHES**](#Bookmark_39)

40. [**The Smoke Nazis**](#Bookmark_40)

41. [**Upscale Housing in a Downscale Cincinnati Area**](#Bookmark_41)

42. [**The Troubles in Ulster Shift From Street to the Assembly**](#Bookmark_42)

43. [**When the Village Broke Free**](#Bookmark_43)

44. [**Chicago Undecided on Eve Of Rostenkowski's Primary**](#Bookmark_44)

45. [**HAVENS Big Land Rush In Little Rhody**](#Bookmark_45)

46. [**Pardon My French**](#Bookmark_46)

47. [**MICHAEL GRADE BRINGS HOLLYWOOD STYLE TO BBC**](#Bookmark_47)

48. [**A Murder in Tijuana**](#Bookmark_48)

49. [**THEY DREW A LINE**](#Bookmark_49)

50. [**Santa Barbara On the Cheap**](#Bookmark_50)

51. [**Two Political Veterans, but Only One Chair**](#Bookmark_51)

52. [**DESPITE TRIAL, TALK IS LIVELY IN YUGOSLAVIA**](#Bookmark_52)

53. [**Critic's Notebook; Welcome Invasion: A Russian Season In Paris Theaters**](#Bookmark_53)

54. [**Game Hunting in England**](#Bookmark_54)

55. [**In Father's Memory, Fighting to Stay in Britain**](#Bookmark_55)

56. [**CRITIC'S NOTEBOOK; Distilling The Dance Of Time**](#Bookmark_56)

57. [**Giuliani Plan For Hospitals Facing Fight**](#Bookmark_57)

58. [**POLISH SHIPS SEEN AS LAST OPEN EXIT**](#Bookmark_58)

59. [**With Vocations in Decline, an Effort to Market the Priesthood**](#Bookmark_59)

60. [**Paris, the Eternal City**](#Bookmark_60)

61. [**Foreclosures , With No End in Sight**](#Bookmark_61)

62. [**The New Jersey Ethicist**](#Bookmark_62)

63. [**ON A SAINT'S DAY IN MILAN , THE CITY HITS FULL STRIDE**](#Bookmark_63)

64. [**NEW YORKERS & CO. ; GETTING RICH BY ENRICHING MORTGAGE POT**](#Bookmark_64)

65. [**A RIO SLUM RAISES ITS EXPECTATIONS**](#Bookmark_65)

66. [**Teachers Dig Deeper to Fill Gap in Supplies**](#Bookmark_66)

67. [**National Revolt**](#Bookmark_67)

68. [**MOVIES: 'THE PLOUGHMAN'S LUNCH,' AN EXERCISE IN DUPLICITY**](#Bookmark_68)

69. [**MASSACHUSETTS SENATE RACE NARROWS**](#Bookmark_69)

70. [**A Hedge Fund With High Returns And High-Reaching Goals**](#Bookmark_70)

71. [**SPAIN 'S HATED GYPSIES STAY TRUE TO THEMSELVES**](#Bookmark_71)

72. [**For Some 'Biznesmeni' in Politics, Democracy Is Flavored by Rubles**](#Bookmark_72)

73. [**Vocational School Sets Sights On Mechanics Who Can Write**](#Bookmark_73)

74. [**Robber Shoots Pregnant Girl in the Stomach as She Fumbles for $2**](#Bookmark_74)

75. [**BUFFALO TROLLEY LINE CLANGS TO A START**](#Bookmark_75)

76. [**THE RUSSIAN VOTE; Nationalist's Big Appeal: Promise of a Better Life**](#Bookmark_76)

77. [**The Pop Life**](#Bookmark_77)

78. [**PRO BASKETBALL; Will Lakers Blow Away All Foes Or Blow Up?**](#Bookmark_78)

79. [**MONDALE BETS ON TAX PLAN, BUT ODDS STILL FAVOR RE**](#Bookmark_79)

80. [**Front-Porch Seat on Backyard History**](#Bookmark_80)

81. [**Man in the News; Policing and Image: William Joseph Bratton**](#Bookmark_81)

82. [**Seething Unease Shaped British Bombers' Newfound Zeal**](#Bookmark_82)

83. [**How Donald Trump Set Off a Civil War Within the Right-Wing Media Feature**](#Bookmark_83)

84. [**COVER STORY; Net Gain: A Film Rewards Perseverance**](#Bookmark_84)

85. [**COURT RULING SPURS HOMOSEXUALS' ANTIDISCRIMINATION EFFORT**](#Bookmark_85)

86. [**THE DEMOCRATS IN SAN FRANCISCO; A GUIDE TO SOME FACES AT THE ROSTRUM**](#Bookmark_86)

87. [**Tharp and Dylan, Knockin' on the Circus Door**](#Bookmark_87)

88. [**Man Released In Killing of 2 In Brooklyn**](#Bookmark_88)

89. [**BIG ELECTION ISSUE: STATE OF THE SHEKEL**](#Bookmark_89)

90. [**LIGHT WORKOUTS FOR THE REAGAN CAMPAIGN**](#Bookmark_90)

91. [**CRITIC'S NOTEBOOK; PATHOS VS. PROPOGANDA IN HENZE'S NEW OPERA**](#Bookmark_91)

92. [**'STRANGER THAN PARADISE,' A TRIO ON THE ROAD**](#Bookmark_92)

93. [**In Microcosm, New Jersey Senate Race Tests Party Power**](#Bookmark_93)

94. [**OFF THE SHELF CorporateChicanery With a Page-Turning Plot**](#Bookmark_94)

95. [**AT THE END OF LIAISON:BITTERNESS**](#Bookmark_95)

96. [**INVITATION TO RESORT OPENS DOOR TO A TIME-SHARING SALES PITCH**](#Bookmark_96)

97. [**Brooklyn Race Grabs Citywide Attention; Bitter Campaign as 45th District Prepares to Elect First Black Council Member**](#Bookmark_97)

98. [**Review/Film Festival; Cruising Nighttown in Quest of the Ultimate Light**](#Bookmark_98)

99. [**PROPOSED 40-STORY OFFICE TOWERS WOULD GIVE WEEHAWKEN ITS OWN SKYLINE**](#Bookmark_99)

100. [**A Very Different Shade of Green; 30 Years Later, Don't Confuse Namath's Jets With Today's Team**](#Bookmark_100)

101. [**An Old Haunt Re-emerges on Raritan Bay**](#Bookmark_101)

102. [**Champion Boxer and Builder Aim to Help Latinos**](#Bookmark_102)

103. [**FAR-RIGHT PARTY GAINS IN FRENCH VOTE**](#Bookmark_103)

104. [**A Museum Merger: The Modern Meets The Ultramodern**](#Bookmark_104)

105. [**Ecatepec Journal; A Rebel Creed, Stifled by the Pope, Flickers Still**](#Bookmark_105)

106. [**BOXING; A Title, and Pride, at Stake for Chavez**](#Bookmark_106)

107. [**Tennis and Queens: Uneasy Partnership**](#Bookmark_107)

108. [**Adding Charm to Revolution But Some Say Charles Barron Risks Going Too Far**](#Bookmark_108)

109. [**Schools Reopen in Town That Made Them Close**](#Bookmark_109)

110. [**Jersey Shore Beach Food: Just a Summer Love?**](#Bookmark_110)

111. [**Film Festival '93: An Emphasis On the Epic, as Seen Personally**](#Bookmark_111)

112. [**Threats of Violence as Homes for Sex Offenders Cluster in Suffolk**](#Bookmark_112)

113. [**Catholics Try to Reseed St. Louis With $5,000 Offer**](#Bookmark_113)

114. [**POP MUSIC; Springsteen Looks Back but Keeps Walking On**](#Bookmark_114)

115. [**A Southwest Oasis With Plenty of Pines**](#Bookmark_115)

116. [**The Roots of French Cuisine**](#Bookmark_116)

117. [**A Performance Artist**](#Bookmark_117)

118. [**IN PERSON; Cleansing and Writing**](#Bookmark_118)

119. [**A CHANGE OF PACE FOR FARRAH FAWCETT**](#Bookmark_119)

120. [**MUSIC A Latin Dance Music Sings the Blues**](#Bookmark_120)

121. [**A National Housing Innovator Leads City's Effort for the Poor**](#Bookmark_121)

122. [**Books of The Times; The Real Dirt About a Rock Hit of Ill Repute**](#Bookmark_122)

123. [**PUBLISHING: GOVERNOR WRITES CAMPAIGN BOOK**](#Bookmark_123)

124. [**TV NOTES; THE DUAL NEWS ROLES OF HODDING CARTER 3D**](#Bookmark_124)

125. [**Spies in the Battle for the Environment**](#Bookmark_125)

126. [**In Jersey City, Teachers Strike and Parents Cope**](#Bookmark_126)

127. [**New & Noteworthy**](#Bookmark_127)

128. [**TELEVISION/RADIO Marriage Under Glass: A 10-Year Look Begins**](#Bookmark_128)

129. [**ANTIQUES; Folk Art As Fine Art**](#Bookmark_129)

130. [**BOBBIES LOSING THEIR PLACE IN LONDONERS' HEARTS**](#Bookmark_130)

131. [**DEMOCRATS CONCUR ON LINESOF ATTACK**](#Bookmark_131)

132. [**TURF; A Village Evolving Searches Its Soul**](#Bookmark_132)

133. [**A Recovery, Such as It Is, Is Here**](#Bookmark_133)

134. [**ONCE UPON A SUMMERTIME IN BELLPORT**](#Bookmark_134)

135. [**In Orwell's Footsteps**](#Bookmark_135)

136. [**Some Democrats Believe the Party Should Get Religion**](#Bookmark_136)

137. [**THE TALK OF BARCELONA; IN CATALONIA , SCORN FOR MADRID, RESPECT FOR MONEY**](#Bookmark_137)

138. [**A Fervent 'No' To Assimilation In New America**](#Bookmark_138)

139. [**VENEZUELAN WORKERS FIND THE WELL HAS RUN DRY**](#Bookmark_139)

140. [**Killing What Slavery Could Not**](#Bookmark_140)

141. [**SPAIN 'S COMMUNISTS: WEAK AND WRENCHED APARTC**](#Bookmark_141)

142. [**THE 1998 CAMPAIGN: THE SOUTH; 3 G.O.P. Candidates for Governor Face Trouble**](#Bookmark_142)

143. [**Call It an Awakening**](#Bookmark_143)

144. [**BLACK LAWYER PRESSING KLAN APPEAL FOR PARADE**](#Bookmark_144)

145. [**'Home Edition' Shows the Softer Side of Reality TV**](#Bookmark_145)

146. [**The 'Me' of 'Roger and Me' Is Trying Network TV**](#Bookmark_146)

147. [**A Village Takes Stock as More Retail Moves In**](#Bookmark_147)

148. [**Is the Pope Catholic?**](#Bookmark_148)

149. [**THE 1998 CAMPAIGN: THE SENATE ; Skipped Votes by D'Amato End the Issue, Schumer Says**](#Bookmark_149)

150. [**The Small but Sure Steps Taken To Turn Their Lives Around**](#Bookmark_150)

151. [**THE POP LIFE; Crossing Racial Boundaries, Rap Gains Ground**](#Bookmark_151)

152. [**BOOKS OF THE TIMES; By Robert Manning;**](#Bookmark_152)

153. [**Their Life Really Is a Carnival Sun, Fresh Air and Cotton Candy. What's Not to Like?**](#Bookmark_153)

154. [**WINTER IN THE SUN; Catching Carnival Fever**](#Bookmark_154)

155. [**FILM; Using Farce to Break the Dark Spell of Fascism**](#Bookmark_155)

156. [**The Comforts of Home, Often Newly Renovated**](#Bookmark_156)

157. [**NEW YORKERS: CUOMO IS SEEN AS A FRESH FACE . . .**](#Bookmark_157)

158. [**Using Iraq , a Challenger From Westport Has a Washington Veteran on the Defensive**](#Bookmark_158)

159. [**36 Hours St. Michaels, Md.**](#Bookmark_159)

160. [**The Nation; Want Votes With That? Get the 'Waitress Moms.'**](#Bookmark_160)

161. [**Mario Cantone's Loud Family Reunion**](#Bookmark_161)

162. [**LABORITE LEADER DEPLORES 'EXCESSIVE' TIES TO U.S.**](#Bookmark_162)

163. [**Despite Figures on Falling Crime, Fear in Part of the Bronx**](#Bookmark_163)

164. [**LONDON BRIDGES (AND OTHER THINGS) FALLING DOWN**](#Bookmark_164)

165. [**ONE CONSERVATIVE FAULTS TWO PARTIES**](#Bookmark_165)

166. [**GROUP ACCUSES CHANNEL 13 OF PRO-SANDINIST BIAS**](#Bookmark_166)

167. [**EUROPE FACES HOT AUTUMN ON HOSTILITY TO MISSILES**](#Bookmark_167)

168. [**Reality and Charm In a Feast for Cineastes**](#Bookmark_168)

169. [**CRITIC'S NOTEBOOK The Aisle Less Traveled: A Stranger in a Junk Food World**](#Bookmark_169)

170. [**Everyone on the Same Page**](#Bookmark_170)

171. [**BASEBALL; Blue-Collar Town Exults in Its Little Leaguers**](#Bookmark_171)

172. [**Going It Alone, Together**](#Bookmark_172)

173. [**Stockholm**](#Bookmark_173)

174. [**THE WELFARE STATE WAS A BOON TO MRS. THATCHER**](#Bookmark_174)

175. [**JAPANESE FILM AWARDED TOP PRIZE AT CANNES**](#Bookmark_175)

176. [**FOES OF PINOCHET IN MASS PROTESTS IN CHILEAN CITIES**](#Bookmark_176)

177. [**CONSERVATIVES WIN 140-SEAT MAJORITY IN BRITISH ELECTION**](#Bookmark_177)

178. [**THE 1994 CAMPAIGN: THE IMAGE; Image Makers Hard at Work In the Selling of a Candidate**](#Bookmark_178)

179. [**Seattle -Grown, Italian Flavored**](#Bookmark_179)

180. [**DONNISH WEST GERMAN TRIES TO RALLY SOCIALISTS**](#Bookmark_180)

181. [**In the Region/ Connecticut Luxury Apartments Open in Former Industrial Area**](#Bookmark_181)

182. [**FILM On the Loose in a Work-Free Environment**](#Bookmark_182)

183. [**BRITAIN 'S UNIONISTS MOVE TO THE RIGHT**](#Bookmark_183)

184. [**The Holiday of My Dreams Was Just That**](#Bookmark_184)

185. [**Tijuana Flood Victims In a Political Bog, Too**](#Bookmark_185)

186. [**THE NEW PRESIDENCY: Attorney General; BAIRD APOLOGIZES TO SENATE PANEL FOR ILLEGAL HIRING**](#Bookmark_186)

187. [**Hopes for a New Boston Garden Dim With Political Quarreling**](#Bookmark_187)

188. [**LABOR PARTY CHIEF TO QUIT AFTER LOSS TO MRS. THATCHER**](#Bookmark_188)

189. [**SOCIALISM AS MANHOOD**](#Bookmark_189)

190. [**When England Swung Like a Pendulum**](#Bookmark_190)

191. [**The Listings: Feb.6 - Feb. 12 Movies**](#Bookmark_191)

192. [**SPRINGTIME IN FRANCE : THE SOCIALIST SHIP BECALMED**](#Bookmark_192)

193. [**RICHARD PRICE REACHES CROSSROADS IN 4TH NOVEL**](#Bookmark_193)

194. [**STAGE: 'FEN,' NEW WORK BY CARYL CHURCHILL**](#Bookmark_194)

195. [**What It's Like in Hollywood**](#Bookmark_195)

196. [**Lemon-Grass Tastes Meet Peanut Butter at Choate**](#Bookmark_196)

197. [**THEATER: 'WHAT I DID LAST SUMMER' AT CIRCLE REP**](#Bookmark_197)

198. [**STAGE: YOUTHFUL WRITERS**](#Bookmark_198)

199. [**Surge in Anti-Semitic Crime Worries French Jews**](#Bookmark_199)

200. [**LABOR'S DEFEAT IN LONDON WEAKENS PARTY LEADER**](#Bookmark_200)

201. [**Mild and Merciful San Francisco a Magnet for the Homeless**](#Bookmark_201)

202. [**Standoff Between Boston Globe and Its Star Columnist Provokes Turmoil in Newsroom**](#Bookmark_202)

203. [**2 Get Ready to Lock Horns at The Daily News**](#Bookmark_203)

204. [**D.H. LAWRENCE NOVEL 'SONS AND LOVERS' ON PBS**](#Bookmark_204)

205. [**Many Doctors Shun Patients With Medicare**](#Bookmark_205)

206. [**A Repast of Rituals That Make the Heart Grow Fonder**](#Bookmark_206)

207. [**ART: CHUCK CLOSE SHOW, WITH FRIENDS AS MODELS**](#Bookmark_207)

208. [**Pop/Jazz; What if Woody Guthrie Had Led a Rock Band?**](#Bookmark_208)

209. [**Much-Repudiated Napalm Finds Wary Acceptance, if Not Warm Welcome, in Texas**](#Bookmark_209)

210. [**In Footsteps of Evita: Argentina 's New First Lady**](#Bookmark_210)

211. [**THE TRANSITION: Clinton Selects Ex-Mayor for H.U.D. and an Ex-Marine for Veterans Affairs; Cisneros Achieves Career Comeback With Nomination**](#Bookmark_211)

212. [**WASHINGTON TALK; THE PUBLIC RELATIONS BACKFIRE AND WHAT FOLLOWED**](#Bookmark_212)

213. [**NEW TESTS AT DEVASTATED TOWN TO DETERMINE IF FLOOD SPREAD DIOXIN**](#Bookmark_213)

214. [**What's Wrong With 'All Lives Matter'?**](#Bookmark_214)

215. [**ENGLISH, THE LANGUAGE, RECONQUERING POLYGLOT INDIA**](#Bookmark_215)

216. [**Before the Downfall Of a Connecticut Priest, A Taste of the Good Life**](#Bookmark_216)

217. [**FILM; Two Vehicles Carry an Irish Actor to America**](#Bookmark_217)

218. [**EXPATRIATES AND IMMIGRANTS**](#Bookmark_218)

219. [**THE ONE-WOMAN WELCOME WAGON**](#Bookmark_219)

220. [**'A HERD OF INDEPENDENT MINDS'**](#Bookmark_220)

221. [**THEATER REVIEW; Blues Riffs Blown on a Broken Heart**](#Bookmark_221)

222. [**AMERICA WITH A LITTLE ENGLISH ON IT**](#Bookmark_222)

223. [**EX-DISSIDENT WINS ELECTION IN KOREA**](#Bookmark_223)

224. [**On The Couch; It Keeps Them Up at Night**](#Bookmark_224)

225. [**Wide-Angle**](#Bookmark_225)

226. [**In Arkansas Toxic Waste Cleanup, Highlights of New Environmental Debate**](#Bookmark_226)

227. [**Telling Shocking Tales in Trenton**](#Bookmark_227)

228. [**Books Of The Times**](#Bookmark_228)

229. [**WILL THE 1980'S WITNESS A NEW SURGE OF BLACK POLITICAL GAIN?**](#Bookmark_229)

230. [**Ferraro Gets An Apology From Abrams**](#Bookmark_230)

231. [**The Thing About Lisbon**](#Bookmark_231)

232. [**In Clubs, a Potent Drug Stirs Fear of an Epidemic**](#Bookmark_232)

233. [**BRITAIN 'S JOBLESS: LITTLE SUFFERING**](#Bookmark_233)

234. [**Rearranging the Tables in Washington: Chefs Settle Down In 'the Real D.C. '**](#Bookmark_234)

235. [**U.S.S.R. TURNS 60, BUT SOME 'FRIENDS' WILL SKIP THE PARTY**](#Bookmark_235)

236. [**ELECTION RESULTS IN GREECE REFLECT DISCONTENT WITH SOCIALIST REGIME**](#Bookmark_236)

237. [**THE TRANSITION: Reconciliation; Bush and Clinton Proclaim End to the Election's Rancor**](#Bookmark_237)

238. [**Columbus Runs Into Storm in Boston**](#Bookmark_238)

239. [**The Fresh Air Fund ; Giving Children Another Summer at Play**](#Bookmark_239)

240. [**ART REVIEW; Unexpected Vistas In Quilting by Men**](#Bookmark_240)

241. [**IDEAS & TRENDS; The Royal Family Shows the Strain Of Trying to Have It Both Ways**](#Bookmark_241)

242. [**HOURLY PAY IN U.S. NOT KEEPING PACE WITH PRICE RISES**](#Bookmark_242)

243. [**TEXT OF THE SPEECH BY ANDROPOV**](#Bookmark_243)

244. [**WARSAW OUTLAWS SOLIDARITY UNION**](#Bookmark_244)

245. [**Brazil 's Police Enforce a Law: Death**](#Bookmark_245)

246. [**BRAZIL PLUNGES WITH ZEST INTO NOVEL ELECTION FRAY**](#Bookmark_246)

247. [**Bayside's Popular Strip of Contention; Bell Boulevard Is Known for Night Life -- and Trouble, Too, Queens Neighbors Say**](#Bookmark_247)

248. [**Art Attempts to Imitate Iraq Life In All of Its Chaos and Misery**](#Bookmark_248)

249. [**Delays in Athens Raise Concern On Olympic Security Readiness**](#Bookmark_249)

250. [**REVISIONS; Daring to Take On the Status Quo in Farce and in Life**](#Bookmark_250)

251. [**When It Positively Has to Be There Fast, J.F.K. Loses Ground**](#Bookmark_251)

252. [**Straight (and Not) Out of the Comics**](#Bookmark_252)

253. [**THE MEDIA BUSINESS; Esquire Is Struggling Against GQ in Britain**](#Bookmark_253)

254. [**FOR PALME, SOME THORNS ON THE ROSES**](#Bookmark_254)

255. [**THE MAKING OF A BEST SELLLER, 1906**](#Bookmark_255)

256. [**Turkish Hunger Strikers Risk Body and Mind**](#Bookmark_256)

257. [**EARNING IT; Chasing Michael, or, How to Corner a Corporate Nemesis**](#Bookmark_257)

258. [**Tomb May Hold the Bones Of Priest Who Judged Jesus**](#Bookmark_258)

259. [**CLASS AND WELFARE IN THE UNITED STATES**](#Bookmark_259)

260. [**CHANGING THE GUARD: THE SUCCESSOR AOL Time Warner Turns to a Diplomat**](#Bookmark_260)

261. [**HISTORIANS USE CINEMA TO STIMULATE STUDENT INTERESTS**](#Bookmark_261)

262. [**Gunfight Steals Dreams for Rebirth in Bronx**](#Bookmark_262)

263. [**Pinch-Hitting for Dostoyevsky**](#Bookmark_263)

264. [**Immigrants Hear God's Word, In Chinese, by Conference Call**](#Bookmark_264)

265. [**THE 1992 CAMPAIGN: In the Heartland; Clinton Is Reaching Restless Reagan Democrats**](#Bookmark_265)

266. [**THE 1992 CAMPAIGN: Political Memo; Quayle's Words Show Plan for Attacking Clinton**](#Bookmark_266)

267. [**Sit Down, Cool Off And Fire Up a DVD**](#Bookmark_267)

268. [**VIOLENT INCIDENTS AGAINST ASIAN-AMERICANS SEEN AS PART OF RACIST PATTERN**](#Bookmark_268)

269. [**HOLMES VS. COONEY: THE RICHEST FIGHT**](#Bookmark_269)

270. [**Alvarez Bravo's 'Lens of Revelations'**](#Bookmark_270)

271. [**ANGER AND ANGST TEST BONN'S CLUBBY POLITICS**](#Bookmark_271)

272. [**BRITISH STORES BUSTLING, BUT LIFE IS OFTEN AUSTERE**](#Bookmark_272)

273. [**CATHOLICS IN BRITAIN ARE QUITE BRITISH INDEED**](#Bookmark_273)

274. [**As Campaign Picks Up, Kerry Turns to Old Circle**](#Bookmark_274)

275. [**School Where Facts of AIDS Are the Facts of Life**](#Bookmark_275)

276. [**At Tribeca Festival, Films Long on Harsh Reality, Short on Fluff**](#Bookmark_276)

277. [**AIDING STUDENTS, A LIFELONG INTEREST**](#Bookmark_277)

278. [**THE SUPREME COURT ; Rights Advocates Uncertain About Ruling's Impact**](#Bookmark_278)

279. [**TV Weekend; CARTOONS, TOURS AND 'NEIGHBORHOOD'**](#Bookmark_279)

280. [**Student Parking, at a Price**](#Bookmark_280)

281. [**Giuliani and Council Want to Cut a Tax, but Not the Same One**](#Bookmark_281)

282. [**CHALLENGING THE KENNEDY 'MAGIC'**](#Bookmark_282)

283. [**Saving New Orleans Culture, One Sandwich at a Time**](#Bookmark_283)

284. [**Home Video**](#Bookmark_284)

285. [**Crime**](#Bookmark_285)

286. [**At Least 200 Dead as Blasts Rock a Mexican City**](#Bookmark_286)

287. [**THE 1992 CAMPAIGN: Primary; With Choices Now Clearer, Stakes Rise in Connecticut**](#Bookmark_287)

288. [**Paperbacks: New and Noteworthy**](#Bookmark_288)

289. [**For Baltimore, Housing Slump Slows a Revival**](#Bookmark_289)

290. [**THE MOOD IN WARSAW: 'SOMETHING'S GOT TO GIVE'**](#Bookmark_290)

291. [**THE NATION; The Union Movement Loses Another Big One**](#Bookmark_291)

292. [**CLASSICAL MUSIC; Where the Audience Is the Star**](#Bookmark_292)

293. [**CHINA BEGINS TO DISMANTLE AN ELITE SCHOOL SYSTEM**](#Bookmark_293)

294. [**Gunshots Fired at Congressional Candidate in Bitter Chicago Race**](#Bookmark_294)

295. [**THE 1992 CAMPAIGN: On the Sidelines; TSONGAS DECLARES HE WON'T RE-ENTER DEMOCRATIC RACE**](#Bookmark_295)

296. [**SOCCER; An American With a Jolly Good Toe**](#Bookmark_296)

297. [**Economy's Dive Dazes Once Giddy Argentina**](#Bookmark_297)

298. [**NICARAGUAN WOMEN: EQUALS IN BATTLE, NOT IN HOME**](#Bookmark_298)

299. [**LACK OF FOOD MAKES STRIKERS OF 12,000 POLISH WOMEN**](#Bookmark_299)

300. [**G.O.P. Risking Hispanic Votes On Immigration**](#Bookmark_300)

301. [**GUATEMALAN ARMY AND LEFTIST REBELS LOCKED IN WAR**](#Bookmark_301)

302. [**DANCE Trying to Reflect Oakland 's Many Faces**](#Bookmark_302)

303. [**Play It Again, Spike**](#Bookmark_303)

304. [**Breaking Through**](#Bookmark_304)

305. [**PATERSON JOURNAL; After Theft of Kennedy Bust, an Unexpected History Lesson**](#Bookmark_305)

306. [**Acts of Hate From the Past: Bias Crimes in New York City Are Nothing New**](#Bookmark_306)

307. [**Decorating Dream, Born in the Barn**](#Bookmark_307)

308. [**HIGH PRICES MAKE $100 BILLS COMMON CURRENCY**](#Bookmark_308)

309. [**Militants in Europe Openly Call For Jihad and the Rule of Islam**](#Bookmark_309)

310. [**UNCHECKED URBANIZATION CLOGS LATIN AMERICAN**](#Bookmark_310)

311. [**Hoboken Gentrification And the City's Poor**](#Bookmark_311)

312. [**MIRED COAST FREEWAY GETS GO-AHEAD**](#Bookmark_312)

313. [**For Trailblazing Women, One Last Hurdle: Retirement**](#Bookmark_313)

314. [**THE POP LIFE; THE KINKS, AT LONG LAST, MAKE IT TO THE GARDEN**](#Bookmark_314)

315. [**Aid Cuts Vex Connecticut 's Less-Than- Gold Coast**](#Bookmark_315)

316. [**MAKING DO WITH SCHOOL LUNCH CUTS**](#Bookmark_316)

317. [**Five Attention-Getting Turns**](#Bookmark_317)

318. [**Catholic Schools in Danger of Closing**](#Bookmark_318)

319. [**Class Notes; The community is the textbook for one teacher. 'I want them to see history, touch history, climb on history, smell history.'**](#Bookmark_319)

320. [**New Jersey Legislature Votes to Double State Cigarette Tax**](#Bookmark_320)

321. [**IN PERSON His Patter and Platters Still Rock the Shore**](#Bookmark_321)

322. [**More Briefs in N.A.A.C.P. v. East Haven**](#Bookmark_322)

323. [**Secession Fever Strikes Queens**](#Bookmark_323)

324. [**Bonilla Brings Joy to Bronx, But Old School Strikes Out**](#Bookmark_324)

325. [**OLD VIEWS OF YOUTH**](#Bookmark_325)

326. [**TV WEEKEND; NEW GAME SHOW, BELFAST AND ROCK**](#Bookmark_326)

327. [**THEATER REVIEW; Nothing Nice to Say? Do Come Sit Closer!**](#Bookmark_327)

328. [**POLISH UNION ASKS FOR A REFERENDUM ON WORKER RIGHTS**](#Bookmark_328)

329. [**Wealth of Mine Barons Turns to Dust at Source**](#Bookmark_329)

330. [**Making Trouble in Shanghai**](#Bookmark_330)

331. [**Plan to Put Filtration Plant Under Park Angers the Bronx**](#Bookmark_331)

332. [**Poland 's Coal Miners, Once Stars, Are Now Surplus**](#Bookmark_332)

333. [**THATCHER AIDES FEAR TIME IS GROWING SHORT**](#Bookmark_333)

334. [**A Priest's 2 Faces: Protector, Predator**](#Bookmark_334)

335. [**PRESIDENT IMPLORES SUPPORTERS TO HELP IN PASSING TAX BILL**](#Bookmark_335)

336. [**A French Director With a Taste for the Gritty and Unglamorous**](#Bookmark_336)

337. [**On Language Life's Little Victories**](#Bookmark_337)

338. [**No Smooth Road Ahead for Tax-Cut Bandwagon**](#Bookmark_338)

339. [**The World: Adjoining Rethinking Segregation Beyond Black and White**](#Bookmark_339)

340. [**Streetscapes/Crosby Street in SoHo A Tale of Two Designations: Landmarked and Not**](#Bookmark_340)

341. [**Westchester Q&A: Jeffrey C. Gershen; Working to Make Housing Affordable**](#Bookmark_341)

342. [**Boston Ignores a Trend In Re-Electing a Mayor**](#Bookmark_342)

343. [**New York to Let Public Buy Public Housing**](#Bookmark_343)

344. [**THE REGION/Q.& A.: Jeffries and Beyond; Turmoil and Tradition At City College**](#Bookmark_344)

345. [**Queens Co-op for Trade Workers Slowly Departs From Its Roots**](#Bookmark_345)

346. [**Weekender Frenchtown , N.J.**](#Bookmark_346)

347. [**A Deposed President of CBS Records Chronicles His Debauchery and Detox**](#Bookmark_347)

348. [**The Change Artists**](#Bookmark_348)

349. [**FRUGAL TRAVELER; Tokyo, Folksy and Affordable**](#Bookmark_349)

350. [**In Mexico , a Kidnapping Ignored**](#Bookmark_350)

351. [**As Maine Voters Cut Back Spending, Police Force May Go From 1 to None**](#Bookmark_351)

352. [**Kings of the Road, With Rusted Crowns**](#Bookmark_352)

353. [**TELEVISION; Black Life on TV: Realism or Stereotypes?**](#Bookmark_353)

354. [**Five Family Members Dead in Chelsea Fire**](#Bookmark_354)

355. [**An Everyman on the Trail, Biden Enjoys Senator's Perks at Home**](#Bookmark_355)

356. [**Finance Debate Spans the Political Spectrum**](#Bookmark_356)

357. [**Could Hillary Clinton Become the Champion of the 99 Percent? Feature**](#Bookmark_357)

358. [**URUGUAYANS TENSE AS MILITARY, OUTVOTED, PONDERS FUTURE**](#Bookmark_358)

359. [**A Novelist's Education In a Bruising School Of Hard Knocks**](#Bookmark_359)

360. [**CONGRESSMEN ACT TO SALVAGE PROJECTS DOOMED BY REAGAN**](#Bookmark_360)

361. [**ART REVIEW American History, Sliced to Order**](#Bookmark_361)

362. [**POLANSKI PLANNING TO DIRECT 'AMADEUS' ON POLISH STAGE**](#Bookmark_362)

363. [**Book Chain Taps Underserved Neighborhoods**](#Bookmark_363)

364. [**CONGRESSMEN HEAR VOTERS, BUT MESSAGE IS NOT CLEAR**](#Bookmark_364)

365. [**Changing of The Avant-Garde**](#Bookmark_365)

366. [**EDWARDS ARRIVES IN NEW YORK , SET TO IMPEDE KERRY**](#Bookmark_366)

367. [**ART ; Public Sculpture the Public Likes. Really.**](#Bookmark_367)

368. [**TENNIS A Wild Card, a Wild Crowd, a Wild Wimbledon Finish**](#Bookmark_368)

369. [**Fearing Gang Violence, School Forfeits a Game**](#Bookmark_369)

370. [**On the Trail of Brownstones in Brooklyn**](#Bookmark_370)

371. [**Bag Lady's Bequest Puts Lawmaker on the Spot**](#Bookmark_371)

372. [**With Vigor, Labor Surges in Politics**](#Bookmark_372)

373. [**FORTUNATELY FOR GISCARD, HE'S GOT OPPONENTS**](#Bookmark_373)

374. [**Power Is Scarce, but Spirit Isn't Lacking**](#Bookmark_374)

375. [**ITALIAN COMMUNISTS NEVER HAVE A NICE DAY**](#Bookmark_375)

376. [**52 Ways to Cool Off, And All of Them Free**](#Bookmark_376)

377. [**Congressman's Silence Tests District's Loyalty**](#Bookmark_377)

378. [**PULLING TOGETHER THE CASH FOR COLLEGE TUITION**](#Bookmark_378)

379. [**All Questioning on the London Front: Theater Reflects War's Bleak Futility**](#Bookmark_379)

380. [**STAGE: ' AMERICAN DAYS,' A BRITISH COMEDY**](#Bookmark_380)

381. [**SON OF THE POOR IS ELECTED IN PERU OVER EX-PRESIDENT**](#Bookmark_381)

382. [**REAGAN INAUGURAL SIGNALS A CONTINENTAL**](#Bookmark_382)

383. [**FILM VIEW; Class Not Dismissed: Screenplays With an Attitude**](#Bookmark_383)

384. [**Carolina Raid Finds Exploited Deaf Mexicans**](#Bookmark_384)

385. [**MCENROE OUSTS LENDL IN 4 SETS, WILL MEET CONNORS IN SEMIFINAL**](#Bookmark_385)

386. [**A Look at Korea 's Culture From the Bathhouse**](#Bookmark_386)

387. [**Unholy Orders**](#Bookmark_387)

388. [**AS THE UNIONS RAISE THE STAKES, EVEN SUPPORTERS BEGIN TO WORRY**](#Bookmark_388)

389. [**TELEVISION; Two Tales of Once-Great Expectations**](#Bookmark_389)

390. [**Battered Seaside Haven Recalls Its Trial by Fire**](#Bookmark_390)

391. [**FILM; 'Dying Young' Survives a Case of Serious Rumors**](#Bookmark_391)

392. [**Peso Crisis Bites Into Mexico 's Long-Ruling Party**](#Bookmark_392)

393. [**The Last Resort**](#Bookmark_393)

394. [**Hong Kong 's Ruler Says Farewell to All That**](#Bookmark_394)

395. [**More Open Space, More Affordable Housing**](#Bookmark_395)

396. [**The Lost Island**](#Bookmark_396)

397. [**THE NATION; MONDALE, BUSH AND LUCEY RUN SECOND, HOPING TO FINISH FIRST**](#Bookmark_397)

398. [**DEMOCRATS IN JERSEY FEAR LOSS OF BLUE-COLLAR VOTE**](#Bookmark_398)

399. [**The Beast in the Bathhouse Crystal Meth Use by Gay Men Threatens to Reignite an Epidemic**](#Bookmark_399)

400. [**STRIKERS IN POLAND GET HARSH WARNING AS WALKOUTS GROW**](#Bookmark_400)

401. [**For the House, From New York**](#Bookmark_401)

402. [**POLITICAL MEMO; An Early Test on Race as a Campaign Issue in '92**](#Bookmark_402)

403. [**CHARACTERS IN RETREAT**](#Bookmark_403)

404. [**Anyone Up for Stickball? In a PlayStation World, Maybe Not**](#Bookmark_404)

405. [**Love Food? Think Twice Before Jumping In**](#Bookmark_405)

406. [**SPARE TIMES; ATTRACTIONS**](#Bookmark_406)

407. [**In Rockland Suburb, Deep Racial Change Melts Into the Everyday**](#Bookmark_407)

408. [**FILM**](#Bookmark_408)

409. [**Campaigns Shift As McCain Choice Alters the Race**](#Bookmark_409)

410. [**A Matched Pair**](#Bookmark_410)

411. [**In French Race, Economy Will Sour the Victor's Future**](#Bookmark_411)

412. [**Home Video**](#Bookmark_412)

413. [**PHOTOGRAPHY VIEW REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST**](#Bookmark_413)

414. [**Left Behind**](#Bookmark_414)

415. [**COMMUNITIES Every Vote Counts, but Not Everyone Votes**](#Bookmark_415)

416. [**Europe Making Sweden Ease Alcohol Rules**](#Bookmark_416)

417. [**In Building Strike, 2 Sides, One With a Different Face**](#Bookmark_417)

418. [**CARTER VICTOR IN OHIO VOTING, EXCEEDS 1,666-DELEGATE GOAL;KENNEDY WINS**](#Bookmark_418)

419. [**MAKING IT WORK; Downtown Via Dublin**](#Bookmark_419)

420. [**From Bumpy Road in Georgia , Favorable View of Bush Plan**](#Bookmark_420)

421. [**Hispanic Voter Is Vivid In Parties' Crystal Ball**](#Bookmark_421)

422. [**Should the United States Save Tangier Island From Oblivion? Feature**](#Bookmark_422)

423. [**There's Still Some Zip Left in the Theater Season**](#Bookmark_423)

424. [**WOMEN ARE CLOSE TO BEING MAJORITY OF LAW STUDENTS**](#Bookmark_424)

425. [**Poland 's Young and Restless Turn to Violence**](#Bookmark_425)

426. [**Attacks by Arabs On Jews in France Revive Old Fears**](#Bookmark_426)

427. [**Shades of Gray**](#Bookmark_427)

428. [**Inclusive St. Patrick's Parade Faces Exclusion**](#Bookmark_428)

429. [**Democrats Divided on Price of Saving Rent Control**](#Bookmark_429)

430. [**Oscar Spreads the Wealth, but 'Gladiator' Takes Top Prize Julia Roberts Is Named Best Actress, And Russell Crowe Is Chosen Best Actor**](#Bookmark_430)

431. [**CAN CARROLL O'CONNOR SHAKE OFF ARCHIE BUNKER?**](#Bookmark_431)

432. [**MUSIC In Country, Women's Turf Widens**](#Bookmark_432)

433. [**Towns They Don't Want to Leave**](#Bookmark_433)

434. [**Stowe Journal; The Fox Hunt Is Hounded, but Won't Turn Tail**](#Bookmark_434)

435. [**James Baldwin's Paris**](#Bookmark_435)

436. [**Romance Is In Again at the Box Office**](#Bookmark_436)

437. [**THE STRUGGLE FOR IRAQ : TERROR RECRUITS Calls to Jihad Are Said to Lure Hundreds of Militants Into Iraq**](#Bookmark_437)

438. [**Baltimore**](#Bookmark_438)

439. [**After 20 Lost Years, Arverne Skeptically Awaits Renewal**](#Bookmark_439)

440. [**At Home in Oliver's Macedonia and Woody's London**](#Bookmark_440)

441. [**Belfast Journal; Doctor Tests His Prescription for Defeating I.R.A.**](#Bookmark_441)

442. [**THEATER Eileen Atkins, Performing As Herself**](#Bookmark_442)

443. [**Class With the 'Ph.D. Diva'**](#Bookmark_443)

444. [**MUSIC Going the Way Of the Victrola**](#Bookmark_444)

445. [**Bordeaux Family Values**](#Bookmark_445)

446. [**Growing Pains Come and Go In Bed-Stuy**](#Bookmark_446)

447. [**IMMIGRANT STUDY FINDS MANY BELOW NEW INCOME LIMIT**](#Bookmark_447)

448. [**In Equal Footing of a Debate, Ferrer Gets Feisty**](#Bookmark_448)

449. [**A Homecoming At Fannie Mae ; Franklin Raines Takes Charge Of a Most Political Company**](#Bookmark_449)

450. [**THEATER; Giving New Meaning to the Phrase Team Player**](#Bookmark_450)

451. [**Review/ Art ; Barbara Kruger's Large-Scale Self-Expression**](#Bookmark_451)

452. [**On Language; Bespokesman**](#Bookmark_452)

453. [**Paramus Journal Almost Like a Death in the Family**](#Bookmark_453)

454. [**Poland Elects Walesa President in Landslide**](#Bookmark_454)

455. [**LINDSAY ANDERSON BREWS SOME CHAOS**](#Bookmark_455)

456. [**STANDOFF IN THE GULF; Iraqis' Christmas: Joy and a 'Weight'**](#Bookmark_456)

457. [**MIDEAST TENSIONS; Poles Voting for a President Who Can Face Up to the Ordeals**](#Bookmark_457)

458. [**Hers; A Clean Sweep**](#Bookmark_458)

459. [**FILM VIEW; Questions In Shadows Of 'Shine'**](#Bookmark_459)

460. [**THE WHITMAN AGENDA: THE SPEECH; Whitman Vows to Cut Car Insurance Rates by Curbing Suits**](#Bookmark_460)

461. [**Living for Cinema, and Through It**](#Bookmark_461)

462. [**Political Memo; Leadership Hunts Show The State of the Parties**](#Bookmark_462)

463. [**THE WAY WE LIVE NOW: 10-5-03: PHENOMENON (Not) For His Eyes Only**](#Bookmark_463)

464. [**A Minister Without Portfolio For a British Sort of Comedy**](#Bookmark_464)

465. [**A Case for No New Tummies: The Tax on Cosmetic Surgery**](#Bookmark_465)

466. [**THE 1990 CAMPAIGN; Fierce Fight for Illinois Seat Pits Old Against New**](#Bookmark_466)

467. [**When Women Raise Their Voices**](#Bookmark_467)

468. [**Ontario 's New Premier Didn't Think He'd Win**](#Bookmark_468)

469. [**Cincinnati Jury Acquits Museum In Mapplethorpe Obscenity Case**](#Bookmark_469)

470. [**Gritty Peekskill Airs the Laundry**](#Bookmark_470)

471. [**'Regular Jersey Guy' Steps In, And He Plans to Stay Awhile**](#Bookmark_471)

472. [**Making the Case For State Schools**](#Bookmark_472)

473. [**POP MUSIC; When the Boss Fell to Earth, He Hit Paradise**](#Bookmark_473)

474. [**CRITIC'S NOTEBOOK; Woman As Icon: Disturbing, Inspiring**](#Bookmark_474)

475. [**Cosmos Of Kushner, Spinning Forward**](#Bookmark_475)

476. [**Review/ Film Festival; A Finn's Films Start Morosely But End in Cockeyed Drollery**](#Bookmark_476)

477. [**Fairfield Area May Be Vital In the Race For Governor**](#Bookmark_477)

478. [**More for the Money, and Near the Water**](#Bookmark_478)

479. [**Mayoral Primary Is Down to This: Who Will Vote?**](#Bookmark_479)

480. [**Everybody Loves Somebody Sometime**](#Bookmark_480)

481. [**For Sotomayor and Thomas, Paths Fork at Race and Identity**](#Bookmark_481)

482. [**The Americanization of an Offbeat Player**](#Bookmark_482)

483. [**Part III: Arab Spring 2011--2014**](#Bookmark_483)

484. [**Child Health Insurance Drive Progresses, but at Halting Pace**](#Bookmark_484)

485. [**WINE TALK**](#Bookmark_485)

486. [**The Dream Factories For Rock Musicians**](#Bookmark_486)

487. [**Debate Clock Clips Answers, And Drama**](#Bookmark_487)

488. [**RESTAURANTS; A Cheeky Ambassador Of the British Scene**](#Bookmark_488)

489. [**As Unpopular Gowanus Overhaul Looms, a Tunnel Plan Gains Notice**](#Bookmark_489)

490. [**Florio's School Plan Angers Bergen**](#Bookmark_490)

491. [**THE VIEW FROM: GEORGETOWN ; Plan for Factory Site Alarms Neighbors**](#Bookmark_491)

492. [**POPULAR UPRISING ENDS JUNTA'S RULE OVER IVORY COAST**](#Bookmark_492)

493. [**THE 2000 CAMPAIGN: THE STATES; Redistricting Puts Fire Into Legislative Races**](#Bookmark_493)

494. [**UNIVERSITY PRESSES; Censored by His Own Regime**](#Bookmark_494)

495. [**IN PERSON In Wildwood, It's a Family Affair**](#Bookmark_495)

496. [**A Seaport Abuzz With Cultural Ferment**](#Bookmark_496)

497. [**Park Slope: Where Is the Love?**](#Bookmark_497)

498. [**FILM An Abuse Scandal With Nuns As Villains**](#Bookmark_498)

499. [**The Price Of Power**](#Bookmark_499)

500. [**EDUCATION; Smith Decision on Student Aid: 'Tip of the Iceberg'**](#Bookmark_500)



# [***WINE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-95W0-0007-J3B9-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 25, 1985, Wednesday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1985 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section C; Page 13, Column 1; Living Desk

**Length:** 1048 words

**Byline:** By Frank J. Prial, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** PARIS, Sept. 24

**Body**

According to a recent survey, 30 percent of all French people over the age of 10 never drink wine. At the same time some 28 percent of the French population over age 10 think of wine purely as a drink to be served on special occasions.

True, 42 percent of the over-10 population, or some 20 million French people, still drink wine regularly, but that figure has dropped drastically during the five-year period covered by the inquiry. The figure was closer to 60 percent when the survey started. The inquiry was conducted by the National Institute of Agricultural Research and the National Interprofessional Bureau of Wine, both Government organizations.

The survey found that France had lost two million wine consumers since 1979, and that they were not being replaced. It found, too, that while wine was still the number one alcoholic drink in France, its absolute dominance of the beverage market had slipped drastically. In 1960, wine accounted for 75 percent of all alcohol consumed here. By 1990, the survey projected, that figure will have dropped to around 58 percent.

What does the decline mean for wine producers? Are the Rothschilds about to close up shop and become soft drink bottlers? Is Romanee-Conti going to try to beat the crowd into wine coolers? Not at all.

According to the survey, the slump in wine consumption in France is due exclusively to France's growing disaffection with V.D.T. - vin de table, or so-called table wine. V.D.T. is the French equivalent of American jug wine except that for the most part it is much worse. It comes in two forms -red or white - and is sold by alcoholic strength: Consumers ask for ''onze,'' 11 percent alcohol, or ''douze,'' 12 percent, when they buy V.D.T. The wine with the higher alcohol content is usually a franc or two more expensive.

Wine shops in ***working-class*** neighborhoods and in blue-collar towns still sell V.D.T., usually in liter bottles but often in bulk as well. Clients bring their empty bottles or jugs and have them filled right from the vats. It is an old way of drinking wine in France and, as the figures show, it is dying out.

Which wine producers are affected? The farmers and the cooperatives of the vast wine-producing basin that stretches roughly from Marseilles to the Spanish border along the Mediterranean shore. Thanks to their political influence, the wine growers of the south have long enjoyed virtual immunity from economic hardship.

The wine they cannot sell is bought by the Government and turned into alcohol. Over the years, critics have complained that some cynical growers in the Midi raised their indifferent grapes exclusively to be turned into alcohol. After all, Government paychecks are steady while making wine can be risky.

Part of that risk arises from France's relationship with other wine-producing countries in the European Economic Community. Italy's wines, for example, can be both better and cheaper than those of France. On Jan. 1, Spain and Portugal will enter the Common Market and while their ''plonk,'' or table wine, is no better than the French, it too is less expensive. And the French Government is not about to make alcohol out of cheap imports. Clearly there is a crisis in the French table wine business that is going to get worse before it gets better.

Can a new market be found for V.D.T.? The recent survey indicates that it cannot. Those two million irretrievably lost wine drinkers have gone to soft drinks and beer, the survey found, and for various reasons. In part, there is the increased availability and prominence of alternatives to wine.

In 1960, the first year in which the decline in the number of wine drinkers was noted, tap beer was virtually unknown in France. Now it is everywhere. Soft drinks were available but the heavy American-style advertising campaigns that can be seen promoting soft drinks today were still in the future. Fruit juice was thought of as exotic, and even running water was far less common in private homes than it is these days.

Then, too, some people have suggested that the marked changes in French drinking habits can be attributed to the widespread introduction of refrigeration. Wine fit into an older way of life in which families could not get a cold drink from the refrigerator but could leave a few bottles of wine on a kitchen counter. When that way of life disappeared -with very few regrets on the part of those who lived it - cheap wine was no longer needed.

The French Government would like to see the farmers of the south tear out many of their vineyards and switch to cereals or some other more profitable crops. Or they would like to see them improve their wine. For some growers this is possible; for most it is not.

Near Perpignan, in Roussillon, Bernard Daure is one grower who is making the transition. He has invested hundreds of thousands of dollars in a new winery and is slowly changing his grape mix to produce a more elegant, more perfumed, more appealing wine, something bearing little resemblance to the standard Cotes du Roussillon of his neighbors.

He is even playing down the Cotes du Roussillon appellation, which was created for the best wines in his region in 1977, and is promoting the name of his property, Chateau de Jau. But Mr. Daure is a relatively weathy man who does not depend on his vines for his income. Few of the small vineyard owners of the Mediterranean basin have the means to follow Mr. Daure's lead and upgrade their vines and their wines, even if they want to.

The French Government seems to believe that the creation of new appellations will improve the quality of the wine. Awarding an appellation, the reasoning goes, will spur some growers to do better because to qualify for the appellation label they have to meet the minimum standards set for the particular wine region. Certainly the great appellations, such as Chambertin and Pauillac, reflect high quality. But as underscored by the unreliability of some appellations from the south, including the Cotes du Roussillon, an appellation does not guarantee quality.

In the best of worlds, the small growers in the south would give up grapes and leave the business to men such as Mr. Daure. In reality, to do so would mean not just changing the habits of a lifetime but turning one's back on an ages-old family tradition as well.

**End of Document**



[***O'NEILL, 10-YEAR 'WATCHDOG,' STILL SNAPPING AWAY***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-9120-0007-J0WK-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 14, 1985, Monday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1985 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section B; Page 6, Column 4; National Desk; INTERVIEW

**Length:** 1077 words

**Byline:** By STEVEN V. ROBERTS, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** WASHINGTON, Oct. 13

**Body**

The shadows are starting to fall around Thomas P. O'Neill Jr. At the end of the Congressional term next year he will retire from the House and complete 10 years as Speaker of the House, the longest political tenure in the nation's history. But he is going out growling.

In a recent interview, the Speaker was asked to describe the role now being played by the Democrats in the House, the only arm of the Federal Government his party controls. He answered by recalling the results of last year's elections. Yes, he said, President Reagan won 49 states, but Democratic Congressional candidates won 5.5 million more votes than their Republican rivals.

''We are doing the things they want us to do,'' Mr. O'Neill said of the voters. ''We are the watchdogs over the President of the United States.''

Assignment: Snap and Snarl

As the chief watchdog, Mr. O'Neill cannot set policy. The possibility of overriding a veto in the Republican-controlled Senate is remote at best. But he and the Democrats can snap and snarl at the President, and this year they have been markedly successful at forcing the Administration to alter course and react to the pressure.

Take the rebels fighting the government of Nicaragua. Mr. Reagan was determined to send them military aid, but opposition in the House forced him to accept a compromise that provides only nonmilitary assistance. A bill mandating economic sanctions against South Africa that originated in the House prompted the White House to impose sanctions on its own.

Currently, Mr. O'Neill is barking about the trade issue. Mr. Reagan, he says, ''doesn't give a damn'' about the regions and industries that are still suffering economic misery, and last week the House passed the first trade bill of the year, a strict set of quotas on textile imports.

The Speaker admits that the textile bill will probably never become law, but his aim is to force the Administration to deal with the problem. ''What are we going to do, sit back and let them steal our computers and everything else along the line?'' he asked. ''We are the only free traders left in the world. Why the hell don't we send them the message?''

On Reaagn's 'Fall Offensive'

With some glee, Mr. O'Neill recalls stories emanating from the White House last summer that promised a ''fall offensive'' by Mr. Reagan on Capitol Hill. ''There hasn't been a fall offensive,'' he asserted. ''As a matter of fact, he's on the defensive, every inch of the way.''

The Democrats seemed a bit defensive themselves last week when the Senate whipped through legislation that would mandate a balanced budget in five years. Mr. O'Neill denounced it as a ''political gimmick'' aimed at helping Republican senators who face re-election next year, but he has also learned something about political footwork in the last five years.

By the end of the week the issue had been assigned to a House-Senate conference, and the Speaker's lieutenants were hastily drafting an alternative plan, with an eye to blunting the Republican initiative.

Mr. O'Neill was shaped by the ***working-class*** neighborhoods of Cambridge, Mass., and the hardships of the Depression, and he makes no apologies for a political philosophy that some might consider old-fashioned. ''You know,'' he said, ''I am not one of those save-the-whales liberals. I am a job-and-work-and-wage liberal. A gut liberal.''

Gibes and Losses: Part of a Plan

As a result, he was lampooned by the Republicans in the 1980 election campaign campaign as the symbol of a bloated, free-spending government. In 1981, the Republicans and dissident Democrats seized control of the House and passed the budget and tax-cutting programs espoused by Mr. Reagan.

That was all part of a plan, the Speaker insists. The Democrats let the Reagan program through, he says, because they were convinced it would not work. As he recalls telling people at the time: ''You know, America isn't basically mean. These are mean policies that this man is putting through. And wait until you see what we do the next time around.''

In 1982 the Democrats re-captured 26 seats; Mr. O'Neill regained effective control of the House and refurbished his reputation. ''We tried to run against him,'' recalled Representative Dick Cheney, the No. 3 Republican in the House, ''but he hung in there - he was able to bounce back.''

The Speaker is both the leader of the majority party and the leader of the entire House, and Republicans accuse Mr. O'Neill of tilting too far toward partisanship in conducting his office. They cite, for instance, his handling of a disputed election in Indiana last year and his decision to seat the Democratic candidate, who narrowly won a recount, instead of calling for a new vote.

Partisanship and Awareness

''Everything he does,'' asserted Representative Tom Loeffler of Texas, the Republicans' chief deputy whip, ''is not in the best interests of the House as an institution, but what is best for the Democratic Party and the liberal philosophy.''

Mr. O'Neill insists he has been a fair Speaker, but he does not hide his partisanship and he is aware of his party's shortcomings. After studying the election returns last fall, he became convinced the Democrats had two grave weaknesses: The public consiered them too weak on military matters and too willing to spend money.

''I said, 'Hey, what we are going to do is correct the image of America,' '' he recalls. Since then the Democrats have let the Senate take the lead in reducing the Pentagon budget. They have refrained from proposing any sort of tax increase, even though the Speaker is convinced one is necessary. And they have actively supported Mr. Reagan's call for tax revision. Otherwise, the Speaker says, Mr. Reagan would ''clobber'' the Democrats as obstructionists.

An Underestimated Foe

The Speaker recalls that he was ''praying'' for Mr. Reagan to get the Republican nomination in 1980. The Massachusetts liberal saw the California conservative as ''a right-winger all the way'' who would make an easy target. Now Mr. O'Neill speaks with awe about his foe and admits how badly he underestimated Mr. Reagan.

''It's the funniest thing,'' he said. ''They think he is wrong on Social Security. They think he's wrong on Central America. But they still love the guy.''

As he approaches his final year in Congress, Mr. O'Neill says he intends to keep reminding voters what they do not like about Mr. Reagan. At the age of 73, after almost half a century in public life, the watchdog is still at his post.

**Graphic**

Photo of Thomas P. O'Neill Jr. (NYT/George Tames)

**End of Document**



[***DIVIDED LATVIANS AWAITING CLINTON***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-YYP0-008G-F093-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 6, 1994, Wednesday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1994 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Foreign Desk

**Section:** Section A; ; Section A;  Page 1;  Column 5;  Foreign Desk ; Column 5;

**Length:** 1142 words

**Byline:** By ALESSANDRA STANLEY,

By ALESSANDRA STANLEY,   Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** RIGA, Latvia, July 5

**Body**

A hundred yards from the idyllic spot where President Clinton plans to toast Latvia's independence and democracy after his arrival Wednesday morning, a crowd of 2,000 to 3,000 angry Russians chanted and waved signs today, denouncing Latvian "fascism" and "apartheid."

Mr. Clinton is the first American President to visit the Baltic countries, but the symbolism of his visit is blurred by its timing.

The emotional demonstration by Russian residents of Latvia -- held in front of the American Embassy -- was a dress rehearsal of the rage that Mr. Clinton may find simmering under the surface of this quaint, cobbled city.

"For 50 years I have been a citizen, and now I'm not," shouted Yelena Permyekova, 56, who like others clutched her old Soviet passport. "Clinton says he is for democracy, but here fascism is coming back."

Mr. Clinton arrives in Riga in the middle of a tempest over citizenship. Unlike Lithuania and Estonia, which have set up procedures to open the door to citizenship for their Russian minorities, Latvia, which has the largest Russian population in the Baltics, is still bitterly divided over which Russians should be granted full civil rights, and when.

Mr. Clinton, whose trip is intended to honor the Baltics' hard-won independence, will meet with all three countries' Presidents. His presence in Riga is also aimed at reminding Russia of its promise to remove its last 12,000 troops from Latvia and Estonia by Aug. 31. But here, he will have to tread tactfully around the nationality issue.

Each side hopes to use the presence of the American President to further its case.

Latvian nationalists want Mr. Clinton to suggest to Russians that Lativa is a sovereign nation and encourage those who don't love it to leave.

Russians, particularly those who are lifelong residents of Latvia and aim to stay, hope Mr. Clinton's visit will press Latvia to extend civil rights and full citizenship to all of its residents.

Reconsidering Citizenship Bill

In some ways, it already has.

After considerable urging by the United States and Western Europe, President Guntis Ulmanis instructed Parliament a week ago to reconsider a sensitive draft law on citizenship that would impose strict quotas on Russians who arrived in Latvia after the Soviet annexation of 1940.

"The President's trip is not designed to put pressure on the President of Latvia," said the United States Ambassador, Ints Silins, "but we think the country will most likely make the wise decision on citizenship."

Latvia has a population of more than two million, and 72 percent are citizens. Of the 700,000 residents without citizenship, 85 percent are Russian speakers. Most are retired Soviet military personnel, or workers sent to Russify the country in the 1950's and 60's, and their descendants, many of whom were born in Latvia. They rarely speak Latvian.

For most Russians in Soviet times, Latvia was less a country than an elegant resort, Martha's Vineyard on the Baltic Sea. But for hundreds of thousands, it became home. After Latvia declared its independence in 1991, they became Russians without a country.

Under the proposed law, some 300,000 of those Russians will have to apply for citizenship under quotas that will only allow 2,000 people to be naturalized a year.

Fragile Independence

History has taught Latvians to consider independence fragile. Some view all Russians as colonists. Many say they feel outnumbered by other enthic groups, particularly Russians, and fear that if the country suddenly enfranchises all of its residents, the Russians will vote to reannex Latvia to Russia.

But the law, and particularly its quota system, has been sharply criticized by the Council of Europe and other Western organizations that Latvia hopes to join someday. It has also heightened tensions at home and with Moscow.

And it has given Moscow an opportunity to cast itself as a defender of civil rights. Under pressure from Russian ultranationalists, President Boris N. Yeltsin warned last week that Russia would "protect" the rights of ethnic Russians in the Baltic states.

"This is just playing into the hands of Vladimir V. Zhirinovsky," complained Janis Jurkans, a member of Parliament who was forced to resign as Foreign Minister because he kept urging a more generous citizenship policy. "We have lost prestige and blemished our image over this."

Government officials are mostly optimistic that Parliament will eventually put forward a more acceptable law on citizenship.

"When push comes to shove, people here try and make the best deal they can," said John Eichmanis, a Foreign Ministry official. "My expectation is that we will come to some sort of agreement. If the West doesn't say hurray, they will at least say, 'Well, O.K.' "

'The Law Goes Too Far'

But hard-line nationalists in Parliament show no such inclination. "We think the law goes too far in giving undeserved rights to foreign invaders," said Visvaldis Brinkimanis, a leading member of the Fatherland and Freedom Party.

Outside the center of town, there are budding signs of accommodation.

In the ***working class*** neighborhood of Plavnieki, where clusters of gray cement high-rises give the place a Soviet look, the population is only 30 percent Latvian. But at the meat counter in the large Western-style supermarket, Tatyana Karabutova wore a name badge, a smile and a command of Latvian. "I've been studying," she said with a shrug. "I'm a resident, and if I can speak Latvian, then I can work."

But compromise and accommodation were not too evident in other parts of the city.

"I have no way of defending myself," said Pyotr Voronenko, 59, a Russian handyman who moved to Latvia 27 years ago and does not want to leave. "I have no rights. I'm not saying there weren't injustices under socialism, but there were good things, too. Latvians lived O.K. under the Soviets." At that, a small group of Latvians surrounded him.

'Soviet Hogwash'

One elderly man waved his papers showing that he had been deported to Narilsk for 25 years and told him to take back his "Soviet hogwash." Sylvia Krastina, a retired Latvian accountant, told him he should be ashamed.

He looked away and tried to look nonchalant as she scolded: "You speak of rights. For 50 years we couldn't open our mouths, you shot at us and took us away." Another woman thrust her face toward his and whispered, "You've lived here your whole life and you don't speak Latvian."

A Russian retiree came to his aid, and the two sides almost came to blows as they argued.

One woman left in tears. "It's not that they are all bad," said Elga Knospina, a native of Riga, where Russians slightly outnumber Latvians. "It's just that there are so many of them."

She glanced over at the technicians testing sound equipment for Mr. Clinton's speech before the Freedom Monument, and said, "I just don't know if he can understand how painful it is for us to be so surrounded."

**Load-Date:** July 6, 1994

**End of Document**



[***3M WORKERS CAMPAIGN TO KEEP PLANT***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-8BX0-0007-J29K-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 24, 1985, Tuesday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1985 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section B; Page 2, Column 1; Metropolitan Desk

**Length:** 1042 words

**Byline:** By WILLIAM SERRIN, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** FREEHOLD TOWNSHIP, N.J., Dec. 18

**Body**

George Kaffl knew something was wrong when he walked into the company cafeteria just before midnight and saw the plant manager.

''It's quarter to 12 at night, and I see the plant manager?'' Mr. Kaffl remembered saying to himself. ''Something's cooking.''

Something was cooking; the plant manager was there to announce a decision by the 3M Company to close its audio and videotape manufacturing plant here by next June 30 and eliminate 360 jobs.

In the last decade and a half, thousands of plants have been closed in the United States, costing the jobs of millions of workers, experts on workplaces say. The experts say imports have risen, companies have sent work to cheaper locations in the United States or foreign countries, and the nation has continued its move from a manufacturing to a service economy.

Rise of Service Economy

Today, according to the Federal Bureau of Labor Statistics, the nation has more workers, 22.4 million, in a single service-economy sector - miscellaneous services, which includes hotels, laundries, beauty shops, health services and legal services - than those, 19.4 million, in manufacturing, the center of the economy since the industrial and westward expansion that followed the Civil War.

But the situation in Freehold, festooned with Christmas decorations that mask the sadness, has stirred unusual interest.

The Freehold workers are part of a growing, profitable economy - leisure and high technology. They had read or seen on television of plant closings in automobiles, steel and other manufacturing. They thought their jobs were safe.

''We didn't think it could happen here, to us,'' a material handler, John Bodtmann, said.

Refusal to Give Figures

The situation is also important because the workers and their union, the Oil, Chemical and Atomic Workers, of Denver, have retained a labor consultant, the Labor Institute, of New York, and have begun an unusually imaginative campaign to try to persuade 3M to keep the plant open or to place new work here.

The company declined to reveal income figures for the plant, saying solely that the operation was part of a company sector - electronic and information technologies - that is profitable.

The market for audio- and videotapes is booming, and many Freehold workers, who earn an average of $8.50 an hour, have been working 20 or more hours of overtime a week. The tapes, sold under the Scotch brand, have a substantial share of the market.

The company, based in St. Paul, said that it regretted it had to make the decision to close the plant, but that it was too small for the upgrading that would be necessary to make it more competitive.

Rug Mill Closed in '64

Freehold is the hometown of Bruce Springsteen, the rock star, who sings haunting songs of ***working-class*** life. His song ''My Hometown'' is based on the closing of a textile plant, the Karagheusian Rug Mill, in Freehold in 1964.

The old plant still stands on the eastern side of town, which although it is a blue-collar town, is a rather handsome place, the site of Revolutionary War fighting, and dotted with well-kept homes that date to the 18th centruy.

At the request of the union, Mr. Springsteen and the country singer Willie Nelson signed newspaper advertisements that ran Dec. 4 asking the company to retain the Freehold operation.

''We had no choice'' but to start the campaign, Stanley Fischer, the president of the Freehold union, Local 8-760, said. ''We are a very small town and a very small plant facing a multibillion-dollar global corporation.''

Pride in Innovative Products

A second series of advertisements, bearing the names of 12 actors from the television program ''Hill Street Blues'' appeared Dec. 11. Although 3M maintains its Freehold plans are irreversible, the union and the Labor Institute plan to intensify the campaign.

The company, which rose decades ago with a new product, sandpaper, and developed masking tape and Scotch Tape, prides itself on problem-solving and innovative management.

''The workers have no economic power,'' the director of the institute, Les Leopold, said. ''They only have public-relations power.''

Ken Roman, a machine operator, supports the campaign. ''So many times the company has said it is not 3M, we are 3M,'' Mr. Roman said. ''I agree with that. We are 3M. Those guys are abandoning their own company.''

To Nonunion Plants

Workers and local union leaders moved quickly when the company, on Nov. 13, announced its plans to close the plant. The company said it would move the tape-manufacturing work to plants in Hutchinson, Minn., and Wahpeton, N.D.

The Minnesota and North Dakota plants are nonunion plants, although the director of public relations of 3M, John Lively, said this was not a factor in the decision to close Freehold.

Mr. Fischer called the institute, which provides education and research assistance to unions, and, at the suggestion of staff members, wrote to Mr. Springsteen.

Mr. Springsteen, who got his start on the Jersey Shore and who lives in nearby Rumson, responded enthusiastically. He and his wife, Julianne, went to Bricktown and had dinner with Mr. Fischer, his wife and children, and met with other leaders of the campaign. He gave the workers $20,000 for the effort.

Effects of Closings

Mr. Leopold said the campaign would try to persaude the company that it could use its much-praised management methods to retain the Freehold operation by using the skills of the Freehold workers to upgrade productivity and profits.

He said the campaign would also stress that lump-sum severance payments could not make up for years of wages workers lost when plants closed. Plant closings, he added, not only mean workers lose their jobs, but also that new jobs are often unavailable.

In negotiations with the company, Mr. Fischer is trying to limit talks to ways to keep the Freehold operation open and to postpone discussions of severance pay. But the sadness here is acute. Many workers, with overtime, have become used to larger-than-normal checks, with some making $20,000 to $30,000 a year.

The John Williams family has five members employed at the plant - Mr. Williams, his two sons, a daughter and a daughter-in-law.

''If you had the ambition to get up and go to work,'' Mr. Williams said, ''you had a job, you could take care of yourself.''

**Graphic**

photo of workers leaving plant (NYT/F.N. Kinney)

**End of Document**



[***THEATER: WILSON'S 'TALLEY & SON'***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-8XR0-0007-J1SD-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 23, 1985, Wednesday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1985 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section C; Page 19, Column 1; Cultural Desk; REVIEW

**Length:** 1118 words

**Byline:** By FRANK RICH

**Body**

LANFORD WILSON, one of the most generous-spirited of American playwrights, has devoted more than four years to creating a play about mean-spirited rich people. It may well be that the author of such compassionate works as ''Balm in Gilead'' and ''The Hot l Baltimore'' is just too nice a fellow for the task. Mr. Wilson's revised and improved drama of familial greed and backstabbing, known as ''A Tale Told'' in its 1981 premiere but now titled ''Talley & Son,'' is, for much of its length, amusing entertainment - especially as performed by a crack Circle Repertory Company cast. But if Mr. Wilson has been, on other occasions, a persuasive heir to Tennessee Williams, in this play he remains an unconvincing stand-in for Lillian Hellman.

''Talley & Son'' is a ''Little Foxes'' without bite but with perhaps even more plot. The third work in Mr. Wilson's otherwise wonderful cycle of plays about the Talley family of Lebanon, Mo., it unfolds on July 4, 1944 - simultaneously with ''Talley's Folly'' and 33 years ahead of ''Fifth of July.'' The play's new title announces both its premise and theme. ''Talley & Son'' is about the dispensation of a family business destined to be devoured by a post-war conglomerate. The principal characters are the fathers and sons whose mercenary battles over assets only thinly disguise a more lethal war over affections.

The pivotal father/son is the middle-aged Eldon (Farley Granger), who took charge of the Talley enterprises (a bank and clothing factory) when a favored, elder brother died young. While Eldon has done well, he is nonetheless despised by his aged father, a bigoted and emasculating skinflint (Edward Seamon), and is seemingly ignored by his grown sons, both of whom are at war overseas. Mr. Granger's Eldon - an overgrown, congenital weakling whose pettifogging accountant's manner masks a hidden spine - is superb, yet little about the character adds up. Among other things, we never really understand why he chooses to destroy both the business he loves and his eldest son with the quixotic gesture that serves as Mr. Wilson's confusingly arranged climax.

Then again, the playwright doesn't seem to care about this protagonist much more than we do: Eldon is often merely a convenient means for the introduction of melodramatic incidents and peripheral Talleys. Some of those supporting players are fetching: Eldon's sister Lottie (Joyce Reehling Christopher) is a cynical rebel with a wry apercu for every occasion, and his daughter Sally (Trish Hawkins) is a free spirit courting a Jewish accountant down at the family boathouse. But Charlotte is compromised by her authorial symbolic function -she's dying of industrial radium poisoning - and Sally makes only cameo appearances. (Her offstage courtship is the action of ''Talley's Folly.'') Because Eldon's relationship with these women - and, for that matter, with his wife (Helen Stenborg) - is never coherently established, Mr. Wilson's more passionate characters are left to orbit the play rather than inhabit it.

The melodramatics, meanwhile, are even more flimsily managed. Mr. Wilson sends not one, but two, wrong-side-of-the-tracks women into the Talley parlor to tantalize us with the needlessly drawn-out revelation of Eldon's past sexual indiscretions (as well as with the nefarious schemes required for a cover-up). One major plot twist depends on the convoluted history of a power-of-attorney document, and at least one major character, a Talley business partner (Richard Backus), seems to exist solely to participate in a crucial stockholders' vote in Act II.

Still, for all the flaws that remain from ''A Tale Told,'' the improvements in ''Talley & Son'' are real. What was a dull, superficial play is now a superficial play that clicks smartly along until mid-Act II. In addition to tightening, focusing and clarifying (one need no longer refer constantly to the family tree in the program), Mr. Wilson has added a goodly share of funny lines. Those that don't belong to Miss Christopher's acerbic aunt tend to accrue to Mr. Seamon, whose curmudgeonly patriarch is a hilarious monster. When old Mr. Talley isn't licking his gummy chops in memory of some long-ago business flim-flam, he's lapsing into senility at precisely those moments that suit his current nasty purposes.

Mr. Wilson's longtime collaborator, the director Marshall W. Mason, has also helped by lightening the production's tone. The Talley household buzzes, as one line claims, ''like a swarm of gnats'' - so much so that the sadder interludes, notably a primal wartime tableau delicately choreographed for the Act I curtain, have more impact now. What's not clear is why Mr. Mason, as artistic director of the Circle Rep, chose Paul Osborn's ''Tomorrow's Monday,'' which opened earlier this week, as this play's repertory companion. The two works not only contain an identical contrivance - a prematurely announced funeral to bring the respective families together - but they also feature generic small-town Midwesterners so similar that the actors appearing in both plays have limited opportunities to show off much range.

However few the acting surprises, the large company is mostly exemplary. (The exceptions are found in the ***working-class*** roles, seemingly cast in Dogpatch.) Along with the outstanding contributions made by Mr. Granger, Mr. Seamon and Miss Christopher, there is a lovely performance from Robert Macnaughton as the evening's most problematic character - a Talley son whose soul returns home from the Pacific a few hours before his parents receive the telegram announcing his death. Although his main function is to fill in exposition and pay elegiac respects to lost American innocence, the ingenuous Mr. Macnaughton uncovers a sweet center to his spectral role. Even so, as far as ''Talley & Son'' is concerned, the honorable time may have come for Mr. Wilson to give up the ghost. A House Divided TALLEY & SON, by Lanford Wilson; directed by Marshall W. Mason; sets by John Lee Beatty; costumes by Laura Crow; lighting by Dennis Parichy; sound by Chuck London Media/Stewart Werner; wigs by Paul Huntley; wigs and hair supervised by Joan Weiss; production stage manager, Jody Boese; stage manager, Richard Costabile. Presented by Circle Repertory, Mr. Mason, artistic director; B. Rodney Marriott, associate artistic director; Suzanne Sato, managing director. At 99 Seventh Avenue South, at West Fourth Street. TimmyRobert Macnaughton EldonFarley Granger SallyTrish Hawkins LottieJoyce Reehling Christopher OliveLaura Hughes NettaHelen Stenborg Viola PlattLisa Emery BuddyLindsey Richardson Emmet YoungSteve Decker Harley CampbellRichard Backus Mr. TalleyEdward Seamon Avalaine PlattJulie Bargeron

**Graphic**

Photo of Farley Granger in ''Talley & Son'' (Gerry Goodstein)

**End of Document**



[***THE PROPHETIC SHOE SALESMAN***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-9880-0007-J21X-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 15, 1985, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1985 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 7; Page 12, Column 1; Book Review Desk; Review

**Length:** 1057 words

**Byline:** By Lewis Coser; Lewis Coser, who teaches sociology at the State University of New York at Stony Brook, is the author of ''Refugee Scholars in America.''

**Body**

THE BUREAUCRATIZATION OF THE WORLD The First English Edition of the Underground Marxist Classic That Analyzed Class Exploitation in the USSR. By Bruno Rizzi. Translated and with an introduction by Adam Westoby. 111 pp. New York: The Free Press. $16.95.

THE history of ideas sometimes follows surprising pathways. Bruno Rizzi's ''Bureaucratization of the World'' has had a considerable underground impact and reputation in this country as well as Europe for nearly 50 years, even though few who have paid attention to it have had the chance to read it. Rizzi had a French version published at his expense in Paris in 1939 and planned to send copies to Hitler, Stalin, Mussolini and Trotsky. We do not know whether the others received the book, but Trotsky devoted several major critical articles to it.

During World War II and after, a number of his disciples or admirers were moved to grapple with the book's major themes, even though they knew them only from Trotsky's summary. It became a potent source of discussion on the radical left as well as among academics concerned with Marxist thought and the character of the Soviet Union. James Burnham, in his very successful book ''The Managerial Revolution: What Is Happening in the World'' (1941), was clearly influenced by Rizzi, even though it seems he had not seen a copy of the book when he wrote his own. More recently, sociologists such as Daniel Bell and Alvin W. Gouldner have been influenced by its thesis.

For many years, though, few people in America had any information about Rizzi, who was generally known only by his nom de plume, Bruno R. In an informative and scholarly introduction to this English translation of the first part of Rizzi's book, Adam Westoby, a senior lecturer at the Open University's School of Education in England, demystifies the work and explains the circumstances of its publication.

Born in 1901, Bruno Rizzi was a largely self-educated political activist who became a member of the Italian Communist Party in 1921. He left it a few years later, though, because he found the Comintern orthodoxy of the party intellectually suffocating. Thereafter he considered himself an independent radical with no organizational ties to the official Communist Party or Marxist splinter groups. He made his living as a traveling shoe salesman in both Italy and France.

Rizzi's politics were peculiar. While in most of his writings he appears to belong to the anti-Stalinist left, there are also major passages in which he engages in vicious anti-Semitic tirades. And even though he broke with Leninist orthodoxy in the early 1920's, it seems he was still partly loyal to the Soviet Union until the mid-30's. At the same time, he had contacts with the Italian and French opposition to Stalin among the Trotskyists and other groups. Many people apparently found him suspicious; rumor had it he was a Fascist spy, partly because he moved easily back and forth between Fascist Italy and France. He certainly had a shadowy career, rather like that of a Conrad character.

After the war, Rizzi returned to Italy, where he became a major shoe manufacturer. He died in 1977, just before the rediscovery of his book there. In the last few years, the Italian press has hailed the ''Ignored Prophet,'' and the first commercial edition of his work has appeared with an introduction by Bettino Craxi, the president of the Socialist Party and the current Prime Minister of Italy. There have also been new Spanish and French editions of the work.

Mr. Westoby has translated the first of the book's three sections, ''The USSR: Bureaucratic Collectivism.'' The second, ''The Totalitarian State,'' was not included in the 1939 edition; it covered totalitarianism and Italian Fascism. The third, ''Quo Vadis, America?,'' examined what Rizzi saw as the implicit totalitarianism of American social programs in the 30's. But it is clear the first section had the most significance for readers when the book appeared.

Trotsky and his followers in the 30's clung to the notion that, given its nationalization of the means of pro-duction, the Soviet Union was still a progressive social system, even though it had degenerated and the ***working class*** had lost political power. Trotsky still believed that if a society was not capitalist, it must necessarily be socialist, since he could not conceive of societies that were neither one nor the other.

Rizzi rejected this dichotomy and asserted that the Soviet Union had developed into a hitherto unknown type of society, neither capitalist nor socialist, run by a bureaucratic class that dominated the state apparatus and ''owned'' the major means of production. This new social formation, which he called bureaucratic collectivism, could no longer be understood in terms of traditional Marxist categories. What is more, he argued, Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy displayed socioeconomic characteristics that resembled the Soviet Union's, and chances were the rest of Europe would evolve in the same direction. R IZZI'S work only sketched his thesis in broad strokes. He provided no detailed analysis of the Soviet Union, leaving that to specialists, but rather intended to make a conceptual breakthrough. The impact of his book, especially among Marxists, becomes understandable if one realizes he attacked the conceptual core of Marxist thought - the conviction that the future belonged to the ''universal class,'' the proletariat. Rizzi claimed the bureaucrats rather than the workers would inherit the earth.

It stands to reason that many Marxist or semi-Marxist intellectuals who had been deeply perturbed by the victory of Nazism and Fascism and the horrors of Stalin's regime were fascinated by his message, as somewhat later they were aroused by James Burnham and then by Milovan Djilas's book ''The New Class: An Analysis of the Communist System'' (1957). If bureaucrats rather than the proletariat were going to run the world, the labor movement with which radical intellectuals identified could at best wage a defensive battle. Even Trotsky, despite his usual optimism, was led by Rizzi's writings at least to envisage a worldwide defeat of the labor movement, though he clung to the end to his belief this would not happen and the war would lead to the collapse of capitalism and the rise of revolutionary and proletarian Soviet-style societies.

**End of Document**



[***POP MUSIC;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3WXD-0SH0-00RP-K08H-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Back, Sold Out and Playing In the Key of E Street***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3WXD-0SH0-00RP-K08H-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 11, 1999, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1999 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** New Jersey Weekly Desk

**Section:** Section 14NJ; ; Section 14NJ; Page 10; Column 1; New Jersey Weekly Desk ; Column 1; ; Review

**Length:** 1169 words

**Byline:** By KAREN DeMASTERS

By KAREN DeMASTERS

**Body**

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN is coming home in triumph -- again. Starting Thursday, the Boss of traditional rock-and-roll will be back at Continental Airlines Arena in East Rutherford for 15 sold-out nights. The only record he had to break was his own from 1992, when he set the benchmark for the entire music industry by selling out 11 shows at the 20,000-seat arena.

The last few months have been laced with nostalgia for Mr. Springsteen, in more ways than one. In November, Columbia released "Tracks," a box set of songs from the archives of his career, and in March, he was inducted into the Rock-and-Roll Hall of Fame, honoring 25 years in the business. His current tour, which he calls a rebirth, leans heavily on old material that has been tested in concert halls in years past, and fittingly, he has called the E Street Band back together to join him.

It was Mr. Springsteen who opened the Brendan T. Byrne Arena in 1981 with a six-night stand during "The River" tour. Both the place and the performer have gone through some changes since then. Perched on top of "the swamps of Jersey" he sings about, the arena has taken on a corporate logo, and now there is talk of replacing the entire structure. Mr. Springsteen dismissed the band that was with him during his climb to the top and changed directions musically by hiring a new backing band for the "Human Touch-Lucky Town" tour in 1992 and 1993.

That change was nothing compared with the 1995 and 1996 "Ghost of Tom Joad" solo acoustic tour, in which he sat in the middle of stages in small halls, singing often depressing songs to a not always happy audience. Some diehard fans, who had endured his rise to mega-star status in 1984 with the misunderstood "Born in the U.S.A." album, swore the Boss had forgotten that rock-and-roll was supposed to be fun as well as enlightening.

Well, the fun and the band are back, with 15 shows spread out over nearly a month until Aug. 12. The three- and four-day gaps between some shows may be a concession to the fact that Mr. Springsteen turns 50 in September, but fans obviously do not care about his age. Somewhere toward the end of the Meadowlands stand, which will bring his total shows there to 49, the millionth person to see Mr. Springsteen at the complex will cross the threshold. If his hundreds of appearances at local clubs were counted, he would have reached the one million mark much sooner.

"After this series of shows, Bruce will be the all-time highest attendance show for the arena and stadium," said Bob Castro novo, senior executive vice president for the arena and stadium of the New Jersey Sports and Exposition Authority, which runs the Meadowlands complex. "We started negotiations on this a year ago, and it has finally come to fruition. There is an extra excitement when Bruce is here, and I love being part of the atmosphere. The fact that he is from New Jersey just adds to the excitement. They are like the house band."

The New Jersey concerts are the beginning of the United States leg of a world tour that has hit 26 cities since it opened in Barcelona on April 9. In the United States, the demand for tickets is not limited to Mr. Springsteen's native soil. More than 60,000 tickets for three shows at the United Center in Chicago on Sept. 27, 28 and 30 sold out in 50 minutes, and six concerts in Boston, three in Washington and six in Philadelphia in August and September sold out in a day. Only the Detroit shows Aug. 16 and 17 had scattered seats still available several days after tickets went on sale.

The only other firm date so far is Oct. 17, the grand opening of the Staples Center in Los Angeles, and tickets are not yet on sale. Rumors that Mr. Springsteen may ring in the millennium with a concert in his home state, or that the tour may return to New Jersey after the first of the year, are just rumors so far and could not be confirmed with his press agent.

Because of the heavy demand for tickets, the Springsteen organization has devised a system to try to foil scalpers, who buy large blocks of tickets and resell them at prices far above the legal limit, putting a dent in the number of tickets available to fans at face value. All seats in the first 17 rows of each arena where Mr. Springsteen will play must be picked up the night of the concert at the box office by the person who placed the order, with photo ID required. The buyer will then have to go inside the arena with no chance to resell the tickets in the parking lot, where much illegal scalping goes on. Purchasers were limited to two tickets in the first 17 rows for the entire run of shows in each city.

A SIMILAR system was used for all seats when Mr. Springsteen played the Paramount Theater and Convention Hall in Asbury Park in recent years. It created long lines at the box offices but helped insure that more tickets were getting to fans at face value.

Even the face value of tickets is steeper than some fans would like. Although a few pop artists have pushed ticket prices as high as $125, some grumbling can be heard among the Springsteen fans, who think $67.50 for almost any seat in the house is excessive for a multimillionaire who has built a career on stories about ***working-class*** people and has a reputation for devotion to his fans.

Those who paid the money are likely to ear a greatest-hits set list with songs from the past that some older fans feared would never be done by the E Street Band again after Mr. Springsteen embarked on his acoustic tour. Many younger fans never had a chance to hear the E Street Band before the members -- among them like the saxophonist Clarence Clemons, the guitarist Nils Lofgren and the drummer and band leader Max Weinberg -- went their own ways and established solo careers.

But the one thing that may be scarce is music from "Tracks," on the Columbia label. The box set consists of 66 songs, most of them previously unreleased, and so far Mr. Springsteen has played only one or two of them per concert. He is legendary for his four-hour marathon shows with set lists that vary from night to night. On this tour, the band and the Boss have been onstage for considerably less time, and with only a few new songs inserted in the set list after the tour opened with two rehearsals at Convention Hall in Mr. Springsteen's adopted home of Asbury Park last March. (He was born in Freehold and grew up there.)

For the 1992 Springsteen tour, a huge blue banner proclaiming "Welcome Home, Bruce" was hung on the side of the arena. A similar banner will be displayed this time, Mr. Castronovo said, and because of Mr. Springsteen's ties to the Jersey Shore, where he started playing in the late 1960's, the Meadowlands management is building a boardwalk beside the arena, complete with food and games of chance, and bringing in sand for beach volleyball courts. It will be interesting for fans who have followed Mr. Springsteen since his days at the shore clubs to see what he has to offer that's new, and how old material has been reworked, when they welcome him home once again.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Springsteen, Springsteen and more Springsteen: the Boss performing at the Bottom Line in Greenwich Village in 1975, left; at the Brendan T. Byrne Arena in 1981, bottom left; belting "Born in the U.S.A." in Washington on his 1985 tour . . . . . . at a 1978 concert, above left; at a benefit for the development of non-nuclear energy sources in 1981, above, and back at the Meadowlands in 1992.

**Load-Date:** July 11, 1999

**End of Document**



[***AT THE MOVIES***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-98S0-0007-J2RC-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 13, 1985, Friday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1985 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section C; Page 6, Column 1; Weekend Desk

**Length:** 975 words

**Byline:** By Janet Maslin

**Body**

STING, who has made nine feature and television films in eight years (and who appears with Meryl Streep in ''Plen-ty,'' which opens next Thursday), doesn't think it wise for rock stars to expect to be leading men overnight, especially in view of the apprehensiveness with which other actors may regard them. ''The acting establishment doesn't really appreciate this immigration,'' he said of the increasing eagerness of many pop singers to make the transition to the screen. ''I think they find it rather frightening.

''Even the term 'rock star' is pejorative. It means maniac, drug addict, egocentric brat. That may be true, but you try your best to disguise it.''

At the Movies column on film Plenty; Sting comments on his role in film; photo (S)

Sting himself, by his own assessment, started at the bottom. He had an early leading role in ''Brimstone and Treacle,'' but he remained willing to accept small roles, as he did in ''Quadrophenia'' and ''Dune.'' (''I agreed to do a cameo role,'' Sting said of the latter, ''and was rather shocked to learn I'd become the lynchpin of the publicity campaign.'') In ''Plenty,'' he again puts in a relatively brief appearance, this time as the ***working-class*** lover who is asked by Miss Streep's Susan Traherne to father her child. Though he had not seen ''Plenty'' on the stage when the role was offered him, he knew the play by reputation and had seen other films directed by Fred Schepisi. ''So it seemed like a good horse to back,'' he said. Though his role in ''Plenty'' is an exception, Sting says he is usually asked to play ''the steely-eyed icon without a shred of sympathy.'' He gets about two film offers a month, describing the most recent one as ''three months in Tibet with Anthony Quinn.'' He will also be seen later this year in ''Bring on the Night,'' a documentary by Michael Apted that follows The Police through a week of the band's busy schedule. 'Kiss of Spider Woman'

Will Spin a Wider Net

''Kiss of the Spider Woman'' had been scheduled originally for wide release in New York on Sept. 20, when ''Mishima'' replaces it at Cinema I. Island Alive, the film's releasing company, expected that it would go into only 8 or 10 theaters. But the fact that ''Kiss of the Spider Woman'' set a $108,000 house record (beating, of all things, ''On Golden Pond'') and continues to draw big crowds has meant a change of plans. When the film relocates next Friday, it will go into about 30 theaters in the New York area, including the Lincoln Plaza I, the D.W. Griffith and the RKO Art Greenwich in Manhattan.

Russell Schwartz, vice president of sales and marketing at Island Alive (a company that, to complicate matters, now appears to be in the process of dissolution), says there was no problem finding extra theaters. ''When it comes to films aimed at the adult audience this fall, this is the one everyone else has to beat,'' he said.

Festival Poster to Be Sold

This year's New York Film Festival poster is a beauty. Designed by the pop artist Tom Wesselman, and measuring an outsized 39 inches by 37, it will be on sale in the lobby of Alice Tully Hall from Sept. 27 to Oct. 13. Plain copies cost $35; signed copies are $100. The Effects Are Special, Although They Seem Easy ''The props have tremendous consequence'' in Martin Scorsese's ''After Hours,'' according to Amy Robinson, one of the film's three co-producers (the others are Robert Colesberry and Griffin Dunne, who is also the film's star.) And the props required a great deal of attention, particularly in a few special scenes. One of them, which was quite literally a key sequence, required Mr. Dunne to stand beneath a 90-pound platform that hurtled toward him from four stories up, simulating the fall of a set of house keys; Mr. Dunne endured this until it was noted that the rope holding the camera was smoking, and Mr. Scorsese decided to use a crane instead. Another sequence, involving a $20 bill that flies out of a moving taxi, meant simulating money in different sizes and many methods of creating the right trajectory. ''We think of this as a special effects movie even if nobody else does,'' Miss Robinson said.

One point on which all the principals readily agreed was the choice of the cinematographer, Michael Ballhaus. He had shot ''Baby, It's You,'' which Mr. Dunne and Miss Robinson co-produced; he had also shot ''Reckless,'' in which Mr. Colesberry was involved. And Mr. Scorsese had expected to use him on ''The Last Temptation of Christ,'' the film he had planned to make before ''After Hours.'' The film was shot in nine weeks at an outlay of $4 million that, thanks in large part to Mr. Ballhaus, looks like a great deal more.

A Good Review From Dad

The star of ''War and Love,'' which opens today, is Sebastian Keneas, the 18-year-old son of the late Newsday film critic Alex Keneas. Sebastian was chosen for the role at an open casting call at his school, St. Ann's in Brooklyn, and completed work on the film in time for his father to see a rough version of his performance before he died last year. ''He told me he enjoyed it and that he thought I was good,'' Mr. Keneas recalled, ''and he said the film was all right for what it was.''

Mishima and Looney Tunes

Japan Society is presenting a well-timed program of films involving Yukio Mishima, the subject of the biographical film by Paul Schrader that opens next Friday. The four titles in the series, which begins tonight and continues on three subsequent Friday evenings, include three films in which Mr. Mishima appeared and one that he wrote. Tonight's feature, at 6 and 8:30, is the 1969 ''Tenchu.'' And the Museum of Modern Art's current series honoring 50 years of Warner Brothers cartoons will feature an Isador (Friz) Freleng program at 6 this evening, a tribute to Mel Blanc at 2 and 5 P.M. tomorrow, and a tribute to Chuck Jones at 2 and 5 P.M. Sunday.

**Graphic**

photo of Sting

**End of Document**



[***A REPORTER'S NOTEBOOK: LE SCANDALE GREENPEACE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-95D0-0007-J2F6-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 27, 1985, Friday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1985 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Page 6, Column 1; Foreign Desk

**Length:** 1079 words

**Byline:** By RICHARD BERNSTEIN, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** PARIS, Sept. 26

**Body**

At Le Maryland, a brass-counter cafe in a ***working-class*** neighborhood not far from the Bastille, Bernard Barral serves espresso and beer and ham sandwiches made of elongated slices of crusty bread. The Greenpeace affair, he says, does not bother him very much.

''We talk about it a lot here,'' he said. ''But nobody really cares that much. Everybody knows that there are secret services and parallel worlds. The Russians and the Americans have them and so do the French. So what?''

''Why are they making such a fuss over the sinking of a boat?'' Mr. Barral went on. ''So many other boats have been sunk.''

The opinion sample at Le Maryland, where the boys in leather jackets hunch over pinball machines and the workmen lean on the curved counter drinking their morning glass of red, is clearly unscientific. But Mr. Barral's unblinkered, world-weary attitude toward the French sinking of an antinuclear protest ship in the far Pacific corresponds with the atmosphere in this country, caught up in the most intense political crisis since the Socialist Government came to power over four years ago.

Affair Called Exaggerated

The French, known for their national pride, are clearly bothered by the affair and many of them, particularly that large majority shown by the polls to have soured on the Socialist Government, see the handling of the matter as yet another reason for their political convictions. But that mixes with a sense of proportion. The affair, as Mr. Barral put it, did not touch ''the liberty of the French.''

''The affair has been exaggerated,'' he said, ''and when the press stops talking about it, so will the people.''

A poll published today in the newspaper Figaro confirms the impression given at Le Maryland. It shows, in essence, that while the operation against the ship is seen as a mistake and has become an embarrassing fiasco, there exists no powerful sense of outrage, moral or political, among the public.

The poll, carried out by an independent research organization, found that 78 percent of those responding believed the operation against the Rainbow Warrior was ''unacceptable.'' Showing a streak of skepticism, 52 percent thought that President Francois Mitterrand knew of the affair in advance, something that Mr. Mitterrand has denied. But even as opposition figures are calling for Mr. Mitterrand's resignation, the poll found that 65 percent of the respondents believed he should remain in office.

Why then does the Greenpeace affair continue to occupy the national attention? One reason, perhaps the main reason, is that unanswered questions remain even after numerous explanations of the operation by Government leaders and mountains of disclosures by the press.

On Wednesday, Prime Minister Laurent Fabius, apparently attempting to put an end to the crisis, declared that ultimate responsibility for the operation belonged to Charles Hernu, the Minister of Defense who resigned a week ago.

Mr. Fabius's statement blaming Mr. Hernu supported this reconstruction of events:

Mr. Hernu was persuaded that the Rainbow Warrior, the flagship of the Greenpeace environmental movement, was going to intensify the group's long campaign to interfere with nuclear weapons tests in the Pacific. While the French Navy had previously prevented Greenpeace boats from encroaching on French territorial waters, the fear among some in the Ministry of Defense this time was that the Rainbow Warrior would be used as a mother ship to dispatch a fleet of small boats to the testing site, a tactic that would be difficult to stop on the high seas.

To sabotage the protest, the Ministry of Defense ordered that action be taken - a ''bad decision,'' Mr. Fabius said Wednesday night. The boat was sunk by two explosives attached magnetically to its hull by frogmen and a crew member was killed.

Some Unanswered Questions

Yet that explanation does not satisfy entirely. Why, for example, were two of the French agents, supposedly well-trained professionals, so easily captured by the New Zealand police, who quickly discovered that they belonged to the French intelligence service? Why have the disclosures that followed the event been very selective, providing information that incriminated the French Government without ever precisely identifying the official who ordered the operation?

Mr. Fabius himself seems to entertain some doubts. In his television appearance Wednesday night, he fixed ''political responsibility'' on Mr. Hernu, but in a statement whose wording was apparently very careful he never said the order to blow up the Rainbow Warrior was actually given by Mr. Hernu, something that the former Defense Minister, a close friend of President Mitterrand, has steadfastly denied.

In addition, Mr. Fabius twice said he was asking himself ''certain questions.'' In particular, he said, there is evidence that somebody ''sabotaged the sabotage,'' a reference to the fact that the French operation was so easily discovered. And indeed a gray area of suspicion has always hovered over the Greenpeace affair, a sense that there was a plot within a plot whose nature has not yet been brought to light.

One theory, common in military circles here, is that the Greenpeace operation contained what Adm. Antoine Singuinetti, a former naval Chief of Staff, now no longer in service, called a ''parallel operation.''

Some here are speculating that within the intelligence agency or the armed forces there was a plot to go beyond the strict orders given in the Greenpeace case, which French officials, including Mr. Hernu, have repeatedly insisted was only to collect information about the organization, not to sink its boat. Some, who prefer not to be identified, have suggested that a group of rightist officers undertook the sabotage mission on their own; then, after it was over, they divulged information to the press designed to embarrass the Socialist Government.

Some clues about this theory may be provided by the arrest of four members of the intelligence agency now formally charged with providing secret information to the press. The police are seeking a fifth man, Paul Barril, a captain in a special presidential antiterrorist unit, who was suspended for five years after being accused of trumping up evidence against a group of suspected Irish terrorists.

If, as suspected by some here, the five intentionally divulged information about the Greenpeace operation to embarrass the Government, their trial could turn out to be one of the key events of the entire affair.

**End of Document**



[***Cheese Maker Cites Benefit of Slow Food***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3X5W-SWH0-00RP-K3M1-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 15, 1999, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1999 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Westchester Weekly Desk

**Section:** Section 14WC;; Section 14WC; Page 15; Column 1; Westchester Weekly Desk; Column 1;

**Length:** 1252 words

**Byline:** By MERRI ROSENBERG

By MERRI ROSENBERG

**Dateline:** PEEKSKILL

**Body**

JONATHAN WHITE'S favorite local restaurant is a small, unprepossessing mom-and-pop pizzeria in a ***working-class*** neighborhood here where the napkins are paper and the modest menu reflects the owners' Neapolitan roots.

But lots of people are loyal to their pizzeria. Unlike Mr. White, lots of people do not run a five-year-old artisanal cheese and dairy operation, Egg Farm Dairy, whose products have visited state dinners at the White House and at upscale restaurants in Manhattan like Tribeca Grill, Picholine, Daniel's, Windows on the World, Wild Blue, the Gramercy Tavern and Aureole (whose chef and owner, Charles Palmer, is a co-founder and owner of the dairy) and restaurants like Equus in Tarrytown, Marco's in Mahopac and Pratt's Inn in Yorktown.

What makes the pizzeria, Santa Lucia, a worthy destination for Mr. White, a co-owner of Egg Farm Dairy, which produces cheese, butter and ice cream according to 19th-century methods?

What links Santa Lucia with some of the grander establishments at which Mr. White's cheese and butter are served is a devotion to the table and the pleasures of good, fresh food.

Mr. White is a founder of the American branch of the Slow Food movement, which was begun in Italy in 1986 by an Italian journalist, Carlo Petrini, as a response to a McDonald's opening in Piazza di Spagna in Rome. Mr. White is an advocate of eating as an experience, not merely as a means of refueling the body.

Slow Food, a 70,000-member international organization with members in 35 countries, including about 1,500 in this country, encourages people to savor local products, like endangered heirloom fruits and vegetables, wines from regional vintners, microbrewed beer and ale, homemade bread, handmade cheese and home-cooked meals.

"The idea is to promote the sanctity of the table three times a day," Mr. White said, adding that he makes it a point to get up early every morning in his home in Yorktown Heights to have a home-cooked breakfast with his wife, Nina Stein White, a dancer and teacher, and their three children, Paula, 11, Tobias, 8, and Jacob, 6, and then a home-cooked dinner at night. Mr. White was raised in Teaneck, N.J., and worked as an engineer before becoming a full-time artisan cheese maker five years ago.

Mr. White, who is working on a book about the history of cheese, said: "It's the table experience that counts. Look, you vote for the kind of world you want three times a day. You can either cast your ballot at a drive-through, which is voting for a world of consistency and sameness, or you can go home and cook a lunch, which is a ballot for a world that values craftsmanship and individuality and gustatory joy."

Still, Mr. White concedes: "McDonald's isn't going to go away. And when I travel, I'll sometimes eat there."

Mr. White is not going to give up. "What's sad is that there is a whole generation that has never smelled a meal cooking," he said. "The food comes out of the freezer, into the microwave and onto the table. That's a major physiological change."

No wonder one of Mr. White's missions is to give consumers a taste of dairy products that still taste the way they should. Toward that end, Mr. White offers internships in artisanal cheese making for culinary arts students, chefs and food journalists and has a Cheesemakers Reserve Club, which sends boxes of special, small-batch cheeses to subscribers four times a year. Last year, for three shipments of selected cheeses through the Cheesemakers Reserve Club, the price was $120.

It is easy to see how Mr. White's values are reflected in Egg Farm Dairy's production of butter, yogurt, cheese and ice cream, which are made from Hudson Valley milk.

Like wines, which start from the same basic groups of grapes and ultimately become merlots or cabernets, Chablis or champagne, the cheeses start off looking much the same. Depending on whether the cheeses are destined to become a Peekskill Pyramid, a mild, farm-kitchen type of cheese, or a newly introduced Bear Mountain Barely Blue, among many other varieties, they are shaped in large wheels, small pyramids or long loafs. And like wine, cheese making, according to Mr. White's careful replication of 19th-century methods, depends on patience and time, a consistent theme for someone who embraces the tenets of the Slow Food movement.

The range of retail prices for the cheese and butter is $4 for 4 ounces of the Peekskill Pyramid; $9.50 for a pound of the Wild Ripened Cheddar; $4.50 for a pound of sweet butter and $3.50 for 4.5 ounces of heart-shaped chocolate butter.

In a 55-degree storage space, lined from floor to nearly the top of the ceiling with open shelves, cheeses evolve from moldy specimens to ripened readiness. In this room, meant to replicate as closely as possible a damp, old cave like the kind where cheese originally developed, the cheeses gestate, their dates of origin recorded on signs at the front of each shelf. Some have spiky, needle-like molds sticking up, others are enveloped in furry molds, while others -- further along in the process -- develop the distinctive rinds and coverings that identify them as Muscoots, Hudson and others. The dairy which has 13 employees rather than the desired number of 15, each week produces about two tons of butter, one ton of clabber cream, which is like creme fraiche, and about two tons of cheese.

"We've always sold every piece we make," Mr. White said. "We sell out every week. Our capacity to own the cheese while we ripen it is the limiting factor." Stores like Dean & DeLuca, Citarella's, Zabar's and Fairway in Manhattan stock some of the products, while the county's own Turco's and the Mount Kisco Smokehouse are other outlets. Catalogues like Williams-Sonoma and Balducci's also carry the items. And a full line of the offerings are sold at the dairy's small retail store, which is in the light industrial park here. Egg Farm Dairy also offers its products at a Web site: [*www.creamery*](http://www.creamery) .com.

"You can make good ice cream in small quantities," said Mr. White, who is also a spokesman for the American Dairy Association for artisanal cheeses, explaining why he offers his ice cream directly to consumers through another Web site, [*www.cybericecream.com*](http://www.cybericecream.com). "The best ice cream just has milk, cream, sugar and the flavor -- like honey, fruit, vanilla, whatever." By offering this product directly to consumers, Mr. White can make his ice cream without adding stabilizers or preservatives, he said.

Egg Farm Dairy's ice cream, sherbet and sorbet, which were introduced in June, have evocative names like Fresh Ginger Ice Cream, Fall Flower Honey Ice Cream, Illy Espresso Ice Cream, Strawberry Rhubarb Sorbet and Cassis Sorbet, among many others. They were featured at a Victorian Ice Cream Social in Pugsley Park here recently.

In the last few years, Mr. White and his partners, Brian Guillorn and Mr. Palmer, have expanded Egg Farm Dairy's market to include some of the country's four-star hotels, which particularly like to order the dairy's chocolate butter, as well as customers in Italy, Belgium, the Netherlands, England and Germany. Alice Waters, the owner of Chez Panisse restaurant in Berkeley, Calif., and one of the founders of regional American cuisine, is a customer.

What Mr. White hopes to achieve, he said, is a renewed appreciation for the pleasures of simple good ingredients and good food. "A meal is a social event," he said. "At the medieval table, there was singing around the table. We want to make Americans aware of the nearly extinct collateral joys of the table."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Cheeses ripening on shelves at Egg Farm Dairy in Peekskill, above. Jonathan White, co-owner and executive cheesemaker, with cheeses in the dairy's aging cooler. (Photographs by Chris Maynard for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** August 15, 1999

**End of Document**



[***Riverfront Village Works to Emerge From Long Slump***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4G17-S000-TW8F-G1Y3-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 24, 2005 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2005 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 11; Column 1; Real Estate Desk; Pg. 7; LIVING IN/Haverstraw, N.Y.

**Length:** 1498 words

**Byline:** By ELSA BRENNER

**Body**

ONCE a commercial hub of Rockland County, the 2.2-square-mile riverfront village of Haverstraw is now a ***working-class*** community struggling to emerge from a long slump. But drawn by its unspoiled shoreline along the western bank of the Hudson, housing prices below the median for the area and revitalization efforts in the struggling business district, investors large and small have been placing bets on the long-term attractions of the village 30 miles north of Manhattan.

Martin Ginsburg, one of the largest residential developers in Westchester County, is building the first 134 condominiums in what is to be the 850-unit Harbors at Haverstraw, a project that is to take 10 years to complete. As indicators of what he anticipates as Haverstraw's rosy future, he cites pressure for new housing at work along both sides of the Hudson and the 20-minute commuter ferry service between Haverstraw and the Metro-North Railroad station in Ossining that began in 2000.

While Jerry Rodriguez, a retired firefighter, has a more limited focus, he and two other investors are also bullish on Haverstraw's future and have invested some of their life savings in the local housing stock. They bought a run-down two-story residential building and plan to convert it to a bed and breakfast inn.

Meanwhile, Francis Wassmer, the village's mayor, is orchestrating the renewal of the community's depressed downtown, sprucing up storefronts in an attempt to lure businesses to his once-vibrant hometown.

While the three men cite the comebacks of other Hudson River communities like Nyack as reasons for their optimism, not everyone monitoring the real estate scene is so certain that the village is about to undergo a metamorphosis. Those tempering the optimistic predictions cite the village's limited stock of fine old architecture and the plethora of modest single- and multifamily homes that crowd the side streets, as well as the lack of on-street parking.

''Haverstraw doesn't have the abundance of grand old houses that some of those other places have,'' said Carmen Di Biase, an agent with Re/Max Cornerstone Realty in nearby Pomona.

''A lot depends on who cuts the diamond in Haverstraw, and how well,'' she said in response to those who refer to the community as a gem in the rough. ''Revitalization takes an expert hand.''

These days along New Main Street, cultures collide as new entrepreneurs like Francisco Batista take over once-empty storefronts and wish that the residents who live above the stores and in ground-level apartments would be less visible on the sidewalks. ''Sometimes when new people come into the village to check it out, they're afraid to park the car,'' said Mr. Batista, who is a special-education teacher at the local elementary school and is also Haverstraw's deputy mayor. ''A lot of people on the street all day long doesn't help business.''

Mr. Batista, who moved to Haverstraw 15 years ago from the Dominican Republic, and his wife, Esther, who is from Puerto Rico, recently opened Chadia's Home Furnishings. While he wants to see his business flourish along New Main, he is also worried that gentrification will force out some of his fellow Latinos, especially the poorer ones and some of the newer undocumented immigrants, who may no longer be able to afford to live there.

Many of Haverstraw's 11,000 residents live below the poverty line. At the Gerald F. Neary Elementary School, which runs through the second grade, administrators reported that 88 percent of the students get federally subsidized lunches. The community has been a haven for several decades for immigrants. It is estimated that the population of the village is 85 percent Latino.

''Revitalization,'' Mr. Batista said, ''is a matter of striking a balance.''

Mayor Wassmer said that $3.7 million in federal funds has been earmarked for renovating building facades in the business district, acquiring property for parking lots, construction of a community center and other improvements. Another $875,000 grant is to pay for new sidewalks and street improvements along Main and New Main Streets.

The effort also involves moving all ground-floor apartments up to the levels above the stores, with some of the upgraded units offered at below-market rents, although that number is yet to be determined. Mr. Wass-mer estimated that about 160 below-market-rate housing units would be built in the village in the coming years.

Projects along the waterfront so far have cost about $7 million in local, state and federal funds, the mayor said, and have included a new ferry pier and dock and parking.

The village of Haverstraw is the largest municipality within the 22.7-square-mile Town of Haverstraw, which also includes the village of West Haverstraw, part of the village of Pomona and the hamlets of Thiells and Garnerville.

In its early days, from the beginning of the 1800's to the Great Depression in the 1930's, Haverstraw and the area around it was a center for brickmakers, with some 40 brickyards lining the shoreline by the late 1800's. Much of New York City at that time was built from Haverstraw brick.

Mr. Wassmer, who is known as Bud, is a Republican serving his third four-year term as mayor. He grew up in Haverstraw after World War II, when the village center was the hub of Rockland County. ''There were 100 stores -- candy stores, clothing shops -- and you could walk to everything,'' he recalled. The advent of area malls drew customers away from the bustling downtown, local jobs dried up and ''by the 1990's, we were in a serious tailspin,'' he said. ''It's time to reverse that.''

Now Mr. Ginsburg's condos are rising along the waterfront, with prices for the town houses under construction beginning in the mid-$500,000's and reaching near $1 million for some prime waterfront units.

Similarly betting on the metamorphosis of Haverstraw, Mr. Rodriguez and his partners have spent $550,000 for their pre-Civil War multifamily residence on a side street near the river. They plan to spend about $60,000 to renovate it, completing much of the work themselves. ''We decided to move on this now and not wait to see if the village takes off, because we're afraid that if we waited even a year, we might not find anything for under $700,000,'' Mr. Rodriguez said.

Judging by the 19 percent increase in the median sales price for a single-family home in Haverstraw during the past year, Mr. Rodriguez's assessment may be correct. The median was $332,500 for the first quarter of 2005, compared with $279,500 for the period a year ago, according to Nancy Lombardo, a manager for Prudential Rand Realty, which recently opened an office in the village in response to the new development.

The still-low prices in the village in comparison with the rest of Rockland County -- which had a median sales price for single-family houses of $475,000 at the end of the first quarter -- are enticing potential homeowners like Christine Vosler. A single mother of three children, she is living in Morris County in New Jersey but wants to move closer to family in New York. She had hoped to buy a house in Westchester, where she grew up, but said she was priced out of the market in the county, where the latest median sales price of a single-family home was $615,000.

After ruling out communities east of the Hudson, Ms. Vosler started looking in Nyack, where the median price for a single family home is $431,250. She is now searching for a Victorian-style, four-bedroom home that would cost less in Haverstraw; her ex-husband, George Meireles, who shares custody of the children -- Melissa, 11; Matthew, 9; and Christopher, 4 -- is considering buying a condo at Harbors at Haverstraw.

In addition to the relative affordability of real estate in Haverstraw, Ms. Vosler said she is drawn by the diversity of the student body in the North Rockland Central School District. ''It's a lot more reflective of the real world than many Westchester communities are,'' she said.

Fifty percent of the students in the district, which includes Stony Point, Garnerville, Thiells and West Haverstraw, are white, 35 percent are Latino, 12 percent are African-American, and 3 percent are considered ''other,'' Brian Monahan, deputy superintendent of schools, reported.

At North Rockland High School last year, the average score on the verbal section of the SAT exams was 497; the average for the math section was 504, said Dennis P. Hand, the school's principal. The statewide average last year was 496 for verbal and 510 for math. Mr. Hand reported that of the graduates, 93 percent go on to two- and four-year colleges.

Looking ahead, some residents express concern about whether the village will lose the diversity that many consider so valuable if Haverstraw evolves into a more upscale community. ''My worry is income gentrification,'' said Ricky Sanchez, a former trustee. ''Revitalization may be good for the village, but unfortunately people will suffer. But maybe that's the price you have to pay.''

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

**Graphic**

Photos: VARIED HOMES -- Village houses, like those on First Street, above, sell at below the median for the area. Construction continues on the Harbors at Haverstraw, below. (Photographs by Alan Zale for The New York Times)

On the Market: 42 FIRST STREET -- This 1811 Victorian has six bedrooms and two baths, and is listed at $799,000. (845)429-1500.

21 RHODA AVENUE -- This 1972 ranch has three bedrooms and one-and-a-half baths and is listed at $379,000. (845)354-5454.

29 COOLIDGE STREET -- This 1966 town house has three bedrooms and one-and-a-half baths, and is listed at $309,000. (845)786-7500.Map of New York State highlighting Haverstraw.

**Load-Date:** April 24, 2005

**End of Document**



[***BOOKS OF THE TIMES***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-9CT0-0007-J2CR-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 30, 1985, Friday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1985 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section C; Page 23, Column 1; Weekend Desk; review

**Length:** 1004 words

**Byline:** By John Gross

**Body**

THE GREAT BRITISH PICTURE SHOW.

By George Perry. 386 pages. Illustrated. Little, Brown. $19.95.

IF a single date can be assigned to the birth of the British cinema, it is 1896, when a pioneer called Birt Acres showed the films he had made the previous year of the Oxford and Cambridge boat race and the Epsom Derby. Acres, though his parents were English, was born in America (in Richmond) -aptly enough, as the first representative of an industry that has never escaped for long from the shadow of its American counterpart. Economically, the British product has been unable to compete with Hollywood, even within Britain itself, on anything like equal terms; in those intermittent periods when British studios have flourished, it has often been as Hollywood satellites, and Chaplin and Hitchcock are only the most famous of the many British names that have found in America the opportunities that were denied them at home.

American dominance is not enough in itself, however, to explain why the flurry of early initiatives in the British industry so quickly came to nothing. By 1910, it was not only American releases that outnumbered locally made films in Britain, but French and Italian releases as well. Whatever the reason, and whatever it reveals about British social and cultural attitudes, the British cinema in its first 30 years or so had little if anything to offer that wasn't being done a great deal better elsewhere.

Yet out of these dismal beginnings a story gradually emerged that is well worth telling, the story that George Perry addresses himself to in ''The Great British Picture Show.'' Mr. Perry's book is an expanded and updated version (in some cases rather lazily updated) of a book that first appeared in Britain 10 years ago. Without being particularly profound, it provides a pleasant run through all the British films you have ever heard of, and quite a few that you probably haven't; its judgments are generally sensible, and it packs in an impressive amount of information, not only about the films themselves but also about the men who made them and the ever-shifting economic structure of the industry. By way of a bonus, it also includes a 60-page biographical guide - the very place to find out (along with more consequential matters) exactly who starred in ''Lady Godiva Rides Again'' and ''He Snoops to Conquer'' or who directed ''This'll Make You Whistle'' and ''Fun at St. Fanny's.''

It is in the 1920's that Mr. Perry discerns the first real glimmers of light. Some of them were the result of collaboration between the more enterprising British producers entering the industry at that time and the German UFA studios, then in their artistic heyday; the film in which Hitchcock made his debut as a director, for example, in 1925, was a British-German co-production shot in Munich. A further injection of cosmopolitan talent was provided by the arrival in Britain from Hungary, via Paris, of Alexander Korda; with ''The Private Life of Henry VIII,'' granted the accolade of a world premiere at Radio City Music Hall in New York in 1933, British films established a true international presence for the first time.

The achievements of the 1930's were very patchy, however, and all too often, reading Mr. Perry, you have a sense of wasted opportunities. In Jessie Matthews and Jack Buchanan, for example, Britain had at least two outstanding musical stars, but it lacked the means or the flair to help them realize their potential.

Still, things were happening that would have been unthinkable in the previous decade, including the emergence of a powerful documentary tradition - bold enough at one stage for a screenplay in the form of a verse-narrative (for the film ''Night Mail'') to be commissioned from the young W. H. Auden. I think Mr. Perry is right, too, when he speaks up for such popular comedies (many of them directed by a Frenchman, Marcel Varnel) as the films of Will Hay -the definitive bogus schoolmaster, the most hair-raising of incompetent stationmasters - and Gracie Fields's ''Sing as We Go,'' an artless musical from which you can nonetheless learn something about the British ***working class*** that it is hard to find in more portentous socially committed works of the period.

It took World War II, however, to give the British cinema a sense of national style, and a sense of confidence that spilled over into the immediate postwar years, the years of achievements ranging from David Lean's ''Great Expectations'' to the Ealing comedies. Since then, like the cinema elsewhere, it has branched out in many more radical and technically more sophisticated directions; but is it only nostalgia that prompts the feeling that it has lost some of its solid indigenous virtues in the process?

Certainly the international element in British film making has loomed large over the last 25 years or so. M-G-M had set up a British production wing before World War II, responsible among other things for that lump-in-the-throat celebration of the British public - i.e., private - school system, ''Goodbye Mr. Chips'' (a film directed, Mr. Perry reminds us, by Sam Wood, the American who had previously made ''A Night at the Opera'' and ''A Day at the Races''). But this was only a foretaste of what was to happen a generation later, with American directors like Joseph Losey and Richard Lester taking up residence in Britain, and many others, from John Huston to Sidney Lumet, making occasional films in British studios. How far ''Dr. Strangelove,'' say, really belongs in a history of the British cinema just because it was made in Britain is another matter; Mr. Perry thinks it does.

As he hurries toward the 1980's, taking note of as many milestones or alleged milestones as possible, Mr. Perry's survey turns into a breathless scamper - rather like a sequence in a Richard Lester movie, in fact -and he doesn't do much more than note the existence of some of the most widely discussed recent films. If he revises the book again, he should try to get the publishers to give him more space.

**Graphic**

photo of David Bowie

**End of Document**



[***The News From Woolybucket***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:47FK-HKJ0-01CN-H2Y1-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 15, 2002 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2002 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 7; Column 1; Book Review Desk; Pg. 12

**Length:** 1409 words

**Byline:**  By Laura Miller; Laura Miller is an editor at Salon.com.

**Body**

THAT OLD ACE

IN THE HOLE

By Annie Proulx.

361 pp. New York:

Scribner. $26.

WHEN Bob Dollar's parents abandon him at the age of 8 on a doorstep in Denver, he has arrived at the threshold of two things: his Uncle Tam's junk shop and Annie Proulx's fourth novel. And, to be sure, "That Old Ace in the Hole" has a lot in common with the Used but Not Abused thrift store. The proprietor, Tambourine Bapp, and his partner, the marvelous grump Wayne (Bromo) Redpoll -- once thrown off a plane for his militant refusal to lower his window shade and ever at work on an essay entitled "This Land Is NOT Your Land" -- specialize in "Art Plastics," for which they have set aside a special chamber in their shop. The Art Plastics room contains such treasures as Bakelite radios and jewelry, but also, "on floor pedestals, as if sculptures . . . plastic washing-machine agitators, black and white." Bob's uncle explains that "one day . . . people will collect plastic objects from the 20th century as art, like now they are going after wooden grain cradles and windmill weights." For Proulx, it isn't odd bits of large appliances that cry out for a curator, it's the texture of ***working-class*** rural life.

Proulx wrote about New England farmers in her first novel, "Postcards," and about the residents of a Newfoundland fishing town in her Pulitzer Prize winner, "The Shipping News." Her short-story collection "Close Range" cast a cool eye on the rough lives of Westerners, mostly Wyoming cowboys and ranchers. In "That Old Ace in the Hole" she memorializes the Oklahoma and Texas panhandles: high, flat country where the prairie still lingers even though the grasslands have been harried by cattle, oil rigs and agribusiness for over 150 years. She has collected quite a pile of stuff -- history, economics, folkways and local lore -- to shoehorn into this novel, and the result is decidedly lumpy.

"That Old Ace in the Hole" starts out pleasantly enough, a nice ride through the rolling country of anecdote and eccentricity. The weather descriptions, though frequent, are brief, and there is hardly any geology -- one of the deadlier preoccupations of regional literature. Since she shifted her focus westward, Proulx's prose has lost the Anglo-Saxon knobbiness of "Postcards" and "The Shipping News," books with amputee sentences that read as if someone had attacked them with a cleaver, determined to chop off their subjects and verbs. Her style is now rangier and more discursive, as if delivered by someone leaning over a fence rail rather than by someone hurrying to get the wood chopped before the onset of nine months of snow. She still goes in for goofy names, but there are fewer that sound as if they belong to hobbits (Froggy Dibden, Mrs. Stinchcomb) and more that sound like the monikers of strippers or rodeo clowns (Babe Vanderslice, Harry Howdiboy and the truly inexcusable Francis Scott Keister).

To his chagrin, Bob Dollar reaches the age of 25 without any particular sense of what he wants to do with his life; this anxious vagueness is almost his only character trait. Having landed a job with the multinational Global Pork Rind corporation, he is sent down to the panhandles in a company car to scope out possible sites for factory hog farms. The locals, says his boss, Ribeye Cluke, "have been brainwashed by the Sierra Club to think that hog facilities are bad," so he needs to be "as circumspect as possible" about his true mission: befriending the neighborhood gossips and notables and looking for the "farmers whose kids went off to school and those kids are not coming back unless somebody puts a gun to their heads." Bob stumbles upon the town of Woolybucket, Tex., where he rents a rustic bunkhouse -- no running water or electricity -- from a talkative widow named LaVon Fronk, and he starts to poke around.

So far, it's an agreeable journey, but then, about 90 pages in, the novel hits a wide, dull stretch of potted history and exposition on topics like the Ogallala aquifer, pivot irrigators and the principal crops of the region (wheat seed, sorghum, soybeans, peanuts and cotton, if you were wondering). This is mostly conveyed by unconvincing dialogue and by Bob's letters to the home office, but there are also big chunks of it in raw form, sentences -- The flood of people came with the railroads, small farmers who believed that drought and wind could be overcome by hard work and the plow" -- that sound like the voice-over on an old educational film strip.

IT just so happens that LaVon Fronk is putting together a multivolume work she calls "The Woolybucket Rural Compendium" and therefore has heaps of historical documents in her house, as well as scads of regional legends stuffed in her head. In addition to this "faded panhandle Scheherazade," there's the gang down at the Old Dog Cafe, a passel of sound-alike ranchers ever ready to explain regional water policy: "Hell, we ain't like California where they got central irrigation and water co-ops." And then there's the Round Robin Baptist Bible Quilt Circle, ladies whose conversation about disastrously failed permanent waves, killer tornadoes and the evil doings at "abortion parlors" is a bit juicier. Despite his promisingly Dickensian upbringing, Bob is just a filament on which to string assorted tales of 10-mule freight wagons, lovesick cowboys, box socials and frontier voter fraud. He's an outsider and "a sucker for stories told" who will sit at the feet of the old-timers and plead for more.

The novel's acknowledgments suggest that Proulx once did much the same thing and came away smitten with the panhandles, the regional folklore and the operational details of such items as wind-powered water pumps. "That Old Ace in the Hole" is her paean to all that, a loving record of an evaporating way of life. The cause is worthy, but why she chose a novel for her vehicle instead of what the material seems to dictate, a nonfiction book about the people of the high plains and the author's travels among them, is another question. Why fiction, when the book's driving impulse is documentary in nature and when Proulx's heart really isn't in the long narrative of Bob Dollar and his implausible quest? (No one could believe for one minute that he'll end up helping to install a vile, polluting hog farm in Woolybucket.) She used a similar device in "The Shipping News," but, despite the slenderness of that novel's premise (a widower finding new love), it managed to carry the book. Decent, indecisive Bob can't do the same here.

It's not as if Proulx has lost her touch. When "That Old Ace in the Hole" occasionally slips into full-blooded fiction -- in chapters, for example, where Proulx describes the arrival of the first Fronk in the region or a farm wife's sudden, overwhelming lust for a cowhand -- it really comes alive. Any one of the dozens of yarns crammed into "That Old Ace in the Hole" would probably make a captivating novel or short story; it's Proulx's determination to jam all of them between the book's covers that bogs things down.

Then again, however unsung the panhandles may be, the tales told here -- of wayward cowpokes, stubborn ranchers, leather-tough women, temperamental horses, plagues of locusts, family farms devoured by nefarious conglomerates and creeping environmental threats -- are all pretty familiar. The really savory morsels in "That Old Ace in the Hole" aren't about the panhandles at all. There's a charming account of the Sunday night ritual of the proprietors of the Used but Not Abused thrift store, a rapt viewing of "Antiques Roadshow." And then there's Orlando Bunnel, Bob Dollar's school friend, an "evil fat boy" who introduces him to movies like "Rat Women" and "The Corpse Grinders" (the former zestily synopsized by Proulx). Orlando is sent to prison for hacking into the computers of the Colorado office of the United States Forest Service and diverting all its funds to a Nevada bordello, then gets rich while incarcerated by making a CD in which sample recordings of flatulence cover classic rock songs. ("We had one guy was a real star. Nothing he couldn't do -- basso profundo to coloratura, whistles and quavers, tremolo.") When Orlando materializes late in the book, trying to lure Bob off to Austin, it's clear that our hero is a better man for staying on and getting involved with preserving the native flora and fauna of the prairie. But you can't help wishing he'd taken that evil fat boy up on his offer.

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

**Graphic**

Drawing (Andy Rash)

**Load-Date:** December 15, 2002

**End of Document**



[***With All Boston Listening, UMass Leader Says Little***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:47CW-PKW0-01CN-H4PB-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 7, 2002 Saturday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2002 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Column 1; National Desk; Pg. 12

**Length:** 1362 words

**Byline:**  By FOX BUTTERFIELD

**Dateline:** BOSTON, Dec. 6

**Body**

The hearing lasted barely minutes.

But it was a signal moment in the tale of two brothers, the university president who prides himself equally on his political invincibility, his family and his mastery of Greek and Latin, and the gangster fugitive wanted for 21 murders while he was an F.B.I. informer.

William M. Bulger, the president of the University of Massachusetts, refused to testify today when a Congressional committee asked him about his brother, James J. Bulger, an organized crime leader charged with racketeering and murder.

The chairman of the House Committee on Government Reform, Representative Dan Burton, Republican of Indiana, tried to ask Mr. Bulger whether he had talked to his brother since he disappeared in 1995 after being indicted by a federal grand jury.

Mr. Bulger, 68, a former president of the State Senate and one of the most powerful political figures in Massachusetts, promptly invoked his Fifth Amendment right against compelled self-incrimination and other constitutional protections.

The Constitution provides this right to "protect innocent men who might be ensnared by ambiguous circumstances," Mr. Bulger told the committee. "I find myself in such circumstances."

For years Mr. Bulger, widely known here as Billy, had been circumspect about his older brother, now 73, who is known as Whitey. But the Congressional committee put the issue front and center.

The committee has been investigating how F.B.I. agents in Boston became corrupted by their relationship with underworld informers, particularly Whitey Bulger. One former F.B.I. agent, John J. Connolly Jr., who grew up in a housing project with the Bulger brothers, was sentenced to 10 years in prison in September for racketeering and essentially becoming part of Whitey Bulger's gang.

Today's hearing had been much anticipated in Boston, since it was the first time that William Bulger, an immensely powerful yet intensely private self-made political figure from South Boston, had been asked to talk publicly about his brother, a face on the F.B.I.'s Most Wanted posters.

All week, columnists in Boston have been debating whether his duty to his brother or to law enforcement should be stronger.

Gov.-elect Mitt Romney said today, "I was disappointed that University of Massachusetts President Bulger could not find a way to answer the questions."

But the trustees of the university rallied around their president today. They have authority over hiring and firing the president. Grace Fey, the chairman of the trustees, said, "I express my complete confidence in President Bulger on behalf of the University of Massachusetts board of trustees."

"President Bulger invoked constitutional rights available to every citizen," Ms. Fey said. "That is a reasonable and prudent decision in light of the circumstances. My respect and admiration for President Bulger are stronger than ever."

Mr. Bulger has long maintained that he knows nothing about his brother's criminal career.

But over the last few years, testimony in several legal proceedings suggested that he had had continuing contact with his brother. Earlier this week, The Boston Globe printed excerpts of previously secret federal grand jury testimony last year by Mr. Bulger in which he acknowledged he had talked by telephone with his brother in January 1995 shortly after his brother went into hiding.

The phone call was arranged by Whitey Bulger's most trusted lieutenant, Kevin Weeks, and held at the home of William Bulger's driver, to avoid detection, he said.

Mr. Bulger said he had offered his brother legal advice. "I do have an honest loyalty to my brother and I care about him," Mr. Bulger was quoted as saying to the grand jury. "I don't feel an obligation to help everyone to catch him."

That loyalty started early.

The brothers grew up sharing a room in the Old Harbor housing project in South Boston, a part of the city that has long been a proud and defiant state of mind, as well as one of the most insular parts of Boston, a peninsula that juts into the Atlantic.

It is separated from downtown Boston by a narrow waterway, Fort Point Channel, that might as well be an ocean. In the years the Bulger brothers were growing up, it divided South Boston's 30,000 residents, mostly ***working-class*** Irish, from Boston's Brahmins.

From a young age the two boys chose different paths. Billy, five years younger, was the studious one, heading off to school each weekday morning with his book bag and going to church on Sunday. He was an altar boy and had thoughts of becoming a Catholic priest.

But Whitey got in trouble early, running off with stolen property or a car. He was 13 when first arrested, on larceny charges, and soon on charges of assault and battery. With his quick temper and readiness to use his fists, he got wide berth from the neighborhood boys. A probation report said that his parents were unable to control him, and that he was "surly, lazy, and generally uninterested in school."

At the age of 14, Whitey vanished. It turned out later that he ran off with the circus. "He always loved adventure," Billy said in a rare interview about his brother with George magazine in 1999.

In the ensuing few years, Whitey went on the road again, robbing banks in Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Indiana before being convicted and going to federal prison for almost a decade.

His brother remembers the good parts about him. "He was a tough kid," Mr. Bulger said in the George interview. "And perhaps he was a bit of a wise guy. But he was a good kid, a kind guy. He never smoked or drank. He was always ready to run an errand for some infirm older person in the neighborhood."

In 1948, when Billy was 14, he made a crucial decision not to follow his friends to South Boston High School, where few of them would go on to college. Instead, he took the trolley to Boston College High School, a Jesuit-run college preparatory school. He studied hard and won admission to Boston College and later to Boston College Law School.

From time to time during those years, Billy flew or drove to Atlanta to see his brother, who was in the federal penitentiary there. "It was always difficult," Mr. Bulger told George magazine. "It was such a terrible waste."

Then in 1960 Billy Bulger was married and entered politics, running successfully for state representative from South Boston.

Mr. Bulger began raising a family that eventually numbered nine children, in a modest house in South Boston, and rose to be president of the Senate for 17 years, the longest anyone has held the position.

When Whitey finally got out of prison, he moved in with their mother in the old housing project. The law enforcement authorities say he also began his own ambitious plan -- to take control of gambling, loan sharking and drug dealing in Boston from the Italian-led Mafia.

Court testimony has shown that the key to his success was becoming an informer for the F.B.I., feeding the bureau tips about the Mafia to help take it down, and, as it worked out, gaining government protection for his own gang activities.

According to testimony at Mr. Connolly's trial, it was William Bulger who first came up with the idea, telling John Connolly, their boyhood friend and now an F.B.I. agent, "Just keep my brother out of trouble."

Two other F.B.I. agents also testified that they were surprised when William Bulger stopped by while they were having clandestine dinners with Whitey and his chief deputy, Stephen Flemmi in a house that belonged to Mr. Flemmi's mother. The house was next door to William Bulger's.

One person who had hoped Mr. Bulger would testify today was Michelle Davis. Mr. Flemmi had taken a shine to her sister, Debra Davis, in the mid-1970's, when she was a beautiful teenager and had set her up in an apartment. But when Debra Davis said she was going to leave Mr. Flemmi for another man, he killed her in the basement of his mother's house, a few feet from William Bulger's house.

Then Mr. Flemmi and Whitey Bulger buried her in a sandy grave in Boston Harbor, according to testimony by gang members. Her body was unearthed in 2000.

"She died right next door to Billy," Ms. Davis said. "But he didn't see nothing? He didn't hear nothing?"

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

**Graphic**

Photos: William M. Bulger, president of the University of Massachusetts, was called before a Congressional panel yesterday and asked about his brother. He invoked his Fifth Amendment right against self-incrimination. (Associated Press); James J. Bulger, who is known as Whitey, disappeared in 1995. (Getty Images)

**Load-Date:** December 7, 2002

**End of Document**



[***October***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:56PK-RPV1-JBG3-61PF-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 9, 2012 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2012 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section AR; Column 0; Arts and Leisure Desk; Pg. 56

**Length:** 2584 words

**Byline:** By DAVE KEHR

**Body**

OCTOBER

Oct. 3

BEL BORBA AQUI A profile of Bel Borba, a public artist who has been decorating Salvador, Brazil, with a range of fanciful images. Burt Sun and André Costantini directed.

NOW, FORAGER A Jersey City couple collects mushrooms from the Garden State, in a feature film by Jason Cortlund and Julia Halperin.

OTELO BURNING Three teenage residents of the South African township of Lamontville discover the joys of surfing just as their country is entering a period of profound transformation. Sara Blecher directed.

Oct. 5

BUTTER When Iowa's longtime champion butter-carver (Ty Burrell) is pressured to stand aside and give someone else a chance, his wife (Jennifer Garner ) decides to step in. Jim Field Smith directed this political satire; with Hugh Jackman, Olivia Wilde, Ashley Greene, Alicia Silverstone and Rob Corddry.

DECODING DEEPAK What it's like to be Deepak Chopra, the doctor of alternative medicine and best-selling author, as observed for a year by his son, Gotham Chopra.

ESCAPE FIRE: THE FIGHT TO RESCUE AMERICAN HEALTHCARE The rising cost of getting sick, addressed in a documentary by Matthew Heineman and Susan Froemke.

FRANKENWEENIE Tim Burton remakes his 1984 short, about a boy who brings his dog back to life, as an animated feature. The voice cast includes Martin Landau, Christopher Lee, Martin Short, Catherine O'Hara and Winona Ryder.

THE HOUSE I LIVE IN America's never-ending war on drugs, examined in a documentary directed by Eugene Jarecki (''Why We Fight'').

THE ORANGES Tension in suburbia, as a young woman (Leighton Meester), home for Thanksgiving, initiates an affair with the father (Hugh Laurie) of her best friend (Alia Shawkat). With Catherine Keener, Adam Brody, Oliver Platt and Allison Janney; Julian Farino directed.

THE PAPERBOY A Southern bombshell (Nicole Kidman) enlists two brothers (Zac Efron and Matthew McConaughey, as a Miami journalist) to help reopen the case of a death row inmate (John Cusack) accused of killing a sheriff. Directed by Lee Daniels (''Precious'').

PITCH PERFECT An aggressive new recruit (Anna Kendrick) leads her college a cappella singing group into a championship competition, relying on unconventional material. With Brittany Snow, Anna Camp and Rebel Wilson; Jason Moore directed.

LA RAFLE During the German occupation of Paris, the French police collaborate by rounding up some 13,000 Jews for eventual deportation to the death camps. Roselyne Bosch directed; with Jean Reno, Mélanie Laurent and Gad Elmaleh.

SINISTER A novelist (Ethan Hawke) discovers a cache of disturbing home movies in Scott Derrickson's supernatural thriller. With Vincent D'Onofrio and James Ransone.

SISTER A 12-year-old boy (Kacey Mottet Klein) provides for his irresponsible older sister (Léa Seydoux) by preying on tourists at an exclusive Swiss ski resort; all goes well until their relationship is disrupted by the arrival of a British hustler (Martin Compston). With Gillian Anderson; Ursula Meier directed.

SOMEDAY THIS PAIN WILL BE USEFUL TO YOU A New York teenager and misfit (Toby Regbo), burdened with a dysfunctional family, tries to find himself. Directed by Roberto Faenza from the novel by Peter Cameron. Marcia Gay Harden, Ellen Burstyn, Peter Gallagher, Lucy Liu, Stephen Lang and Deborah Ann Woll.

TAKEN 2 There's no rest for the retired C.I.A. agent Bryan Mills (Liam Neeson), who saved his kidnapped daughter from white slavers in ''Taken'' and now has to go after his abducted wife. With Maggie Grace, Famke Janssen and Rade Serbedzija; Olivier Megaton directed this Luc Besson production.

TRADE OF INNOCENTS A couple fights the pain of losing a child by working to rescue young women from the Southeast Asia sex trade. With Dermot Mulroney, Mira Sorvino, John Billingsley and Trieu Tran; Christopher Bessette wrote and directed.

V/H/S An anthology of horror stories -- just like they used to make back in the '70s! -- with episodes by the directors David Bruckner, Glenn McQuaid, Radio Silence, Joe Swanberg, Ti West and Adam Wingard.

WUTHERING HEIGHTS The British filmmaker Andrea Arnold (''Fish Tank'') turns her hyper-realist eye to Emily Brontë's classic novel, recasting Heathcliff as a black boy taken in by a Yorkshire farmer. With James Howson, Solomon Glave, Paul Hilton, Shannon Beer and Kaya Scodelario.

Oct. 8

IN MY MOTHER'S ARMS Thirty-two children, whose parents have been kidnapped or killed, are cared for in a makeshift orphanage run by a Baghdad student -- until the landlord threatens eviction. Atia Al-Daradji and Mohamed Al-Daradji directed.

Oct. 12

ARGO During the Iranian hostage crisis of 1979, a C.I.A. agent (Ben Affleck) must find a way out of the country for six Americans who have taken refuge in the home of the Canadian ambassador. Mr. Affleck directed; with Alan Arkin, Bryan Cranston, John Goodman, Chris Messina, Kerry Bishé, Kyle Chandler, Rory Cochrane, Christopher Denham, Tate Donovan, Clea DuVall, Victor Garber and Zeljko Ivanek.

THE ART OF FLIGHT The snowboarder Travis Rice is the subject of a 3-D documentary by Curt Morgan.

THE BIG PICTURE Seized by an existential crisis, a Parisian lawyer (Romain Duris) leaves his wife and family and goes on a cross-Continental journey under an assumed identity. With Catherine Deneuve, Marina Foïs, Branka Katic and Niels Arestrup; Eric Lartigau directed.

EXCUSE ME FOR LIVING A young drug addict is drafted to lead a senior citizens' men's group at a rehabilitation clinic in a film described as a romantic comedy by its writer, producer and director, Ric Klass. With Tom Pelphrey, Christopher Lloyd, Wayne Knight and Jerry Stiller.

GAMBIT Colin Firth is a disgruntled art expert who enlists a Texas rodeo queen (Cameron Diaz) in a scheme to sell a fake Monet. Michael Hoffman directed this remake of Ronald Neame's 1966 crime comedy ''Gambit,'' from a script by Ethan Coen and Joel Coen. With Stanley Tucci, Cloris Leachman, Alan Rickman and Tom Courtenay. GAYBY A single woman (Jenn Harris) and her gay best friend (Matthew Wilkas) decide to have a baby together. Jonathan Lisecki directed.

GRAVE ENCOUNTERS 2 The sequel to the 2011 ''Grave Encounters'' follows a film student (Richard Harmon) as he investigates his suspicion that the horrific events depicted in the original film were true. John Poliquin directed.

HERE COMES THE BOOM A 42-year-old high school biology teacher (Kevin James) takes up mixed martial arts fighting in a desperate attempt to raise money for his school's endangered extracurricular programs. With Salma Hayek, Henry Winkler and Charice; Frank Coraci directed.

THE IRAN JOB What happened to the American basketball player Kevin Sheppard when he signed a contract to play in Iran. Till Schauder directed this documentary.

LEAST AMONG SAINTS A troubled veteran (Martin Papazian) takes an emotionally damaged 10-year-old neighbor (Tristan Lake Leabu ) under his wing as they set out to find the boy's long-lost father. Mr. Papazian wrote and directed; with Laura San Giacomo.

MIDDLE OF NOWHERE A medical student struggles to hold her life together when her husband is sent to prison. Ava DuVernay wrote and directed; with Emayatzy Corinealdi and Omari Hardwick .

PHOTOGRAPHIC MEMORY Ross McElwee (''Sherman's March'') documents his attempts to reconnect with his Internet-obsessed son, Adrian, during a trip to Brittany, France.

SEVEN PSYCHOPATHS Written and directed by Martin McDonagh (''In Bruges''), a comedy about a Los Angeles screenwriter (Colin Farrell) whose eccentric friends (Christopher Walken and Sam Rockwell) get him into trouble when they kidnap the beloved dog of a ruthless gangster (Woody Harrelson). With Abbie Cornish, Tom Waits, Olga Kurylenko and Zeljko Ivanek.

SIMON AND THE OAKS The friendship of a ***working-class*** boy with intellectual ambitions and the son of a wealthy Jewish bookseller as it evolves over the fateful years of 1939 to 1952. From Sweden; Lisa Ohlin directed from the novel by Marianne Fredriksson.

SMASHED An alcoholic schoolteacher (Mary Elizabeth Winstead) alienates her equally hard-drinking husband (Aaron Paul) when she decides to get sober. James Ponsoldt directed; with Octavia Spencer, Mary Kay Place and Nick Offerman.

SMILEY An emotionally fragile college freshman (Caitlin Gerard) comes to believe that she is the next victim of a mysterious serial killer who operates through the Internet. Michael Gallagher directed.

3, 2, 1 ... FRANKIE GO BOOM Charlie Hunnam has to move fast when his prankster brother (Chris O'Dowd) tapes him having sex and posts the results online. With Lizzy Caplan, Ron Perlman and Chris Noth; Jordan Moore directed.

UNMASKED: JUDEOPHOBIA AND THE THREAT TO CIVILIZATION Gloria Greenfield's documentary argues that ''anti-Jewish'' ideology is on the rise.

WHEN A WOLF FALLS IN LOVE WITH A SHEEP From Taiwan, a comedy about a copy shop employee whose life is transformed when he discovers a drawing of a sheep on the back of a sheet of paper. Hou Chi-Jan directed.

A WHISPER TO A ROAR Ben Moses' documentary follows pro-democracy advocates in Egypt, Malaysia, Ukraine, Venezuela and Zimbabwe.

Oct. 17

45 MINUTES FROM BROADWAY Tanna Frederick as a stage performer who retreats to her parents' suburban home after a relationship goes awry. With Judd Nelson, Diane Salinger, Jack Heller and David Proval; Henry Jaglom wrote and directed.

HOLY MOTORS The first feature from the French director Léos Carax since 1999 (''Pola X'') is a dark, dense piece about mortality and the transformation of the movies, with Denis Lavant as a new kind of traveling player who performs his many roles for an invisible camera. With Edith Scob, Eva Mendes, Kylie Minogue and Michel Piccoli.

Oct. 19

ALEX CROSS Tyler Perry plays James Patterson's psychologist-detective, here on the trail of a serial killer (Matthew Fox). Rob Cohen directed.

ALL TOGETHER From France, the story of five elderly friends who decide to pool their resources for their golden years. Stéphane Robelin wrote and directed; with Jane Fonda, Geraldine Chaplin, Claude Rich, Guy Bedos and Pierre Richard.

BROOKLYN CASTLE A documentary look at the nation's highest-ranking junior high school chess team, which comes from an economically disadvantaged Brooklyn neighborhood. Katie Dellamaggiore directed.

THE FIRST TIME High school misfits fall in love over a weekend in a film written and directed by Jonathan Kasdan. With Dylan O'Brien, Britt Robertson, Victoria Justice, Craig Roberts, James Frenchville and LaMarcus Tinker.

THE FLAT The Israeli documentarian Arnon Goldfinger examines a collection of documents discovered in his late grandmother's Tel Aviv apartment, relating to his family's history in Germany.

KILLING THEM SOFTLY From Andrew Dominik, the director of ''The Assassination of Jesse James by the Coward Robert Ford,'' an adaptation of a George V. Higgins novel about an enforcer (Brad Pitt) assigned to investigate a heist that occurred during a mob-sponsored poker game. With Richard Jenkins, James Gandolfini and Ray Liotta.

THE LONELIEST PLANET An engaged couple (Gael García Bernal and Hani Furstenberg) on a trek through the Caucasus Mountains in Georgia find their relationship put to the test when the unexpected occurs. Julia Loktev (''Day Night Day Night'') directed.

NOBODY WALKS A New York artist (Olivia Thirlby) moves in with a Los Angeles family when she comes west to work on a movie, and proves to be a disruptive presence. With John Krasinski, Rosemarie DeWitt, Justin Kirk, India Ennenga and Dylan McDermott. Ry Russo-Young directed.

PARANORMAL ACTIVITY 4 The found-video horror franchise continues with a direct sequel to ''Paranormal Activity 2,'' with Katie Featherston as a teenager beset by uncanny forces. Ariel Schulman and Henry Joost directed; with Kathryn Newton .

TAI CHI 0 An outsider struggles to persuade the residents of a Chinese village to teach him their distinctive form of tai chi chuan; then an army of steampunk soldiers shows up. Directed by Stephen Fung; with Yuan Xiaochao, Tony Leung Ka Fai and Shu Qi.

THAT'S WHAT SHE SAID Anne Heche, Marcia DeBonis and Alia Shawkat lead an all-female cast in a comedy about life in New York City directed by Carrie Preston from a script by Kellie Overbey.

YOGAWOMAN How a new generation of female teachers has transformed the practice of yoga, described in a documentary by Saraswati Clere and Kate Clere McIntyre.

Oct. 26

A BOTTLE IN THE GAZA SEA An Israeli girl befriends a Palestinian boy through the medium of a bottle cast upon the Gaza Sea in Thierry Binisti's film. With Agathe Bonitzer and Mahmoud Shalaby.

CHASING MAVERICKS A young surfer (Jonny Weston) bonds with a veteran (Gerard Butler) as he prepares to tackle a legendary surf break. Directed by Curtis Hanson and Michael Apted; with Elisabeth Shue, Abigail Spencer and Leven Rambin.

CITADEL A traumatized single father must confront a gang apparently intent on kidnapping his daughter in an Irish thriller written and directed by Ciaran Foy. With Aneurin Barnard and James Cosmo.

CLOUD ATLAS David Mitchell's 2004 novel becomes, in the words of Warner Brothers' press release, ''an epic story of humankind in which the actions and consequences of our lives impact one another throughout the past, present and future.'' The ensemble cast includes Tom Hanks, Halle Berry, Jim Broadbent, Hugo Weaving, Jim Sturgess, Doona Bae, Ben Whishaw, James D'Arcy, Zhou Xun, Keith David, Susan Sarandon and Hugh Grant. The film is written and directed by Lana Wachowski, Tom Tykwer and Andy Wachowski.

FUN SIZE A popular teenage girl is forced to spend her Halloween searching for her younger brother instead of hanging out with her friends in a didactic comedy from Nickelodeon Movies. Josh Schwartz directed; with Victoria Justice, Thomas Mann, Thomas McDonell, Thomas Middleditch and Chelsea Handler.

LONG SHOT: THE KEVIN LAUE STORY A teenager pursues his dream of becoming the first one-armed player in the history of college basketball, in a documentary directed by Franklin Martin.

ORCHESTRA OF EXILES How persecuted Jewish musicians founded the Palestine Orchestra under the direction of Bronislaw Huberman. Itzhak Perlman, Joshua Bell, Zubin Mehta and Pinchas Zukerman appear in this documentary directed by Josh Aronson.

SASSY PANTS A teenage girl (Ashley Rickards) bounces between the households of her overprotective, home-schooling mom (Anna Gunn) and her gay, self-hating dad (Diedrich Bader). With Haley Joel Osment; Coley Sohn wrote and directed.

THE SESSIONS A 38-year-old man confined to an iron lung resolves to lose his virginity in a film based on the autobiographical writings of Mark O'Brien. Ben Lewin directed; with John Hawkes, Helen Hunt, William H. Macy, Moon Bloodgood, Annika Marks, Adam Arkin and Rhea Perlman.

SILENT HILL: REVELATION 3-D Adelaide Clemens as a teenage girl battling demons in the third installment of the horror franchise that began as a video game. Directed by Michael J. Bassett; with Sean Bean, Kit Harington, Radha Mitchell, Deborah Kara Unger, Carrie-Anne Moss, Malcolm McDowell, Martin Donovan and Heather Marks.

SLEEP TIGHT A Barcelona doorman (Luis Tosar) develops an obsession with making life miserable for one of his building's most optimistic residents (Marta Clara). Jaume Balagueró directed this Spanish horror film.

STARLET In the San Fernando Valley, in California, a lonely 21-year-old woman (Dree Hemingway) attempts to befriend an isolated 85-year-old (Besedka Johnson). Directed by Sean Baker.

Oct. 31.

GREGORY CREWDSON: BRIEF ENCOUNTERS How Mr. Crewdson creates his large-scale, storytelling photographs, in a documentary by Ben Shapiro.

[*http://www.nytimes.com/2012/09/09/movies/october-release-schedule.html*](http://www.nytimes.com/2012/09/09/movies/october-release-schedule.html)

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: Clockwise from top: the family Frankenstein savor the cinema in Tim Burton's ''Frankenweenie''

the documentarian Ross McElwee in his 20s in ''Photographic Memory''

Brad Pitt in ''Killing Them Softly''

Susan Sarandon and Tom Hanks in ''Cloud Atlas''

from left, Allison Janney, Oliver Platt, Leighton Meester, Hugh Laurie, Catherine Keener, Alia Shawkat and Adam Brody in ''The Oranges.'' (PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALT DISNEY PICTURES

ROSS MCELWEE/FIRST RUN FEATURES

MELINDA SUE GORDON/WEINSTEIN COMPANY

JAY MAIDMENT/WARNER BROTHERS PICTURES

MYLES ARONOWITZ/ATO PICTURES) (AR56)

Right, Daniel Day-Lewis as the title character in Steven Spielberg's ''Lincoln,'' written by Tony Kushner. Below, Gerard Butler, left, and Jonny Weston in Michael Apted and Curtis Hanson's ''Chasing Mavericks.'' (PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID JAMES/DREAMWORKS PICTURES

JOHN P. JOHNSON/20TH CENTURY FOX) (AR58)

**Load-Date:** October 1, 2012

**End of Document**



[***FILM;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3X4C-1B30-00RP-K11F-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***A Monumental Film Suddenly Appears Brighter - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3X4C-1B30-00RP-K11F-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

**Correction Appended**



Copyright 1999 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Arts and Leisure Desk

**Section:** Section 2;; Section 2;Page 26;Column 1;Arts and Leisure Desk; Column 1;

**Length:** 1211 words

**Byline:** By PETER M. NICHOLS

By PETER M. NICHOLS

**Body**

FREQUENTLY called one of the "best films of all time," Jean Renoir's "Grand Illusion" ("La Grande Illusion"), released in 1937, can be something of a surprise. Not that there is any particular reason to dispute the ranking, but there is a simplicity, if that's the word, and a kind of sprightly directness that can be startling in a work deemed so towering.

Or that is the impression one gets from a strikingly vivid, newly subtitled restoration from Rialto Films now playing in Manhattan at Lincoln Plaza Cinemas. Renoir, the second son of the painter Pierre Auguste Renoir and himself enshrined among the best directors ever, states the objective in an introduction to a 1958 reissue of the film. " 'The Grand Illusion' is a story about people like you or like me caught in this horrible tragedy named war," he says in English. He refers to World War I, whose billing as the last of such conflicts certainly served as an illusion. Renoir moves on to class divisions and ethnic hatred. "It is also a story about human relationships," he says. "Such a question is so important that if we don't solve it, we will just have to say goodbye to our beautiful world."

In the film, two French officers, Lieutenant Marechal (Jean Gabin) and Captain de Boeldieu (Pierre Fresnay), are taken prisoner behind German lines. There to greet them with luncheon and all the gallant panache he reserves for fellows of the officer class, regardless of whose side they're on, is the man who shot down their plane, Captain von Rauffenstein, portrayed with riveting brio by Erich von Stroheim.

Monocles affixed, Von Rauffenstein and Boeldieu, played with a perfect urbanity by Fresnay, bow slightly to each other. At table the German says he knew a Count Boeldieu in Berlin before the war, this Boeldieu's cousin. Formally, of course, the two remain adversaries and deadly ones. Eventually von Rauffenstein will shoot Boeldieu during an escape attempt and then attend him with much regret on his deathbed.

Meanwhile, attachments are forming on the other side of the class divide. Marechal, portrayed by Gabin with a plain, warm masculinity, is a working man with an officer's commission. Rosenthal, an officer played by Marcel Dalio, is the son of a Jewish banking family in Paris and, later, when the French officers are assigned to a prison camp, the recipient of packages of elegant foods from home. He shares these with the others, regularly setting out a spread that rivals civilian fare.

Renoir's approach to Rosenthal's Jewishness in many ways defines the film's greatness. In the late 30's, anti-Semitism was rampant in France, and it is said by film historians that the director wanted to antagonize the right by creating a sympathetic Jewish character. At the same time, he saddles Rosenthal with a stereotypical Jewish lineage, opening the character (and Renoir) to attack. But Rosenthal, played knowingly by Dalio, who was Jewish and often had Jewish roles, stands the test. Late in the film, the prisoners are transferred to a castle commanded by von Rauffenstein. Having been shot down himself, the captain is now confined to his famous back and neck brace. (His white gloves, sometimes mistaken for a symbol of class, are actually to protect his burned hands.)

Thanks in large part to Rosenthal's bravery and cleverness, he and Marechal escape and make a run for the Swiss border. On the way Rosenthal falters and they quarrel. "I never could stomach Jews," Marechal cries. "A bit late to realize that," the distraught Rosenthal yells back. It is a heartbreaking moment between two men who have risked much together. Marechal walks away but then returns to Rosenthal, who sits sobbing and defiant, and gently pulls him to his feet. They sheepishly console each other and trudge on.

THE Nazis hated the movie (Joseph Goebbels declared it "cinema enemy No. 1") and not only because of its positive view of Rosenthal. They also detested Stroheim, who was not born, as many supposed, into Prussian nobility but to a Jewish hatter in Vienna. In 1946, after the Second World War, a reissue of the film also upset the French. In "Grand Illusion" the Germans aren't so bad at all: they allow Rosenthal and others their provisions from home and, though they routinely shoot escapees, they're reasonable about the regulations.

"There were some scenes cut," said Lenny Borger, a translator who subtitled the new version of the film. "The good Hun and all that. A Communist critic objected that this wasn't a film to release after Auschwitz and the German occupation."

But critics and audiences have always liked the film, which seemed to have views and positions enough for everybody. "Right- wing critics liked it, left-wing critics liked it, but you wouldn't think they were watching the same film," Mr. Borger said.

By 1937 "Grand Illusion" was already a period piece about another war and era. "We must not forget that in 1914 there was no Hitler," Renoir says in his prelude to the film's 1958 release. "It was almost a war of gentlemen." In the arena of class distinctions the film takes on the air of a fraternity house, with gangs of men consorting and cheerily grousing, jauntily digging an escape tunnel like rascally schoolboys being naughty after lights out, bursting into song, and even staging a musical.

Nevertheless, social divisions are sharply drawn between the aristocracy and, as von Rauffenstein archly puts it to Boeldieu, "happy gifts of the French Revolution" like Marechal and Rosenthal. In its mixture of classes, "Grand Illusion" was a challenge for Mr. Borger, an American who lives in Paris and subtitles many films. "As soon as they open their mouths, they type themselves socially," he said. "Grand Illusion" is beautifully written and the characters usually speak slowly. There are times, however, when one interpretation would make more sense to an English-speaking audience than another. "Marechal's French is extremely ***working class***, which is virtually untranslatable," Mr. Borger said. "You have to adapt or you lose the audience."

For a while after World War II, "Grand Illusion" itself was if not lost, then unaccounted for. When the Nazis invaded Paris, the original camera negative of the film (the one that went through the camera) was confiscated and sent to the Reichsfilmarchiv in Berlin. In 1945, the Russians took possession of the negative and kept it for years. As is common, however, other film elements cropped up elsewhere. Where the 1946 release came from is unknown. Renoir put together his 1958 version from a variety of materials, including another negative turned up by an American Army captain.

The film at Lincoln Plaza is made from the original negative, which the Russians, it seems, had returned it to the French in the mid-60's without anyone realizing what was in the film cans. "It looks pretty pristine," said Bruce Goldstein, president of Rialto and programming director of Film Forum, who oversaw the restoration with Canal Plus, a French cable network. That sort of quality is most unusual. In the past, prints of films were often made directly from camera negatives -- so often, in fact, that the process wore out the originals and they were destroyed. "For a film of this stature to have a camera negative exist is unique," he said.

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

**Correction**

An article last Sunday about the 1937 film "Grand Illusion" misstated the title of Bruce Goldstein, who helped oversee the movie's restoration. Mr. Goldstein is the repertory programming director of Film Forum, not the programming director. As the article stated correctly, he is also president of Rialto Pictures.

**Correction-Date:** August 15, 1999, Sunday

**Graphic**

Photo: Erich von Stroheim, right, plays von Rauffenstein and Pierre Fresnay plays Boeldieu in "Grand Illusion" (1937). (Rialto Pictures/Janus Films)

**Load-Date:** August 8, 1999

**End of Document**



[***LABOR CENTER FILLING A DATA VACUUM***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-9JB0-0007-J50V-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 10, 1985, Saturday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1985 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 1; Page 6, Column 4; National Desk

**Length:** 1091 words

**Byline:** By WILLIAM SERRIN, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** CHICAGO

**Body**

In early 1982, Dan Swinney, vice president of his union local, had a serious problem.

To combat demands from his company, Taylor Forge of Cicero, Ill., that workers give up previously won contract gains, he needed information on the company and the steel industry. He could not get the detailed information he needed from unions, and he had no ties to universities.

Mr. Swinney began to meet with other unionists with similar problems. ''We found there were a lot of people like us, people who weren't satisfied with general slogans,'' Mr. Swinney says. ''We just didn't have the information we needed.''

Article on Midwest Center for Labor Research, established in 1982 by Dan Swinney with funding from Crossroads Fund of Chicago, which is center for independent research and consulting expertise in labor movement; organization now provides information and strategies for union locals and communities to use to counter plant and other business closings and other problems of industrial decline; photos (M)

Academic experts on labor were consulted, and a study of concessions in the steel industry was published. Donations and a raffle, in which two of the prizes were bottles of whisky, paid for a reprinting. These efforts, and a $3,500 grant from the Crossroads Fund of Chicago, led in June 1982 to the incorporation of the Midwest Center for Labor Research to satisfy the need for independent research and consulting expertise in the labor movement.

Today the center, with offices on Chicago's West Side and in East Chicago, Ill., is a respected organization that provides information and strategies for union locals and communities to use to counter plant and other business closings and other problems of industrial decline.

Efforts by Labor Unions

Labor unions say they maintain strong research departments, and some do. But labor experts say many unions have been lagged badly in research, not giving it the priority accorded to legislation or political action, for example. Also, much of what research departments do is limited to the nuts and bolts of contract bargaining: wages, medical programs, pension plans. Many unions do not have the capacity to conduct detailed, sophisticated research, many authorities on labor say.

The steel union says its research department, which Mr. Swinney consulted, probably lagged in recent years. Under its new president, Lynn R. Williams, the union has given extensive priority to research, turning to computer systems and hiring outside consultants. An extensive study of the steel industry, placing heavy reliance on workers to provide information on prices, maintenance, scrap and other elements of steel production, is under way to assist the union in 1986 contract bargaining with major steel companies.

But for Mr. Swinney and others associated with him, the need for information and for alliances with academics was immediate.

Their research center, which receives extensive volunteer assistance from unionists and academics, has five full-time and three part-time employees, all with backgrounds in the labor movement, who carry out research in conjunction with academic advisers. Mr. Swinney is the executive director. The research director, Greg LeRoy, who is a former Pullman porter, says the center refuses to be a union voice and strives for unbiased work.

'All Sides of a Question'

Prof. David Montgomery, a specialist in labor history at Yale University, said he was highly impressed by the center and the journal it publishes, The Labor Research Review. ''They do an excellent job of trying to get solid information into the hands of workers and of promoting the kind of research that unions need in their practical, everyday affairs,'' Mr. Montgomery said.

''They know how to point up all sides of a question,'' he added.

A study done for the Kenosha, Wis., unit of the United Automobile Workers, facing concession demands from the American Motors Corporation, concluded that the Kenosha workers had an advantageous contract and that the company needed concessions to make small cars competitively.

'A.M.C. Wasn't Whistling Dixie'

''I think the study helped convince the Kenosha workers A.M.C. was not whistling Dixie,'' says Jack Metzgar, assistant professor of humanities at Roosevelt University in Chicago. He helped to start the center and is now an adviser.

The journal, which prints 3,000 copies, has carried articles by academics and unionists on such topics as plant shutdowns, worker participation in management decisions, worker ownership, the social costs of unemployment and concession bargaining. The seventh issue, this fall, will explore new ways unions might recapture vigor.

The center is now involved in two economic development projects, the West Side Project in Chicago and the Calumet Project for Industrial Jobs in East Chicago. Both stress an ''early warning concept,'' with workers, unions and community and business leaders seeking to determine when businesses might be closing and how closings might be prevented.

''People at work know right away when management's attitude about a place changes,'' says Mr. Swinney, citing such signs as layoffs, lax maintenance and sudden drop in inventory.

As part of the West Side Project, the labor center was instrumental in a highly publicized community campaign involving Playskool Inc., which was closing its Chicago plant. Playskool promised to create a $50,000 fund to aid workers who lost jobs and to pay $500 to companies for each former Playskool worker they hired.

Bid to Save a Foundry

The East Chicago project is trying to help save a foundry, Blaw-Knox, which employs some 600 workers making turrets for military tanks, perhaps by converting its production to nonmilitary manufacturing.

In its first year the center's income was $25,000, with $1,000 from contracts and journal sales. With additional foundation grants, it now has yearly income of $200,000, including about $80,000 from contracts for research and consulting and from journal sales.

The center often conducts extensive interviews with workers on ''what is right and what is wrong'' with their plants, says Mr. Swinney, who was permanently laid off by Taylor Forge when it closed in 1983. ''Most ***working-class*** people don't know how much they know,'' he says.

Ex-Steelworker Seeks Master's

Mr. LeRoy, the research director, worked on a praised documentary, ''The Last Pullman Car,'' on the shutdown of the Pullman-Standard Passenger Car Works in Chicago and Hammond, Ind.

Thomas DuBois, another researcher, was an unemployed steelworker when he joined the center.

**Graphic**

Photo of Dan Swinney (AP); Photos of employees of the Midwest Center for Laboer Research conferring at their office in Chicago (NYT/D. Gorton)

**End of Document**



[***URBAN TACTICS; Sorry, Superman***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:47D3-MBX0-01CN-H564-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 8, 2002 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2002 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 14; Column 1; The City Weekly Desk; Pg. 4

**Length:** 1341 words

**Byline:**  By STEVE KURUTZ; Steve Kurutz is an editor at Details.

**Body**

ON Broadway, in the upper 40's, there used to be a series of buildings whose lobby phone booths served as makeshift offices for fly-by-night businessmen. The writer A. J. Liebling called these gentlemen Telephone Booth Indians because, as he put it, "in their lives the telephone booth furnishes sustenance as well as shelter, as the buffalo did for the Arapahoe and Sioux."

If the Telephone Booth Indians could revisit their old stamping grounds today, they would likely go pale at the lack of available real estate. Where once wooden phone booths filled the city's hotels, office buildings and train stations, sometimes numbering 10 and 15 deep, the quaint structures are now near extinction. And the few that remain do so precariously.

Take the 16 antique booths in the main lobby of the Western Union Building at 60 Hudson Street. In the wake of the attacks of Sept. 11, this regal Art Deco skyscraper, a nerve center for several telecom companies, has become a possible target for terrorists. Paradoxically, the very quality that makes the booths so endearing -- the privacy they offered -- has turned them into a haven for would-be bombers.

"I had to send a guard in there every time someone made a call," said Bill Knight, the building's security director. "It was too hectic."

So starting in September 2001, Mr. Knight deemed the booths off limits to the public and said they would probably remain so indefinitely. Asked if the decision drew complaints, Mr. Knight's reply spoke volumes. "Not really," he said, shrugging. "Everybody has cellphones now."

For the remaining New Yorkers who still cherish the solitary experience of placing a phone call from a booth, the situation at 60 Hudson Street represents the latest in a long, losing battle against modern technology, when even a lobbyist as strong as Superman seems powerless.

Granted, cellphones fit inside coat pockets a lot easier than do phone booths. But they offer little of the discretion that booths were famous for. Instead, cellphones have turned the city's public spaces into a pulpit of the personal. People argue with their lovers out on the sidewalk. Friends dial one another and discuss movies they are seeing, while actually at the movies they are seeing.

The current state of affairs is all the more surprising given that New York was perhaps once the capital of phone booths. At their peak of popularity, they were scattered across America, from the Atlanta train station to the Mojave Desert. But it was in New York, a bustling city of pedestrians and passers-by, that the phone booth achieved its greatest cultural impact.

At one point in the 1960's, the busiest booth in the world was No. 17 at the southern end of Grand Central Terminal, which registered 300 calls a day. The spare, cinematic quality of phone booths -- three walls, one door, a secret world within a world -- also attracted directors like Woody Allen, Francis Ford Coppola and Bob Fosse, who set a scene from "Sweet Charity" in one of them.

Much of the appeal lay in their homey comforts. There was a seat to perch on and a small shelf on which to write. An electric fan provided fresh air while an overhead lamp kept your thoughts illuminated.

The booths, many of them made at a Western Electric factory in Middle Village, Queens, were usually made of sturdy oak or mahogany. This meant that conversations remained safely inside while noise from the outside world was kept blissfully at bay.

Only New Yorkers could truly appreciate such a tiny, peaceful space.

Vanessa Gruen, 63, an official at the Municipal Art Society, remembers ducking into the booths whenever she was out job- or apartment-hunting. "If you needed to confirm an appointment, you could close the door and get away from the street noise," she said. "They were a real convenience."

In an often cold and impersonal city, the booths could be wonderfully accommodating. Like magic chambers, they transformed themselves according to each person's needs. The booths at Pennsylvania Station, for example, offered Holden Caulfield a place to agonize, as well as a temporary retreat from phonies. Uptown, the conniving publicist of "Sweet Smell of Success," Sydney Falco, used the booths at the "21" Club to lay down a fast scam on the vicious columnist J. J. Hunsecker.

For many real New Yorkers, the story line was much the same, though less dramatic. Reporters like Joseph Mitchell found the small, soundproof rooms a good place to call in stories. Businessmen out of the office retreated into the wooden recesses and loosened their ties before dialing clients. In 1945, AT&T set up a row of phone booths on the Hudson River Pier for sailors returning home from the war. In ***working-class*** neighborhoods, booths at local drugstores, coffee shops and delis often served as the neighborhood telephone.

EVEN criminals found an upside. "If your house is tapped, who is going to know that you went up to the corner of Lexington and 68th Street to make a phone call?" asked an F.B.I. agent, Joseph Valiquette.

Architecturally, the booths were like the city itself: varied. Chinatown's booths had pagoda roofs. At fancy spots like the Waldorf-Astoria they were lavish, with arched doorways, paneled interiors and nickel-plated doorknobs. In the 1950's, when booths expanded to sidewalks, they adopted the sleek midcentury style of glass and steel.

Perhaps more than anything, though, the booths simply offered a public, climate-controlled place to make a private call.

If you are one of the few holdouts to the wireless age, conducting your business -- legal or otherwise -- from a pay phone these days leaves much to be desired. The offspring of the phone booth, referred to as an "enclosure," is not much more than two metal sides and a phone, which comes in several styles. There are the ones that eat quarters; the ones with stuck buttons; the ones with chewed receivers; and the rare ones that work. All of them leave users with a vaguely unsanitary feeling.

So why did the booths disappear? For several reasons, according to Paul Francischetti, a Verizon vice president. Part of the charm of phone booths was that they were microcosms of the city's culture. In the 1970's, New York was crime-ridden and in disrepair. So were the outdoor booths. Addicts used them to shoot up; drug dealers, the modern descendants of the Telephone Booth Indians, as a base of operations.

At the same time, building owners began to look at the indoor booths with a wary eye. Many felt the space could be used more effectively. The final blow came, Mr. Francischetti said, when the Federal Communications Commission deregulated the pay phone industry in 1985, creating fierce competition and a bottom-line mentality. Booths were expensive to maintain. "More than anything else," he said, "that brought phone booths to the brink of extinction."

It takes some legwork, but a few booths can still be found in the city. The Waldorf's are long gone, but the Frick Collection, on the Upper East Side, has one, and the Federal Courthouse in Downtown Brooklyn has a full row of booths, as does the Roseland Ballroom on West 52nd Street.

Several restaurants still have old-fashioned booths, among them Giambone, a sleepy Italian place on Mulberry Street. The owner, Joseph Elias, said the restaurant's cherrywood booth, which dates to 1914, is used frequently by workers from the nearby courthouse. "Many lawyers come in and make their secret calls," he said.

It was a rainy evening -- perfect phone booth weather -- and Mr. Elias stood behind the bar and explained the story of the lone booth. The space was once home to a Western Union office, and when it moved out in 1924, Giambone moved in and the booth stayed. "It fits," Mr. Elias said.

Inside, there was a wooden bench, a metal fan and a nameplate that said "Western Electric." Someone had scratched the name "Helen" into the wall. The booth looked warm and inviting. "The phone companies call me sometimes," Mr. Elias said. "They want me to upgrade to digital. I tell them, no, I'm happy with what I have."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Sailors calling home in 1945. It was in New York that the phone booth achieved its greatest cultural impact. (AT&T); The cherrywood phone booth lives on at Giambone, above, on Mulberry Street. Booths were New York icons in 1969, when Shirley MacLaine, left, starred in "Sweet Charity."; Battered but still going at Roseland. (Above, Marilynn K. Yee/The New York Times; below, Photofest; left, Frances Roberts for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** December 8, 2002

**End of Document**



[***Sports of The Times;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-B430-0007-J0BP-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Strangers at Home***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-B430-0007-J0BP-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 2, 1985, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1985 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 5; Page 4, Column 1; Sports Desk

**Length:** 1027 words

**Byline:** By George Vecsey

**Dateline:** LOS ANGELES

**Body**

IN the litter of empty soda cans and empty dreams, Gregg Thompson had a question burning across his face. The young defender from Minnesota strode across the rudimentary locker room and blurted at the American soccer coach, Alkis Panagoulias: ''When are we ever going to play a home game?''

The answer from Panagoulias was equally blunt: ''Never.''

And on that note of disillusionment and despair, the era of American soccer came to an end without ever having arrived. After once making a serious bid to be the host of the 1986 World Cup, now the United States will not even play in the cup finals in Mexico next summer, a brutal reality that made 26-year-old Rick Davis - once the symbol of the coming American age in soccer - put his head between his knees and fight back the tears Friday night.

George Vescey Sports of the Times column discusses United States soccer team's 1-0 loss to Costa Rica in World Cup qualifying round; illustration (M)

The 1-0 loss to Costa Rica showed that the Americans still cannot play on a level with the Italians or the Brazilians or beat the Costa Ricans, who now move into a final qualifying round with Canada and Honduras in the fall.

Does it matter that the United States cannot compete in world soccer? Yes, on two counts. First, it keeps Americans - who are isolated enough by language and wealth and culture - from feeling part of a world sports community. Second, soccer might be the best participant team sport for players of all shapes and sizes. But without a competitive national program, the youth movement in soccer has no goal, no incentive.

For better or for worse, soccer here still does not inflame the national passions the way it does in many other countries, occasionally to excess, as in the riot that killed 38 persons in Brussels last week.

There are many Americans who like to gloat whenever there is a report of violence at a soccer match around the world. The fault is hardly with the game itself, which is as often graceful as it is violent. The blatant trips and kicks of soccer are no worse than the spearing in football, the fighting in hockey, the elbows in basketball and the hard slides in baseball that make fans cheer and television announcers chortle supportively.

The reports by perceptive foreign correspondents in recent days indicate that soccer mobs have their roots in social and economic hopelessness, and the singular importance of one sport.

In the United States, a huge and relatively comfortable ***working class*** can root for teams in many different sports. But the mobs that set fire to cars outside Tiger Stadium in Detroit last fall, or chanted ugly slogans until the Tiger Stadium bleachers were closed this spring, or the drunken brawlers in New York's Shea and Yankee Stadiums, are only a step or two away from the Clockwork Orange mobs that England exports to the Continent.

There is little margin to be smug about not being a power in world soccer. The United States is so out of it that Gregg Thompson and his teammates felt like foreigners Friday night at El Camino College in nearby Torrance.

The modest stadium was filled by game time - but at least half the estimated 11,800 fans were vociferously in favor of the Costa Ricans, most of them representing one club from Alajuela. The Costa Rican fans arrived in polite, good spirit, waving banners and flags with red, white and blue horizontal stripes, and chanting ''Cos-ta Ri-ca!''

The American side did produce a few diehards with eccentric costumes and leather lungs (and a few louts heaved refuse at celebrating Costa Ricans after the game), but most of the American fans merely waved tiny American flags and stared at the curiosity of a World Cup qualifying game right here in the good old U.S. of A. ''We go down there and they've got 25,000 screaming fans in the stadium at 6:30 A.M. for an 11 o'clock game,'' Thompson said of the 1-1 tie last Sunday in Alajuela. ''Here, we schedule a game in California where there are a lot of Costa Ricans. Why not play it in St. Louis or Tampa or Portland?

''I'm not saying that cost us the game,'' Thompson said quickly. ''But when the game starts, the crowd does get you into the game. Look how hard it is for the visiting team to win in Boston Garden. I'm just sick of seeing it, game after game, in our own country.''

There once was hope that Pele and Chinaglia and the Cosmos and Warner Brothers would produce a golden era of American soccer. Warner Brothers tried, filling Giants Stadium with foreign attractions and glittering cheerleaders and even that wily old goal-scorer himself, Bugs Bunny, but when Warner Brothers confronted one financial catastrophe in Atari, it cut loose soccer with a thud still being felt.

The United States Soccer Federation, a mom-and-pop operation, badly needs some bright new blood that can finance and organize development teams. Where are George Steinbrenner, Donald Trump and Robert Brennan when we really need them?

Panagoulias, a naturalized American citizen, was hired two years ago, but has been hampered by the comatose state of the North American Soccer League and the stultifying impact of indoor soccer. Panagoulias eventually discarded many American players who had developed bad habits in the ersatz winter league, and he tried to bring along younger players like 19-year-old Mike Windischmann from Adelphi University and the Glendale section of Queens.

But the United States team looked as out of place as its fans. Good athletes, the United States players ran and attacked, but they could not finish the job, needing only a tie to move into the next round. Costa Rica, needing a victory, managed to score at 34 minutes 50 seconds of the first half. Jorge Chevez, age 26, lofted a free kick toward the goal, where Arnie Mausser tried to punch it away. But Rodolfo Mills, 27, headed it to the right side where Jorge Contreras, 26, kicked it home.

The point of mentioning the ages is this: Costa Rica's game-winning players are in their prime at 26 and 27, but the United States has squandered a generation. Rick Davis, 26, said Friday night: ''Tell the young kids to keep it up. Unfortunately, for somebody like myself, we missed the boat.''

**Graphic**

Action photo (UPI)

**End of Document**



[***DICKENS CHARACTERS ARE SET TO MUSIC***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-9M40-0007-J2YG-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 2, 1985, Friday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1985 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section C; Page 5, Column 1; Weekend Desk

**Length:** 1047 words

**Byline:** By STEPHEN HOLDEN

**Body**

''For years I was an apple trying to be an orange,'' Rupert Holmes reflected last week. As an ''orange,'' the 38-year-old singer, composer and arranger toiled in the record business through the 1970's making seven pop albums and producing a number of acts, including Barbra Streisand.

Not until late 1979 did he score a major hit with the novelty ''Escape (The Pina Colada Song).'' Though the song, which has the distinction of being the very last No. 1 hit of the 70's, made him a small fortune, it didn't carry his pop music career very far. Three years ago, ''Mr. Pina Colada,'' as he jokingly calls himself, was without a record label and with the time to finally explore new horizons. The conservatory-trained musician with an effusive literary wit decided at long last to become an ''apple'' and write for the theater.

Interview with Rupert Holmes, playwright of musical The Mystery of Edwin Drood, which is loosely based on an unfinished Charles Dickens novel; photo (M)

''The Mystery of Edwin Drood,'' Mr. Holmes's debut musical, begins preview performances Sunday evening at the Delacorte Theater in Central Park. It is this summer's second Shakespeare in the Park production, with performances running through Sept. 1. The show, for which he created the music, lyrics, book and orchestrations, contains 32 original songs and is the product of two years of intensive but loving labor.

''It's almost scary how easily all the songs came to me,'' Mr. Holmes said. ''In every case, they were easier to write than the songs I'd been writing for records. Instead of having to be concerned about pleasing a program director or a record company executive or worrying about using fancy words, I've been able to invent a world in which I can write a lot more freely and use elaborate rhyme schemes. It has been a total delight.''

Unfinished Dickens Novel

Directed by Wilford Leach, ''The Mystery of Edwin Drood'' is very loosely based on an unfinished Charles Dickens novel that Mr. Holmes first read in the mid-70's on a Los Angeles-to-New York train trip.

''The book was chock full of ripe Dickensian characters,'' he said. ''It also had an interesting musical subtheme in its story of the choirmaster of a decaying English cathedral who leads a double life as an opium addict. Originally I thought of it as a serious Gothic horror musical. But when I finally got around to writing it, I decided to play games. I've always loved plays like 'Sleuth' and 'Noises Off' in which the theatrical machinery is observable. It became a show within a show.

''Since Dickens died halfway through writing the book, and left no notes, there have been conflicting theories as to the outcome of the plot,'' Mr. Holmes said. ''The story itself is loaded with red herrings. Though I've read many different theories about how it ended, none are satisfactory. I decided that the audience should get to pick the murderer.''

In Mr. Holmes's play-within-a-play format, the performers are a Victorian music hall troupe attempting with very limited means to put on its own version of the novel. Many of the theatrical conventions were borrowed from music hall revivals that Mr. Holmes had seen in London and that were conducted like town meetings presided over by a master of ceremonies with a gavel. George Rose plays the emcee and theater owner and Betty Buckley plays both the title role and Miss Alice Nutting. Cleo Laine, Patti Cohenour and Howard McGillin are also featured.

Born in England

Mr. Holmes's musical path has taken him over the years from classical clarinetist, to bubble gum pop producer, to Barbra Streisand's arranger-producer (''Lazy Afternoon'' and parts of ''A Star is Born'') and now to the theater. Born in England, Mr. Holmes grew up in Nyack, N.Y., where he was both a serious clarinet student and a rock-and-roller. After majoring in composition at the Manhattan School of Music, he became a journeyman pop writer-producer-performer under various pseudonyms. It was Mr. Holmes who concocted the 1971 novelty hit ''Timothy,'' about cannibalism during a mining disaster. In 1973, he released his first album, the cult classic ''Widescreen,'' a collection of cinematically inspired pop songs that won critical respect.

In the mid-70's, Joseph Papp, the producer of the New York Shakespeare Festival, who had admired Mr. Holmes's records, approached him with the idea of creating a show around the song ''Studio Musician'' from his second album, but he was too busy trying to hit the pop jackpot. When ''Escape'' finally gave him a taste of the pop success he had craved, he found it anticlimactic.

''It was like having dessert instead of a really good meal,'' Mr. Holmes said. ''I found myself performing at Disney World for a fortune and being screamed at by 17-year-old girls. It all felt a little silly.''

Mr. Holmes is very happy with the score for ''Edwin Drood,'' which he described as a ''pastiche.''

''Though the show is set in 1880, I didn't want to write Gilbert and Sullivan-styled music,'' he said. ''It is a composite of influences, from the Episcopalian hymnal, English vaudeville music, Gilbert and Sullivan, and traditional Broadway. What I've tried to do with all these styles is create the feel of 1880 the way Kurt Weill in 'Threepenny Opera' made you feel you were hearing 1920's cabaret without it really being tied to one place or time. This is not 'Nicholas Nickleby' set to music - it's not a Dickensian work. It's light and fun and entertaining. But I hope - I think - that Dickens would have enjoyed it.''

The show, which is set at ''the Prince Albert Pavilion and amusement pier at Greater Dorping-on-Sea,'' will involve pre-show festivities one might have seen at a ***working-class*** seaside resort in 1880's Britain. Acrobats and magicians will perform, and traditional British pub food will be sold. ''Air traffic,'' Mr. Holmes said, ''is to be thought of as a steam-driven kite competition.''

The festivities will begin about 7 P.M., and the performance starts at 8. Free tickets are distributed at 6:15, one per person, at the Delacorte Theater box office. Ticket holders must be in their seats by 7:45. The Delacorte can be reached by entering Central Park at 81st Street and Central Park West or 79th Street and Fifth Avenue. For information, the number is 861-7277.

**Graphic**

photo of Rupert Holmes

**End of Document**



[***LOSS, DISCOVERY AND OTHER URGENIES***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-9Y40-0007-J366-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 23, 1985, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1985 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 7; Page 26, Column 1; Book Review Desk; Review

**Length:** 1051 words

**Byline:** By Alan Williamson; Alan Williamson teaches English at the University of California, Davis. His most recent books are ''Presence'' and ''Introspection and Contemporary Poetry.''

**Body**

ACROSS THE MUTUAL LANDSCAPE By Christopher Gilbert. 91 pp. Port Townsend, Wash.: Graywolf Press. Cloth, $14. Paper, $6. SINGING By Dennis Schmitz. 55 pp. New York: The Ecco Press. Paper, $7.50.

''ACROSS THE MUTUAL LANDCAPE'' is a first collection of poems by a young black psychotherapist from a ***working-class*** background in Lansing, Mich., who acknowledges many musical influences but only a few literary ones. The book was chosen by Michael Harper for the 1983 Walt Whitman Award - a choice reflecting Mr. Harper's longstanding commitment to what is richest and most serious in black American poetry. Christopher Gilbert is a careful, craftsmanly writer. His subtle, syncopated rhythms make one think of jazz; but the syncopation is made audible, often, by the underlying presence of meter - say four-stress accentual, as in this passage from ''She'': Still a young woman, she has to work the graveyard shift, sleeps what is left, then wakes to get the kids to school. It must be morning when she dreams. Peering into her coffee's surface she looks back from its depth, her hands caught holding an implement, a fossil of her life: Alabama born, feelings huddled north, these steel cities this cold month, her dark soul twisting into fingers whose motion at this brown angle is the slow fall flight of leaves through time.

Mr. Gilbert is never very far from conventional diction, but he freshens it as good poets of the quiet style have always done - with odd personal urgencies of syntax (''feelings/huddled north''), submerged rhymes (''feelings''/ ''steel,'' ''twisting''/''this''/''is'') and metrical variation, culminating in that wonderful gathering and releasing of heavy syllables, ''the slow fall flight of leaves through time.'' Movingly simple at the beginning (''It must be morning when she dreams''), the poem becomes almost Cubist in its multiple takes on the woman, her cup, her hands. The result is a lingering, poignant, intimate portrait, which (like Robert Frost's portraits or Philip Larkin's) moves from the local to the universal, the language of falling leaves.

Black music seems important not only to Mr. Gilbert's sense of rhythm, but also to his sense of the transformation, confrontation and release to be found in art. Listening to a street musician playing his horn somewhere outside, the poet feels carried out of himself in an unending alternation of loss and discovery: ''Yet right now I hear the chive stretching in its planter on the windowsill, and I will go outside to see its purple baby blossoms falling and the ideal blue air dissolving into the skyline, into the hard blue uniform of the cop, or the wild eyes of the lost boy, and I won't suffer.'' It is a feeling often encountered in black American literature -that liabilities can become assets; that lack of protection, insecurity, can be the source of a releasing freshness of response. In Mr. Gilbert's case particularly, it provides a kind of ground bass, preventing him from straying too far either into protest poetry or into a too simple warmth and domesticity - though there is material for both in his chronicle of decent, poverty-line people who live in the Middle West for dignity and marginally steady work, but long for the sun and the culture of the black South.

Occasionally, Mr. Gilbert elevates the horn player's message of self-surrender into a philosophy: It's alive you've come to, this coming into newness, this dis- continuous mind in you looking up, finding an otherness which trusts what you'll become.

These passages seem to me his weakest - a kind of second-hand existentialism or Zen, which could be found in far less distinguished writers. But this is a minor blemish on a very fine, very promising first book. Dennis Schmitz is a somewhat older white poet, Midwestern (but transplanted to California), with four books to his credit. But he shares with Mr. Gilbert a tendency to draw the poem swervingly through loss and discovery, the brutal and the beautiful urgencies in life. In one poem, an adolescent girl's act of creative mastery, learning to sew a dress out of a ''river of print-goods daubed / with human figures,'' is obscurely related to her parents' lovemaking (''an unbreakable marriage-hold'') and to her own earlier experiences of coming to terms with mortality. Another poem, ''Kindergarten,'' moves from wry musings on church Latin to a child's sudden death: Our keeper Sister Agnes, wrinkled as a peach-nut & left-handed, sings Latin, whose inside is God's, she says, but we can go in too with our tongues & the head will follow, simplifying heaven. Vincent went to heaven in wet April.

The poem contrasts the proper response to the death - the children holding hands at the funeral - with the headless Vincent someone crayoned on the cloakroom wall under his coathook, the feet broken right-angles, the heavy arms straining against gravity.

It is, of course, the tasteless response, not the official one, that has something in common with the cathartic, transforming truthfulness of art. And yet, the poem leaves me unsatisfied precisely in the way it introduces the child's death. There is something too transparently shocking about the re-use of the word ''heaven'' at the beginning and end of the same line, and something too easy about the invocation of Easter and of T. S. Eliot, in ''wet April.'' Mr. Schmitz's transitions are often somewhat crude, veering to bald prose and then to a knotted, unmusical abstract loftiness, as in these lines: Now I am alone between the barn & the implement shed for a long while looking up but concentrating my polarity down here He lacks the unmistakably individuated cadence of music, which is as indispensable for a poet who makes difficult connections as it is for an obscure poet because of the initial trust it establishes in the reader. Perhaps for this reason, some of Mr. Schmitz's most successful poems are more leisurely ones, with a clearer unity of subject - ''Sabotage,'' ''Building on Farmer Creek'' or another poem about a dead child, ''1942.'' Mr. Schmitz's technique remains uneven; yet his work commands respect for its dogged, frontal attack on themes like growth, death, aggression, moral responsibility - those inescapable cliches that are so much easier, but less rewarding, to dismiss with a glancing coyness.

**End of Document**



[***Rem Koolhaas Learns Not to Overthink It***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4FX8-3S90-TW8F-G35D-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 10, 2005 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2005 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 2; Column 1; Arts and Leisure Desk; Pg. 1; ARCHITECTURE

**Length:** 1424 words

**Byline:** By Nicolai Ouroussoff

**Dateline:** OPORTO, Portugal

**Body**

FEW people would question the quality of Rem Koolhaas's mind: he has long been celebrated as one of architecture's most audacious thinkers. But his recently completed Casa da Musica here is something new for him -- a building whose intellectual ardor is matched by its sensual beauty.

Set at the dividing line between the city's historic quarter and a ***working-class*** neighborhood, the building houses a 1,300-seat performance hall, rehearsal space and recording studios for the Oporto National Orchestra. Its smoothly chiseled concrete form, pierced by the rigid rectangular box of the main hall, is the most overtly seductive form Mr. Koolhaas has created yet.

The project's sculptural qualities will inevitably draw comparisons to Frank Gehry's exuberant design for the Guggenheim Museum in Bilbao, Spain. Both were commissioned as part of a broader effort to revive industrial port cities that have long been in decline; both are dazzling displays of virtuosity.

But if Mr. Gehry's masterwork evokes the eruption of an unbridled id, Mr. Koolhaas's creation is a more self-contained experience -- one that vibrates with emotional and psychological tensions. Its surprises reveal themselves slowly, as if to draw you into a deeper unconscious experience. In originality alone, it ranks with Mr. Gehry's 2003 Walt Disney Concert Hall in Los Angeles and Hans Scharoun's 1960's-era Berlin Philharmonic as one of the most important concert halls built in the last 100 years.

Strangely, the project started with a search for that most prosaic of human needs: closet space. Mr. Koolhaas says the design originated in a commission for a house he was designing in suburban Rotterdam several years ago. The client, whom he describes as ''a typical Dutch Calvinist,'' was obsessed with order and demanded a pure uncluttered living area. The architect responded by creating a faceted concrete block with a void drilled out of its core. The void was intended as the family area, with the surrounding spaces absorbing the messiness of everyday life.

But the client dropped the project just as Mr. Koolhaas was entering a design competition for the concert hall. Rather than abandon his design, he blew it up in scale and adapted it: the core became the main performance hall, with the foyers, rehearsal halls and offices packed into the leftover space around it. The extreme shift in scale transformed an expression of a single client's obsessions into a more dynamic communal experience. Even so, the central themes remain the same: a rationally ordered environment animated by the chaotic social and psychic forces whirling around it.

Mr. Koolhaas begins by emphasizing the building's isolation. The structure is set atop a carpet of soft pink travertine, like a cut jewel displayed on a luxurious piece of fabric. At various points, the travertine curves up to cover the structures scattered around the plaza -- a bus stop, a cafe, the entrances to an underground garage -- as if these practical elements were literally being swept under a rug.

Seen from a late-19th-century park across the street, the building has an almost formal elegance. Yet as you circle around it, its canted walls distort your sense of perspective, making it hard to get a sense of its dimensions. From other angles, its faceted form juts out unevenly, so that the entire structure seems oddly off balance.

As always, Mr. Koolhaas is inspired by a range of influences here, from Oporto's rich Modernist tradition to the generic shopping malls that have taken over the globe since the 1970's. The exterior's restrained elegance nods to local architects like Alvaro Siza and Eduardo Souto de Moura, whose abstract compositions also tend to reveal themselves gradually as you move through them. But the concrete shell is also a mask -- a near-blank container that conceals a richer imaginative experience inside.

As soon as you slip through the entrance, a narrower staircase leads to the lobby, which is punctuated by a window overlooking a row of town houses. A videotaped panorama of the city flickers across a wall behind the coat-check area. A second stairway sweeps up several stories before disappearing behind the form of the main hall, hinting at unexpected pleasures. Heavy concrete beams crisscross the space above, heightening the sense of compression.

The layering of images, coupled with the sense that you are constantly slipping around the building's edges, imbues the space with a subtle erotic charge, as if the purity of the architectural spaces were being infected by unconscious images, a swirl of fragmented memories and repressed desires.

The main hall seems hyperrational by comparison. Since conventional wisdom holds that acoustically, the world's best concert halls -- Symphony Hall in Boston, say -- are built in the shape of a shoebox, Mr. Koolhaas gives us a shoebox. Similarly, the seats are arranged with the precision of an assembly line, in simple repetitive rows.

The relentless sense of order snaps us to attention, until we slowly begin to notice the outside world gently seeping in once again. The walls are clad in raw plywood decorated with a pattern of gold wood grain enlarged to several times its natural size, once again distorting the sense of scale. Oddly shaped windows cut into the walls afford glimpses of silhouetted figures flickering by in various bars and V.I.P. rooms. A replica of a Baroque organ decorated in ornate gold-and-blue swirls is mounted on a wall near the stage, like something that was picked up on a whim at a luxurious flea market.

Most breathtakingly, the walls at either end of the hall are made of enormous sheets of corrugated glass suggesting the folds of a curtain. The curved glass gives a distorted view of the city outside, so that the entire room feels as if it is floating dreamily in the middle of the city.

But they also hint at Mr. Koolhaas's love of the forbidden corners and social frictions that animate all cities. As you ascend the various foyer levels, you pass through a series of rooms that could well have been culled from the surrounding cityscape. A V.I.P. room, for example, is clad in the elaborate blue-and-white tiles characteristic of the bourgeoisie's traditional courtyards. Higher up, a more informal gathering area is topped by a canted glass roof that slides back to reveal a spectacular view of the city and the distant Atlantic Ocean. A trapezoidal terrace is carved into a corner of the structure's roof.

Set in the odd leftover spaces between the form of the main hall and the exterior shell, these rooms evoke pieces of the city that have broken off and embedded themselves in the building's skin. Like the characters and objects swept up by the tornado in ''The Wizard of Oz,'' they bring to mind the psychological and emotional residue spinning around in your head, the scattered fragments of memory that shade experience.

Such fragments reflect Mr. Koolhaas's rebellion against the aesthetic purity that was once a central part of the Modernist agenda, and the perfectly engineered life it implied. Like many architects of his generation, he views such purity as a form of repression. For decades, he has sought to explore what the Modernists sought to ignore -- the messy social, psychological and economic realities outside the walls of the rationalist modern boxes.

In the Oporto concert hall, the architect has found a perfect expression for his vision. And the result suggests he has reached the full height of his powers.

It could not come at a better time. Like many great talents, Mr. Koolhaas has had mixed luck transforming his ideas into reality. Over the years, his most beautiful work has often been for small private commissions. And although he now seems to be breaking out of this trap, most noticeably with the recent completion of the dazzling Seattle Public Library, even his recent career is strewn with evocative designs that are likely to end up only on museum walls.

His only significant project in Manhattan, for example, remains the $40 million shop he designed for Prada in SoHo, an overwrought space that had the misfortune of opening a few months after the attack on the World Trade Center. By comparison, a stunning design for a major addition that would have given the Whitney Museum of American Art -- and the city -- a much-needed creative jolt was rejected two years ago on the ground that it would have been too expensive to build.

To get a grasp on what they are missing, New Yorkers will now have to board a plane to Oporto.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: The stairs from the ground-level plaza to the main foyer of Rem Koolhaas's Casa da Musica in Oporto, Portugal. (Photo by Nicolas Firket/OMA)(pg. 1)

Various views, from the inside and the outside, of Rem Koolhaas's Casa da Musica in Oporto, Portugal. Mr. Koolhaas says the building's design originated in a commission for a house he was designing in suburban Rotterdam. (Photographs top center, top right and below by Nicolas Firket/OMA

photographs above and top left by Charlie Koolhaas)(pg. 30)

**Load-Date:** April 10, 2005

**End of Document**



[***California Bingo Hall Plays on World Stage***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:479B-0860-01CN-H04Y-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 25, 2002 Monday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2002 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Column 1; National Desk; Pg. 14

**Length:** 1374 words

**Byline:**  By CHARLIE LeDUFF

**Dateline:** HAWAIIAN GARDENS, Calif., Nov. 22

**Body**

This is a rundown town in the rundown eastern corner of Los Angeles County. Besides the palm trees, little here suggests Hawaii.

This stamplike city, the smallest in California, is nine-tenths of a square mile and is bounded by the 605 Freeway and a drainage ditch. It is a poor place; the population of about 15,000 has an average yearly income of less than $10,000. The mayor lives in a trailer and the burned-out bulbs in the neon sign on the bingo hall leave lighted letters -- B and O -- that only hint of what is there.

But it is this sagging bingo hall that holds one of the deepest intrigues in the state. Few among the ***working-class*** players who gamble away their nickels and quarters and dollars here in what is billed as the "fastest game in town" suspect where their money goes. The games' profits go to building Israeli developments on Arab land that Israel occupied during the 1967 war and then incorporated within Jerusalem's boundaries.

The money makes its way there through the Irving I. Moskowitz Foundation, which owns the bingo hall. The foundation's benefactor is a reclusive and wealthy doctor, Irving I. Moskowitz, who lives neither in Israel nor California, but in Miami Beach. He is the largest landowner and employer in town. Among his holdings are the Hawaiian Gardens Bingo Club, the neighboring Hawaiian Gardens Casino, which, in fact, is a card club, and a hospital.

As the state struggles to control Indian casino gambling, charity bingo, a $600-million-a-year business, is virtually unregulated. As large foundations have moved into charitable bingo, becoming money machines in the process and powerful in the state capital, smaller charitable bingo operators have fallen by the wayside. The number of bingo halls in the state has dwindled to fewer than 50 from nearly 600. The Hawaiian Gardens Bingo Club is the largest and is at the center of an international controversy over donations.

Dr. Moskowitz is rarely seen and when he speaks it is through his lawyer. The doctor's detractors say he lords over this small town in absentia, getting elected officials who cross him recalled and city employees who try to do so fired. They accuse him of setting up sweetheart land deals for himself and threatening to withhold contributions to the city if his wishes go unfulfilled.

His admirers have crowned him a savior of both Hawaiian Gardens and Israel. His contributions to a town once awash in red ink are in the tens of millions of dollars.

While the doctor's bingo foundation may not give directly to Jewish settlers, it gives to groups that support them, according to lawyers and tax records. Money from the bingo hall can be traced through the tax records to new apartments for Jewish settlers in Ras al-Amud, an Arab neighborhood in East Jerusalem.

"The amazing Dr. I," said Daniel Seidemann, a land issues lawyer in Jerusalem who has fought Dr. Moskowitz in court over Arab properties there. "He comes to a poor Hispanic town in California, wrings money from it and pours it into an impoverished community in east Jerusalem. Violence ensues, and he honors neither city by living there."

That is one view. There are more charitable opinions. "The doctor kept us floating," Mayor John F. Heckerman said. "We don't charge the kids for the public pool anymore. So he donates to Jewish causes. My God, the man's Jewish."

Dr. Moskowitz and his bingo hall came to international attention six years ago when he was identified as a backer of the opening of the Western Wall Tunnel in Jerusalem, which prompted rioting that left about 70 people dead. He and his charities have been investigated numerous times in connection with financial wrongdoing at both the state and federal levels, but charges have never been brought.

Twice, legislation has been introduced in California to rein in the Moskowitz foundation's bingo operation, which takes in $30 million to $40 million a year, according to the foundation's disclosure forms. Each year the bingo hall pays $25 to the city for its license, while millions go to groups like Ateret Cohanim, a religious nationalist group that promotes a Jewish presence in the Arab portion of East Jerusalem. The foundation gives money to a food bank here, Dr. Moskowitz's hospital and the Little League. It also provides free dental care for the indigent.

"Look, it's very simple," Dr. Moskowitz's lawyer, Beryl Weiner, said. "You need Moskowitzes to have an Israel, you need Moskowitzes to have a Hawaiian Gardens. He's one of the few men who walks the walk. But does he rule by fiat? Absolutely not. Is there a Moskowitz machine? Absolutely not."

The California law governing bingo is a leaky one, requiring only that bingo halls be sponsored by a charity and staffed by unpaid volunteers. The law was designed so that churches and synagogues could use bingo proceeds to pay for good works, but the business has consolidated into super conglomerates with fuzzy missions and practices.

The Mexican American Legal Defense and Educational Fund has brought a class-action lawsuit against the Moskowitz bingo operation, charging that the "unpaid volunteers" are mostly illegal Mexicans who work for tips and suffer an abusive work environment. Eighty percent of the population of Hawaiian Gardens is Latino.

Legislation that would have set accounting requirements and ensured that all bingo revenues stayed in California recently died in committee.

"The bingo law was meant to help Boy Scout groups," said Senator Richard G. Polanco, the Democratic majority leader who sponsored the bill. "But the thing has gotten totally out of hand."

Now, the crown jewel of Dr. Moskowitz's empire here is the Hawaiian Gardens Casino, a Vegas-style card club and a for-profit enterprise that attracts middle-class gamblers from Orange County. Revenues are estimated at up to $150 million a year.

The club opened in 1998 and was born of a convoluted transaction. According to a government report and Dr. Moskowitz's lawyer, the doctor bought condemned land from the city in the mid-1990's for half the amount the city spent to condemn it. His lawyer represented both the city redevelopment agency and the doctor in that deal. Some officials who raised objections about the deal said they became targets of Dr. Moskowitz.

"He cleaned house," said Julia Sylva, the former city attorney who said she resigned rather than be fired after raising questions about the deal. "He turned the town into a gambling den. The deal is highly suspect. He told me numerous times that if he didn't get what he wanted we wouldn't get payroll money."

The state has no record of the card club's earnings. Because it is operating on a temporary license, the state does not require disclosure. The office of Attorney General Bill Lockyer, a Democrat, is investigating Dr. Moskowitz's application for a permanent casino license. Dr. Moskowitz recently held a benefit for Mr. Lockyer.

Dr. Moskowitz also donates to Gov. Gray Davis, a Democrat, and other politicians locally and statewide, according to campaign finance disclosures.

Mayor Heckerman said Dr. Moskowitz would give the city about $6 million this year as part of his agreement to base operations here. The money amounts to about three-quarters of Hawaiian Gardens' budget.

"Bluntly, he's kept us floating," Mayor Heckerman said. "We were on the verge of bankruptcy. They call the card club a sweetheart deal, but we're alive. He's not the devil. He's a decent man."

Not according to Haim Dov Beliak, a local rabbi and the most vocal critic of Dr. Moskowitz.

"This city is being controlled to rip off Palestinians of their land," the rabbi said. "He throws oil on the flames of Jerusalem. What happened to 'thou shall not steal?' "

Before the card club and its money, Hawaiian Gardens was a dying backwater. Blacks were terrorized by Latino gangs in the late 90's in a string of hate crimes and killings. The schools were failing and the city was running yearly deficits of more than 100 percent. Now the bills are paid, crime is down and pupils have new books.

Through it all, the players at the Hawaiian Gardens Bingo Club gamble on. Around 9 p.m. on Thursday, a woman in stretch pants shouted "bingo." For a brief moment someone was happy and it was clear who was the winner.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: The Bingo Club and neighboring casino in Hawaiian Gardens, Calif., are at the center of an international controversy over donations locally and in the Mideast by their owner, the Irving I. Moskowitz Foundation. (J. Emilio Flores for The New York Times); Irving I. Moskowitz of Miami Beach visiting Israel, where he funnels money for housing. (Associated Press) Map of California highlighting Hawaiian Gardens: Hawaiian Gardens is in a rundown corner of Los Angeles County.

**Load-Date:** November 25, 2002

**End of Document**



[***STAGE: 2 LONDON PLAYS TOUCH ON STALINIZATION***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-9YT0-0007-J474-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 20, 1985, Thursday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1985 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section C; Page 19, Column 1; Cultural Desk; Review

**Length:** 1144 words

**Byline:** By FRANK RICH, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** LONDON, June 18

**Body**

In a London season dominated by lustrous stagings of the classics, ''Pravda'' is the single new play that everyone wants to see and debate. What's beyond debate is the epic size of the production and its ambitions. Billed as a ''Fleet Street comedy,'' this ironically titled work parades over 30 characters across the National Theater's vast Olivier stage. ''Pravda'' aspires to be nothing less than a ''Front Page'' for its time, and, in its malevolently funny first act, it actually succeeds.

The authors are the political playwrights Howard Brenton (''Sore Throats'') and David Hare (''Plenty''). They are even more hard-boiled than Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, and they chronicle a journalistic milieu that makes Chicago's old-time newsrooms look like models of decorum and integrity. The cynical, unethical English reporters and editors in ''Pravda'' make no pretense of searching for the truth. They write fiction, not scoops, and they toil at newspapers that serve the bottom line rather than the public good.

Frank Rich article on two London plays that touch on Stalinization; says while play Pravda argues that contemporary England is on verge of intellectual Stalinization, London's other new play 'Breaking the Silence,' recalls growth of lethal real-life Stalinism on its home front; photo of Anthony Hopkins in Pravda (M)

No wonder that the dominant figure in ''Pravda'' is not a ruthless editor who will do anything to get a story, but a monstrous proprietor who will stop at nothing to make a pound. The man's name is Lambert Le Roux and, as played with oleaginous malice by Anthony Hopkins, he resembles Arturo Ui more than Citizen Kane. In Act I of ''Pravda,'' he travels from his native South Africa to England to expand his media empire. Although he at first settles for downmarket, sex-and-crime tabloids featuring promotional games like ''Bongo'' and ''Xingo,'' he soon outfoxes Fleet Street's old-boy establishment and annexes an upscale daily suggestive of The Times of London.

Mr. Brenton and Mr. Hare are no doubt caricaturing several buccaneering press barons with their portrait of Le Roux, but the play's broad outlines undeniably recall the memoir of Harold Evans, the former editor of The Times of London, and his stormy encounter with Rupert Murdoch. ''Pravda,'' making no claim to journalistic objectivity, rewrites the story in grotesquely comic fictional terms. When Le Roux promises his new employees ''editorial freedom,'' he usually fires them in the very next breath - and he does so with such cruel glee that the bloodletting becomes dark farce.

No less amusing, in their malign way, are those scenes in which we see the Le Roux editorial process at work. A rabid, jingoistic reactionary who regards the mere use of the pronoun ''we'' as Communist propaganda, the publisher institutionalizes newspeak. In his papers, the sentence ''The pound is weak'' must always be replaced by ''The dollar is strong.'' Stories filed by foreign correspondents are relegated to oblivion, lest any readers encounter any ''unexpected suffering,'' and investigative reporting is used to expose government whistle-blowers rather than government scandals. ''Why go to the trouble of producing good papers,'' asks Le Roux, ''when the bad ones are so much easier - and sell better, too?''

Yet Mr. Brenton and Mr. Hare are easily as angry at Le Roux's victims - the journalists and politicians he co-opts, corrupts and discards - as they are at the villain himself. Surely Le Roux speaks for the authors when he tells his critics, ''You are all weak because you do not know what you believe.'' In ''Pravda,'' those who try to destroy Le Roux are indeed weaklings - hypocritical, naive liberals who can't begin to outwit their cunning antagonist. Rather than fight back fiercely, they merely hold self-righteous press conferences and write tell-all books destined for the remainder tables.

Valid or not, this secondary line of polemical attack derails the play. The authors don't find much humor in Le Roux's impotent adversaries. The foremost of them - a compromised young editor who belatedly sees the light and his idealistic, conscience-prodding wife - are stock figures dating at least as far back as ''What Makes Sammy Run?'' Their Act II schemes to topple Le Roux prove an occasion for authorial preaching about political tactics, not comedy. In one particularly painful scene, the young editor must fall to his knees to plead tearfully to his nemesis for the sanctity of the English sentence.

By then, Mr. Hare's elaborate Brechtian staging has lost its initial verve, and so has Mr. Hopkins's imaginative star turn. Affecting a front-tilting gait and jutting his ghoulishly grinning face forward as if he were the most eager of executioners, Mr. Hopkins creates a memorable image of a perversely brilliant modern-day barbarian. But the vicious temper-tantrums, sulfurously delivered aphorisms and Hitler-like jigs of victory eventually become repetitive. Like Le Roux's would-be vanquishers, neither Mr. Hopkins nor the playwrights can quite get under this fascinating but opaque villain's skin.

While ''Pravda'' argues that contemporary England is on the verge of intellectual Stalinization, London's other new play of the moment, ''Breaking the Silence,'' recalls the growth of lethal real-life Stalinism on its home soil. The author is Stephen Poliakoff, a political playwright of the Hare generation who has been known for his bleak dramatizations of the present-day ***working-class*** English young (''City Sugar,'' ''Hitting Town'').

In the uncharacteristic ''Breaking the Silence,'' Mr. Poliakoff digs into his own genealogical legacy to tell of a patrician Moscow Jewish family in post-revolutionary extremis during the 1920's. After a deadly first act of exposition, he makes us care about characters based on his grandparents - a haughty, brilliant patriarch (Alan Howard) who dreams madly of inventing talking movies, and his wife (Gemma Jones), a domesticated matron who is forced by social upheaval to achieve a new, protofeminist liberation.

The production, which originated at the Royal Shakespeare Company under Ron Daniels's direction, is as wobbly as the script, but the evening's balanced point of view proves provocative. If Mr. Poliakoff is unsparing in his presentation of the emerging Soviet police state, he also allows us to feel the pain of exile that afflicts that state's emigrating victims: maybe his characters are leaving their homeland to escape execution, but they will still miss the exciting cultural ferment that the revolution briefly unleashed. At the end of the play, the family heads for England, which the father contemptuously describes as a nation with ''no energy of ideas.'' One might say that the hero of ''Breaking the Silence'' flees the Soviet Union only to arrive in the contemporary England of ''Pravda.''

**Graphic**

photo of Anthony Hopkins

**End of Document**



[***In the Rockaways, Hope for a Revival***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3WVX-1XW0-00RP-K301-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 4, 1999, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1999 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk

**Section:** Section 1; ; Section 1; Page 19; Column 1; Metropolitan Desk ; Column 1;

**Length:** 1178 words

**Byline:** By VIVIAN S. TOY

By VIVIAN S. TOY

**Body**

Bill Daly, an 11-year resident on the Rockaway peninsula, has seen ferries come and he has seen ferries go. So it is no wonder that he is a little skeptical of another plan to give the Rockaways daily ferry service to Manhattan.

"There's no real direct route to the city other than the waterway," said Mr. Daly, a stockbroker who commutes more than an hour to Wall Street each day by subway or car. "Any other city in the world would have already tapped into it ages ago, but here we are in New York, and there's nothing."

At the urging of City Councilman Alfonso C. Stabile, the Port Authority of New York and New Jersey recently completed a preliminary feasibility study that proposes possible ferry landing sites in the Rockaways and suggests an additional stop in Sheepshead Bay, Brooklyn. Civic leaders and the local community board had been asking for a government-subsidized ferry service for years as an alternative to the A train, which meanders through Queens and Brooklyn to get to Manhattan.

Few details have been pinned down yet, including where subsidy money would come from and exactly where the ferry would depart from and go to, but city officials hope to solicit bids from private operators to run the ferry by next spring.

Although next summer would be the earliest that a Rockaway ferry service could be up and running, many residents are nonetheless pleased that the Port Authority and other local officials have finally shown some serious interest in the idea. Residents and community leaders said they were hopeful that the ferry, combined with a number of new housing developments and plans for a $1.2 billion sports and entertainment complex on the east end of the peninsula, would be a sign that the long-awaited revival of the Rockaways is finally on the horizon.

"Commuting from Rockaway to Manhattan, on a good day, is a misadventure in transportation," said Jonathan L. Gaska, the district manager of the community board that covers the Rockaways. "To attract ***working-class*** families to live here, something has to be done to shorten the commute. There's no question that improving transportation and access in and out would help spur economic development out here."

Councilman Stabile said that the isolation of the peninsula has led residents to "feel like they've been forgotten, and in a lot of ways, they have a right to feel that way."

Ever since the Long Island Rail Road shut down a line that connected the Rockaways to the rest of the city in the 1950's, the only public transportation to the peninsula has been the A train and local buses, options that can take up to 90 minutes to get into Manhattan. People who commute by car must go over two bridges, including one that charges a $1.75 toll each way, just to get to mainland Queens. When traffic is bad, the commute to Manhattan by car can take as long as two hours.

"That's like primitive, that's like the Dark Ages," Mr. Stabile exclaimed. "The Rockaways need a shot in the arm, and to me, the ferry is the best solution to improving the transportation." A ferry would take between 32 and 43 minutes, depending on where it leaves from.

In addition to getting the Port Authority to do a feasibility study, Mr. Stabile has also started exploring possible sources of city and state money to subsidize the ferry in order to keep the fare at about $3 each way. A number of private ferry services operated from the Rockaways in the 1980's and early 1990's, but none lasted more than a few months. Mr. Stabile and Port Authority officials surmise that they failed in part because they charged as much as $7 per trip.

United States Representative Anthony D. Weiner, whose district includes the Rockaways, hopes to bring home part of the transportation funding that the Federal Government set aside last year specifically to increase and improve ferry service across the country. He hopes to use the Federal money to build ferry landings in the Rockaways.

Although city and state subsidies for the ferry ride are yet to be determined, Mr. Weiner said he believed that the different levels of government are committed to the ferry because the lack of transportation alternatives has stunted development in the Rockaways for too long.

"At the end of the day, we're going to be able to get city and Federal support for it," he said. "But getting a private operator to see the same kind of potential we see may be the toughest part of this." He said that few private operators have expressed interest in running a service, and said he hoped that the Port Authority's study would help change that.

After reviewing the demographics of the Rockaways, Port Authority officials concluded that there probably are not enough commuters to support a ferry service. So the Port Authority has recommended an additional stop in Sheepshead Bay, where a ferry could add as many as 1,200 commuters to the estimated 5,000 from the Rockaways.

Charles Meara, manager of state and local relations for the Port Authority, said that the operators who ran ferries in the past failed because they operated very small boats that often did not provide a comfortable ride and ran only during the morning and evening rush hours.

That's why the Port Authority is recommending boats that can operate at 30 knots per hour, roughly the size of the ferries that now travel between Manhattan and Hoboken and from Manhattan to Yankee Stadium and can carry more than 100 passengers. The agency's study also recommends full-time service, including weekend hours to attract Manhattanites who might want to avoid traffic-clogged routes when going to the beach.

The ferry service is just one of many long-talked-about projects in the Rockaways that have finally seen some movement recently.

Dozens of two-family homes are being built in Arverne and Edgemere, sections of the Rockaways where thousands of summer bungalows were razed by the city in the 1960's for urban renewal, but which have seen little development until recently. A private developer also has started building 90 homes on land once used by the Playland amusement park at Beach 98th Street.

Plans for a $1.2 billion sports and entertainment complex called Destination Technodome also have moved ahead, with the developers negotiating with city and state officials for infrastructure development. The Rockaway Chamber of Commerce also has been working with a developer to turn the area around Beach 116th Street into an entertainment seaport site, possibly with a gambling boat, dinner cruises and new shops. Beach 116th Street is also one of the recommended sites for a ferry landing.

And the city has finally started to pay some attention to the deteriorating boardwalk along the beach. City crews completely rebuilt the boardwalk between Beach 116th and Beach 109th Streets a few months ago and plan to do more in the fall.

"We're obviously very pleased with everything that's going on," Mr. Gaska said. "Six or seven years ago, Rockaway couldn't get itself arrested as far as any kind of development was concerned. People maybe finally are realizing what a hidden gem we are."

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

**Graphic**

Photo: An old Coast Guard station at Beach 169th Street in Queens is one possible site for ferry service. (Don Hogan Charles/The New York Times)

Map showing the location of the proposed ferry service for Rockaway: Recommended sites for ferry service in and near the Rockaways.

**Load-Date:** July 4, 1999

**End of Document**



[***Out of Africa, Passionately Packaged***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4SJ2-W0K0-TW8F-G0B2-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 18, 2008 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2008 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section AR; Column 0; Arts and Leisure Desk; Pg. 28; MUSIC

**Length:** 1689 words

**Byline:** By ROBERT CHRISTGAU

**Body**

BECAUSE he grew up in Ghana, Ken Braun knew about the Beatles sooner than most American kids.

Mr. Braun's father, a doctor, had been so moved by Albert Schweitzer's autobiography that in 1957 he and his wife, a public-health nurse, moved to Ghana, where they spent 22 years in the bush with a Methodist relief organization. Their young son heard a lot of highlife, Africa's major Anglophone pop style. But the boarding school he attended in Accra was mostly British, and after vacations the students would bring back hot new 45s. So in 1963 Ken Braun became an 8-year-old Beatlemaniac.

In itself, this story is merely an object lesson in the vagaries of musical experience. But with Mr. Braun it resonates because he ended up drawing on his background to make a musical difference. He went on to manage the American branch of the London label Sterns, since the 1980s one of the world's finest disseminators of African music. The greatest achievement of his career so far is ''The Voice of Lightness'' (2007), a 29-track double-CD package that cherry-picks music from the Congolese singer-bandleader Tabu Ley Rochereau's career from 1961 to 1977, when he was Africa's premier singer.

Mr. Braun is one of the few hundred Europeans and Americans who have made it their business to provide an international platform for the wealth of music Africa has generated since World War II. Working at a high level of idealism and gut commitment, each of them has different tastes and a different story; since most of them run their own small labels, those differences are reflected in the music they sell.

''Americans tend to think of Africa as a huge, monolithic place full of nothing but troubles,'' Mr. Braun said. ''One way to correct that false impression is to expose Americans to African music.''

For 15 years Sterns's American operation was based in Lower Manhattan. But for the last two years Mr. Braun has run it out of a tidy 10-by-30 storage unit in Belleville, N.J., near the house in Nutley where he maintains a cramped office. In a pinched time for CD sales -- and also, crucially for an importer, the dollar -- the physical operation is a metaphor for today's record business. The warehouse space holds Sterns's stock, now sold wholesale to a shrinking network of brick-and-mortar stores and retail via the Internet. The office is where Mr. Braun evaluated 600 songs by Mr. Rochereau, painstakingly sorting out the 29 best.

Mr. Braun is still very much a record man. In this time of curtailed release schedules, the Rochereau set assumes that a market still exists for well-produced collections of historically durable, readily enjoyable music: in this instance, two CDs in a slipcase with a handsomely illustrated 48-page booklet, featuring a comprehensive essay by Mr. Braun (in English and French) and personnel listings for the six featured bands. To break even Sterns needed to sell 6,000 physical copies of the package, which is available for $25.49 on amazon.com. Sales are now around 9,000, with money from downloads also trickling in. For a label like Sterns, ''The Voice of Lightness'' is a hit.

Non-Africans who have heard of Mr. Rochereau at all identify him with the Afro-Parisian phase of the Congolese style whose name morphed from rumba into soukous as its guitar breaks gained propulsion. But the first disc of ''The Voice of Lightness,'' which covers the period 1961 to 1969, is more of a song record than a groove record -- 18 tracks in which melody and structure trump rhythm and improvisation. So figure it's a good thing that it was assembled by a Beatles fan.

Mr. Braun's fellow champions of African music have their own conversion experiences and approaches. A graduate-school year abroad in Ghana connected Robert Urbanus, the Dutch-born president of Sterns, to John Collins, a Ghanaian musician, entrepreneur and scholar. Mr. Urbanus seeks out a European audience for indigenous African pop, a philosophy epitomized by a Sterns associate, Trevor Herman, a South African-born D.J. who dance-tested seamless compilations like ''The Indestructible Beat of Soweto'' and ''Guitar Paradise of East Africa'' for his Earthworks imprint.

Jacob Edgar, an ethnomusicologist, promotes potential touring acts like Habib Koite of Mali on his Cumbancha label. Phil Stanton of the World Music Network had a precollege teaching gig in Kenya; he hops across genres, eras and regions in his Rough Guide series. ''We don't exclude anything, on principle,'' he said. ''We're not trying to create a uniform, homogeneous sound.''

Mr. Braun's route to the music business was more like a circle. After college he had publishing jobs in Manhattan, where he frequented CBGB and the Mudd Club and bought releases by King Sunny Ade and Ladysmith Black Mambazo. Asked to edit a world music survey at Rolling Stone Press, he immersed himself in African music more single-mindedly than he ever had in his youth.

And soon he went back to where he once belonged. A three-year stint with Habitat for Humanity in the north of Zaire (now Congo) introduced him to the Lingala language and his wife, who is now a nurse. After he returned to the United States, Mr. Braun took over Sterns's American operation in 1993 and ran its retail shop on Warren Street in Lower Manhattan. It was a haven for Afropop lovers until the World Trade Center attack shut it down for four months, and it never recovered.

''We felt very strongly that staying open just three blocks from ground zero was the best way we could respond peacefully to a bellicose time,'' he said. ''But the street traffic never came back.''

Mr. Braun's time in Zaire had intensified his interest in soukous and in Mr. Rochereau, who remained a legend on his home turf even as the economic policies of President Mobutu Sese Seko destroyed the country's music business. In the United States, however, most African-music fans knew Mr. Rochereau largely from their reading. His few American albums only hinted at his achievement.

Now 68, Mr. Rochereau, whose real name is Pascal Emmanuel Sinamoyi Tabou, emerged from a ***working-class*** family in Leopoldville, Belgian Congo (now Kinshasa, Congo). While still a student he wrote a hit song for the pioneering guitarist Joseph Kabasele, whose band he joined in 1959. He sang lead on that group's 1959 hit ''Kelya,'' which opens ''The Voice of Lightness'' in a fuller version recorded three years later.

Soon leading bands of his own, Mr. Rochereau recorded constantly and hired superb local sidemen, including auxiliary vocalists almost as gruff as his great rival Luambo Franco or as delectable as himself. Mr. Rochereau is known for expanding the sebene, the instrumental break in which a lead instrument improvises off the backup guitarists' repeated unison phrases; the typical effect is a gently prolonged climax that subsides into Mr. Rochereau's vocal embrace. And whether singing in three European languages, hiring a full-time trap drummer or adopting James Brown's trick of stretching a single over two sides of a 45, he always conceived himself as an innovative internationalizer.

Yet along with Mr. Franco he remained first and foremost Congolese, dominating the feverish Kinshasa music scene. Like any other pop star, though, Mr. Rochereau had hits and misses, and they sink into sameness for outsiders who don't understand Lingala or have Congolese rhythms in their bones. Hear one song, and chances are you'll enjoy it unless he's essaying an ill-conceived crossover, like covering ''Let It Be.'' Hear five songs, and you'll have trouble remembering the thrill of the first. This overproduction was aggravated by slipshod contracts, widespread piracy, overheated personal rivalries and byzantine label dealings. Mr. Rochereau finally gained control of his multilabeled catalog after joining the post-Mobutu government.

According to Mr. Urbanus, Mr. Rochereau wanted a flat advance fee rather than royalties on the ''Voice of Lightness'' compilation, so strong sales won't benefit him financially. (Mr. Rochereau did not respond to requests for comment.) But Modero Mekansi, the singer's music director from 1977 to 1997, said money wasn't Mr. Rochereau's only object. ''Even when you're well known, you still want to be known by people who didn't know who you were before,'' Mr. Mekansi said. ''You want to be better known.'' He added that with so many European-based African labels going into bankruptcy, ''it's only Sterns that can do something good to keep people in touch with this music.''

And like much non-English-language pop, Mr. Rochereau's music embodies an unfamiliar culture in unfamiliar forms, offering no linguistic clues. To effect a cross-cultural breakthrough, someone has to sort through his outpouring. It took Mr. Braun more than six months to boil his 600 Rochereau songs down to the 29 on ''The Voice of Lightness.''

''I wanted to show how he employed a wide range of influences -- traditional Congolese, Cuban, French pop, rock 'n' roll and funk -- in subtle, sophisticated ways,'' Mr. Braun said.

Mr. Rochereau's early records are compact because the ''idea was being able to say a lot in a brief period without so much repetition,'' Mr. Braun added. The songs from the '70s on Disc 2 of ''The Voice of Lightness'' average about seven minutes each, but he said the same values apply. ''Tabu Ley was such an arranger he knew how much time he would give to the verses and how much to the sebene section,'' he said. ''It wasn't jamming in the rock sense. Musicians would improvise, and they'd be expected to perform on the spot, but there wasn't the same sense of 'let's see where this would take us' because they knew damn well where it would take them.''

Mr. Braun said he plans a second Rochereau package, two CDs that he hopes will show the world just how beautiful a dance workout can be. After that he plans to compile the music of the Congolese guitarist Doctor Nico. And how about Joseph Kabasele? The possibilities aren't endless because nothing is. But they could still fill the life of a music lover who discovered the Beatles in Accra when he was 8 years old.

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

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: Ken Braun, who manages the American operations of Sterns, in his office in Nutley, N.J. He sifted through 600 tracks with Tabu Ley Rochereau to pick the 29 on ''The Voice of Lightness,'' far left. Below, Mr. Rochereau in Paris in 1970. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHAEL NAGLE FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES

STERNS MUSIC)

**Load-Date:** May 18, 2008

**End of Document**



[***U.S. PUZZLED BY WHITWORTH FINANCES***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-9XP0-0007-J2JK-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 24, 1985, Monday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1985 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section B; Page 5, Column 1; National Desk

**Length:** 1018 words

**Byline:** By STEPHEN ENGELBERG, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** SAN FRANCISCO, June 22

**Body**

The charge that Jerry A. Whitworth earned hundreds of thousands of dollars selling secrets to the Soviet Union raises a question that puzzles both his friends and Federal investigators: Where might the money have gone?

When Mr. Whitworth was arrested last month and accused of participating in a spy ring that the Government says John A. Walker Jr. operated, he lived in a rented trailer in Davis, Calif. A Federal grand jury said in a one-count indictment last week that he was paid at least $328,000 by the Soviet Union over eight years.

Mr. Whitworth and his wife, a graduate student, have no major visible assets. Neighbors and friends described their way of life as modest. They said that Mr. Whitworth's passions -good food, stereo equipment, books and computers - appeared to be relatively inexpensive.

Charge that Jerry A Whitworth was paid at least $328,000 by USSR for taking part in spy ring allegedly operated by John A Walker Jr raises question of what he did with money; he lived in rented trailer and he and wife have no major visible assets and led modest life style; photo (M)

A review of public records, court papers filed in the case and interviews provides some hints that Mr. Whitworth may have had some illicit income, but does not begin to suggest he had hundreds of thousands of dollars to spend. For only one year, 1980, do the records suggest his cash expenditures were unusually high for his Navy pay grade.

'Not as Bountiful,' He Says

Federal investigators poring over the records seized from his home acknowledge they have not yet been able to trace where he might have spent, invested or saved $328,000.

''Let's just say our search has not been as bountiful as we would have liked,'' said one official. ''We've found some things, but it's not as much as we expected.''

Mr. Whitworth's lawyers say their client's way of life and lack of assets suggest he did not receive large sums. They say their client cannot afford his legal costs and plan to ask for a court-appointed lawyer.

''I believe the money angle is going to fall through for them,'' Louis Hiken, one of two lawyers representing Mr. Whitworth, said of the prosecutors' case. ''They will have to retract a lot of what they said.''

Mr. Whitworth prided himself on being a man of some financial acumen, friends say. He often talked of the stock market, subscribed to The Wall Street Journal, and once, the Internal Revenue Service said in a pretrial hearing, he invested in the Nevada Group, which one official said was a tax shelter.

He Used 9 Banks for Checks

The Government has charged that he took some pains to conceal investments made with cash. They say that from 1979 to 1983, Mr. Whitworth made investments with $22,000 in cashier's checks bought from nine banks.

From the beginning officials for the Federal Bureau of Investigation have stressed in the charges of espionage that they believe Mr. Walker was primarily motivated by greed.

One F.B.I. affidavit quotes Mr. Walker as saying his friend enjoyed ''the big spender life style.''

Federal officials have declined to explain how they calculated the amount of money they assert was paid to Mr. Whitworth. In San Francisco, Joseph P. Russoniello, the United States Attorney, would say only that the methods were ''circumstantial.''

Jim Larson, another lawyer for Mr. Whitworth, speculated that the figures may have come from a list of payments to his associates that Mr. Walker had prepared. The F.B.I. said it seized such a list from the home of Mr. Walker.

Mr. Walker and Mr. Whitworth met in 1970, when they were both instructors at the Navy Communications School.

The bulk of the money said to have been paid to Mr. Whitworth by the Soviet Union would have changed hands after 1978, when he settled into a modest condominium in San Leandro, a ***working-class*** community south of Oakland.

Mr. Whitworth and his wife, Brenda Reis, bought their two-story condominium in San Leandro for $58,000, with a down payment of $10,000.

His Wife Returned to School

From 1980 to 1982, the Government charges, Mr. Whitworth was paid an average of at least $70,000 for selling secrets.

In June 1980, the Government says, Mr. Whitworth received his largest payment, about $100,000. That month, his wife quit her job as a research assistant to resume her education.

Testimony from an F.B.I. agent in a hearing and the Federal indictment charge that Mr. Whitworth spent at least $20,000 in cash in 1980, an amount well over the $13,476 in pay and housing allowance the Navy said he earned that year.

The indictment said Mr. Whitworth bought a new van for $11,310 in Hayward, Calif. And a tax agent testified at a pretrial hearing that Mr. Whitworth bought $9,000 in stock with cashier's checks.

In the next five years, his publicly recorded expenditures do not appear to exceed his income. He bought a $3,200 motorcycle and two used cars, one of which had a value of $10,000.

Salaries Could Have Covered

These expenses could all have been covered by $33,000 profit he made in 1983 on the sale of his home or the salaries paid him and his wife, who earned nearly $8,000 from 1981 to 1984 as a teaching and research assistant, according to University of California records.

Mr. Whitworth retired from the Navy in 1983 with a pension of $1,200 a month. He was unemployed at the time of his arrest and had recently failed an examination to become a stockbroker. For the last two years, the couple have lived in a rented trailer in Davis, while Miss Reis was completng her graduate work at the university.

Don Morton, Mr. Whitworth's teacher at Muldrow High School in Oklahoma, is one of many longtime friends struggling to understand how a patriotic farmboy could face charges of spying for pay.

''It don't make any sense to me at all,'' said Mr. Morton. ''He never gave the appearance of someone who had $350,000 extra. He was never a flashy dresser. He didn't wear jewelry or come flying out here all the time.''

Still, Mr. Morton is haunted by a remark of Mr. Whitworth's in his last visit to his home in Oklahoma. ''He said, 'You really don't know me.' My wife and I didn't pursue what he meant by that.''

**Graphic**

photo of Jerry Whitworth (AP)

**End of Document**



[***RHODE ISLAND A CROSSROADS FOR COCAINE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-9DP0-0007-J411-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 25, 1985, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1985 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 1; Part 2, Page 52, Column 1; National Desk

**Length:** 1009 words

**Byline:** By CORY DEAN, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** CENTRAL FALLS, R.I., Aug. 24

**Body**

About two years ago, the police here saw the first signs that something unusual was happening.

''We started noticing a lot of strange cars, a lot of number plates from Florida, New York, Illinois,'' said Detective Rudy Legenza. ''We started seeing a lot of traffic in and out of houses. Not just regular in and out. People coming up from New Jersey with expensive clothes and jewelry.''

The detectives wondered what was drawing these people to Central Falls, a small city of old textile mills and triple-decker tenements crowded on narrow streets. They soon found out: improbable as it seemed, they said, Central Falls had become the center for cocaine traffic in New England.

At first, Detective Legenza said, he and his partner, Detective Michael White, had trouble persuading other law-enforcement officials that shipments of cocaine destined for cities all over the Northeast could be controlled by people in Central Falls, a gritty, ***working-class*** city of 20,000 people crammed into an area a mile square.

The Evidence Was There

But the evidence was there.

''The purity level was very high,'' he said of the cocaine, ''higher quality even than big cities.'' Law-enforcement officials agree that most cocaine sold on the street is usually about 20 percent pure. In Central Falls, undercover officers were buying cocaine that was 90, 95 or even 100 percent pure.

And it was cheap. High-quality cocaine sold for $1,000 an ounce in Central Falls; in New York City adulterated cocaine cost as much as $2,500 an ounce.

Major Cocaine Center Seen

According to Robert Stutman, who heads the Federal Drug Enforcement Administration in New England. and James H. Leavey, an assistant United States attorney in Providence, Central Falls is the major cocaine center in New England. A certain amount of cocaine is distributed from Boston, ''but Central Falls is a more significant source,'' Mr. Stutman said. Drug dealers with ties to Central Falls have been arrested in every New England state except Vermont, as well as in New York, Chicago, Sacramento, Calif., Galveston, Tex., and Toronto.

Much of the cocaine enters the country in Florida and is driven to Central Falls in bulk, law-enforcement officials say. But other supplies are merely controlled from Central Falls, Mr. Stutman said.

Detectives Legenza and White said that each year cocaine deals worth more than $100 million are made here. Mr. Stutman calls their estimate ''very conservative.''

Central Falls can attribute its unwanted prominence to a quirk of recent history, the police say. In the early 1960's, textile manufacturers seeking cheap labor for their mills began recruiting workers from Medellin, a town in north-central Colombia.

Many Residents Are Colombians

Many of these workers settled here. Today, about a third of the residents of Central Falls are Colombian.

Meanwhile, Medellin became a center for processing cocaine for the booming American market. When cocaine makers there began looking for places to do business in the United States, those who had relatives here thought of Central Falls. ''They could blend in,'' said Detective White.

But, said Mayor Carlos Silva, many of these people ''have no real connection with the place.''

''Central Falls is not the community that is using the cocaine,'' he said. ''Central Falls is a very poor community. We just have the buyers and the sellers. The Colombians are getting a bum rap.''

Almost all the Colombian residents are ''religious, moral people'' who work hard, Detective White said. Still, he and his partner said, almost any block in the city has a house, a market, a restaurant or a bar where cocaine dealers do business.

Concentration of Dealers

''If you were a golfer, you could get up on the roof of the police station with a 9 iron and you could hit a drug dealer's house in any direction,'' Detective Legenza said. In fact, the police have raided two tenements across the street from their headquarters and charged occupants with drug offenses.

He pointed to a bar. Three people who distribute cocaine to retailers operate it, he said, adding, ''We've arrested people in and out of it.''

Nearby was a house with new windows on its first floor. The originals had been shot out by machine-gun fire. The police learned about it when the landlord discovered the bullets had damaged the building's heating system. The tenants, involved in a drug-related dispute, had kept the situation to themselves.

Seizure of Weapons

A few blocks away, Detective Legenza said, the police seized an Uzi machine gun and hollow-point ammunition from occupants of a limousine parked outside a rundown house. ''They said they were going to shoot pigeons in Pennsylvania,'' he said. Weapons charges against them are pending.

''Violence is confined to drug circles,'' he said. ''This place hasn't erupted like Miami, where innocent people are being hurt.'' But the city has seen an influx of prostitutes addicted to cocaine who hope to do business with some of the dealers, the police say.

About 18 months ago, the Central Falls police joined the Federal authorities in an effort against cocaine in New England. Since then, according to Mr. Leavey, who has prosecuted the cases, the authorities have arrested almost 40 people identified as major dealers in cocaine. Twenty-four people were convicted, one was acquitted, five fled the country, and cases against the rest are pending.

Levels of Cooperation

Detectives Legenza and White, two of the three detectives on a 44-member force, also handle other police work in Central Falls, everything from bicycle thefts to homicide. But the cocaine situation has catapulted them into another league, working with the Federal Bureau of Investigation, the Royal Canadian Mounted Police and Interpol.

The detectives and Mayor Silva said they believe they can make a dent in the cocaine trade, at least in Central Falls.

Mayor Silva said that the police had already made progress. ''We're going to get rid of it,'' he said. ''We're going to get it out of the city. No problem. We're not going to be No. 1. Somebody else will be.''

**Graphic**

Photo of downtown Central Falls, R.I. (NYT/Jack Spratt)

**End of Document**



[***HORDES HEAD SOUTH FOR 'REAL RACING'***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-B5C0-0007-J2DT-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 26, 1985, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1985 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 1; Part 1, Page 20, Column 4; National Desk

**Length:** 934 words

**Byline:** By WILLIAM E. SCHMIDT CHARLOTTE, N.C., May 25 -, Special to the New York Times

**Body**

Don Kruger came all the way from Lake George, N.Y. ''Watching Indianapolis is like watching paint dry,'' said Mr. Kruger, freshly arrived at the airport this morning and impatient to get out to the track. ''Stock car racing is real racing.''

Edwin Griffith came back, too, the unofficial 73-year-old ''mayor'' of the Pecan Grove campground just outside the front gates of the Charlotte Motor Speedway. ''We got 43 people on a list just waiting on a spot in the campground,'' said Mr. Griffith, one of 53 regulars who come back each May to park their trailers beside the speedway. ''You want to get in, you got to wait for some people to die first.''

Article on stock car racing enthusiasts, who gather at Charlotte Motor Speedway in Charlotte, NC; stock car racing is now big business, and local boosters calculate that weekend's race will pump about $100 million into Charlotte's economy; photo (M)

Counting Mr. Griffith and Mr. Kruger, the Chamber of Commerce here expects about 155,000 people to be on hand at the speedway Sunday to watch the 26th annual running of the Coca-Cola World 600 Grand National Stock Car Race, the world's longest and, right now, richest automobile race. Nearly that many were on hand today, for the running of two other Grand National races.

Since Friday, there has not been an empty hotel room within 75 miles of this city of 337,000 people in the Carolina Piedmont. ''We're plumb full up,'' said Lee Pace, of the Convention and Visitors Bureau.

In pure numbers, the race here is the second largest spectator-sporting event in the nation. The biggest draw, as it turns out, is another motor sports event that will also take place Sunday, about 530 miles northeast, in a city named Indianapolis, where about 300,000 fans are expected.

If the crowds seem a bit larger and more enthusiastic at Charlotte this year, one reason is a 29-year-old country boy from the pine hills of Dawsonville, Ga., Bill Elliott. Mr. Elliott, who drives like the Dukes of Hazzard and looks like Huckleberry Finn, has been blowing the doors off the competition this season.

Mr. Elliott has been the talk of Charlotte this week not only because of his prowess behind the wheel of his Ford Thunderbird, but also because he could be only hours away from a million-dollar payday.

Betting against good odds, the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, the cigarette manufacturer that sponsors the Grand National stock car circuit, put up a $1 million bonus at the beginning of the season for any driver who could win three of the season's big four - the Daytona 500 in Florida, the Talladega 500 in Alabama, the Charlotte 600 and the Southern 500 at Darlington, S.C.

Mr. Elliott has already won the first two, and on the eve of the third, headline writers and T-shirt maufacturers are already calling him ''the million-dollar man.''

H. A. Wheeler, the president of the Charlotte Motor Speedway, says a lot of fans will be riding with Bill Elliott Sunday. ''By and large, stock car fans are hard-working people - they put in a lot of hours at some pretty mundane jobs,'' says Mr. Wheeler, who is known as Humpy. ''They know if a country boy like Bill Elliot can come from nowhere and win it all, then they figure they can do it, too.''

There was a time, not so long ago, when what is broadly referred to here as the downtown crowd - the bankers and the business people and the country club set - wouldn't be caught on a bet out at the speedway.

Stock car racing, after all, was the province of the South's ***working class***, the mill-town boys and blue-collar suburbanites who actually enjoyed sitting in the sun for five hours watching a bunch of souped-up factory-stock cars chase one another around a big dirt oval.

How times have changed. Stock car racing is big business these days, and local boosters here calculate that the weekend's race will pump about $100 million into the Charlotte economy.

As a result, the World 600 has become one of the biggest social and civic events of the year in Charlotte. ''You learn when you are Mayor of Charlotte to become a race fan during 600 week,'' said Mayor Harvey Gantt.

Mr. Gantt was speaking Friday night at a black-tie ball that is just one of a long list of activities that now make up a monthlong schedule of events leading up to the race. There are auctions and footraces, parades and fireworks, dinners and golf tournaments.

But the ball, which raises $100,000 for various children's charities, is the most remarkable event. At $175 a couple, it drew the cream of Charlotte's business and political society, in part to honor a dozen stock car drivers invited as guests. The drivers who showed up, somewhat uncomfortably, in black tie, were seated among skirted tables set with calla lilies, where they dined on pate de saumon sauce fenouil, filet mignon sauce debri and a light dessert of vacherin glace sauce aux fraises.

The best view of the race Sunday won't be from the grandstand, which seats 102,000 people, or the infield, where some thousands more sunburned fans will stand atop flatbed trucks and the roofs of expensive camper trailers. It will be from the 40 trackside condominiums that Humpy Wheeler put up last year overlooking the speedway's first turn.

At $115,000 to $130,000, the 1,100-square-foot apartments sold in seven months. ''It just shows how stock car racing has changed,'' says Mr. Wheeler, who likes to quote demographics showing that the typical stock car fan is a white man who earns $27,000 a year and has a high school education.

''We used to get just the people who work in the mills,'' he says. ''Now we're getting the ones who own the mills, too.''

**Graphic**

Photo of visitors at Charlotte Motor Speedway (NYT/Nancy Pierce)

**End of Document**



[***JAPAN'S WOMEN WIN SCUFFLE IN EQUALITY WAR***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-B7M0-0007-J0SC-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 18, 1985, Saturday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1985 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 1; Page 1, Column 1; Foreign Desk

**Length:** 1111 words

**Byline:** By CLYDE HABERMAN, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** TOKYO, May 17

**Body**

Equal employment rights for women, at least in theory, came to Japan today, but some people wondered whether this resolutely male-oriented society would even notice.

Of the major industrial countries, Japan has been among the more resolute in keeping its men on the job and its women within reasonable proximity of the kitchen.

After seven years of public debate and behind-the-scenes compromise, the Parliament gave final approval this afternoon to a bill encouraging employers, beginning next April, to end discrimination on the basis of sex in their hiring, assignment and promotion policies.

Severe restrictions now placed on overtime and late-night work by women would be ended in many jobs. These limitations were sometimes characterized as privileges by people who wanted to retain them. But they have had the effect of keeping women out of many jobs.

Japanese Parliament, after seven years of public debate and behind-the-scenes compromise, gives final approval to bill encouraging employers, starting in April 1986, to end discrimination on basis of sex in hiring, assignment and promotion policies; severe restrictions now placed on overtime and late-night work by women would be ended in many jobs; both women's and business groups oppose new law for opposite reasons; photo (M)

From now on, to cite one possibility, more women may wind up driving taxicabs because they will be permitted to work the lucrative post-10 P.M. shifts legally denied them thus far. Other beneficiaries should be women in executive positions that demand long hours.

Perhaps the most notable aspect of Japan's Equal Employment Bill, however, is that it has managed to please almost no one.

Women's groups are unhappy because, they say, the law is toothless. It merely requires employers to ''endeavor'' to achieve equality, with no penalties if they do not bother.

Business groups are unhappy because, they say, the law threatens employment practices that they regard as part of the Japanese way of life. The changes, they contend, have come too fast.

Labor groups are unhappy because, they say, the old work restrictions were good. They argue that for every female corporate manager who benefits from no longer being confined to a legal maximum of six overtime hours a week, there will be many ***working-class*** women who suffer under the burden of enforced extra labor. Even now employers often ignore the six-hour limit.

Even the bill's supporters have complaints, including its chief lobbyist, the director general of the women's bureau in the Labor Ministry, Ryoko Akamatsu. ''I'm not 100 percent satified,'' she acknowledged. ''But it was so difficult, after so long a discussion. I think this law is necessary, so in that sense it's almost satisfying.''

The point, Mrs. Akamatsu said, is that the Parliament got around to adopting a law of any kind.

International Pressure

Both in and out of Government, there is a widely held suspicion that the bill would still be sitting in parliamentary committee were Japan not both self-conscious about its international reputation and under time pressure.

The United Nations ''Decade For Women'' ends this summer, which is the deadline for ratifying a convention banning sexual discrimination. To ratify it, and thus to gain approval overseas, Japan first needed a law like the one enacted today.

Although career prospects for Japanese women may be far less bright than those in the United States, they are not entirely hopeless. A growing number of women have attained high-level corporate positions that would have been unthinkable for them a few years ago.

But they remain exceptions underlining the rule that in most Japanese offices women fill lower-ranking jobs offering few chances for promotion.

A young Government employee who took part months ago in a protest demonstration outside the Labor Ministry building in Tokyo said she became aware that she had been relegated to inferior status the first time she had to pour tea for male colleagues. ''I realized that serving them tea was an extra requirement on top of my normal chores,'' she said. #6 Percent of Managers Women make up 35 percent of the Japanese work force, but only 6 percent of the managers. Over all, their salaries are slightly less than 50 percent of those paid to men. At least 80 percent of all companies, according to Government studies, have one or more job categories for which women may not apply.

In that regard, the Government does little better. Women are all but invisible in the upper echelons of the bureaucracy.

At a local level, in 1982 there were 70,084 positions in prefectural, municipal and village assemblies. Women held 796 of those, or only 1.1 percent.

It is generally assumed that women will work for a few years as ''office ladies'' - the English term has entered the Japanese language - then marry and raise families. This attitude is held not only by men but, judging from numerous opinion polls, most women as well.

''Legislation itself won't help,'' Akiko Santo, a Member of Parliament's Upper House, told the Japanese news agency Kyodo. ''Working women must themselves enhance their consciousness toward work.''

Mrs. Santo has an echo in the Japan Federation of Employers' Associations, which said today that it would follow the spirit of the new law even though it has resisted it for years. The federation's director for personnel management, Hiroshi Kitamura, contends that Japan's much-vaunted system of ''lifetime employment'' is threatened because women will be given equal treatment even though there are no guarantees that they will not quit after a few years. Will the New Law Work? That situation, however, is changing, albeit slowly. Last year, for the first time, more than half of all married women held jobs, and the share is expected to increase as a result of Japan's low birth rate and the spread of labor-saving devices. There simply are many more young, highly educated married women with free time than before.

Whether the new law speeds their gains is uncertain.

The Labor Ministry intends to draw up guidelines to let employers know what specific actions will be expected of them starting next April. Among the practices likely to end are want ads stressing male or female applicants only and policies such as earlier mandatory retirement ages for women than for men.

While the law lacks penalties, the Government can apply considerable pressure. In a consensus-forming, controversy-shunning society like Japan, Government jawboning could be an effective tool, Mrs. Akamatsu of the Labor Ministry argued.

''If a company is concerned about its prestige,'' she said, ''it will abolish the kind of discrimination we are talking about.''

**Graphic**

Photo of woman taxicab driver (AP)

**End of Document**



[***POLITICAL RETHINKING IN MASSACHUSETTS - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-B9C0-0007-J3VF-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

**Correction Appended**



Copyright 1985 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 1; Page 8, Column 1; National Desk

**Length:** 1087 words

**Byline:** By FOX BUTTERFIELD, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** BOSTON, May 10

**Body**

In a state that has long been heavily Democratic, three prominent current or former Democrats may run as Republicans in next year's election for the top three offices in Massachusetts.

Former Gov. Edward J. King, a conservative Democrat who campaigned for President Reagan last year, is ''very seriously'' considering switching parties to run for Governor in 1986, according to Paul May, his former campaign manager and close friend.

Deadline Is June 4

Mr. King has not yet made up his mind, Mr. May said. But he must do so by June 4, the state deadline for party affiliation for candidates.

Former Massachusetts Gov Edward J King, conservative Democrat who campaigned for Pres Reagan in 1984 and who is reportedly considering switching parties, and former State Revenue Comr L Joyce Hampers and former US Attorney Edward Harrington, both of whom have also changed parties, may run as Republicans in 1986 state election for top three offices in state that has long been heavily Democratic; Harrington asserts that party shift in state is part of nationwide trend made possible by Reagan; photo (M)

The two other possible candidates, who both changed party registration last year, are L. Joyce Hampers, the State Revenue Commissioner under Governor King, and Edward Harrington, a former United States Attorney. Mrs. Hampers is considering running as a Republican candidate for Lieutenant Governor and Mr. Harrington is actively soliciting support in a drive for Attorney General.

''If all three of us run as Republicans,'' said Mr. Harrington, ''it would represent a real realignment of the parties in Massachusetts.''

'A Significant Effect'

What is happening in Massachusetts, he asserted, is part of a nationwide trend made possible by Mr. Reagan, himself a former Democrat.

William F. Weld, a Republican who is the United States Attorney here, and who is another possible contender in the Republican gubenatorial primary, said he would welcome Mr. King's conversion. Mr. King has strong appeal among conservative blue-collar ethnic voters who have usually voted Democratic, Mr. Weld noted, and his defection therefore ''could have a significant effect.''

''It could get these people to start thinking whether they are really Democrats or Republicans,'' Mr. Weld said. ''Since our party is so small here, anything that stirs up the pot helps.''

King Advocated Tax Cuts

As Governor, Mr. King was a strong advocate of tax cuts to help business, he favored the death penalty and opposed abortion.

Democratic leaders in Massachusetts agree that Mr. King would make a ''formidable candidate,'' as John Sasso, the chief secretary to Gov. Michael S. Dukakis, a Democrat, put it.

''I would never take Ed King lightly,'' said Mr. Sasso, who managed Mr. Dukakis's 1982 campaign. Mr. Dukakis served as Governor from 1974 to 1978, before being upset by Mr. King in the Democratic primary, but came back to defeat Mr. King in a bitterly fought race in 1982.

Mr. Sasso, however, believes that Mr. King, Mrs. Hampers and Mr. Harrington all have personal as well as ideological motives for switching to the Republican Party and that their changeover does not presage a fundamental reodering of the two parties in the state.

Democrats make up 49 percent of the state's three million registered voters, as against 13 percent for the Republicans. Both Senators, Edward M. Kennedy and John F. Kerry, and all but one Congressman are Democrats. In addition, both houses of the state legislature are dominated by Democrats.

'Wasn't Socially Acceptable'

''Historically, the Republican Party in Massachusetts was only for the rich, the Yankees and the Protestants,'' said Mr. Harrington. ''So it wasn't socially acceptable for Irish and Italians and ***working-class*** voters to be Republican.''

Mr. Harrington, whose grandfather was a Democratic minority leader in the State House of Representatives. joined the Justice Department in Washington under Robert F. Kennedy and was sent to Mississippi in the summer of 1964 to monitor the civil rights efforts there.

But Mr. Harrington contends the Democratic Party in Massachusetts has become ''too trendy liberal,'' controlled by men like Governor Dukakis. ''There's no room anymore for what we used to call 'the regular big city Democrats.' ''

Mr. Harrington lists several areas of philosophic disagreement with the Democrats today. ''The old party of Al Smith, Franklin Roosevelt and John Kennedy was for a strong America,'' he said. ''We were brought up to support our President, not help Communists in Central America.''

Echoing Mr. Reagan, Mr. Harrington also criticized ''The Democrats policies of tax and spend, which started with Lyndon Johnson,'' and liberals' support for the right to abortion and homosexual rights.

Other Democrats contend that Mr. Harrington's switch was primarily caused by a quarrel with the State Attorney General, Francis X. Bellotti, a Democrat, whom Mr. Harrington openly blames for blocking his nomination as a state court judge. But Mr. Harrington insists his change in affiliation ''is not just sour grapes.''

Mrs. Hampers also had a heated quarrel with Mr. Bellotti, charging that he and Mr. Dukakis were behind an abortive investigtion of her revenue department as a way to embarrass then-Governor King. But Mrs. Hampers contends her motives were ideological. ''It was the Democratic Party that turned, not me,'' she said.

She is now the Massachusetts head of Citizens for America, a conservative political action committee that backs Mr. Reagan. Mrs. Hampers said she is ''ambivalent'' about running for Lieutenant Governor.

''I'm going to the dance, sit on the side and see if anyone asks me to dance,'' she said.

In the case of Mr. King, even his friend, Mr. May, admits that the former Governor would have a hard time running for Governor again as a Democrat against Mr. Dukakis.

Mr. Dukakis has taken over the state Democratic organization, he has increased his popularity by being more conciliatory than in his first term and Massachusetts has the lowest unemployment rate of any industrialized state.

'An Easier Way'

''Running as a Republican would be an easier way,'' said Mr. May.

Not all Republicans would welcome his candidacy. In his term as Governor, several of his appointees were embroiled in corruption scandals and questions were raised about his competence.

''There is resistance to King among some people I talk to,'' said Cile Hicks, a moderate Republican State Representative from a Boston suburb. ''Republicans are a pretty puritanical group when it comes to integrity.''

**Correction**

A picture on Saturday with an article about Massachusetts politics was printed erroneously. It showed Edward Harrington, a Massachusetts lawyer, not the Edward Harrington who is a former United States Attorney and possible candidate for Massachusetts Attorney General.  
**Correction-Date:** May 14, 1985, Tuesday, Late City Final Edition

**Graphic**

Photo of Edward J. King; Photo of Edward Harrington (AP)

**End of Document**



[***OTHER VOICES;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-B0R0-0007-J0D7-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***OVERHAUL ASIDE, CONGRESS TALKS OF TAX INCREASES***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-B0R0-0007-J0D7-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 16, 1985, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1985 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 4; Page 1, Column 3; Week in Review Desk

**Length:** 1005 words

**Byline:** By JONATHAN FUERBRINGER

**Dateline:** WASHINGTON

**Body**

THERE was a new note of discord in the capital last week, struck once again by taxes. As President Reagan campaigned for tax redesign, Congressional leaders began talking about the need for a tax increase to control the Federal deficit.

''The only way you get this thing really resolved is with not only spending cuts but also with revenue,'' said Representative William H. Gray 3d, a Pennsylvania Democrat and chairman of the House Budget Committee. ''You can't cut your way out of it.''

Article on growing sense in Congress that there is need for tax increase and Reagan Administration's concern that such a move could cause tax revision to founder; cartoon (M)

''The fact that I am smiling means that I think it's a joke,'' was Mr. Reagan's response.

The conflict between the budget-cutters on Capitol Hill and the tax redesigners at the Treasury Department is one of priorities. The Administration is concerned that a Congressional move to a tax increase could cause tax revision to founder. But like some House Democrats, Senate Republican leaders want President Reagan to turn his attention to deficit reduction. ''Tax fairness is a great idea,'' Senator Bob Dole, the Republican majority leader, said last week. ''It makes a great speech. But after making that speech the deficit is still there.''

As conferees from the House and the Senate began last week the tedious job of trying to assemble a 1986 budget both chambers can agree on, the question of the deficit took on a new urgency. David A. Stockman, director of the Office of Management and Budget, made public an analysis of House and Senate deficit projections based on the latest Blue Chip consensus forecast of more than 40 private economists. Even with the major spending cuts each house approved, the increase brought by factoring in slower economic growth was dramatic. The Senate's deficit projection for 1988 leaps from $104 billion to between $160 billion and $175 billion; the House's estimated $124 billion in red ink for 1988 is pushed to $180 billion-$195 billion, higher than this year's.

Three years ago, a rising deficit was linked to a worsening economy and so became a lever for change, as cutting spending and raising taxes became palatable to spur growth. It is too soon to tell whether this year's economic uncertainty will provide the same mechanical advantage. But with the President having given in twice on his military budget, this has already been a year of surprises.

The Importance of Going First

When Mr. Gray raised the tax increase question last week, the Speaker of the House, Thomas P. O'Neill Jr., said immediately that any rise would have to be ''recommended'' by the President. Mr. Dole, who engineered the President's agreement to cut back on his military spending request, echoed Mr. Reagan's often repeated language on tax increases only as ''a last resort.'' But he did not reject the idea of revenue raising, saying it might be a possibility if the House demonstrates in the current budget negotiations that it ''really wants to reduce spending.''

Proof positive was lacking in the first three budget meetings. As is customary early on, the senators and representatives danced politely around some of their small differences and settled a few, such as spending levels for science and law enforcement, while putting off deciding on others, such as a cut in a key energy program.

''We've go to get to know one another a little bit,'' said Mr. Gray. ''We've got to know where the buttons are,'' he added, insisting he was not discouraged. ''We've got to go through this.'' As he customarily does at such a stage, the Senate Budget Committee chairman, Pete V. Domenici, Republican of New Mexico, sounded pessimistic.

Tomorrow may provide a better indication of whether the conferees will be able to settle their differences on the larger issues. The House would freeze military spending at this year's level but allow Social Security recipients a full cost-of-living adjustment; the Senate would do the reverse. First on the agenda this week are the sensitive farm price support and credit programs, and both chambers' budget plans include deep cuts over three years. But the House is about $5 billion short of the $15 billion the Senate would take.

The tax revision front was also unsettled. The President boosted his plan in Washington and elsewhere, traveling to Bloomfield, N.J., a small, largely ***working-class*** city 15 miles from New York City. He concentrated there on the portion of his proposal White House officials say he will not compromise on, eliminating the deduction for state and local income taxes. ''It's simply not true,'' Mr. Reagan said, that removing the deduction would ''hurt the people who pay those taxes in the high-tax states.'' Though he played down partisanship, the remarks appeared aimed at Democratic Governor Cuomo of New York, one of the strongest critics of the provision.

Back in Washington, Treasury Secretary James A. Baker 3d was having problems selling the plan to Senate Republicans, in the first week of Finance Committee hearings. As expected, their reception was cool at best. Senator William V. Roth of Delaware, said of the plan: ''It seems to soak the middle class. It takes the tax burden from the ends of the economic scale and sweeps it toward the middle.''

In the House Ways and Means Committee, meanwhile, there was criticism both from industrialists, who argued that a reduction in allowances for depreciation would result in the loss of jobs, and from labor leaders, who said aspects of the President's plan, such as a proposed cut in taxes on capital gains, provided more advantages to the wealthy than to the working man.

There were also some economists who said that if passed, the plan would produce a revenue loss and retard economic growth. ''It would be a fiscal disaster if tax reform became a deficit-enlarging tax cut,'' Martin S. Feldstein said. Mr. Feldstein returned to Harvard University last year after two years at the head of President Reagan's Council of Economic Advisers.

**Graphic**

Drawing

**End of Document**



[***Leader of Hezbollah Discovers A New Fray: Lebanese Politics***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4FP9-3G80-TW8F-G2YH-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 13, 2005 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2005 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 1; Column 5; Foreign Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1501 words

**Byline:** By NEIL MacFARQUHAR

**Dateline:** BEIRUT, Lebanon, March 12

**Body**

When Sheik Hassan Nasrallah, the leader of Lebanon's militant Hezbollah organization, addressed the hundreds of thousands of party faithful who gathered in the largest rally in Lebanon's modern history on Tuesday, his usual theme of liberating Jerusalem went unmentioned.

Instead, Sheik Nasrallah, a 44-year-old bearded cleric, focused, uncharacteristically, on the future of Lebanon.

The speech was also remarkable for its venue -- downtown Beirut -- and the absence of the trademark Hezbollah backdrop, its green and yellow banner with a fist brandishing a Kalashnikov rifle. Manar Television, the organization's satellite channel, ended its somewhat triumphant reporting with a tight shot of Sheik Nasrallah, standing on the balcony of a sparkling white sandstone building and in front of a Lebanese flag.

''Today Sayyid Nasrallah has become a national leader,'' the announcer intoned.

With the Feb. 14 assassination of the former prime minister Rafik Hariri, Lebanon lost a rare man who succeeded in appealing to some extent across the patchwork of often murderous sects who compete for the spoils in this tiny and mountainous country. The question is whether anyone can fill his shoes as a kind of national arbitrator. The huge march on Tuesday served as Sheik Nasrallah's opening bid for the job.

''This is the first time that Nasrallah played the role of statesman; we have never seen him as a Lebanese leader,'' said Amal Saad-Ghorayeb, a professor at the Lebanese American University and author of a book on Hezbollah's politics and religion. ''Hezbollah might emerge as the new power broker in Lebanon outside Syria.''

Sheik Nasrallah's bid is a major gamble. To some extent, he has stayed above the endlessly bickering fray of Lebanese politics. He gained national stature by directing Hezbollah's considerable firepower and thousands of armed men against the Israeli Army, winning admiration across the Arab world for ending the 22-year Israeli occupation of southern Lebanon in 2000.

Once he plunges fully into the political fray, however, he becomes less of a pan-Arab, pan-Islamic figurehead and may be considered just one more Lebanese ward boss, albeit representing the largest Shiite bloc. It is also questionable how his support for Syria -- his speech on Tuesday was laced with glowing references to Syria's Assad dynasty and ended with the line ''Long live Syria!'' -- will play in a country where many are sick of what they see as its exploitive neighbor.

But becoming ''more Lebanese'' could well prove necessary. With the anticipated departure of Hezbollah's Syrian protectors, it will be harder for the group to pursue its emphasis on maintaining Lebanon as a battlefield for the Palestinian cause. It is only by flexing the muscles of the Shiite community that Sheik Nasrallah can ensure that Hezbollah retains a voice in a political system where religious identification remains all-important. (Under Lebanon's rigid divisions, the highest political post a Shiite Muslim can aspire to is speaker of Parliament.)

At the very least, the scale of the march on Tuesday is almost certain to stall the American-led attempt to disarm Hezbollah, which Washington has labeled a terrorist organization.

Hani Hammoud, one of Mr. Hariri's closest advisers, summed up Sheik Nasrallah's gamble by organizing the extraordinary march this way: ''Before he did it, when the Americans and the French and the U.N. said disarm Hezbollah, you had at least 50 percent of all Lebanese who said no, this is not a militia, this is not a terrorist movement, this is not Zarqawi, this is not bin Laden, this is a national resistance movement, the only one that ever liberated any Arab land.''

The next phase could be markedly different.

''But if he turns himself into a local political player and keeps repeating 'We want Syria,' pretty soon you will find that not just 50 percent of the Lebanese, but even 50 percent of the Shiites will start asking, 'Why does that militia still hold its weapons?' This is the risk,'' Mr. Hammoud concluded.

In some ways the struggle over post-Hariri Lebanon resurrected the long fight over how the Lebanese see themselves. Mr. Hariri was a Sunni Muslim who believed in Arab causes, but he also spoke to the many Lebanese, particularly Christians, who consider themselves misplaced Europeans.

He was a self-made billionaire real estate tycoon. He wore good suits, smoked expensive cigars, spoke three languages fluently and lunched with friends like France's president, Jacques Chirac.

He was rebuilding downtown Beirut to become the financial and tourism Mecca it had been before the civil war. He ran up some $35 billion in debt -- but Lebanese habitually live beyond their means.

Many Lebanese took note on Tuesday that Sheik Nasrallah, in his black turban, spoke from a balcony right above the trendy Buddha Bar and just a few buildings away from Bank Street, lined with the country's premier financial institutions, which together hold an estimated $65 billion to $85 billion.

It is not turf frequented by the bulk of the ***working-class*** Shiite Muslims from the capital's unkempt southern suburbs who form Hezbollah's backbone. Indeed, it was the group's emergence during the civil war that gave that underclass its first substantial voice. The march underscored that the downtrodden were not going to cede turf to the more secular, more Westernized coalition of Christians, Sunni Muslims and Druze who have been marching weekly since Mr. Hariri died. The strength of the Shiite showing was shocking to many Lebanese.

''There is a whole generation who had a sort of curtain in front of their eyes, who did not realize that this country was not only theirs,'' said Ghassan Tueni, the retired publisher of An Nahar newspaper and the dean of Lebanese political analysts.

In reaction, the opposition is trying to pull off its own gargantuan rally on Monday. The math of the Lebanese population means no sect is big enough to dominate. Sheik Nasrallah himself says he has never tried to direct his appeal only toward Shiite Muslims. Although the dour pictures of Iran's revolutionary patriarchs stare down on Hezbollah neighborhoods, there is no forced veiling for women or other Islamic rigidity.

''We don't think in a sectarian manner,'' he said in a previous interview with The New York Times in November 2002. ''It is true that I am a Shiite Muslim, but when I think about Palestine or Iraq or any other country, I don't think within the limits of the Shiites affiliated with my own sect.''

Part of Sheik Nasrallah's appeal is rooted in his own story. He was born in Beirut, the son of a grocer, and attended public schools until leaving at age 15 for Najaf, Iraq, where he studied in a Shiite seminary. He fled in 1978 when Saddam Hussein's government rounded up Lebanese clergy, and for the next decade his studies were interrupted repeatedly by the vagaries of Lebanon's 1975-1990 civil war.

In 1989, he did a short stint in Qum, an Iranian city holy to Shiites.

When Israel assassinated Sheik Abbas Musawi, his spiritual mentor and Hezbollah's leader in 1992, he took over the organization at age 32.

Among the scores of Hezbollah foot soldiers who died fighting the Israeli Army was his son Hadi, the oldest of his five children, killed in September 1997.

A leader whose children suffer for his cause is virtually unknown in the Arab world. That combined with his modest lifestyle lends Sheik Nasrallah and other Hezbollah politicians a reputation for not being corrupt, rare among Lebanese leaders. Hezbollah has 13 Parliament members and could double the number once the Syrians are no longer around to force them into an election alliance with a rival movement, Amal.

Still, the Hezbollah march left a distinct unease that an alien fundamentalist state had suddenly sprouted in Lebanon. ''Christians are really afraid that he could take control whenever he wants,'' said Georges Kenaan, a 20-year-old business major eating an avocado salad for lunch at a chic Beirut restaurant on Friday. ''I don't have a problem with Hezbollah, but not for him to have his own arms; he's kind of scary.''

Even Shiite critics argue that Hezbollah must reconcile its long-held stand as a body of persecuted outsiders with its yearning for more stature before it tries to lead the nation.

The issues, says Waddah Sharara, a Lebanese University sociology professor, start with small, symbolic matters like the fact that most people in Hezbollah neighborhoods refuse to pay their electric bills -- but never get cut off.

On a larger scale, Lebanon's potential will be hobbled as long as Hezbollah remains a possible source of instability, he argues. .

''Hariri paid for all the windows broken by Syria and Iran via Hezbollah, but even he realized it could not continue,'' said Mr. Sharara, adding that Sheik Nasrallah espoused ''a political program for a community, not a state.''

''Ultimately it squeezes Lebanon both economically and politically,'' he said.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Sheik Hassan Nasrallah, the Hezbollah leader, was featured in portraits being sold yesterday in the town of Nabatiya in southern Lebanon. He may have to become ''more Lebanese'' as he enters the political fray there.

Crowds in Beirut protested Tuesday against the withdrawal of Syrian troops and United Nations Resolution 1559, which seeks the pullout. (Photographs by Lynsey Addario for The New York Times)(pg. 4)

Sheik Hassan Nasrallah addressing a rally last week in Beirut. (Photo by Mohamed Azakir/Reuters)(pg. 1)

**Load-Date:** March 13, 2005

**End of Document**



[***In Minnesota Shift, Case Study For National Political Shake-Up***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4MP5-22V0-TW8F-G3DV-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 29, 2006 Friday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2006 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Column 4; National Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1654 words

**Byline:** By KIRK JOHNSON

**Series:** AS ST. PAUL GOES Taking Charge

**Dateline:** ST. PAUL

**Body**

Somehow over the years it became embedded in the culture of the Minnesota Legislature that the party in control of the House of Representatives was entitled to the fourth- and fifth-floor offices across the street from the Capitol.

The minority party, on the other hand, was relegated to the second and third floors, which are pretty much identical, legislators say, but for the connotations of history.

Now the upstairs-downstairs shift is on. Democrats, having taken power, are even shopping for the best digs on the upper floors while the current occupants are still inside.

''It's really a free-for-all,'' said State Representative Nora Slawik, a Democrat from the Minneapolis suburbs.

Who ends up where is only the beginning of the tumult under the Capitol dome here as eager new faces and deeply practiced old ones contemplate what Minnesota voters said on Election Day. Money, policy and tactical choices are all in play: how best to spend a $2 billion surplus and address what both parties see as a mandate for improving public education, health care and transportation and for making taxes more fair.

Nationally, the Democrats picked up more than 350 seats in state legislatures in November, 25 of them in Minnesota, and gained control of 10 chambers, including the Minnesota House. Two other states shifted either to Republican control or to a tie. The cumulative impact, deeper and broader than any election's since the Republican landslide of 1994, is still unfolding.

Minnesota's capital is in many ways the perfect petri dish for testing what the nation's new political landscape may produce. Once predictably Democratic in national politics, the anchor of Upper Midwest liberal populism from the 1920s through Hubert Humphrey and Walter Mondale, Minnesota is now considered a battleground, with the Republicans scheduled to hold their national convention in 2008 in Minneapolis and St. Paul around that declaration.

A long tradition of social policy innovation in matters like welfare and health care sits alongside newer forces that are less predictable. Minnesota in recent years has elected as governor Jesse Ventura, an independent, and as senators, Paul Wellstone, a Democrat, and Norm Coleman, a Republican. And some political scholars say that much of the nation's next political direction could be forged here as well.

''Nothing is for certain in Minnesota anymore,'' said Paul C. Light, a professor of political science at New York University, ''and that's a lesson for everybody.''

But if Minnesota's capital, with all of its local quirks and traditions, shows where the election's wave may lead, it also confounds much of what may be expected.

The Democrats won big here -- taking the House for the first time since 1998, expanding their majority in the Senate, winning the secretary of state's and attorney general's offices and nearly defeating Gov. Tim Pawlenty, a Republican.

But they emerged divided, too, owing much of their surge to newly elected moderates from the suburbs who are unlikely to embrace a pure liberal agenda. The Republicans lost big, but were pushed toward the center as well, led by Mr. Pawlenty, who has said since the election that many of his second-term priorities will overlap with those of the Democrats he fiercely battled in his first four years.

And those pincer forces, both pushing toward the political center, will set the stage for everything to come when the Legislature convenes in January, elected officials and political experts here say. In the first Pawlenty term, a $4.5 billion budget shortfall was resolved through deep cuts in spending for health care, education and other programs, capped by a bitter shutdown of the government in 2005 when Mr. Pawlenty and the Legislature could not agree.

The fight of 2007 will revolve around restoring some of the cut programs, and how far to go beyond that in pushing what both parties say is pent-up demand for property tax relief and for spending increases on education, health care and transportation.

One of the first tests could be a Democratic Party plan to extend health care benefits to 70,000 low-income children not covered by the MinnesotaCare program. That alone would cost hundreds of millions of dollars.

And the magnifying glass of national politics hovers at the backdrop of everything.

Mr. Pawlenty, a 46-year-old son of ***working-class*** South St. Paul, is frequently mentioned as a possible contender for vice president in 2008. Senator John McCain of Arizona, a likely Republican presidential candidate, has already come to call since the election, offering praise and congratulations.

''The dynamic is one we've never had -- not in my lifetime, anyway,'' said Wyman L. Spano, a former lobbyist, now director of the Center for Advocacy and Political Leadership at the University of Minnesota, Duluth.

''On the one hand, I see Democrats who are very much wanting not to look like classic Democrats, not wanting to raise taxes,'' Mr. Spano said. ''The flip side of the coin is that this governor really wants to get along because he'd like to have a nice high approval rating going into that convention.''

Mr. Pawlenty, known for a sharp tongue and a sharper wit (he once quipped to a political opponent that ''everybody has the right to be wrong, but you do abuse the privilege''), barely kept his job in November, winning by a margin of about 22,000 votes of 2.2 million cast.

In an interview in his dark-wood-paneled office in the Capitol, its large windows giving a sweeping view of the city, Mr. Pawlenty said the election had to be read as new marching orders for every Republican.

''Republicans love to talk about markets -- well, the market just told Republicans something,'' he said. ''The market just told them, 'We're not interested much in your product, and we're choosing to go to your competitor.' We need to hear that message.''

One seemingly odd result of Minnesota's political shift, scholars and people in both parties say, is that the new Democratic majority, in keeping to a middle-ground agenda that its moderate members can support, could raise Mr. Pawlenty's profile in the process.

The incoming speaker of the House, Margaret Anderson Kelliher, a Democrat from Minneapolis, said she had no problem with that. If the governor's interests mesh with the Democratic majority's, for whatever reason, Ms. Kelliher said, it will be a victory for Minnesota.

''He has a real incentive to make his next four years work and gain some national attention,'' she said. ''Making this a state that gets things done will garner him national attention, and us, too.''

Ms. Kelliher, who grew up on a dairy farm and can still recite the rhymes about cheese that she learned in 4-H, said her election as speaker reflected Democratic efforts to balance the factions of rural and urban, progressive and moderate in the caucus.

So does the party's legislative plan, she said, called the ''stick to the basics agenda,'' which was put forward by Democrats at the Minnesota State Fair, before the election. Its goals were outlined on homey hand-held signs in the shape of the state, promising to improve public education, increase access to health care and provide property tax relief.

How far the Democrats go with their ''basics'' agenda will be the real test in the year to come, political scholars say.

''This is not a progressive or liberal majority; the seats they picked up are in moderate or conservative districts,'' said Lawrence R. Jacobs, a professor of political scienceand director of the Center for the Study of Politics and Governance at the University of Minnesota.

''The Democratic leadership is very much aware that they've got to be careful, that if they go for what they want in their heart of hearts they may end up with a two-year run.''

But there is also still vehement debate here about what the voters were really saying on Election Day.

The departing speaker, Steve Sviggum, a Republican who will begin his 15th two-year term in the House when the session starts Jan. 3, said that in reading the election, Minnesota Republicans would be wrong to abandon their message of fiscal restraint and economic freedom or to see the vote as an endorsement of all things Democratic.

''It was about George W. Bush,'' Mr. Sviggum said in his office, which was lined with boxes ready for his move downstairs.

Governor Pawlenty seems to go further in his interpretation. The message, he said recently at a news conference in talking about the road ahead, is that people want certain basic things from government, and ''other than that,'' he added, they want government to ''get out of my face,'' an indication that socially conservative debates about abortion or same-sex marriage will not find center stage in his next term.

''I'm a Midwestern governor from a state that prides itself on a certain measure of populism, not to be confused with liberalism, but populism meaning stuff that helps people,'' Mr. Pawlenty said in an interview. ''That's what we've got to stand up for.''

But the camaraderie of a Legislature that still prides itself on citizen-lawmaker traditions -- and enough old Scandinavian names to require a handy pronunciation list in the legislative guide book -- is not to be underestimated in shaping how the new terrain in St. Paul might unfold.

Representative Kathy Tingelstad, a fourth-floor Republican, recently learned, for example, that when she goes downstairs, Ms. Slawik, a friend from across the aisle whose family goes to the same Y.M.C.A. camp each summer with the Tingelstads, will be taking her space. That has made Ms. Tingelstad happy.

''It's nice to know,'' she said. ''Nora will be a good caretaker.''

As St. Paul Goes

This is the first in an occasional series of articles that will examine state government in Minnesota, one of several states in which Democrats made gains in the November elections.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: The departing speaker, Steve Sviggum, said Republicans should not abandon their message of fiscal restraint and economic freedom.

The incoming House speaker, Margaret Anderson Kelliher, said that if the interests of the governor, a Republican, meshed with the Democratic majority's, for whatever reason, it would be a victory for Minnesota. (Photographs by Bill Alkofer for The New York Times)(pg. A23)

**Load-Date:** December 29, 2006

**End of Document**



[***URBAN TACTICS; Latest Exit to Brooklyn***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:474M-R4G0-01CN-H1B4-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 3, 2002 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2002 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 14; Column 1; The City Weekly Desk; Pg. 4

**Length:** 1263 words

**Byline:**  By DENNY LEE

**Body**

TIME was, you could stroll into a smoke-steeped bookstore on the Lower East Side, gamble a few bucks on a new novella by a budding writer-slash-anarchist who lived down the block, wander into the murky bar next door, and eavesdrop on that same writer trying to pry beer money from his editor.

Those were the heady final years of the 20th century, before the dot-com bubble burst, when squatters still squatted, and the neighborhood's unruly township of tenements gave rise to a crackling literary scene inspired as much by punk rock as by Allen Ginsberg. Titles like "I Listen: A Document of Digital Voyeurism" by a techno-artist who called himself Spaceworm tried to subvert the rules of publishing, committing to print something as radical as the unedited transcripts of intercepted cellphone calls.

"It was one of those rare moments," said Bob Holman, a downtown literary figure who runs the Bowery Poetry Club. "There was a feeling that the anarchic punch of punk could have an effect beyond the art world. You could see a breakdown of the old hierarchies."

But that moment withered. Due largely to the pressures of gentrification, the punks of publishing have been squeezed out of their turf on the Lower East Side and are setting up shop in various neighborhoods in Brooklyn. Like music clubs and other cultural exports that once defined the neighborhood's energy, indie presses have seen their rents rise and their audiences migrate across the East River.

Underground magazines and books have been published on the Lower East Side since the 1960's. But the publishing scene had largely faded by the early 90's, until a small group of entrepreneurs from the music world revisited the genre.

Among them were Gary Hustwit, a record promoter from San Diego who moved to New York in 1998 to jump-start Incommunicado Press, a micropublisher that billed itself as "the last hope for American publishing." Within days of arriving, he stumbled upon his future, an empty storefront adjoining Tonic, a music saloon on Norfolk Street, near Delancey Street.

The 800-square-foot space soon became a punk-publishing fortress. The back of the store was stuffed with desks and computers. The front looked like an anti-Barnes & Noble, cluttered with Gen-X memoirs, manifestoes against globalization, spoken-word CD's and do-it-yourself zines printed at the local copy shop. This was literature with (sometimes smudgy) soul, not mere off-the-shelf lit-product marketed like soap.

"During the day, from 10 to 6, we would run Incommunicado Press," said Mr. Hustwit, 37, who wears a goatee. "At 6, the publishing house staff would leave, and the bookstore staff would arrive and stay till midnight. We had a lot of drunken impulse buys."

Around the corner, in a dank basement on Suffolk Street, was Soft Skull Press, run by Sander Hicks, the front man for the hard-core punk band Subterfuge. "I was somewhere between being a squatter and a ***working-class*** hero," said Mr. Hicks, who was also the building's superintendent. He was 25 when he started the press in 1996, after gaining his publishing sea legs behind the counter of a Kinko's on West 12th Street.

Soft Skull made headlines in 1999 when it picked up "The Fortunate Son," a biography of George W. Bush that St. Martin's Press had dropped after learning that its author, J. H. Hatfield, had a criminal past. Soft Skull went from its usual print runs of a few hundred copies to an initial run of 25,000. "It's weird to be an anticapitalist capitalist," Mr. Hicks said. "We were coming from punk rock. But I was infused by the excitement of the creative dynamo of capitalism."

THE first rumblings of change began about two years ago, and they started with Incommunicado, for whom the attractions of capitalism spelled the demise of its creativity. In addition to issuing about 10 new books a year, Incommunicado recorded poetry and story readings, and distributed them over the Internet. "Authors like Rick Moody would come to Tonic," Mr. Hustwit said, "and we would go downstairs to where the wine barrels were and record a short story there because the acoustics were good."

The Web site on which the material was distributed, MP3lit.com, soon caught the eye of Salon.com. In 2000, just before the dot-com bubble burst, Mr. Hustwit sold his company to Salon, mostly for stock options then valued at $5 million. "I wish I could buy a car with what that is worth now," he said.

Soft Skull absorbed Incommunicado's titles and took over the bookstore. Its publishing schedule picked up, to some 12 titles a year. They ranged from "Online Diaries," the journal entries of Beck, Courtney Love and others during the 1995 Lollapalooza rock tour, to "Get Your War On," a series of comic strips by David Ress that satirize the war on terrorism.

But the book parties ended this summer, when Soft Skull was kicked out of Tonic. Commercial real estate trends suggested a better use for the space. "We broke down the wall and moved part of a bar there," said Melissa Caruso Scott, 31, who runs Tonic with her husband, John.

Richard Nash, 32, who became Soft Skull's editor at large last fall, scouted for other space on the Lower East Side, but everything he saw was too small and too expensive. Besides, in his estimation, the downtown scene had run its course, and his core readership of 20's and 30's culture vultures had moved on. "The next logical step was to find something in Brooklyn," said Mr. Nash, who lives in Williamsburg. "When Soft Skull first started, we were all hipsters who lived and worked in the Lower East Side. Now we're all in Brooklyn."

Last Friday, Soft Skull opened its new home in Boerum Hill, a sunny corner storefront on Bond Street near Atlantic Avenue. A bodega sits across the street, but nearby neighborhoods can be risky at night. "It was an opportunity to jump ahead of a curve, rather than follow a curve," he said.

Soft Skull already has good company. Akashic Books, whose co-founder in 1997 was Johnny Temple, the bass guitarist in the band Boys Against Girls, had relocated from the Lower East Side to Fort Greene, Brooklyn, several years earlier.

"Brooklyn is not as commercialized as Manhattan," said Mr. Temple, who started Akashic in an East Village apartment with money his band received after signing with Geffen Records. "There's a thriving literary community in Brooklyn coming out of the young punk scene and outcast types. Fort Greene also has an incredible literary history. Walt Whitman lived here."

In addition, Brooklyn is home to several independent presses that have emerged in recent years, including Words Like Kudzu in Greenpoint, which has published five titles of experimental fiction. The Clovis Press bookstore at 229 Bedford Avenue is gaining a reputation as Williamsburg's answer to the St. Marks Bookshop in the East Village.

In publishing, as in other fields, it almost feels as if Brooklyn and downtown Manhattan are trading places.

"Culturally, it has shifted," said Beau Friedlander, the publisher of Context Books, a small TriBeCa publisher. "I've pitched and sold more books on the L train in Brooklyn, just running into people." Still, Brooklyn is untested as a place to nurture alternative publishing. For one thing, the scene is scattered among several neighborhoods, said Marvin Taylor, director of the Downtown Collection at the Fales Library at New York University, which houses a large archive of independent press works from the mid-1970's to the present.

"We think of downtown as a physical and metaphysical space," Mr. Taylor said. "But it's still not clear to me what Brooklyn is."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: "When Soft Skull first started," says Richard Nash, its editor at large, far left, "we were all hipsters who lived and worked in the Lower East Side. Now we're all in Brooklyn." Before moving, Soft Skull was a veritable punk-lit fortress, left, next to the saloon Tonic. (Top left, Alan Chin for The New York Times; above, Thomas Hopkins) Chart: "HIP LIT -- Punk in Print"Turquoise Days by Chris Adams (Soft Skull Press, 2002)A survey of the "weird world" of Echo and the Bunnymen, the English post-punk band. Exit Strategy by Douglas Rushkoff (Soft Skull Press, 2002)An "open source" novel about an evil hacker. Bomb the Suburbs by William Upski Wimsatt (Soft Skull Press, 1994)A history of hip-hop and the "suburbanization" of black culture. Suicide Casanova by Arthur Nersesian (Akashic Books, 2002)A psychosexual thriller. It's a Free Country edited by Robert Greenwald, Danny Goldberg and VictorGoldberg (Akashic Books, 2002)Essays on personal freedoms after Sept. 11. We Rock, So You Dont Have To edited by Scott Becker (Incommunicado Press, 1998)Essays and interviews from Option Magazine, the defunct music periodical. i, scorpion by Karen E. Lillis (Words Like Kudzu Press, 2000)An "erotic noir" about an office worker in an alternate New York.

**Load-Date:** November 3, 2002

**End of Document**



[***A Furious Man***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8B-1MJ0-008G-F06T-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

February 27, 1994, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1994 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Book Review Desk

**Section:** Section 7; ; Section 7;  Page 11;  Column 1;  Book Review Desk ; Column 1; ; Review

**Length:** 1055 words

**Byline:** By Adam Hochschild;

Adam Hochschild's "Half the Way Home: A Memoir of Father and Son" was recently reissued in paperback. His new book, "The Unquiet Ghost: Russians Remember Stalin," will be published next month.

By Adam Hochschild;  Adam Hochschild's "Half the Way Home: A Memoir of Father and Son" was recently reissued in paperback. His new book, "The Unquiet Ghost: Russians Remember Stalin," will be published next month.

**Body**

MAKES ME WANNA HOLLER

A Young Black Man in America.

By Nathan McCall.

404 pp. New York: Random House. $23.

The social crisis in this country's black community is so catastrophic that we listen urgently to any new voice for explanations. Nathan McCall's angry memoir, which takes its name from a song by Marvin Gaye, does not directly offer any. But obliquely it is a chilling commentary on where the problem is usually located: in aging, job-poor inner cities, filled with single mothers and abandoned by the black middle class. For in Portsmouth, Va., Mr. McCall grew up in an intact, stable family with a stepfather who always had a job, in precisely the kind of neighborhood of lawns and single-family homes that better-off inner-city blacks have moved to. At the time the McCalls moved there in 1964, when Nathan was 9 years old, it was the kind of close-knit community where one's parents and schoolteachers went to the same church. Why, even here, did Mr. McCall and most of his male friends end up in a maelstrom of drugs, gangs and jail? This is the question implicitly posed but not really answered by "Makes Me Wanna Holler: A Young Black Man in America."

Mr. McCall's adolescence was filled with macho posturing, street crime and the beating of white people unlucky enough to wander into the neighborhood. Then in 1975 he landed in a Virginia prison, where he served three years for the armed robbery of a McDonald's. Earlier, in a grudge shoot-out, he had almost killed someone, although for that he drew only a few days' jail time. ("I guess it's an indication of how they felt about the value of black life that I wasn't even required to post bond.")

The most painful parts of the book to read are Mr. McCall's accounts of the many gang rapes of black teen-age girls that he took part in. With these, as with the fratricidal gang fighting, he makes clear that the driving force was group membership: "Alone, I was afraid of the world and insecure. But I felt cockier and surer of myself when hanging with my boys. . . . We did things in groups that we'd never try alone."

The reader of "Makes Me Wanna Holler" is torn by three conflicting feelings. One is a horrified fascination at being taken, with uncompromising candor, inside the head of just the kind of violent criminal everyone fears most. Another is respect for the enormous willpower it took for Mr. McCall to climb out of that life: after prison, he worked his way through college and up the job ladder to become a reporter at The Virginian-Pilot and Ledger-Star, The Atlanta Journal-Constitution and, since 1989, The Washington Post. The third feeling is a mounting exasperation at the way Mr. McCall blames the white world for almost everything he suffers.

Granted: he was beaten and cruelly taunted when he was at an almost all-white junior high school. Granted: growing up as a black man in the South means daily humiliations, large and small. Granted: racism is everywhere, even at a liberal big-city newspaper. But Mr. McCall's fury overflows all these targets. And this fury becomes a substitute for any real analysis of why his early life turned out as it did, and of what can be done to save a generation of young black men from the same fate. Black rage by itself, deeply justified though it is, is no longer news. Mr. McCall declares again and again that blacks in America have every right to be angry. At one point, he says, "I felt that any black person who had no anger was defeated." True. But then what?

At the three newspapers Mr. McCall has worked at, in the endless clashes with white colleagues or bosses that he describes, he is always in the right, and the problem is always the other person's racism: "Some white people are whiter than others. . . . They have a world view that sees whiteness as the standard and everything else as abnormal. I could spot such people in a stadium crowd. I could feel their overwhelming whiteness in my interactions with them."

If a white person wrote of spotting "overwhelming blackness" in somebody in a stadium crowd, what would Mr. McCall think?

He does grant that some white people are O.K. and, quite movingly, tells the story of his first close inter

racial friendship, with a white reporter in Atlanta. But Mr. McCall's anger goes far beyond race, for he seldom gives a shred of credence to the point of view of anyone else, white or black. In a furious description of his divorce, for example, he attacks his lawyer, his ex-wife, his former in-laws, the whole family court system.

Mr. McCall also sweepingly condemns Washington's black middle class ("some of the most bourgeois, pretentious, snooty black folks I've seen anywhere," people who "tell lies and put on airs") and other black reporters (who "talked white and thought white and even dressed goofy like the man: blue sport coats, high-water khakis and penny loafers"). In one of many passages about his difficulties with women, he rejects one ***working-class*** girlfriend because "she had no sense of her potential to grow and expand" and, a few paragraphs later, spurns a black professional woman because "she talked about her career all the time, like that was all there was to life. People like her convinced me more of how thoroughly brainwashed some blacks were." Mr. McCall does not sound like an easy person to live or work with.

Only rarely does he seem to wonder what the consequences of his anger have been for others, especially those he attacked in his street days. In the book's final pages, to his great credit, he seeks out one of his victims, a woman injured while escaping from an attempted gang rape long ago. "She was warm and cordial. I wondered how she could bring herself to forgive me for what I'd done to her." The woman has a teen-age daughter whom Mr. McCall may have fathered during a brief encounter a month before the attempted rape. At last, he fumblingly tries to take some responsibility for the girl's life. "I didn't know whether to hug her, kiss her or shake her hand." This sounds a deeper and less familiar note, different from what we have heard throughout the book; it is Mr. McCall's first attempt to move beyond anger to empathy and healing. If he had waited a bit longer to write "Makes Me Wanna Holler," I suspect, there would be more such tries -- and they would have made this a wiser, more original story.

**Graphic**

Photo: Nathan McCall. (DUDLEY M. BROOKS/RANDOM HOUSE)(pg. 12)

**Load-Date:** February 27, 1994

**End of Document**



[***Chicago Machine Savors Its Victory***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8B-1FC0-008G-F0FS-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 17, 1994, Thursday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1994 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** National Desk

**Section:** Section A;  ; Section A;   Page 21;   Column 1;   National Desk  ; Column 1;

**Length:** 1130 words

**Byline:** By ISABEL WILKERSON,

By ISABEL WILKERSON,    Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** CHICAGO, March 16

**Body**

For one nostalgic moment on Tuesday, by the northwest side "El" stops and the taverns and hardware stores along Pulaski, Damen and Irving Park Avenues, where precinct foot soldiers handed out palm cards and told people who already knew to vote for Dan Rostenkowski, it was as if it were 1959 again and Old Man Daley were alive.

Whatever is left of the fearsome Democratic machine built by Mayor Richard J. Daley, its parts were reassembled for perhaps the last great battle of its influential but beleaguered native son, the chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee and possible savior of the Clinton health care plan.

Despite the cloud of investigations into his financial dealings and voter impatience with incumbents, Mr. Rostenkowski emerged the winner with 50 percent of the vote after a hardscrabble primary campaign where nothing was left to chance and every possible weapon was used to win his nomination to a 19th term.

Traveling Baby-Sitters

As campaign advertisements sent seamless images of President Clinton praising Mr. Rostenkowski to every living room, roughly 600 campaign workers fanned out from the tony lakeshore to the blue-collar suburbs on Tuesday in a show of Democratic machinery perhaps not seen since the Sears Tower was built in '74.

The troops went from street to street, door to door, to get Rostenkowski supporters to the polls, telling them which ticket to punch and offering to baby-sit their children so they could go out and vote.

"It was a precinct captain's election," said Paul Green, a professor of political science at Governors State University outside Chicago.

Alan Gitelson, a professor of political science at Loyola University, said: "I'm not sure we'll ever see this kind of campaign ever again. He brought in all the forces possible."

Not only did President Clinton and other big names from his Cabinet and Congress come bearing gifts of one kind or another, but even the state's Republican Governor, Jim Edgar, facing a primary of his own, made a campaign appearance with Mr. Rostenkowski in acknowledgment that pork knows no party boundaries.

Mayor Richard M. Daley, so sparing in his endorsements that he did not grant one to Mr. Clinton during the 1992 primary, made an exception this time, saying at one point, "I'd do anything for Dan Rostenkowski, any time, any place he wants me to go."

At stake were millions of dollars in public works for Chicago and Illinois, and in the end the voters appeared afraid to imagine what life would be like here without a pipeline to Ways and Means. After all, Mr. Rostenkowski has been in Congress for longer than many voters have been alive.

"The voters looked at him and what he means to the district and what he means to the state and said, 'I'm not ready to give this up,' " said David Axelrod, media consultant to the Rostenkowski campaign. "They made a very pragmatic judgment that we need this guy. It's just that simple."

In the final vote, Mr. Rostenkowski did far better than opinion polls had suggested, winning 50 percent of the vote while State Senator John Cullerton captured 30 percent and Dick Simpson, a political science professor and former alderman, received 14 percent.

The Fifth Congressional District is probably one of the last in the city where the old machine could be roused to get a candidate back in office. It is perhaps the last remaining white ethnic district, mostly ***working class*** with Irish and Italian precincts and Catholic churches where Mass is still celebrated in Polish. And Danny Rosty, as he is known around here, is one of the few politicians who could resurrect the operation with a shake of the hand.

"You can't just recreate this," Professor Green said. "They put together an old-fashioned precinct operation for him."

In the end, it was Mr. Rostenkowski being Mr. Rostenkowski that may have won him the primary, not the meet-and-greets with the voters necessarily but his ability to call in chips and get help from friends when he needed them.

Friends and Flourishes

Last week, for example, Mr. Cullerton broadcast an advertisement in which he used a speech from the late Senator Robert F. Kennedy to raise questions about Mr. Rostenkowski's ethics. When Mr. Rostenkowski found out, he called Kennedy's son, Representative Joseph P. Kennedy 2d, who had the advertisement pulled before most voters saw it.

And in the final hours, in case the President's visit and the testimonials from Geraldine A. Ferraro and Representative Richard A. Gephardt were not enough, a helicopter descended in a last-minute gift to the Chicago Fire Department, courtesy of the Federal Government by way of Mr. Rostenkowski.

The helicopter did not land in his district. It did not have to. It was not even the actual helicopter that the city will use. And it was not really a new gift but a replacement for the helicopter that Mr. Rostenkowski had already given the city and that was destroyed in a crash last year. But the point was made.

"I think he can bring more pork home," said Jim Reynolds, a contractor taking a break at Pat's Bar and Grill a day after he voted for Mr. Rostenkowski again.

Mary Gremmler, an office manager, said she was undecided until the final hours but voted for Mr. Cullerton because he was not Mr. Rostenkowski. But even she spoke half-admiringly of a man she feels has too much power.

"The man is incredible," she said. "I didn't really think we could get him out. He just has so much power people are afraid of him. People are afraid to vote him out of there. I even think he'll beat the indictment. Nothing that the man could do would surprise me."

In a campaign for governor likely to focus on crime and taxes, State Comptroller Dawn Clark Netsch, a Democrat who is considered frank and assertive, will face Governor Edgar, who is seen as low-key and moderate. Mrs. Netsch resoundingly beat Attorney General Roland Burris and Richard Phelan, chairman of the Cook County board.

With the toughest part of his re-election bid behind him given his overwhelmingly Democratic district, Mr. Rostenkoski faces perhaps a tougher challenge as a Federal grand jury nears completion of its investigation into abuses of the House Post Office and payroll improprieties.

Some voters said they knew that if Mr. Rostenkowski were indicted he would have to relinquish his chairmanship. But they voted for him anyway, figuring he is so powerful that even if stripped of that position, it would be better to have him there in Congress than not. They need him, perhaps as much as he needs his seat of power.

"I enjoy working in Washington," Mr. Rostenkowski said last weekend to a small group of supporters at the site of a new library being built in Lincoln Park, thanks in part to Rostenkowski clout. "I think it's actually something I don't know what else I could do."

**Graphic**

Photo: "He brought in all the forces possible," said Alan Gitelson, a political science professor, of the Tuesday primary victory by Dan Rostenkowski. The Congressman, above, left WLS-TV in Chicago yesterday. (Associated Press)

**Load-Date:** March 17, 1994

**End of Document**



[***Reading Drive Enlivens Public School Libraries***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8B-0W80-008G-F0WB-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 22, 1994, Friday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1994 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk

**Section:** Section B; ; Section B;  Page 2;  Column 3;  Metropolitan Desk ; Column 3;

**Length:** 1168 words

**Byline:** By KATHLEEN TELTSCH

By KATHLEEN TELTSCH

**Body**

The elementary-school library is not just for story hour anymore.

At Public School 198, on Farragut Road in East Flatbush, librarians are building what is thought to be the city's first collection of African-American art, history and literature tailored for elementary-school pupils.

At P.S. 7, on Kingsbridge Avenue in the Bronx, the school librarian helped a nine-year-old pupil research the medieval era at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Inspired, he went home and made a knight's helmet from an empty cereal box.

And the librarian at P.S. 72, on East 104th Street in East Harlem, introduced third graders to "celebrity readers" like a local police officer, a firefighter, an F.B.I. agent and graduate students from the New York University School of the Arts.

Campaign to Entice

Museum displays, field trips and guest lectures are all part of a campaign to entice children in 138 city schools to read. It is supported by $7.2 million from the DeWitt Wallace-Reader's Digest Fund. The schools, with 117,000 children, are part of the fund's national $45 million "Library Power" program. It hopes to transform dingy school libraries into inviting settings, and it encourages teachers to use the library as part of their lessons.

"None of this would have happened without Library Power," said Naomi Smart, principal of the East Flatbush school.

At P.S. 7 Eliazar Anchicanoy, who is in fourth grade, got fired up when his class studied medieval history. The 9-year-old said he had been interested in knights and armor as long as he could remember -- since he was 8, at least. He became hooked after working his way through "The First Book of Castles."

Not so long ago, Eliazar's interest would have ended there. But the school librarian, Milena Berkowitz, took Eliazar and 11 other fourth-graders to the Metropolitan Museum to see the arms and armor collection. Eliazar had his first close-up of real armor: How did it feel to be inside a helmet? he wondered.

'I Impress Myself'

The creative urge was stirred. He tried making a paper helmet. Too thin. He substituted a cardboard box, cut and shaped and held together with transparent tape. He finished it off with a plume of shredded paper.

"Sometimes I impress myself," he said, pulling on the helmet and adjusting the visor.

Through the Library Power program, Mrs. Berkowitz and a staff developer from the school, Karen Rosner, attended a class at the museum's Uris Center Library to learn how pupils might use the museum for research. This led to an invitation to have the fourth graders visit the center -- the first time pupils were permitted to do so.

Eliazar and his 11 companions have made three visits to the museum and will be returning later this year -- this time to act as guides for other pupils using the medieval collection.

Mrs. Berkowitz, who grew up in Queens, remembers her school library as a sedate but dreary place with institutional-gray walls and shelves of musty books. She looked around her library's sunny yellow walls, the crayon drawings suspended from the ceiling and the sturdy furniture (it supports the principal, Milton Ross Fein, when he drops in).

Cake Sales May Return

"This is zingy," she says.

Yes, there is still story time, and in a carpeted corner, children can curl up on the floor. But what is most impressive is the number of books -- 8,000 volumes, all within the reach of the children. The school received $5,200 for books since 1990 as part of the Library Power program, with the program matching the $2-a-child annual book allotment from the state.

The book part of the program is scheduled to end this year in some schools, which will have to revert to scraping together book money from cake sales, fairs or contributions from local businesses. P.S. 7 is more fortunate than many because the school received $25,000 as a gift and the principal elected to spend the money on library books. The donor was his cousin, Mary Helen Fein, who wished to honor her mother, Winifred Fein, his aunt. Another $10,000 came anonymously from a businessman, a former pupil.

But even though Library Power's book budget is ending, the program will still offer broad assistance from Library Power, said Sheila Salmon, the program's executive director for New York City. Teachers, librarians and other school staff members will still have access to conferences, classes and consulting services, she said.

A further $4.8 million grant will extend the New York program in the next three years to an additional 25 schools. The money is channeled through the Fund for New York City Public Education, a group that handles private gifts for public education.

Fewer Obvious Amenities

The DeWitt-Wallace fund hopes Library Power will "become a permanent fixture in New York City -- a program that the school districts themselves will be willing to support for years to come," said the fund chairman, George V. Grune.

At P.S. 72 in East Harlem, there are fewer obvious amenities and fewer supporting staff members than in P.S. 7. The library is on the fifth floor of a 1920's building without elevators, housed in two adjoining rooms. The arrangement permits the librarian, Iona Flamm, to conduct a lively discussion with 25 animated third-graders without interfering with older students doing research next door.

Library Power has brightened the rooms and paid for a collection of new books, which she safeguards by making each borrower write a contract. "I promise to be responsible and not eat over my books," wrote one pupil.

"Books have become so expensive," she sighs. "Today the cost of each has increased from $5 to $15 or more. We're greedy -- for our children. Our kids are respectful and we lose few books."

Impact Seems Clear

She has refined her educational philosophy to a few basics: "Kids learn best through active learning. The real benefits come from their own research."

The impact of Library Power is clear also at P.S. 198, a Brooklyn school that was one of the first enrolled in the program. Most of the students are black or Caribbean, and Mrs. Smart, the principal, has been using the book budget to acquire multicultural reference and literary books, many about African arts and education.

The Board of Education offered P.S. 198 a $10,000 grant and the opportunity to build and display a collection on African-American culture for elementary or junior high school pupils -- items like art and music books, musical instruments, slides and sculpture. The school is trying to secure computer technology so it can share its reference works with other schools.

The library has carved out a special niche in the community. The ***working-class*** neighborhood lacks a public library within walking distance, so mothers volunteered to help the librarian, Herbert Strauss, and when they quit to seek paid employment, an older generation of grandparents took their places.

"We began to attract welcome attention in the neighborhood," said Mrs. Smart, the principal. "Library Power gave us a place and the means to do all we've accomplished so far."

**Graphic**

Photo: Fifth-grade pupils at Public School 7 in the Bronx using the school's library, which recently benefited from a $7.2 million grant to 138 New York City schools from the De Witt Wallace-Reader's Digest Fund to entice children to read. It is part of the fund's national "Library Power" program. (Joyce Dopkeen/The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** April 22, 1994

**End of Document**



[***THE WHITE HOUSE;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-BFS0-0007-J1CD-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***ROLLINS KEEPS ROLLING WITH THE PUNCHES***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-BFS0-0007-J1CD-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 23, 1985, Tuesday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1985 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Page 24, Column 3; National Desk

**Length:** 1074 words

**Byline:** By BERNARD WEINRAUB

**Dateline:** WASHINGTON, April 22

**Body**

It has been a difficult few months for Edward J. Rollins.

As director of the Reagan-Bush campaign in 1984, he earned a reputation as a shrewd, able and loyal political operative whose numerous friends expected that he would have his pick of rewarding jobs after President Reagan's election triumph.

An initial effort to make him Postmaster General was, according to White House officials, mishandled by Presidential aides. The board of the Postal Service decided it wanted the agency in the hands of a career postal manager.

Profile (The White House column) on Edward J Rollins, director of Reagan-Bush campaign in 1984; Rollins, who was reappointed as White House political director, post he held for most of Pres Reagan's first term, had been expected to be named Postmaster General and has also sought appointment as Labor Secretary; he has also lost publicized turf fight in White House to Patrick J Buchanan over which would oversee Office of Public Liaison; Rollins comments; photo (M)

Then the new White House chief of staff, Donald T. Regan, decided to rename Mr. Rollins White House political director, a post he had held for most of Mr. Reagan's first term. Mr. Rollins accepted, but after the Labor Secretary's job became available a few weeks later he made it clear that that was the job he had coveted for years. That fell through when Mr. Regan urged the President to name Bill Brock, the United States Trade Representative, to the Labor job.

In the meantime, in his first few weeks as political director, Mr. Rollins lost a publicized turf fight in the White House to Patrick J. Buchanan over which man would oversee the Office of Public Liaison, which deals with special interests, minorities, women and other groups.

Pleasant? Well, No . . .

''The first two months here have not been, press-wise, as pleasant an experience as I would have liked,'' said Mr. Rollins, a bearded, somewhat balding and surprisingly soft- spoken former amateur boxer.

Seated in his cramped West Wing office, Mr. Rollins spoke warmly about the chief of staff, Mr. Regan.

But, adding another chapter to his problems in his new apppointment, friends said Mr. Rollins was hurt and puzzled that Mr. Regan had been late in calling on him to see if he could quell the storm of opposition from Jewish organizations, veterans' groups and others to President Reagan's plan to visit the Bitburg military cemetery in Germany.

They said Mr. Rollins was called in a day after it was disclosed that the President had accepted an invitation from the West German leader, Helmut Kohl, to visit the cemetery where SS guards and other German war dead are buried. By then Mr. Rollins faced an almost impossible task, a fact made only clearer as the reaction turned furious in subsequent days.

''The thing to do now is to try to reach out to our Jewish constituency, to explain why the President feels obligated to move ahead with his commitment to Chancellor Kohl and to argue within the White House that in that speech in the cemetery the President has got to reach out not only to the American Jewish community but to the Jewish community around the world,'' Mr. Rollins said.

''There's no question of the outrage out there,'' he said. ''It's an unfortunate situation, but we've got to look forward.''

In a White House where most officials seem fearful of talking to reporters - Mr. Buchanan, the director of communications, refuses to communicate with the press - Mr. Rollins remains, despite his continuing difficulties, an engaging man who speaks with disarming candor about himself, about the political parties and about the Presidency.

On a staff laced with Ivy Leaguers and establishment Republicans, he is one of the few officials with a ***working-class*** background.

''I come out of a Boston Irish Catholic family, my father was a shipyard worker,'' he said. ''Republicans were only bad and evil. When I eventually became a Republican, my father wouldn't talk to me for a while. We're a pretty political family.''

Attending college in the 1960's in California, where his family had moved, Mr. Rollins became a Republican ''by accident.''

''I was in college when Reagan was Governor,'' he recalled. ''I was student body president at California State College at Chico. The campuses were all in turmoil. I had to work summers to go to school. Reagan vowed to keep the campuses open, which meant a lot to me, a lot to other people like me. I think my story is typical of a lot of people who grew up in Democratic blue-collar families.''

Discussing the next Presidential race, in which Vice President Bush is now regarded as the Republican front-runner, Mr. Rollins said: ''I think it's the Vice President's nomination to lose. But I think there are three or four other candidates who are very credible and can go all the way. Jack Kemp. Bob Dole - the new image of Bob Dole has a populist appeal. Howard Baker. There's also a lot of grassroots appeal for someone like Paul Laxalt.''

On the Democratic side, Mr. Rollins voiced more uncertainty: ''I don't think you can underestimate Gary Hart. Cuomo is a new force, an exciting candidate, but my sense is he won't sell well in the long run; a New York liberal tends to be a little too pugnacious, tends to turn off Southerners and Westerners. Kennedy? He may be the easiest to beat. He's got very high negatives. Like Mondale. Mondale started with high negatives, and it's hard to break that.''

Mr. Rollins said the Vice-Presidential candidacy of Geraldine A. Ferraro probably eased some of the ''pressure'' in both parties to place a woman on the national ticket.

''The key test in picking a Vice President,'' he added, ''is whether he or she adds a major electoral state that you don't get yourself by being the nominee. If Ferraro would have given Mondale New York, she would have been worth the effort.

''But, remember,'' he said, ''the only modern election campaign where the Vice-Presidential candidate helped was probably in 1960 when Johnson got Kennedy Texas and probably the election.''

Surprisingly, Mr. Rollins spoke in wary tones of the future of the Republican Party as well as the Democratic. ''Both have very significant problems; both parties have to attempt to redefine themselves,'' he said. ''We as a party have very solid support from people who are supportive of single issues, of traditional values. Do those become the dominant issues? If they do, do you turn off younger voters who are more libertarian? It's a dilemma.''

**Graphic**

photo of Edward Rollins (NYT/Paul Hosefros)

**End of Document**



[***The Smoke Nazis***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:471F-6570-01CN-H52D-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 19, 2002 Saturday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2002 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Column 1; Editorial Desk; Pg. 17

**Length:** 1439 words

**Byline:**  By Bill Keller; E-mail: , [*billkeller@nytimes.com*](mailto:billkeller@nytimes.com)

**Body**

The mayor of New York City does not seem to be a particularly puritanical man. Michael Bloomberg is a guy who, when asked if he had ever tried marijuana, replied: "You bet I did. And I enjoyed it." (Alas, he's not willing to advocate decriminalizing the experience for the rest of us, but that's a subject for another day.) He once fondly likened his college fraternity to the one in "Animal House," and he still enjoys a party. He is no libertarian, let alone libertine, but his attitude toward private pleasure is pretty much live and let live.

On the subject of tobacco, though, he has surprised many constituents with his zeal. First he slapped on a city tax increase that raises the price of a pack of cigarettes to around $7. Now he proposes to outlaw smoking in every bar and restaurant in the five boroughs of New York.

Is this the smug virtue of a reformed smoker? A bit of bash-tobacco political opportunism? A rich man's paternalism toward what has become more and more a ***working-class*** vice? It's not unreasonable to suspect a bit of each: Mr. Bloomberg is a convert from a pack-a-day habit, Big Tobacco is the domestic equivalent of Saddam Hussein, and Mr. Bloomberg's class empathy is more top-hat than tip-jar.

Granting all of that, and granting the aversion of New Yorkers to being patronized, and even granting a little sympathy for the slaves of tobacco, I think the mayor is on the right side of something important.

Mr. Bloomberg has framed the smoking ban as strictly an issue of workplace safety -- a line that is hard to assail on the merits. The mayor will tell you he strongly defends your right to smoke yourself to death, but you may not spray your toxic effluent into the airspace of innocent bystanders, in particular the waiters and bartenders whose only recourse is to quit their jobs.

There are basically three arguments being raised against him: science, economics and personal liberty. Two of them Mr. Bloomberg wins hands down, and one is open to debate.

The science argument is that the damage of secondhand smoke has been vastly overstated by anti-tobacco zealots. I have a few pounds of medical literature on my desk that says otherwise. Both the epidemiological evidence (people who live with smokers have much higher risks of lung cancer and heart disease) and the physical evidence (even brief exposure to secondhand smoke has measurable effects on your blood chemistry and heart rate) are credibly alarming. When Thomas Frieden, the city health commissioner, says that 1,000 New Yorkers will die this year from other people's cigarettes, he may be rounding off the number but he's not just blowing smoke.

Kenneth Warner, an economist at the University of Michigan School of Public Health who is widely regarded as a fair-minded expert on tobacco regulation, said that a few years ago he used to complain about "policy-led science," meaning anti-smoking statutes were being built on shaky evidence. Now he feels the balance has shifted. The research on the dangers of involuntary smoking has grown far more damning, and the law has yet to catch up.

"Clearly for people who work in those environments, they might as well be smokers themselves," Mr. Warner says.

The economics argument is that no-smoking statutes hurt business at bars and restaurants. Here, too, there is a mountain of good evidence from California, where smoking in a bar or restaurant has been outlawed statewide since 1998. Studies based on sales slips and tax records show that the increased spending of grateful nonsmokers -- who, after all, make up about 80 percent of the adult population -- easily compensates for any smokers who stay home. The few studies that show business suffering tend to be sponsored, surprise, by the tobacco industry. They are based on what restaurant owners say rather than on actual records, or they blame the smoking ban for declining sales that began long before the ban was enacted.

Which leaves the debate about personal freedom, or, as one City Councilman put it during last week's hearings on the smoking ban, "people's right to be stupid."

The freedom-lovers argue that smoking is a social pleasure, and that the right to congregate over drinks and smokes should not be denied to consenting adults -- including consenting bartenders, who are entitled to risk emphysema if they like the wages. Some of the mayor's critics have elevated public smoking to the status of a civil right, and talk about tobacco regulators as jack-booted thugs. I kept waiting for someone to trot out the fact that the first health-based crusade against smoking was launched by Adolf Hitler. (Yes, the Fuhrer banned smoking in public places.)

It's a little odd, when you think about it, to talk about liberty regarding a practice that is more an addiction than a choice. Smokers stay smokers in large part because they can't quit. We start in the first place in large part because we are captives of fashion -- the imperative to emulate our teenage peers, the allure of countless hipsters and renegades and screen seducers, the relentless happy illusions of tobacco industry propaganda. We start, that is, because we are conformists, conforming in this case to an image of independence or worldliness.

Mr. Bloomberg's campaign is part of a larger attempt to turn back a powerful cultural tide, reinforced by $10 billion a year in tobacco industry marketing muscle, that has glamorized tobacco and insinuated it into our sense of fun. Banishing tobacco from places where people socialize has proved to be a highly effective way of countering the notion that smoking is cool. Mr. Bloomberg has focused on the bartenders who will live longer because they no longer inhale regurgitated tobacco, but the larger effect of putting bars and restaurants off limits to smokers is indirect: serious numbers of active smokers quit -- and children never start -- because of the public disapproval these laws broadcast.

"These restrictions change social norms," says Michael Thun, chief epidemiologist for the American Cancer Society. "That's the real reason the tobacco industry opposes them so vehemently."

Mr. Bloomberg gave up smoking cold turkey, and he expects New York nightspots to do likewise. He accepts no compromise. "If you try to be cute, and have all sorts of carve-outs, you make laws that are so complex and so unfair and invariably have unintended consequences," he says.

That is a respectable position, but I suspect allowances will, and should, be made to ease along the smoking minority. Some City Council members want to exempt all stand-alone bars that don't serve food, which is a pretty gaping loophole. Another option is to try to invent little sanctuaries for consensual smoking. In California, a sole proprietor who tends his own bar and thus endangers no employees is exempted from the no-smoking law. Other smoke-ban municipalities have allowed bars to reorganize as private smoking clubs -- "smoke-easies," they have been called. Commissioner Frieden is scornful of such exemptions. "We don't allow asbestos-easies," he says. "We don't allow benzene-easies. We don't allow formaldehyde-easies, or radiation-easies." Admittedly, exemptions are hard to contain. But an immediate, absolute ban feels, frankly, a little contrary to the indulgent spirit of New York.

Possibly we will simply tolerate a certain amount of non-enforcement. The Dutch have invented an artful policy they call gedogen, which means deliberately turning a blind eye; the term applies to those Amsterdam coffee houses where patrons are allowed to smoke cannabis although the stuff is technically illegal. A lawyer friend of mine frequents a bar in San Francisco where everyone pretends not to notice when a smoker lights up. The clientele there is mostly cops and prosecutors.

Those who romanticize the camaraderie of a smoky bar may get over it more easily than they think. My friend John Lescroart, a novelist whose characters spend a good deal of time in the bars of San Francisco, has a lifelong dislike of being told what's good for him. I called him the other day, expecting him to wax sentimental about the blue haze and perfume of a smoky bar in the days before the smoke nazis took over California. To my surprise, I found a grudging convert to the smoke-free night life.

"On philosophical grounds, it's an appalling infringement of liberty," he said. "But do I like it? Yeah. It's gotten so when I travel to places where people smoke in restaurants, it's really gross. I can smell a cigarette at 100 yards now, and I find it offensive. Even though I would die for your right to smoke it."

Bartender, Nicorette for the house!

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

**Graphic**

Drawing (Knickerbocker)

**Load-Date:** October 19, 2002

**End of Document**



[***Upscale Housing in a Downscale Cincinnati Area***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3WB0-5JN0-007F-G152-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 25, 1999, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1999 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Real Estate Desk

**Section:** Section 11; ; Section 11; Page 7; Column 1; Real Estate Desk ; Column 1;

**Length:** 1263 words

**Byline:** By JOHN ECKBERG

By JOHN ECKBERG

**Dateline:** CINCINNATI

**Body**

WHEN David C. Imboden bought his first waterfront house in the unfashionable East End neighborhood in 1987 he was struck by the stunning views of the Ohio River and the emerald hills of Kentucky. And, not incidentally, by the development possibilities.

Eventually he bought more than 200 pieces of property in this neighborhood about two miles east of downtown, before clearing part of it for the city's first high-end single-family housing on the river's edge in a century. Because of his vision, 21 two-story red-brick town houses -- 11 sold for $300,000 to $375,000 and 10 renting for $2,500 to $3,500 a month, with leases up to three years -- now line the shore.

The $4 million complex, called Riverfront East Condominiums, was built in 1995 and occupied in a year. It fulfills the expectation of city officials that the best way to revitalize this long-neglected stretch of waterfront is with houses for affluent tenants and buyers.

A tax abatement worth $1 million gives property owners a 10-year reprieve on real estate taxes. In addition, the city gave the project a $1 million grant for a retaining wall, brick sidewalks and water, sewer and gas mains.

The next phase of Mr. Imboden's plan, the $4.5 million Riverfront Terrace, is now under way, with 15 two- and three-story detached houses under construction on the north side of Eastern Avenue across from Riverfront East. Plans call for an additional four dozen houses if the market warrants construction.

The notion that river views could help reinvent this rundown neighborhood came to Mr. Imboden after a boat ride on the Ohio River in 1987.

"All of a sudden I looked up over the water and said, 'You know, I wouldn't mind buying one of those shacks,' " he said. He quickly found a "For Sale" sign and for $32,000 had a new home and a toe in the water of urban life. For nearly a decade, he said, he bought every property he could find, relying at times on his credit card for purchases.

"People called at all hours," he recalled. "Somebody might be going bankrupt and I'd say name your price. They'd say $30,000. Boom, I'd buy. At the time, there were shacks up and down the street. It didn't matter. I knew that housing here would one day take off." He said he had a hard and fast rule: He would not buy and evict and he would not jack up rents. "I waited for people to move and then I boarded the place up," said Mr. Imboden, who had previously renovated about 25 houses throughout the city.

The developer, now 42, settled into the East End by living in the house he bought after that boat ride. Not long before, he had quit his job as an inner-city football coach at Taft High School. He and a partner, Mark Meade, founded Alumni Builders and learned the housing business by constructing single-family houses for middle-income buyers in the suburban subdivisions between Cincinnati and Dayton.

HOUSING experts in Cincinnati say the riverside project will help reverse the steady trend of wealthy residents fleeing the city for the suburbs. For the city to thrive, said Dan Brady, president of Tri-State Mortgage Company, it needs suburban-style housing, and this bend of riverfront on the edge of downtown offers an opportunity for it to increase its home ownership rate. With national home ownership rates at about 65 percent, Cincinnati at 38 percent has a long way to go to catch up, he said.

"The problem is they have to find places to bring that number up." said Mr. Brady, a member from 1995 to 1998 of a Federal Reserve committee formed to study home ownership here. "The riverfront has some contiguous sites for development, whereas the rest of the city has spot lots that are not as appealing to builders and developers."

City officials intend to encourage projects like Riverfront Terrace, said Andi Udris, director of the city's Department of Economic Development. "There's no question one of the issues for cities like Cincinnati is the ability to retain its residents," he said. "The goal is to identify specific markets within the city for the large segment of people who want to be near downtown: the newcomers to the city who want to be close in but don't want high-maintenance units."

Riverfront East town houses have 3,000 square feet of living space, with three bedrooms, two-and-a-half baths, a master suite with Jacuzzi, an eat-in kitchen, decks for river views and two-car attached garages. Houses under construction across the street, ranging from 3,400 to 3,600 square feet, will have three or four bedrooms and up to three-and-a-half baths and sell for $329,000 to $400,000, said Denise Guiducci, a broker for Sibcy Cline Realtors.

Other housing projects -- Edgecliff Towers and Kingston House -- have been built on the hillside above the river, but they were high-rise towers targeted for upper-income residents and near East Walnut Hills, an established upscale neighborhood. Until Alumni Builders found its toehold along the river, no developer would risk investing and building in the East End.

In keeping with the Victorian nature of the neighborhood, houses in Riverfront Terrace have widow's walks, decks and large windows. Brick is mixed with faux sandstone and limestone detailing on the exterior and the houses have high-tech intercoms, central vacuuming systems and rooms prewired for computers. Wet bars and amenities like hot tubs abound.

Jerry Warner, 56, a semi-retired entrepreneur and Wall Street investor, was among the first to move into Riverfront East in 1995. Besides the view, he said, he moved to the neighborhood because of its tranquillity and proximity to restaurants and nightlife. While he keeps an 8,500-square-foot home in the Indiana hills near Batesville, about an hour's drive away, Mr. Warner said he finds that he is spending most of his time in the East End.

"You're in the city but it's as quiet as if you're out in the woods," he said. "There are 21 units here but you'd never know it."

MR. WARNER'S town house, typical of others in Riverfront East, has crown molding throughout and there is a fireplace upstairs in the master suite, as well as a a Jacuzzi in the bathroom. Below the ground floor are a family room and a two-car garage. Between his unit and the river is a garden of shrubbery and accent stones that winds the length of the complex. Two gazebos and flower beds are focal points. Mr. Warner said his residence was large enough to accommodate family gatherings, which is one reason why he bought the condominium -- to be closer to his grandchildren.

Mr. Brady, the mortgage broker, said that before the new neighborhood can work, there must be a critical mass of affluent residents. Then the restaurants, groceries and dry cleaners will follow, he said. "I don't want to live on the riverfront and have a beautiful place and have to drive across town to get groceries," he said.

The neighborhood has deep Appalachian roots and a ***working-class*** feel remains. A local tavern is called the Du Drop Inn. One nearby property owner is a bell manufacturer.

Mr. Udris, the city's economic development director, projected that as many as 1,200 units could one day stretch from Riverfront Terrace about two miles west to Adams Landing, an upscale condominium complex a block or so off the river.

Mr. Imboden can watch the construction of Riverfront Terrace from a window in an upstairs workout room in his Riverfront East condominium and sometimes he will quit exercising to do just that. "This has been a ride, but it has not just been about money," he said the other day as masons laid brick, surveyors took readings and hammering resounded. "It's been a passion."

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

**Graphic**

Photo: David C. Imboden at Riverfront Terrace overlooking the Ohio River, which is now under construction. His 21 town-house Riverfront East complex is at right. (Mark Lyons for The New York Times)

Map of Cincinnati, highlighting Riverfront Terrace.

**Load-Date:** April 25, 1999

**End of Document**



[***The Troubles in Ulster Shift From Street to the Assembly***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:470D-26J0-01CN-H24K-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 14, 2002 Monday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2002 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Column 5; Foreign Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1331 words

**Byline:**  By WARREN HOGE

**Dateline:** BELFAST, Northern Ireland, Oct. 13

**Body**

Jas Mooney is the son of a Belfast man whose pub was bombed repeatedly in the 30 years before the 1998 Northern Ireland peace agreement, when sectarian violence took on such a sense of permanence in this society that it was referred to simply as The Troubles.

Today, Mr. Mooney, 38, is the director of a chain of sleek downtown bars staffed by young Roman Catholics and Protestants working side by side, and bearing an architectural feature unthinkable during that violence-prone time. The bars all have long street fronts made of glass.

As open, confident and quietly defiant as his businesses' facades, Mr. Mooney's attitude is a reflection of what this capital city has started to become since the Irish Republican Army and its counterpart Protestant paramilitary groups declared cease-fires in 1997 and the peace agreement was signed a year later.

Notably, it is the same face that many of Belfast's residents are turning toward the latest setback in that peace process -- the expected shutdown on Monday of the Northern Ireland Assembly, the centerpiece of the accord intended to parcel power equally between the province's Protestant majority and its Roman Catholic minority.

The impasse is the worst in the four-year history of the crisis-ridden agreement, and it has prompted expressions of concern from politicians and other opinion makers about an end to the path toward a permanent peace, and a return to the violence of the past.

But Belfast is having none of it.

"The overall feeling is not one of fear, it's one of frustration," said Petra Devitt, 27, a marketing manager for a bar, bistro and nightclub complex in part of an old paint factory that draws nightly blocklong lines to a onetime no-go area in downtown Belfast. "Most of the people I know will be saying, 'Let's just get on with it, and don't pay attention to those political eejits,' " Ms. Devitt said. The Irish slang version of "idiot," more affectionate than accusatory, suggests someone distracted and ultimately harmless.

On Monday, Britain will declare the Northern Ireland Assembly suspended, a step it is taking after the legislature's Protestant members said they would resign their posts on Tuesday to protest continuing I.R.A. activities while the clandestine guerrilla group's political wing, Sinn Fein, remains a participant in government. A walkout by the Protestants would have ended the power-sharing project; a suspension of the assembly, something that Britain is resorting to for the fourth time, puts it on hold and carries the promise of future revival.

People in the streets, shopping malls and cafes around Belfast voice real regret that the experiment in local government is coming to a halt, but few argue that the progress made up to now will be reversed or that the organized violence of the three decades leading up to the peace agreement will return.

"There's no panic reaction this time," said David Dunseith, 56, the host of Northern Ireland's leading radio talk show, in an interview on Saturday. "The evidence for that doesn't come just from the calls, but I saw people on the way home tonight in my supermarket and all they're saying is 'C'mon, we've got to pay for our groceries and get on with it. We're not afraid.' That's what's on their minds."

Mr. Dunseith, whose daily program "Talk Back," on BBC Northern Ireland, gives vent to the polar opinions of his Ulster listeners, said he had not had a single caller as the crisis unfolded in recent weeks who thought the I.R.A. would use the current shutdown as cause for returning to violence.

"I go back to the dark days in Belfast when there was anarchy on the street, clattering armored cars all around the place and nobody went out," he said.

"I guarantee you that there will be thousands of people out in downtown Belfast tonight, and they won't be discussing the peace process, how long the suspension will last or when we get new assembly elections."

A decade ago, downtown Belfast was a place people avoided because of assassinations, abductions and bombings. Today, it is an urban showcase of newly sand-blasted monuments and clock towers; once-derelict warehouses and factories converted into high-tech office buildings and luxury apartments; and restored courthouses, banks and indoor markets from the Victorian period, when Belfast was called the second city of the Empire, and looked like it.

As the population gets younger, the old prejudices are becoming dated. Manus McConn, 40, owns two restaurants in Belfast's university district that employ students, and he said, "I've watched the generations come through here, and with each one there is a noticeable thinning of bigotry."

Belfast remains a city with Catholic and Protestant ***working-class*** communities demarcated by painted curbs, Irish or British flags and walls covered with menacing twists of concertina wire and murals portraying masked gunmen and militant slogans. Paramilitary gangs enforce street discipline among their own by vigilante attacks and punishment beatings that can leave victims permanently maimed. Some Protestant housing projects have become the scenes of violent turf wars and drug disputes.

But these areas are increasingly insulated from the rest of the city. "The only time I ever go to those places is when I have visitors from out of town who want to see them," said John Morison, 44, professor of jurisprudence at Queen's University. He remembered staying away from downtown and observing a family curfew as a youth for fear of getting caught up in random violence.

In an image of the kind of cohabitation that has taken hold here, a crew club on this Sunday morning glided its sculls in practice runs along the Lagan River and families strolled the Donegall Quay promenade, while just blocks away in one of Belfast's most conflict-ridden areas, residents of the Catholic Short Strand and Protestant Cluan Place shot harassing fireworks over the wall dividing their two communities. Many people who fled Belfast in the bad years have returned now that the violence has ebbed.

One of them in the crowds of shoppers in the City Hall square on Saturday was Susan Marsh, 43, who came back with her 10-year-old daughter Marissa after 16 years in Germany.

"Right over there used to be a great steel wall," she said, "and to get into the street and then into the shops, you had to be searched right down to your lipstick holders."

So what was her attitude about the suspension of government? "Oh, I've given up on Northern Ireland's politicians, but I haven't given up on Northern Ireland," she said. "It's a great place, and I've never looked back."

Richard English, professor of politics at Queen's, said he thought people would be patient because they were now confident that a resolution was in sight.

"Everyone thinks they see the broad shape of the deal," he said. "It's some form of power-sharing, with Dublin and London both involved and the paramilitaries eventually having gray hair, wearing suits and being in government."

Paul Arthur, professor of politics at the University of Ulster, said the public had clearly moved ahead of the politicians.

"The mistake the politicians have made is not to realize how progressive their constituents are," he said. "People are reacting the way they are because this process has given the residents of Northern Ireland the first chance in their lifetimes to get rid of their fatalism," he said. "It also gave them a proprietary sense of pride -- they got the assembly up and running and it worked, even if it is shutting down now."

Although this is the fourth time the government will have been suspended, the expectation is that this shutdown will take longer than the others, which lasted three months the first time and a day the next two times.

Still, Monica McWilliams of the Women's Coalition, one of the 108 legislators who will be losing their jobs tomorrow, was not overly pessimistic.

"The one thing that makes our system work is time," she said. "It is time that has been our healer."

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

**Graphic**

Photo: Jas Mooney runs a chain of bars in Belfast that reflect the changing times: they have street fronts made of glass, unthinkable during the more violence-prone past, and a staff of both Roman Catholics and Protestants. (Martin McCullough for The New York Times)(pg. A6)

**Load-Date:** October 14, 2002

**End of Document**



[***When the Village Broke Free***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:40D4-H0V0-00MH-F002-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 2, 2000, Friday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2000 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Leisure/Weekend Desk

**Section:** Section E; ; Section E; Part 2; Page 29; Column 4; Leisure/Weekend Desk ; Part 2; ; Column 4;

**Length:** 2915 words

**Byline:** By CHRISTINE STANSELL;

Christine Stansell, the author of "American Moderns: Bohemian New York and the Creation of a New Century," just published by Metropolitan Books/Henry Holt, is a professor of history at Princeton.

By CHRISTINE STANSELL;  Christine Stansell, the author of "American Moderns: Bohemian New York and the Creation of a New Century," just published by Metropolitan Books/Henry Holt, is a professor of history at Princeton.

**Body**

Some time around 1910, a company of malcontents, political radicals, writers, theater people and artists began to settle in Greenwich Village and declare their down-at-the-heels neighborhood a bohemia in the European mode. Bohemia, since its origins in 1830's Paris, had always trumpeted its social and artistic importance, but this one's claims soared beyond even those of its European predecessors.

The place seemed to promise an adventure at the cutting edge of avant-garde life. As the nervy journalist John Reed, just arrived from Harvard, lyrically wrote: "There I got my first perceptions of the life of my times." The Village, as its celebrants saw it, would be the laboratory for the new -- making manifest the possibilities of the young century in a way, they hoped, that would prove irresistible to the rest of America.

Before 1910, the huddle of brownstones, old brick houses, renovated livery stables, tenements and declasse rooming houses had become an antechamber to Manhattan's finer neighborhoods. But fashionable New York -- the blue-blood society of Edith Wharton's and Henry James's Washington Square -- was moving uptown, leaving behind only a few enclaves of stranded elegance like the row of beautiful Greek Revival houses on the north edge of the square.

Elsewhere, Greenwich Village was an insular neighborhood down on its luck, with empty lots along Fifth Avenue, "To Let" signs in storefronts and poor immigrants crowded into the old brick houses, new tenements and sweatshops south of Washington Square and west along the narrow streets toward the Hudson River.

***Working-class*** residents into the 1930's resisted the fancy appellation of the Village and continued to call the place the Lower West Side. But to the self-styled sophisticates just arriving, the Village offered a stage set for an exciting, cosmopolitan, perhaps even glorious celebration of modernity in which they would play leading roles. To its enthralled participants, Greenwich Village was very much an American bohemia, fresh, bold and big -- more widespread, both socially and physically, than such counterparts as London's Bloomsbury. It was bounded roughly by Washington Square and Fifth Avenue to the east, 10th Street to the north, Houston Street to the south and the Hudson River to the west.

Idealistic and ambitious, the newcomers believed they were creating something unprecedented in American arts and letters, unimpeded by the outworn conventions of a stodgy older generation. People who in another time and place would never have talked to one another, never felt compelled to think about one another's existence, found themselves in the same basement restaurants, arguing, agreeing, staging plays, pageants and political rallies, and ruminating endlessly about their entwined love affairs.

Basement dives like the Golden Swan (better known as the Hell Hole) at the northeast corner of Sixth Avenue and West Fourth Street, once a favorite watering place of the neighborhood's workingmen, offered cheap food and drink and late-night company. Precincts like the congested blocks around Cornelia Street became picturesque cityscapes. Slums turned into charming ateliers. Low rents beckoned to those willing to put up with a floor of a crumbling row house and live check-by-jowl with penniless immigrants and their children.

Young John Reed, yet to win fame for his coverage of the revolutions in Mexico and Russia, thrilled to the plebeian ambience of the borderline slum he shared with a coven of Cambridge classmates on the south edge of Washington Square at No. 42. They wrote for the Midtown newspapers and magazines and, as a labor of love, for the reigning downtown journal, The Masses, at 91 Greenwich Avenue, Max Eastman's monthly that drew on the Village esprit of feminism, socialism and realism -- all mixed with a strong dose of irreverence.

Greenwich Village in these years was a place for people in transit, looking to make their mark on American culture. More than a few sprang from somewhere eminent (like Harvard) and were destined for prominent futures. Others came from the provincial nowhere (Midwestern farms, hard-bitten factory towns, the depths of immigrant Brooklyn) and were determined to end up somewhere. The latter group included Louise Bryant, the feminist writer and Reed's lover who had shed her marriage to a dentist in Portland, Ore. The poet Edna St. Vincent Millay, from Maine, also figured among the generally dashing New Women. Nationwide, the militant Industrial Workers of the World were fighting a series of violent labor battles; the intellectuals among the Wobblies, as the union members were called, stopped off in the Village for rest and recuperation.

"Elsewhere . . . barriers went down, and people reached each other who had never been in touch before," exulted Mabel Dodge, the Buffalo heiress whose salon provided material and spiritual stimulation for the many restless and needy spirits of the new bohemia. Dodge arrived in Manhattan after years of sumptuous living in a Florentine villa.

She had grown tired, however, of the languorous expatriate life, and she was on the lookout for something vital. Rich as she was, Dodge could have moved uptown and established herself as a patron of the arts: she did indeed make a name for herself as an organizer of the 1913 International Exhibition of Modern Art, the scandalous blockbuster Armory show that was New York's first look at Europe's most advanced art. But Dodge sensed more potent possibilities downtown and set herself up in a luxurious apartment at 23 Fifth Avenue, just north of Washington Square and the Hotel Brevoort, a bohemian gathering place for late-night discussions, celebrations of literary and painterly successes and trysts.

Dodge, with the help of new bohemian friends, issued a bountiful invitation to a jumble of Villagers to join her in weekly "evenings." There was a touch of the aristocratic salon in the opulent antique furniture and the sumptuous buffet. Yet Dodge's passion was not cultivated conversation but free speech, the left-wing political cause of the moment that was also the left-wing cultural cause.

Because the censorship laws of the time were tied up with the repression of radicalism in both politics and art, the battle for bold, honest, forthright truth-telling allied soapbox rabblerousers to birth-control advocates to modern artists. Walter Lippmann came from the Olympian precincts of The New Republic to partake of the free-speech evenings, and so did the anarchist leader Emma Goldman, the birth-control activist Margaret Sanger, and the French painter Jean Crotti (newly arrived from a Europe being ravaged by World War I and, like many fellow Parisian expatriates, besotted with the energy of Manhattan).

They all crowded into Dodge's Italianate rooms to shock, argue, debate and persuade. The assortment of people was extraordinary: feminists, poets, psychoanalysts, newspapermen, novelists, anarchists, painters, critics and labor organizers. The thread that held them together was the impulse to smash the conventions of their country and remake it with revolutionary ardor.

Everywhere in the Village, free speech defined bohemian sophistication -- bounding from one subject to another, ostentatiously eclectic, touching on politics and art one moment and churning up neighborhood gossip the next, always edged with a sexual raciness that was taboo in polite society. The impulse was to set up frames for the random talk and the heterogeneous talkers, as if the principles of modernist collage with which Braque and Picasso were experimenting at the moment in Paris had traveled to New York to become embedded in montages of talk.

There was a supper club for free-speech conversation in Patchin Place, where the brilliant political essayist Randolph Bourne joined feminist friends one night to hear Carl Jung describe his dream psychology. Patchin Place, a tiny gloomy court in the shadow of Jefferson Market Courthouse, once conveniently abutted by the Women's House of Detention, might have seemed like a London rookery; electricity, running water and indoor toilets were lacking. But the newest of the Village's New Women gravitated there -- among them Bryant and the writer Djuna Barnes -- to paint their castoff furniture in screaming Fauve colors and join an excited collective life that spilled over from one apartment to the next.

The principle of tolerance reigned, an activist tolerance that threw up a banner of welcome to out-of-the-ordinary encounters and challenging ideas. When the local, genteel Liberal Club in 1912 balked at admitting Goldman and the historian W. E. B. Dubois (who had come to the Village from Atlanta to edit the recently founded N.A.A.C.P.'s journal) on the grounds of politics (Goldman) and race (Dubois), the bohemian cadre bolted and set up their own insistently bohemian Liberal Club at 137 Macdougal Street in a ramshackle old row house.

The new club blossomed with conviviality, come-hither sociability, emancipated talk and liberated sex. The decor stressed the differences of this "new" club for men and women from the Victorian gentlemen's or ladies' club: no William Morris wallpaper or deep upholstered furniture. Instead, there were bare wood floors and tables, Cubist and Fauve art on the walls, chairs painted in fiery Futurist oranges and acid yellows. The clientele included young women from the heartland who had fled their families, Jewish socialists, left-leaning lawyers, at least one Princeton dropout (the playwright Eugene O'Neill), the golden young Harvard men like Reed and Lippmann, theater people, journalists, poets -- both famous and aspiring -- "all the tin pot revolutionaries and sophomoric advanced thinkers in New York," the curmudgeonly newspaperman H. L. Mencken -- definitely not in their circle -- dubbed them.

The crowd gathered in the late afternoons and stayed on, talking, drinking, dancing to the player piano (not mannerly waltzes but the Turkey Trot and the shimmy), drifting downstairs for a meal at Polly Holladay's restaurant or a visit to the Boni Brothers' bookstore next door at No. 135, then back upstairs to listen to talks that ranged from disquisitions on the tango to reports of the latest battle on the labor front. Love affairs materialized and spouses cast off familiar roles to flirt, dance and talk as comrades, friends and colleagues.

This bohemia was in-dwelling and self-dramatizing -- literally so, since the Liberal Club's drama group put the membership's own psychosexual dilemmas onstage in amateur theatricals that coalesced into the Provincetown Playhouse, at 139 Macdougal Street, which stayed in place as a professional company after the club and its bohemian theater had folded.

In the summer of 1916, the Provincetown Players began performing on Cape Cod, where a number of Villagers were vacationing. Returning to New York, the Players set themselves up in a complex of buildings on Macdougal Street that grew out of the Liberal Club. The group would produce several of O'Neill's plays.

Many Jewish radicals drifted over from the nearby Lower East Side with its own lively cultural scene and commingled with the Village bohemians. One of them, the firebrand Emma Goldman, held forth to American artists and theater critics at Justus Schwab's saloon at 51 First Street and turned herself from an anarchist political leader into a downtown celebrity.

East of Cooper Square, the Lower East Side and the Village leached into each other. Immigrant radicals and artists gathered for adult education at the anarchist Ferrer Center (which moved from 6 St. Mark's Place to 104 East 12th Street), ambled back and forth to the Liberal Club and even attended Dodge's tony evenings; Village bohemians trekked over to East 12th Street to lecture to ***working-class*** audiences.

There were departures as well. Emmanuel Radnitsky, who would soon rename himself Man Ray, moved from the Village across the Hudson to found an artists' colony in a flimsy collection of shacks on the Palisades near Ridgefield, N.J., taking with him an assortment of Village and Ferrer writers, painters and poets. Soon, Marcel Duchamp, another arrival from Paris, would join this Bohemia West and turn it into the hot spot of New York Dada, its antic proclamations issued by the marvelously titled broadsheet The Ridgefield Gazook.

None of this would last long. Once the new subway stop at Sheridan Square was completed in 1917, tourists and uptown visitors flooded in, flush with World War I cash and hungry for the forbidden pleasures that bohemia supposedly provided. Real estate agents, now alert to the value of crumbling houses that could be subdivided infinitely into authentic "artists' studios," ratcheted up the rents. Village conversation, always tending to the left, was suspect -- even illegal -- under the repressive antiradical wartime laws the government instituted. Writers found themselves subject to arrest and trial for "seditious" speech.

While some people were in court, others turned into marketable parodies of themselves. A new class of "authentic" bohemian guides escorted visitors to "real" Village hideaways, like the Bruno's Garret, run by the local entrepreneur Guido Bruno, at 58 Washington Square South, where down-and-out women impersonated poets and artists' models.

The "real" bohemia, the Old Guard lamented, was gone, displaced by the real estate men, newcomers battened on uptown money, the would-be's and the fakes. The very jeremiads they unleashed would prove to be one of their enduring achievements as, over time, a succession of bohemias would unfurl on the original spot, each holding the stage a moment, then sputtering out, giving way to sponsors of an even newer "new."

From 1919 on, the real Village has been ever elusive and lamented, lingering in memory as the moment before the latest generation of usurpers took over.

Salons and Saloons

Here are the historical sites discussed in the article on Greenwich Village.

CORNELIA STREET, between the Avenue of the Americas (Sixth Avenue back then) and Bleecker Street. The ambience of the Village in the teens can best be glimpsed by walking down Cornelia Street, off the avenue. The area of crooked, congested streets was considerably larger and less commercialized in those days, before Sixth and Seventh Avenues were cut through.

MABEL DODGE'S APARTMENT, 23 Fifth Avenue. This was at the eastern nexus of Village life, near the rooming houses where her friends the Harvard men lived along the south edge of Washington Square.

FERRER CENTER, 104 East 12th Street. The New York outpost of an international movement to commemorate Francisco Ferrer, a Barcelona educator, anarchist and martyr of the left. The group was housed first at 6 St. Mark's Place, just off Third Avenue, then in more spacious quarters on 12th Street between Third and Fourth Avenues (now a parking lot).

THE GOLDEN SWAN, northeast corner of Sixth Avenue and Fourth Street. This long-gone bar, more commonly known as the Hell Hole, drew the heavy drinkers among the bohemians, most notably Eugene O'Neill and his cronies. Now the site of a bank, it once furnished the imaginative material for "The Iceman Cometh."

THE HOTEL BREVOORT, northeast corner of Fifth Avenue and Eighth Street. The hotel, on the site now occupied by the Brevoort apartment house, was a watering hole, gathering spot and trysting place where bohemian personages lived, ate and caroused.

LIBERAL CLUB, 137 Macdougal Street. The "Meeting Place for Those Interested in New Ideas," as the letterhead read. In 1914 the walls were broken through to the Boni Brothers' bookshop at No. 135 to join the two. Polly Holladay's restaurant was also in the building.

THE MASSES, 91 Greenwich Avenue. Max Eastman's radical monthly was suppressed in 1918 for its opposition to World War I. Today, its former site, between West 12th and Bank Streets, is overlapped by two restaurants.

PATCHIN PLACE can be glimpsed through a gate on 10th Street between Greenwich Avenue and the Avenue of the Americas, its gloomy exterior much as it was in the 1910's, when its neighbors were the Women's House of Detention and the Victorian Jefferson Market Courthouse, now the site of a public library branch.

PROVINCETOWN PLAYHOUSE, 139 Macdougal Street. The Playhouse, in the late teens, became part of the complex that grew out of the Liberal Club. Christine Ell's restaurant, considered the heir to Polly Holladay's next door, was on the second floor of No. 139. Together with the Boni Brothers' bookshop at No. 135 and the Liberal Club at 137, this formed a trio of buildings that were knocked down and rebuilt as an enlarged theater for the Provincetown Players.

JUSTUS SCHWAB'S, 51 First Street, between First and Second Avenues. Emma Goldman set herself up in the anarchist Schwab's saloon just as the celebrities from the Yiddish theater did in other such establishments on the Lower East Side. She entertained well-wishers and visiting revolutionaries here and gave interviews to reporters. Although No. 51 has been destroyed, the rest of the block is much as it was in Goldman's day.

WASHINGTON SQUARE. The radical journalist John Reed and his Harvard friends lived at No. 42, a site now occupied by New York University, on the already raffish southern border of the square -- a far cry from the fashionable houses that were the setting for Henry James's novel "Washington Square," remnants of which can still be seen on the northern edge of the square.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Jefferson Market Courthouse, now a branch of the public library. (Sara Krulwich/The New York Times)(pg. E29); Patchin Place, above, where Djuna Barnes and several other "New Women" lived; in 1915, a supper group began meeting there to discuss politics and women's rights. Below, a bank stands at Avenue of the Americas and West Fourth Street, where the Golden Swan once drew Eugene O'Neill. (Photographs by Sara Krulwich/The New York Times)(pg. E40)

Map of Manhattan highlighting The Bohemian Greenwich Village. (pg. E40)

**Load-Date:** June 2, 2000

**End of Document**



[***Chicago Undecided on Eve Of Rostenkowski's Primary***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8B-1GB0-008G-F0YT-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 15, 1994, Tuesday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1994 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** National Desk

**Section:** Section A; ; Section A;  Page 16;  Column 5;  National Desk ; Column 5;

**Length:** 1085 words

**Byline:** By ISABEL WILKERSON,

By ISABEL WILKERSON,   Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** CHICAGO, March 14

**Body**

The North Side commuters waiting blankly for the el train this morning in their trench coats and earmuffs did not look as though the country's future was resting on their shoulders, even though some Democrats say it is.

There were few campaign buttons and little spontaneous talk of politics. There was a lot of indecision just 24 hours before perhaps the most important primary of the year, the one that will determine whether Dan Rostenkowski, the larger-than-life chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, will be renominated and whether, some say, the President's health care plan can be passed or welfare reform can take shape.

If these things are true, then the country's fate lies in the hands of people like Josephine Barzowski, a hairdresser, and Jennie Podbielski, a secretary, and Fred Gibson, a refrigeration plant worker, along with the thousands of other mostly ***working-class*** people who live in Rostenkowski country. They might give him a grade of "D" in ethics but an "A" in pork.

"He's not the only crook," said Jane Karsakow, a billing clerk chafing from the cold on the platform this morning. "He just got his hand caught in the kitty. They're all doing something."

Fighting for Political Life

Ms. Barzowski was less forgiving. "I think that he's been in office too long and that we need someone fresh and new in there," she said as she gave Mrs. Podbielski a permanent. "I think that all these allegations about him are true and that it's about time he got caught and that he's going to have to face the music, basically."

After 35 years in Congress, this has become the toughest fight in the chairman's political life. Not only was a tonier lakefront section added to his district, giving him a whole new set of less sympathetic yuppies to win over, but he is fighting a Federal investigation into allegations of embezzlement and payroll padding as well apathy and a general anti-incumbent orneriness among voters.

A Chicago Tribune poll published last week had Mr. Rostenkowski leading his main challenger, State Senator John Cullerton, by a narrow margin. The third main candidate, Dick Simpson, a political science professor and former alderman who mounted a strong primary challenge against the chairman in 1992, was far behind in the poll.

According to the poll, as many as one in three voters is undecided. "My husband says Rostenkowski brings a lot of money to the city and he's learned his lesson now," Mrs. Karsakow said. "I don't know what to think. I'll have to listen to what my husband says tonight to convince me. I probably won't know till I get in the booth."

Few Signs of Campaign

The chairman's home base is a district shaped like a caterpillar that extends from the sliver of high-rise condominiums and espresso bars on the lakefront to the bungalows that constitute most of the district further west and in the bordering suburbs.

Along the main thoroughfares, past the beauty schools and bike shops on Irving Park Avenue, the lofts and taverns on Clybourn, the warehouses on Elston and the galleries and tortilla shops on Milwaukee Avenue, there are few blue Rostenkowski campaign posters taped to lampposts or peeking from picture windows.

But then people know him already, and some Democratic regulars feared that too high a profile could actually turn off voters.

"It's a race that's so touchy, it cuts to the bone," said Patricia Jo Cullerton, the 38th Ward committeewoman, who is a second cousin, once removed, of Mr. Cullerton but is supporting Mr. Rostenkowski for what she said he brings to Chicago. "He's only done good by us. We have to stand by him," she said.

The campaign season got off to a distracted start as events like the California earthquake, the record snow and cold here, and the Olympic saga of Tonya Harding and Nancy Kerrigan claimed the voters' attention. This year, the number of people registered to vote in Chicago has dropped to the second lowest level in 70 years.

Even the gubernatorial campaign with a woman, state comptroller Dawn Clark Netsch, and a black, State Attorney General Roland Burris, as the top contenders for the Democratic nomination received sparse attention until the last month. Mrs. Netsch leads going into Tuesday's primary and could become the first woman to be governor if she can win an uphill battle in November against the incumbent, Jim Edgar, a Republican.

Mr. Rostenkowski has spent much of his campaign time appearing with visiting Democrats and announcing Federal financing for local projects, like a helicopter for the Chicago Fire Department, which was delivered today at Meigs Field downtown.

About 600 campaign workers will be out on Tuesday, knocking on doors to get out the vote for Mr. Rostenkowski.

To compete, Mr. Cullerton sent out 50,000 mailings, each with a spent bullet casing to make a point about the need for gun control. But the tactic seems to have backfired: Some voters thought it was invasive; some mistook it for a death threat.

An all-star cast of Democrats, including House Majority Leader Richard A. Gephardt, Secretary of Labor Robert B. Reich, former vice presidential candidate Geraldine M. Ferraro and President Clinton himself, have come to Chicago in the last two weeks to impress upon voters how important Mr. Rostenkowski is to Washington and why maybe they should overlook for now the cloud of Federal investigations for the good of the country.

But it has made little impression on Nancy Zornes, a secretary in running shoes, carrying a tote bag onto the el, who said she had not made up her mind yet.

"I was going to do some thinking about it today," she said. "I saved up that thing in the paper, the ballot thing they print. I know everybody's hot and heavy for Rostenkowski, but I just don't know."

Others said they would "hold their nose and vote for Rosty." Pamela Hewett, a florist in the trendy Bucktown section, is one of them. "I want this health thing passed," Ms. Hewett said. "He's an old boy, and he does things the old way. You can't expect a politician to be a role model."

That is in keeping with Chicago-style politics, some would say. "Chicago has always had a high tolerance for ethical deviance," said Don Rose, a political consultant who is a Cullerton ally. Chicago voters, he added, are like longtime owners of a cat. "It's like I have a cat, and I don't smell anything," he said. "Someone comes in from the outside, and says, 'My God, your litter box needs changing.' It's like I'm used to a certain level of stench from my litter box, and so I don't notice it."

**Graphic**

Photo: Representative Dan Rostenkowski of Chicago is facing a tough primary battle as well as a Federal investigation into allegations of financial irregularities. Yesterday he spoke at a ceremony in which an Army helicopter was given to the Chicago Fire Department. (Associated Press)

**Load-Date:** March 15, 1994

**End of Document**



[***HAVENS; Big Land Rush In Little Rhody***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4746-RCC0-01CN-H0BY-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 1, 2002 Friday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2002 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section F; Column 1; Escapes; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1317 words

**Byline:**  By WALECIA KONRAD

**Body**

AFTER five years shoehorned into their apartment in the Hell's Kitchen neighborhood of Manhattan, Catherine and John Hoffman started craving wide-open spaces, or at least more closet space. So, like countless city dwellers before them, the couple, both freelance advertising professionals, got into their car and started looking for a weekend house.

First, they checked out upstate New York, visiting Cold Spring and the area around West Point. The prices, said Ms. Hoffman, were "out of sight." Next, they headed for Connecticut. "We got all the way past Guilford before we could find anything affordable," said Ms. Hoffman, 35.

Then it dawned on her. "In another hour we could live right on the beach," she said. "All we had to do was look in Rhode Island." Another benefit, Ms. Hoffman said, is that her family lives there. The couple settled on a two-bedroom condominium in Bristol in an oceanfront development next to a 28-acre wildlife refuge. "There's a yacht club, tennis courts, lifeguard," said Ms. Hoffman, who is on maternity leave and currently living full time in Bristol. "And all this space that will never be developed."

Why is the Ocean State, with more than 400 miles of coastline, much of it about three hours from Manhattan, so often an afterthought for New Yorkers? "You hear people say, 'I summer in the Hamptons, I summer at Fire Island, the Jersey Shore,' " said Meredith Anthony, who writes and edits a health-related Web site and has rented weekend vacation homes on Long Island. "But you never hear people say, 'I summer in Rhode Island.' "

Of course, famous beach resorts like Block Island and Newport have been well trod all along. And those who can afford a million-dollar waterfront home already know about Rhode Island's exclusive beach communities, like Watch Hill, Narragansett and Little Compton.

But these days, lesser-known enclaves like Westerly, Charlestown and Portsmouth are attracting record numbers of people willing to commute from the New York metropolitan area, real estate agents say. "New Yorkers have finally discovered the little gems that Rhode Islanders have known about all along," said Sally Lapides, the owner of Residential Properties in Providence.

One reason? About two years ago, traveling by train became a realistic alternative to driving when Amtrak electrified the stretch of track from New Haven to Boston. The move reduced the more-than-four-hour ride from Pennsylvania Station in Manhattan to Westerly to just under three hours. In addition, Amtrak's high-speed Acela, recently back on track after months of problems, runs from Penn Station to Providence in 2 hours and 50 minutes. The shorter commute seems to lure New Yorkers. "Even if people don't use the train, they know it's here and they feel closer because of it," Ms. Lapides said. "It's psychological."

Prices are another attraction. Not that properties are bargain-basement cheap -- in fact, there has been a 25 percent increase in the median home price in the last year, according to the Rhode Island Association of Realtors -- but Rhode Island homes of every kind are still cheaper than similar places on Long Island or Cape Cod, Mass., said Michelle Kirby, an agent at the Newport office of Gustave J. S. White Real Estate. For diligent shoppers willing to take a walk or a short drive through the countryside to the beach, bargains can be found.

New Yorkers researching Rhode Island real estate options will quickly and constantly hear the term South County, shorthand for southwestern Rhode Island. South County includes the stretch of coastline from Westerly, just over the Connecticut border, to Narragansett, home to the waterfront communities most popular with New Yorkers. For the most part, towns in South County are quiet, unpretentious and family oriented. The beaches are big, clean and often public. Canny shoppers also learn fast that throughout southern Rhode Island, "waterfront" can mean near the ocean or, for homes priced in the $600,000-to-$800,000 range, adjoining one of Rhode Island's many salt ponds.

Westerly is a mix of expensive beachfront homes and ***working-class*** neighborhoods. Watch Hill and Weekapaug, where houses routinely sell for more than six figures, are two of the most established and expensive villages in the town of Westerly.

Comparative bargains may be found outside the name-brand communities. Waterfront cottages in the popular Misquamicut beach area of Westerly sell for under $600,000. Prices drop to about half of that for buyers willing to live in downtown Westerly, which is a mile or so from the ocean.

The 24-mile stretch from Westerly to Narragansett is dotted with beach neighborhoods. A small cottage may still sell for less than $300,000, but inventory at that price is scarce and houses sell fast, real estate agents say. More plentiful are two- and three-bedroom houses priced from $300,000 to $600,000, depending on the house and the area. Shady Harbor, for instance, is popular for boating and its private beach, so its cottages are priced at the high end of that range. Houses on Ninigret Pond, the largest of Rhode Island's salt ponds, also command a premium.

Farther east lies Aquidneck Island, best known for the city of Newport. But Portsmouth is a less expensive, less crowded and far quieter alternative on the northern tip of Aquidneck, agents say. Full-time residents, who make up a majority of the population, and a top-ranked school system give Portsmouth a very residential, family-oriented atmosphere, said Mary Upton, an agent in Hogan & Stone's Middletown office, on Aquidneck Island.

Prices for houses north of Portsmouth but off the water range from $250,000 to $600,000. Spinnaker Run, a new development, has three- and four-bedroom houses on half-acre lots with water views that sell for $525,000 to $596,000, said John Silvia, an agent with Prudential Prime Properties in Portsmouth.

Property sales at the high end in Portsmouth, as in the rest of Rhode Island, are exploding. Carnegie Abbey, a beach and golf resort, is under construction on the shore west of Portsmouth. Condominiums are priced from $700,000 to $3 million; house lots start at $800,000 and go up to $1.8 million.

The best deals, not surprisingly, are found inland. New Yorkers are scouting out rural historic homes in places like South Kingstown and Hopkinton. South Kingstown is close to the ocean, and a community in the town, Kingston, is home to the University of Rhode Island. Prices range from $200,000 to $450,000 for three- and four-bedroom homes.

There are some downsides to weekend life in Rhode Island. When people talk about how close it is, they're talking about traveling late at night or early in the morning. For those who drive, there is no way to avoid Interstate 95 and its interminable delays. "You've got to time 95, there's no doubt about it," said Vincent Ciaramella. He and his wife, Ann Marie, commute each weekend from Tuckahoe, N.Y., to their four-bedroom house in Westerly.

Local beach traffic can be heavy on summer weekends as well, although "it's nothing like the Hamptons," said Michael Rich, a Manhattan resident who has a house in Watch Hill. This winter, the State Transportation Department plans to start replacing the breaks in the medians along coastal Route 1 with "jug handle" exits to ease congestion and make getting on and off the highway safer.

Another negative is taxes. Rhode Island recently revalued property in many areas of the state, and taxes doubled and tripled for many residents.

Finally, rural really means rural, especially if you venture inland. Rhode Island is a state with industrial roots, and many of the towns and much of the housing stock reflect that.

But for New Yorkers like Mr. Rich, that's exactly the appeal. "The beauty of Rhode Island," he said, "is the fact that you feel like you've really gotten away, as opposed to replicating your life in Manhattan."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: PRIVATE BEACH -- John and Catherine Hoffman, Manhattanites, and their son, Jackson, behind their condo in Bristol, R.I. (Dave Hansen for The New York Times)(pg. F1); ON THE OCEAN -- In Portsmouth, R.I. Asking: $699,900. Needs construction on the second floor.; A VICTORIAN -- In the town of Westerly, R.I., a 10-minute drive from the beach. Asking: $279,900. (George Ruhe for The New York Times); WATER VIEWS -- On the 13th green in Misquamicut, overlooking a pond and the ocean. Asking: $650,000. (George Ruhe for The New York Times)(pg. F7) Map of Rhode Island highlighting above areas. (pg. F7)

**Load-Date:** November 1, 2002

**End of Document**



[***Pardon My French***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:7Y9W-1620-Y8TC-S0SW-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 25, 2010 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2010 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section AR; Column 0; Arts and Leisure Desk; Pg. 1; ABROAD

**Length:** 2112 words

**Byline:** By MICHAEL KIMMELMAN

**Body**

Paris

ERIC ZEMMOUR, slight, dark, a live wire, fell over his own words, they were tumbling out so fast. He was fidgeting at the back of a half-empty cafe one recent evening near the offices of Le Figaro, the newspaper where he works, notwithstanding that detractors have lately tried to get him fired for his most recent inflammatory remarks about French blacks and Arabs on a television show. Mr. Zemmour, roughly speaking, is the Bill O'Reilly of French letters. He was describing his latest book, ''French Melancholy,'' which has shot up the best-seller list here.

''The end of French political power has brought the end of French,'' Mr. Zemmour said. ''Now even the French elite have given up. They don't care anymore. They all speak English. And the ***working class***, I'm not talking just about immigrants, they don't care about preserving the integrity of the language either.''

Mr. Zemmour is a notorious rabble-rouser. In his view France, because of immigration and other outside influences, has lost touch with its heroic ancient Roman roots, its national ''gloire,'' its historic culture, at the heart of which is the French language. Plenty of people think he's an extremist, but he's not alone. The other day Nicolas Sarkozy, the French president, sounded a bit like Mr. Zemmour, complaining about the ''snobisme'' of French diplomats who ''are happy to speak English,'' rather than French, which is ''under siege.''

''Defending our language, defending the values it represents -- that is a battle for cultural diversity in the world,'' Mr. Sarkozy argued. The occasion for his speech was the 40th anniversary of the International Organization of the Francophonie, which celebrates French around the world. Mr. Sarkozy said the problem is not English itself but ''ready-to-wear culture, uniformity, monolingualism,'' by which of course he meant English. The larger argument about a decline of traditional values has struck a chord with conservative French voters perennially worried about the loss of French mojo.

The issue is somewhat akin to Americans complaining about the rise of Spanish in classrooms and elsewhere, but more acute here because of France's special, proprietary, albeit no longer entirely realistic relationship to French. French is now spoken mostly by people who aren't French. More than 50 percent of them are African. French speakers are more likely to be Haitians and Canadians, Algerians and Senegalese, immigrants from Africa and Southeast Asia and the Caribbean who have settled in France, bringing their native cultures with them.

Which raises the question: So what does French culture signify these days when there are some 200 million French speakers in the world but only 65 million are actually French? Culture in general -- and not just French culture -- has become increasingly unfixed, unstable, fragmentary and elective. Globalization has hastened the desire of more people, both groups and individuals, to differentiate themselves from one another to claim a distinct place in the world, and language has long been an obvious means to do so. In Canada the Quebecers tried outlawing signs and other public expressions in anything but French. Basque separatists have been murdering Spaniards in the name of political, linguistic and cultural independence, just as Franco imprisoned anyone who spoke Basque or Catalan. In Belgium the split between French and Dutch speakers has divided the country for ages.

And in France some years ago Jacques Toubon, a former culture minister, proposed curbing the use of English words like ''weekend,'' although nobody paid much attention. The fact is, French isn't declining. It's thriving as never before if you ask Abdou Diouf, former president of Senegal, who is the secretary general of the francophone organization. Mr. Diouf's organization has evolved since 1970 from a postcolonial conglomerate of mostly African states preserving the linguistic vestiges of French imperialism into a global entity whose shibboleth is cultural diversity. With dozens of member states and affiliates, the group reflects a polyglot reality in which French is today concentrated outside France, and to a large extent, flourishes despite it.

''The truth,'' Mr. Diouf said the other morning, ''is that the future of the French language is now in Africa.'' There and elsewhere, from Belgium to Benin, Lebanon to St. Lucia, the Seychelles to Switzerland, Togo to Tunisia, French is just one among several languages, sometimes, as in Cameroon, one among hundreds of them. This means that for writers from these places French is a choice, not necessarily signifying fealty, political, cultural or otherwise, to France. Or as Mr. Diouf put it: ''The more we have financial, military and economic globalization, the more we find common cultural references and common values, which include diversity. And diversity, not uniformity, is the real result of globalization.''

Didier Billion is a political scientist with an interest in francophone culture. He agreed. ''A multipolar world has emerged,'' he said when we met in his office recently. ''It's the major trend of our time, which for the first time is allowing every person on the planet to become, in a cultural sense, an actor on the world stage.

''I was in Iran two months ago. Young Iranians are very proud of their own culture, which is rich and profound. But at the same time they want a window onto the world through the Internet, to have some identity outside Iran, and the important point is that for them there is no contradiction between these two positions. I am very proud of being French, but 40 years ago the French language was a way to maintain influence in the former colonies, and now French people are going to have to learn to think about francophone culture differently, because having a common language doesn't assure you a common political or cultural point of view.''

This may sound perfectly obvious to Americans, but it's not necessarily so to France's growing tea party contingent. The populist National Front party won some 20 percent of the vote in the south last month (less nationwide), despite Mr. Sarkozy's monthslong campaign to seduce right-wing voters by stressing the preservation of French national identity. Part of that campaign has been affirming a policy of cultural exceptionalism.

A phrase born years ago, ''l'exception culturelle,'' refers to the legal exclusion of French cultural products, like movies, from international free trade agreements, so they won't be treated as equivalent to Coca-Cola or the Gap. But if you ask French people, the term also implies something more philosophical. In a country where pop radio stations broadcast a percentage of songs in French, and a socialist mayor in the northern, largely Muslim town of Roubaix lately won kudos for protesting that outlets of the fast-food chain Quick turned halal, cultural exceptionalism reflects fears of the multicultural sort that Mr. Zemmour's book touches on.

It happens that Mr. Zemmour traces his own roots to Sephardic Jews from Spain who became French citizens while living in Algeria in the 19th century, then moved to France before the Algerian war. He belongs to the melting pot, in other words, which for centuries, he said, absorbed immigrants into its republican culture.

''In America or Britain it is O.K. that people live in separate communities, black with black, white with white,'' he said, reflecting a certain antique perspective. ''But this is not French. France used to be about assimilation. But since the 1970s the French intelligentsia has called this neocolonialism. In fact it is globalization, and globalization in this respect really means Americanization.''

But of course colorblind French Jacobin republicanism has always been a fiction if you were black or Muslim, and what's really happened lately, it seems, is that different racial and ethnic groups have begun to argue more loudly for their rights and assert their culture. The election of Barack Obama hastened the process, by pointing out how few blacks and Arabs here have gained political authority.

The French language is a small but emblematic indicator of this change. So to a contemporary writer like the Soviet-born Andrei Makine, who found political asylum here in 1987, French promises assimilation and a link to the great literary tradition of Zola and Proust. He recounted the story of how, 20-odd years ago, his first manuscripts, which he wrote in French, were rejected by French publishers because it was presumed that he couldn't write French well enough as a foreigner.

Then he invented the name of a translator, resubmitted the same works as if they were translations from Russian, and they won awards. He added that when his novel ''Dreams of My Russian Summers'' became a runaway best seller and received the Prix Goncourt, publishing houses in Germany and Serbia wanted to translate the book from its ''original'' Russian manuscript, so Mr. Makine spent two ''sleepless weeks,'' he said, belatedly producing one.

''Why do I write in French?'' he repeated the question I had posed. ''It is the possibility to belong to a culture that is not mine, not my mother tongue.''

Nancy Huston, a Canadian-born novelist here, put it another way: ''The world has changed.'' She moved to Paris during the 1970s. ''The French literary establishment, which still thinks of itself as more important than it is, complains about the decline of its prestige but treats francophone literature as second class,'' she said, while ''laying claim to the likes of Kundera, Beckett and Ionesco, who were all born outside France. That is because, like Makine, they made the necessary declaration of love for France. But if the French bothered actually to read what came out of Martinique or North Africa, they would see that their language is in fact not suffering.

''After the war French writers rejected the idea of narrative because Hitler and Stalin were storytellers, and it seemed naive to believe in stories. So instead they turned more and more to theory, to the absurd. The French declined even to tell stories about their own history, including the war in Algeria, which like all history can't really be digested until it is turned into great literature. Francophone literature doesn't come out of that background. It still tells stories.''

Which may partly account for the popularity of francophone writers like Yasmina Khadra, the best-selling Algerian novelist, whose real name is Mohammed Moulessehoul. We sipped tea one gray day in the offices of the Algerian Cultural Center. A 55-year-old former Algerian Army officer who now lives in Paris heading the center, Mr. Moulessehoul writes novels critical of the Algerian government under his wife's name, which he first borrowed while in Algeria because the military there had banned his literary work.

''I was born into a poet tribe in the Sahara desert, which ruled for 800 years,'' he said, sitting erect and alert, still a soldier at heart. ''I read poetry in Arabic. I read kids' books in Arabic. But at 15, after I read Camus in French, I decided to become a novelist in French partly because I wanted to respond to Camus, who had written about an Algeria in which there were no Arabs. I wanted to write in his language to say, I am here, I exist, and also because I love French, although I remain Arab. Linguistically it is as if I have married a French woman, but my mother is still Arabic.''

He quoted Kateb Yacine, the Algerian writer, who chose to write in French ''to tell the French that I am not French.'' Yacine called French the treasure left behind in the ruins of colonialism.

''Paris is still fearful of a French writer who becomes known around the world without its blessing,'' Mr. Moulessehoul said. ''And at the same time in certain Arab-speaking circles I am considered a traitor because I write in French. I am caught between two cultures, two worlds.

''Culture is always about politics in the end. I am a French writer and an Algerian writer. But the larger truth is that I am both.''

Correction: May 2, 2010, Sunday

This article has been revised to reflect the following correction: The Abroad column last Sunday, about the shift in francophone culture, described incorrectly the military service of the Algerian novelist Mohammed Moulessehoul, who writes under the pen name Yasmina Khadra. He went to military school at the age of 8 and later became an Alegrian Army officer in charge of counter-guerrilla activity for part of the country during Algeria's civil war. He did not fight against the French.

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

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: Along Boulevard Barbes in the 18th Arrondissement of Paris, an area mostly populated by Africans. Immigrants from a range of countries have settled in France, bringing their native cultures.

'French Melancholy': The author Eric Zemmour, above, says France has lost touch with its heroic ancient Roman roots and its historic culture, at the heart of which is the French language. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY BEATRICE DE GEA FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (AR21)

**Load-Date:** May 7, 2010

**End of Document**



[***MICHAEL GRADE BRINGS HOLLYWOOD STYLE TO BBC***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-BMP0-0007-J4P8-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 3, 1985, Wednesday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1985 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section C; Page 26, Column 3; Cultural Desk; INTERVIEW

**Length:** 1119 words

**Byline:** By SALLY BEDELL SMITH

**Dateline:** LONDON

**Body**

When Michael Grade was appointed head of programming for the British Broadcasting Corporation's main channel last September, he was asked if he had learned anything from Hollywood that he was going to use in his new position.

''Yes,'' he said. ''I'm going to introduce valet parking.''

That time-honored Hollywood perquisite has yet to be adopted at BBC's circular headquarters (affectionately called ''the doughnut'') in London. But the British-born Mr. Grade, who recently spent two years as president of Norman Lear's Los Angeles production company, Embassy Television, has applied a generous amount of West Coast flash and more than a bit of controversy to the BBC's program schedule.

Interview with Michael Grade, head of programming for British Broadcasting Corporation, on adopting Hollywood style to BBC and adding more than a bit on controversy to BBC's program schedule; photo (M)

And in the coming months he must determine how to adjust to the new license fee of $71 announced last week by the British Government - an increase from the current $55 but less than the $79 that the BBC had said was necessary to continue operating without cutbacks.

Provides Most BBC Funds

The fee, which is imposed yearly on each household having a color television set in use, is the primary means of financing the BBC. Licenses for black-and-white TV cost only $22, but are included in the color TV license. In addition to announcing the new fee, the British Government said it would study whether Government subsidies should be replaced or augmented by advertising revenue, a prospect that Mr. Grade and other BBC executives vigorously oppose.

Mr. Grade's opposition is one of the few characteristics he shares with traditional BBC executives. The son of Leslie Grade, and the nephew of Lord Grade, both theatrical agents turned television and film executives, Michael Grade is the first chief of programming to be chosen from outside the organization.

He started as a newspaper sportswriter, became a theatrical agent and spent eight years as head of programming for London Weekend Television, a producer for London's ITV commercial television channel. Unlike his colleagues, Mr. Grade faithfully reads Variety, the American show business weekly, and he thrives on publicity, especially when his decisions cause controversy.

Hired to Buoy Ratings

''I attract press commment, which I don't resist,'' he said during a recent interview in his office at the BBC headquarters. Sandy haired, with pale blue eyes, blue pin-dot tie, pale blue shirt traversed by slightly darker blue suspenders, the 42-year- old Mr. Grade was the picture of a Hollywood wunderkind.

He was hired by the BBC to stem a slide in the audience ratings. Although supported by Government revenues, the BBC considers audience size important in justifying increases in the license fee. The rule of thumb has been that the two BBC channels - BBC-1, the more popular, and BBC-2, the more highbrow - should together reach roughly half of British viewers. However, over the last few years that audience share has dropped below 40 percent.

Since his arrival at BBC-1, Mr. Grade has jolted Britain with several controversial programming decisions and improved the ratings in the process. In January, when Thames Television, one of Britain's commercial television companies, secretly outbid the BBC for the right to show ''Dallas'' next fall, Mr. Grade retaliated by announcing that he would immediately cancel the remaining episodes of this season and schedule them opposite next season's episodes on Thames. After a public outcry, he reversed his decision.

Changed 'Peak' Schedule

Then in February, Mr. Grade shook up the schedule for ''peak time''- the evening hours - introducing a new soap opera, ''East Enders,'' about a ***working-class*** family, and shifting Terry Wogan, the ''chat show'' host from late evening to 7 P.M. At the same time, he moved the prestigious current affairs program ''Panorama'' to a spot following the 9 P.M. news.

Mr. Grade also pulled a number of shows from the schedule, including telecasts of beauty pageants - on the ground that they were sexist - and a popular science fiction series called ''Dr. Who,'' which has been on the BBC since 1963. Mr. Grade said that in an effort to save money, ''Dr. Who'' would not return for 18 months, and the viewer reaction was nearly as strong as the furor over ''Dallas.''

So far, according to Mr. Grade, his moves have increased the audience size to a 48 percent share. But some critics contend that greater popularity is being achieved at the expense of the network's public responsibility and attention to quality.

Mr. Grade said that his changes were necessary because ''we're adjusting to a four-channel situation a bit late in the game.'' He was referring to the arrival two years ago of Channel 4, a second advertiser-supported commercial channel. Channel 4 has proved more popular than expected, siphoning away some of the BBC audience.

Early Hollywood Conflicts

Not long after he was hired by Mr. Lear in 1981, Mr. Grade ran into a Hollywood buzzsaw over a new Embassy series for CBS, a situation comedy about a group of California high school students called ''Square Pegs.'' The show faltered badly after a promising start, and Mr. Grade and the show's producer, Anne Beatts, clashed openly over how to save the program.

Beyond those conflicts, Mr. Grade found the life of a Hollywood production executive unsatisfying. ''The job was nine parts brush salesman and one part creative,'' he said. ''I didn't like going around with a case of samples, buttonholing network executives and selling shows.''

Mr. Grade found much wrong with Hollywood's approach to television. ''In America there are not enough writers, directors and producers making decisions at the networks,'' he said. ''We have our share of clinkers in British television and we make our share of cynical programs, but the people making the decisions are experienced in production and fail for the right reasons, for reaching too far.''

In mid-1983, Mr. Grade decided to leave the Embassy presidency, and Mr. Lear put him in charge of producing a seven-hour mini-series that Mr. Grade had developed for CBS, ''Kane and Abel,'' about the rivalry of two powerful men, starring Peter Strauss and Sam Neal, that will appear next season.

''I was set to spend five years in Hollywood, hopefully on the strength of the success of 'Kane and Abel,' '' said Mr. Grade. One reason for his intention to stay was that his wife, Sarah Lawson, a lawyer turned talent agent, had signed on as an executive at the Taft Broadcasting Company.

But then last year, he said, ''The BBC called with the one job in British television I could never see turning down.''

**Graphic**

Photo of Michael Grade (The Times of London)

**End of Document**



[***A Murder in Tijuana***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8B-15X0-008G-F3CG-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 26, 1994, Saturday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1994 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Editorial Desk

**Section:** Section 1; ; Section 1;  Page 19;  Column 2;  Editorial Desk ; Column 2; ; Op-Ed

**Length:** 1219 words

**Byline:** By Dick J. Reavis;

Dick J. Reavis is author of "Conversations With Moctezuma: Ancient Shadows Over Modern Life in Mexico."

By Dick J. Reavis;   Dick J. Reavis is author of "Conversations With Moctezuma: Ancient Shadows Over Modern Life in Mexico."

**Dateline:** DALLAS

**Body**

The pistol shots fired Wednesday in a Tijuana slum ended two political lives and, perhaps, one political era. Luis Donaldo Colosio, the presidential candidate of the Partido Revolucionario Institucional, or PRI, died a literal death. Manuel Camacho Solis, the popular former Mayor of Mexico City, suffered an equally unexpected but merely political demise. And the shooting may well mark the close of Mexico's epoch of modernization.

Had Mr. Colosio been crushed by a streetcar or felled by a heart attack, Mr. Camacho would have been the favorite to take his place. As the Government's peace envoy to the rebels in Chiapas, he has won wide acclaim by giving voice to the rebels' complaints. Two weeks ago, opinion polls showed that if he bolted the PRI and ran for president as an independent, Mr. Camacho would be more popular than any declared contender.

But Mr. Camacho is no favorite of the party faithful. When the peace envoy tried to join the wake at PRI headquarters on Thursday, staff members and party stalwarts accosted him, chanting, "Colosio, si! Camacho, no!"

Nobody knows what motivated Mr. Colosio's assassin. But when facts are absent, what the people believe is what counts. A poll published yesterday in the Mexico City daily Reforma indicated that around 80 percent of respondents had leapt to the conclusion that the killing was part of a conspiracy. Mr. Camacho is a primary suspect. "Some people blamed Camacho right away," Dudley Althaus, the Houston Chronicle's Mexico City correspondent, told me. "When he showed up at the funeral home, people called him a killer." Mr. Camacho's career as a politician, inside or outside the PRI, may have hit a dead end.

The shooting heralds the end of Mexico's modernizing, neoliberal epoch, and possibly the demise of the PRI, unless it reinvents itself again. The party has presided over the presidency since 1929, in various ideological robes. It put on a neoliberal suit in 1982, when Mexico was bankrupted by an oil bust and Miguel de la Madrid Hurtado became President. During his six-year term and the subsequent reign of his headstrong acolyte, Carlos Salinas de Gortari, the PRI removed the trade walls and safety nets that it had long ago raised to protect and pacify Mexico.

The modernization gambit climaxed last fall, when the North American Free Trade Agreement became law. The strategy was mortally wounded on Jan. 1, when the Chiapas rebels came down from the hills, daring the peasantry to knock the Government to its knees.

In politics, when something dies, something else -- sometimes the same entity in a different guise -- takes its place. According to the Reforma poll, many Mexicans believe that if the PRI didn't order the Colosio shooting to rid itself of an unworthy nominee (this month he was jeered even at his alma mater, the Instituto Tecnologico in Monterrey), he was killed by the criminals and revolutionaries who are greasing their guns everywhere. Mexicans have put up with the PRI's corruption for decades, but if it can't control the desperados, they will have little use for it.

Two weeks ago, when a wealthy financier, Alfredo Harp Helu, disappeared, federal authorities revealed a recent wave of some 200 kidnappings of ranchers and financial dons. Because it wants to deny that revolutionary depredations are becoming widespread, the PRI -- without any proof -- blamed a hypothetical band of mercenary thugs for the kidnappings. Not many Mexicans are buying the line; the Government has made too many false claims in the past decade.

There are other causes of discontent. Over the last 12 years, as prices rose and wages stood still, the purchasing power of ***working-class*** Mexicans declined by 60 percent. As if to close an avenue of escape, in 1992 the Government canceled the longstanding promise of acreage to anyone willing to put it under the plow. It also opened Mexico's doors to competing goods -- from corn to communications satellites -- from the U.S., the meddlesome power that Mexicans have held in low esteem since Sam Houston's day.

Though his term isn't over, Carlos Salinas has earned a berth in history as Mexico's third radical modernizer. The first two are giants of infamy. Not a single public monument stands in Mexico to Hernan Cortes, who conquered the country for Spain. Porfirio Diaz, who paid off the country's 19th-century debt, presided over the laying of railroad and electric lines and drove peasants off their lands, is reviled as a dictator. Mexico is more like China or Iran than the Italy that pro-Nafta Americans take it to be. Modernization -- Westernization -- has never been popular in the Aztec homeland.

"When you have the kind of breakdown in the traditional way of doing things that we've had under Salinas, and you don't replace it with anything but your own power, arrogance, schemes and talents, you get into trouble," the political scientist and writer Jorge Castaneda told me.

The party's victories -- always rife with fraud -- at least held out the illusion of democracy and provided an orderly transfer of power.

But this year its victory claims will run head-on into armed disbelief and charges of fraud. The party's best-known figures aren't eligible to run because the Constitution requires cabinet officers to resign six months before election day, which is Aug. 21. Sixty years ago (or even six), the PRI would have resolved the constitutional pinch by hastily amending the law, but those days are gone. Anyway, the party's leaders are identified with policies that are rapidly falling out of favor.

Mr. Colosio's death is also unsettling because assassination of leading politicians has not been a specter in post-revolutionary Mexican life. The country's last major political killing came in 1928, when President-elect Alvaro Obregon was gunned down. Mexican commoners don't shoot presidents. This is not because crazies are in short supply but because leaders have retained some of the reverence once accorded to Aztec god-kings. For years, Mexicans have been disgruntled with the PRI's policies, but when El Presidente addresses them (even on TV), the people take deep breaths, awed by the pageantry and pomp.

The bullets fired in Tijuana pierced that reverence, and the candidates are scared. At the beginning of the campaign, in displays of closeness to the people (conducted against a backdrop of popular infatuation with the hug-happy rebel leader, Subcommander Marcos), they spurned the usual security squads. Now they're changing their minds.

"We will maintain our regime of freedom and constitutional order," President Salinas declared after Mr. Colosio's death. And President Clinton, referring to Mexico, the PRI and undoubtedly Nafta, said, "Fundamentally, they're in good shape." Both leaders are whistling in the dark. Mexico is headed for an epoch as turbulent as 1968-74, when terrorists kidnapped industrialists, the police murdered dissidents and guerrillas sniped at soldiers in the hills.

For years, curious Americans have asked Mexican friends when the revolution might resume. The appropriate response has been a wry "manana." If Mexico is lucky, manana will come in August. But it won't come peaceably unless Mexico's leaders can convince the public that the PRI can conduct an aboveboard -- and in Mexico, truly revolutionary -- election campaign.

**Graphic**

Drawing

**Load-Date:** March 26, 1994

**End of Document**



[***THEY DREW A LINE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-BNJ0-0007-J0TF-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 31, 1985, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1985 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 7; Page 26, Column 2; Book Review Desk; Review

**Length:** 1133 words

**Byline:** By Herbert J. Gans; Herbert J. Gans's most recent book was an expanded edition of ''The Urban Villagers,'' a study of an Italian neighborhood in Boston. He is a professor of sociology at Columbia University.

**Body**

CANARSIE The Jews and Italians of Brooklyn Against Liberalism.

By Jonathan Rieder. Illustrated. 290 pp. Cambridge, Mass. Harvard University Press. $22.50.

CANARSIE has always been a maligned Brooklyn neighborhood, looked down upon for its alleged frontierlike toughness. Jonathan Rieder's ''Canarsie'' will unfortunately not alter the area's image, for the book concentrates on Canarsie's occasionally violent opposition to racial integration. Mr. Rieder, who teaches sociology at Yale University, practically lived in Canarsie from 1975 to 1977, studying its leaders and the activists involved in its racial conflicts.

Once an Italian fishing village and then the home of poor Italian and Jewish workers, Canarsie expanded during the 1950's and became a quasi-suburban homeowner community. Since then, however, more and more of the newcomers have been escaping older Brooklyn areas as they turned into black slums.

By the 70's, Canarsie was virtually surrounded by black neighborhoods, and blacks began to move into a corner of the community itself. During Mr. Rieder's stay in Canarsie, there were physical attacks against blacks trying to move into the area, racial battles in the schools and rising fear and anger about increasing crime. There was also the memory of a long and bitter school boycott in 1972- 73 to oppose the busing of black students into Canarsie; perhaps because the boycott failed, its aftershocks continued during the time Mr. Rieder was conducting his study.

He devotes a fascinating chapter to the boycott - its byzantine mixture of political maneuvering, citizen participation, vigilantism and complicated patterns of Italian and Jewish cooperation and antagonism (the latter mainly between the poorer members of the Italian community and the more affluent and educated among the Jews).

Still, most of the book is about the antiblack feelings - based primarily on a combination of fact, exaggeration and myth about the immorality, criminality and ''animal'' behavior in the nearby slums - that the Canarsie whites told Mr. Rieder about. The substance of those feelings has been covered by journalists, but Mr. Rieder dug deeper than most reporters and quotes the hateful and profane language that cannot be used in most journalism.

Although Mr. Rieder studied the angriest Canarsie whites, few were motivated by racism; they were normal people obsessed with a racially tinged but essentially class-based fear. They were afraid not only of black crime and violence, but also of poverty - and of having to live with large numbers of poor black neighbors, whether law-abiding or law-breaking. Sensing that they might not be able to hold off the invasion, they responded with some violence and an immense amount of hostility.

Another class fear was also at work - Canarsie's white residents' fear of ''limousine liberals,'' the well-educated professionals and bureaucrats who were not all liberals and rarely used limousines but who ruled New York's outer boroughs politically and culturally from Manhattan. To the people of Canarsie, they were interested in reducing black poverty, but unable to reduce black crime and insufficiently concerned with the racial fears and other problems of the whites in Canarsie, who came to see them as antagonists and as scapegoats for a variety of the neighborhood's ills.

These ills included the effects of New York's near-bankruptcy, increasing blue-collar unemployment, inflation and the War on Poverty, which many Canarsie whites viewed as delivering untold benefits to undeserving blacks. The 60's were over, but some of their cultural innovations were just trickling down into the consciousness of Canarsie's young people, further upsetting their parents, a generation that had already been losing influence over its adolescents when their hair was still short.

Mr. Rieder reports all this in a sympathetic and understanding way, making us feel the squeezes the whites from Canarsie told him they felt, without, however, hiding his sympathy for blacks or his distaste for extremism. Still, blacks do not get equal time in this book. Moreover, I wish Mr. Rieder had been less the dutiful ethnographer and more the distanced analyst, separating the minor causes of Canarsie's reactions from the major ones and discussing the latter in a systematic fashion.

I also wish he had paid more attention to one major cause in particular - the turning away (by Government, the private sector and well-off taxpayers) from the national trend toward somewhat greater economic and political equality that had begun during the New Deal and continued through World War II and the years of postwar affluence. This turning away squeezed both Canarsie and the ghetto, and, lacking the power to demand redress from prosperous America, whites and blacks took their frustrations out on each other.

MR. RIEDER ends his ethnography with a neoconservative political point - that Canarsie, and middle America generally, stopped being liberal in the late 70's and justifiably so, and that much of the blame lies with the arrogance of ''left-liberals.'' I think Mr. Rieder is wrong.

Italian-Jewish Canarsie is not quite middle America, and ideological labels do not fit its inhabitants, most of whom act pragmatically rather than ideologically. Besides, liberalism has many definitions. Socially and culturally, most Canarsie Jews never stopped taking liberal positions, and most Italians there had never started to in the first place. When I studied an Italian ***working-class*** area, in Boston, in the late 50's, I found many of the same attitudes Mr. Rieder discovered 20 years later, including hostility to anything upper middle class.

Jews and Italians are known for racial tolerance when not threatened. If liberalism is defined as tolerance, Canarsie whites gave up liberal attitudes when they felt threatened, but reverted when the threat declined, especially the younger and more affluent Jews. Economic liberalism has retained favor among most people in Canarsie, although they resent, especially in hard times, Federal programs that do not directly benefit *them*. Perhaps they also share Ronald Reagan's intense faith in economic growth, but the 39th assembly district, in which Canarsie is located, voted for Jimmy Carter in 1980 and Walter Mondale in 1984.

No doubt Canarsie resented the arrogance of people who called themselves liberals , an arrogance the people of Canarsie perceived not in liberalism per se but in members of the upper middle class patronizing the lower classes. Furthermore, the Democratic party's recent failures have less to do with arrogance than with the ever diverging economic and other interests of its major constituencies. Mr. Rieder is not arrogant, but his political analysis adds little to an otherwise thoughtful and well-written book.

**End of Document**



[***Santa Barbara On the Cheap***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4SDM-JRF0-TW8F-G1CB-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 2, 2008 Friday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2008 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section F; Column 0; Escapes; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1775 words

**Byline:** By JULIE BESONEN

**Body**

SANTA BARBARA is a fabled, verdant oasis, renowned for its opulence. Could this magnet to the rich and famous also be a bargain hunter's paradise?

The American Riviera, as the croissant-shaped, coastal enclave is billed, offers more affordable possibilities than the French Riviera, given the diminishing dollar. While the area's exclusive resorts can reach $1,000 a night, and a $500 dinner at a top restaurant is not unheard of, I was able to pull together three days in Santa Barbara for under $700.

Santa Barbara lazes between the Santa Ynez Mountains and the Pacific, 90 miles northwest of Los Angeles. It is home -- away from other homes -- to Oprah Winfrey, John Travolta, Steve Martin, Kirk Douglas, Kevin Costner, Brad Pitt and Angelina Jolie, among other celebrities with deep pockets. But college students, fixed-income retirees and regular working stiffs live there, too. How do they do it?

I put my thrifty skills to the test. I have managed to travel globally on an income that should have kept me within walking distance of my apartment. But my dollar pinching has its limits. I want clean hotels and delicious food. Camping I won't even consider, including on couches.

Weekenders from Los Angeles tend to drive up the ocean-hugging Highway 101, but I used frequent-flier miles to fly in from the East Coast, through Los Angeles. I landed at the small Santa Barbara airport on a warm, sunny day last month, typical for a city that claims over 300 days of sunshine a year.

I rented a Ford Focus for $32 a day and stood firm when the Avis agent at the airport advised me to upgrade. She was impressed that I was heading to the Montecito Inn and thought I needed something flashier to drive. But that was proved wrong when the valet at the hotel was as welcoming to me as if I'd given him keys to a Bentley.

The Montecito Inn opened in 1928, largely bankrolled by Charlie Chaplin, who enjoyed his escapes there from Hollywood. Just in case there is any doubt about Chaplin's involvement, a life-size statue of the Little Tramp greets you at the elevator. His image is imprinted on the soap and the chocolate on your pillow. Chaplin movie posters ornament the lobby and hallways.

Hotels can make or break a budget. The difference between a $100 room and a $200 room is enormous when you are trying to curb expenses. Sticker-shock lodgings, like San Ysidro Ranch and the Bacara Resort, were out of the question for me.

I scoured Web sites for deals. For my own edification, I decided to switch hotels each of the three nights of my visit. Other than enthusiastic reviews, my requirements were location, free parking and free breakfast. The Montecito Inn, on the eastern edge of town, met them all (my compact and elegantly furnished $149 room was apparently only minutes from Oprah's multimillion-dollar compound) plus had free wireless and a heated swimming pool, perfect for my morning laps.

I dropped my luggage and drove down shady, ***working-class*** Milpas Street, bypassing the famed cult favorite La Super-Rica Taqueria (gushed over by bloggers, and, years before, by Julia Child), in favor of El Bajio. Local friends raved to me about this under-the-radar taqueria. I had a cheery reunion with them and some members of my family at a picnic table on the sun-splashed patio and filed inside to order at the counter.

El Bajiio is a tidy, brightly lighted hole-in-the-wall, but its sensational seafood soups, fresh moles and well-seasoned, slow-roasted meats belie its modest trappings. The quesadilla adobada ($8.55), a flour tortilla filled with shredded pork, Monterey Jack and cheddar cheese, onions and cilantro, radiated heat and juicy sweetness. I wish I hadn't felt compelled to eat so much of it (sharing is highly advised) because I could barely muster more than a few spoonfuls of the delicious caldo de camaron ($11.49), a spicy, tomato-hued soup bobbing with shrimp and avocado.

I walked it off on State Street, the city's main drag, lined with clothing and book shops, restaurants, bars and vintage movie theaters. Bougainvillea scrambles over the golden adobe buildings and Spanish Colonial Revival archways. On the street was a mix of sun-kissed beauties and sun-beaten characters playing guitar.

It is certainly possible to roam Santa Barbara and savor its broad, sandy beaches without a car. But parking never posed much of a problem. Several garages offer free parking for the first 75 minutes. I parked free in front of the gorgeous, lushly landscaped Santa Barbara County Courthouse, and in a garage across the street from the Santa Barbara Museum of Art. The small, wonderful collection of antiquities and American, European and Asian art merits inspecting (and on Sundays, admission is free).

I also enjoyed driving around lovely Spanish-Mediterranean neighborhoods profuse with flowers and greenery. Another scenic route I relished wound past the majestic, pink sandstone Mission Santa Barbara and up the foothills to the Santa Barbara Botanic Garden. Every day, a docent leads an hourlong tour (2 p.m. on weekdays, 11 am on weekends) that is included in the $8 admission.

The public is welcome to picnic or wander through the gardens all day, but it was worth timing my visit for the tour to learn about the native American plants and wildflowers ablaze in a meadow, a dream of what the Central Valley looked like before farming took hold. We examined jojoba, Joshua and redwood trees, and the California fan palm, fatly draped in dried fronds. Tooling back down the hillside for dinner, I beheld the ocean and the Channel Islands in the distance. My appetite for seafood was amply met at the nautical-themed Enterprise Fish Company, a couple of blocks from the wood-planked Stearns Wharf. During a noisy, crowded happy hour, my friends and I had to use some muscle to capture a table. And why wouldn't it be popular, with $1 oysters and $3.25 gin and tonics? We also snacked on crisp lobster chicken taquitos ($3.95), meaty crab cakes ($3.95) and Cajun popcorn shrimp ($4.95).

THE next day, I checked into the retro Inn at East Beach, a three-minute walk from the beach. My $100 room was spacious, with a king-size bed, six pillows, a kitchenette and 74 TV channels. The walls were thin and what the decor lacked in style was more than made up for in friendliness. The manager, Frank Santana, gets so involved in his guests' well-being that he mockingly rubbed his fists in his eyes when I checked out.

Around the corner from the Inn at East Beach you can hop on the Downtown-Waterfront shuttle, an open-air electric trolley that costs 25 cents and runs every 10 minutes along the beachfront, framed by towering palms. I got off close to the harbor and found a lunch spot, Brophy Bros., that's hard to beat for views of the ocean, mountains and marina, alive with fishing boats and yachts.

This busy clam bar and restaurant takes no reservations, so I felt lucky to get a table on the outside deck. I started with a bracing oyster shooter ($2.75) and matched my mug of thick clam chowder ($4.25) with a glass of local Kalyra sauvignon blanc ($6.50). A basket of sourdough bread was so chewy and flavorful it was a revelation.

Several well-regarded wineries, like Kalyra, are rooted downtown and open to the public for tastings. The heart of Santa Barbara wine country is 45 minutes away in the Santa Ynez Valley, made famous in the 2004 movie ''Sideways,'' but if you stay in town you can walk instead of drive.

I visited the oldest, the Santa Barbara Winery, started in 1962, two blocks from the beach. For $5, I got tastes of six wines, bread sticks to clear my palate, and the wine glass wrapped up to take home. I particularly enjoyed the rich, dark-berry negrette, an obscure grape from Southwest France, and the primitivo, a plump, dense red that's a clone of zinfandel. These wines retail for $22 and $23 respectively, so those mouthfuls were a bargain.

My brother, Keith, is more into beer, so our group made a point of regathering at the Brewhouse, a casual, rambling hangout with happy hour specials seven days a week. For $3.95 you can get a hot dog with all the trimmings plus a cold pint of beer handcrafted on the premises. We passed around pints of Nirvana pale ale, Lobotomator Dopple Bock, West Beach I.P.A. and 10.W.30 Stout, all deemed well executed by our resident beer hound. In pursuit of further savings, we frantically hailed our waiter for another round at 5:55, last call for happy hour.

Not ready for the night to end, we moved on to Los Arroyos, a bustling taqueria downtown with the same do-it-yourself spirit as El Bajio. We ordered at the counter, took a number and squeezed around a wood table inlaid with colorful Mexican tiles. A design effort was made here, with frescoed walls of palm trees and parrots.

Los Arroyos is justly famous for warm, freshly cut chips and creamy guacamole ($4.25) heaped in a molcajete. At the salsa buffet, I scooped samples of varying hues and hotness. I splotched them on my rajas con queso ($8.50), two soft tacos with grilled pasilla chiles and onions, Monterey Jack and queso fresco on homemade corn tortillas (the smoky chipotle was the winner).

My last night was spent at the Bath Street Inn, a bed-and-breakfast a few blocks northwest of downtown that would be the perfect filming location for a Miss Marple mystery. In the parlor, tea and cookies are served in the afternoon followed by wine and cheese. My snug room, with lace-edged sheets, fluffy towels and velvet throw pillows, was $123 for a double.

The homemade breakfast was superb: freshly squeezed orange juice, granola with sweet farmers'-market strawberries, and pancakes with maple butter. Morning sunlight filtered through the windows and the day was full of cultural and culinary possibilities.

All in, my three-day getaway totaled $666.82. For all its presumed exclusivity, Santa Barbara opened its arms to a humbler traveler and showed that you don't need a fortune to have a rich time.

VISITOR INFORMATION

Montecito Inn, 1295 Coast Village Road; (805) 969-7854; www.montecitoinn.com.

The Inn at East Beach, 1029 Orilla Del Mar; (805) 965-0546; www.innateastbeach.com.

Bath Street Inn, 1720 Bath Street; (805) 682-9680; www.bathstreetinn.com.

Taqueria El Bajio, 129 North Milpas Street; (805) 884-1828.

Enterprise Fish Company, 225 State Street; (805) 962-3313; www.enterprisefishco.com.

Brophy Bros., 119 Harbor Way at the Breakwater; (805) 966-4418; www.brophybros.com.

The Brewhouse, 229 West Montecito Street; (805) 884-4664;

www.brewhousesb.com.

Los Arroyos, 14 West Figueroa Street; (805) 962-5541;

www.losarroyos.net.

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

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: PLAYGROUND: An outrigger canoe club practices just off Stearns Wharf and the broad downtown beach. (PHOTOGRAPH BY JILL CONNELLY FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (pg. F6)

JUST TWO BITS Santa Barbara's electric trolley along the waterfront costs just 25 cents. (PHOTOGRAPH BY JILL CONNELLY FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (pg. F1) MAP (pg. F6) Map of Santa Barbara in California.

**Load-Date:** May 2, 2008

**End of Document**



[***Two Political Veterans, but Only One Chair - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4736-1150-01CN-H3HC-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 27, 2002 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

**Correction Appended**



Copyright 2002 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 14CN; Column 1; Connecticut Weekly Desk; Pg. 3

**Length:** 1304 words

**Byline:**  By STACEY STOWE

**Body**

WHEN Connecticut lost a Congressional seat because of a population decline, and voting districts were redrawn last December, the Fifth District race for the United States House was poised to be the toughest contest in the state this fall.

It featured the rare combination of two incumbents seeking votes in 41 towns, often among an unfamiliar electorate, and had the potential to tip the political balance in the House to Democratic from the Republican-held majority.

Now, weeks away from Election Day, the contest between Nancy L. Johnson and James H. Maloney is not quite as pitched as promised, yet remains, next to the gubernatorial contest, the most closely watched in Connecticut.

A Quinnipiac University poll of Oct. 17 showed Ms. Johnson, a 10-term Republican whose Sixth District of 31 towns was melded into the new Fifth, leading by 56 percent to the 38 percentage of Mr. Maloney, a three-term Democrat. Douglas Schwartz, the director of the Quinnipiac poll, said that given the recent evidence, the race can no longer be considered a tossup.

Yet political experts said it would be a mistake to discount Mr. Maloney, 53, a married father of three school-aged daughters and the oldest of 10 brothers and sisters, who is described by more than one as a "populist street fighter." Many recall his 1996 victory over Republican Gary Franks, who'd beaten him in 1994, despite his trailing Mr. Franks by some 17 points in the polls just weeks before the election.

Mr. Maloney also squeaked out a victory against Republican Mark Nielsen in 1998 by a few thousand votes. If the sport of politics leans toward boxing metaphors, Mr. Maloney, the experts said, is not yet down for the count.

The newly drawn Fifth District is bordered to the northwest by Salisbury and to the southwest by Danbury, featuring a crazy quilt of Republican small-town strongholds and the blue-collar cities of Waterbury and New Britain long favored by Democrats. This factor, the incumbency of both candidates and a high number of unaffiliated voters has made for a challenging campaign.

So far, it has been a contest marked by a fair bit of mudslinging, mostly over three issues: truth in campaign advertising, negative campaigning and the veracity of the candidates' voting records in Congress. Mr. Maloney's camp has accused Ms. Johnson of not voting for the programs she touts on the stump.

"She says one thing in Connecticut and then votes the other way when she gets to Washington," Mr. Maloney has repeatedly said of Ms. Johnson. Ms. Johnson's squad retorts that Mr. Maloney is still a greenhorn in Congress with few voting notches on his own belt.

"He's written one law to Nancy's 23," said Brian Schubert, Ms. Johnson's press aide. Those 23 bills include individual bills written by Ms. Johnson that are rolled into other legislation and signed into law.

Another high profile topic is the financial divide between the candidates. Ms. Johnson has raised $3 million, Mr. Schubert said and counts President George W. Bush and his father as fund-raisers. Mr. Maloney has raised $1.7 million, with help from former president William J. Clinton and his wife, Senator Hillary Rodham Clinton.

Indeed, the Fifth District is listed as the fifth most expensive congressional contest nationwide this year, according to the Center for Responsive Politics, a Washington-based nonpartisan, nonprofit research group that tracks money in politics.

Yet Ms. Johnson, who is a left-of-center Republican and Mr. Maloney, a right-leaning Democrat, share many similar policy views, said Kenneth Dautrich, a professor of political science at the University of Connecticut and director of its poll. Both are willing, for example, to consider privatizing aspects of the Social Security program while not supporting large-scale change to it, he noted.

They are divided on the issue of term limits, a potentially thorny topic for Mr. Maloney, who signed a pledge in 1998 that he would not serve beyond eight consecutive years. If elected in November, the term would be his last. Ms. Johnson, who refused to sign the pledge because she said he believed it is too difficult to be effective at the federal level without at least six to eight years experience, said Mr. Maloney had handicapped himself.

"People know you're there for the last time," she said. But Mr. Maloney said he stands by his decision.

"Congress suffers from people who serve too long and are more responsive to their fellow cronies in Washington that they are to the voters," he said.

If the race is said to turn on any one issue, Mr. Dautrich said, it is personality. Ms. Johnson, the mother of three grown daughters and the wife of a retired doctor, is the first Republican woman to serve on the Ways and Means Committee and the first and only woman to be chairwoman of two of its subcommittees. Her long history in Connecticut politics gives her, at age 67, a cachet of the elder stateswoman with very high name recognition, he said.

Yet Mr. Maloney stepped onto the international stage last year when he traveled twice to Russia to help broker the release of Jack Tobin, a Fulbright scholar studying in that country and imprisoned on charges of drug use and possession.

Mr. Maloney is not considered an "inside Democrat," but is instead something of a loner. By contrast, Ms. Johnson is perceived as a party favorite.

"This can work to his advantage, actually," Mr. Dautrich said. "He can push his populist stance and note that he doesn't kowtow to anybody."

Mr. Maloney is not afraid to fight hard and bold in a campaign. For example he beat Mr. Franks in 1996 after running an ad featuring a rat scurrying through an abandoned building when it was revealed that Mr. Franks owned some severely decaying property in Waterbury. Mr. Dautrich recalled the ad as "vicious and really negative, but very effective."

Mr. Maloney also has huge support from labor unions, including the backing of the national A.F.L.-C.I.O., whose Connecticut president, John Olsen, is also the chairman of the state Democratic Party. Mr. Maloney pointed out his efforts this summer in preventing the Stanley Works company from reincorporating. The New Britain tool manufacturer sought to relocate its business in name only to Bermuda to save money on taxes, a move that many employees believed would have increased outsourcing of work overseas, resulting in layoffs.

But Ms. Johnson said she too plans to work on a bill to prevent such corporate restructuring, but is aware of the need for a domestic corporation to protect itself from takeovers by foreign companies whose taxes are lower and work force is cheaper.

A huge difficulty for the candidates is that neither can point to the opponent and accuse with any gusto of being inexperienced, Howard Reiter, a UConn political science professor, said, as both are incumbents.

Stuart Rothenberg, who publishes a political report in Washington that is a nonpartisan analysis of American politics and elections, suggested that Mr. Maloney should turn away from whose ads are most accurate and call attention to the slumping economy.

"If he can tap into public angst that the current economic plan is not working, this will sit well with Waterbury and New Britain and other areas in the Fifth with largely ***working class***-voters," he said.

Mr. Rothenberg attributed some of Ms. Johnson's success in the newly configured Fifth District to her ability to move in all social circles.

"One minute she can be with a Republican garden club and the next she's in a bar in Waterbury drinking beer and slapping somebody on the back," he said, a dichotomy acknowledged with a chuckle by Ms. Johnson.

But charisma, polls and advertising aside, Mr. Reiter said that sometimes winning a House seat comes down to the most mundane factor: which party can mobilize the most people to get out and vote on Nov. 5.

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

**Correction**

A picture in the Connecticut section yesterday with an article about the election campaign in the Fifth Congressional District was published in error. It showed Harold A. Schaitberger, general president of the International Association of Fire Fighters, at a rally in New Britain, not Representative James H. Maloney, whom he was supporting.

**Correction-Date:** October 28, 2002

**Graphic**

Photos: In a poll conducted earlier this month, Nancy Johnson, a Republican, had an 18 point lead over James Maloney, a Democrat, in the Fifth District. (Photographs by Thomas McDonald for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** October 27, 2002

**End of Document**



[***DESPITE TRIAL, TALK IS LIVELY IN YUGOSLAVIA***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-C2B0-0007-J2SN-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

February 13, 1985, Wednesday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1985 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Page 11, Column 1; Foreign Desk

**Length:** 1101 words

**Byline:** By JAMES M. MARKHAM

**Dateline:** BELGRADE, Yugoslavia, Feb. 6

**Body**

Portraits of the great leader, dead almost five years, still hang on the official walls of this scruffy, down-at-the- heels city on the Danube. Tito's steady, omnipresent gaze is a reminder that another strong leader has not taken his place.

Among the lively intelligentsia of Belgrade, which is the capital both of multi-ethnic Yugoslavia and of its Serbian republic, the Croatian-born Tito is not a beloved figure.

''I like it better to have the picture and no successor,'' a 26-year-old philosophy student said. ''Can you imagine having another Tito?''

There is substantial freedom of speech and of the press in this independent Communist nation, which, since Tito, has been ruled by a collective, rotating leadership. It is a different sort of place than its Soviet- dominated Eastern European neighbors, but a just-concluded political trial was a reminder for some people of how ideologically close those neighbors still are.

The Frontiers Are Open

For Yugoslavia, the physical and cultural frontiers to Western Europe are open; a million Yugoslavs work in the West and bring home ideas as well as West German marks and Italian lire.

Yugoslav television runs American programs. Foreign diplomats say it is virtually impossible to have dinner guests on Mondays, when ''Dynasty'' is shown.

Book stores carry the translated works of such critics of Communism as Czeslaw Milosz, the Polish exile, and Milan Kundera, the Czech exile. Last year George Orwell's ''Nineteen Eighty-Four'' was issued in a Serbo-Croatian anniversary edition.

Sevta Lukic, a Yugoslav critic, said: ''We have a very dynamic literature, one of the most interesting in Europe.''

Mr. Lukic's own book, ''Russian Literature Under Socialism,'' has not been published in the Soviet Union, and for years the Russians did not give him a visa after he had written an introduction to the Serbo-Croatian edition of Boris Pasternak's ''Doctor Zhivago.''

A Postwar Flirtation

''We had a period of Soviet influence, too,'' said the jovial Mr. Lukic, evoking the brief flirtation with the canons of Socialist Realism after World War II, before Tito broke with Stalin in 1948.

In the economic realm, too, self-criticism abounds, sharpened by a 50 percent inflation rate and an economy downturn that has dragged living standards to the levels of the 1960's. This is a legacy of Tito, who tried to import prosperity from the West, but left the nation burdened with $20 billion in debt.

Branko Horvat, a Zagreb economist, said recently in the Belgrade magazine ''Intervju'' that the Government should resign since it seemed unable to fix the nation's economic plight.

At a meeting last year of the party's Central Committee, a Macedonian member, Trpe Jakovleski, said ''the links between the party and the ***working class*** have been broken.'' Other speakers bemoaned the existence of nationalist-Communist alliances in Yugoslavia's six republics and two autonomous regions.

In this free-wheeling atmosphere, many people found almost grotesque a police raid last April on a Belgrade gathering of 28 dissidents and the ensuing trial of six of them on conspiracy charges. The crackdown suggested a bad case of the jitters among the Serbian authorities, who had a tradition of tolerating an open climate in Belgrade.

Charges Were Reduced

In face of protests from the West, Serbian officials denied responsibility. Some politicians put out the word that they had been surprised by the arrests, which they attributed to Stane Dolanc, the Yugoslav Interior Minister. Others spoke of pressure from hard-liners in Croatia and Bosnia-Hercegovina.

The trial ended this month with three defendants being convicted of the reduced charge of ''hostile propaganda'' and given sentences ranging from one to two years; they are free pending appeal. A fourth was acquitted and two others were severed from the main case and will be tried separately. The light sentences suggested a retreat by the authorities.

''This will not satisfy the basic purpose of the trial, which was to intimidate intellectuals and the mass media people,'' said Mihailo Markovic, a philosopher and rights advocate. ''But the verdict shows that the regime is drawing a line, that it will tolerate certain kinds of criticism, but not criticism that is sharp with respect to Tito, the party or the advocacy of a multi-party system.''

Competing Nationalisms

Milovan Djilas, the dissident, was to have been the speaker at the April gathering that was raided.

''After Tito,'' the 73-year-old Mr. Djilas said in his apartment, ''the authorities blocked their mind. They thought Tito would live in eternity.''

Mr. Djilas portrayed Yugoslavia's predicament as a deadlock between competing nationalisms in the republics, which he described as canceling out any chances for political or economic change.

''The crisis is not because the opposition is strong,'' he said, ''but because the system is weak, split into eight parties and united only in their opposition to their opponents.''

In another place, the official temptation might be to repudiate the dead leader and blame him for the nation's problems. But for the Yugoslav Communists that would amount to shedding their mantle of legitimacy, which had its origins in Tito's leadership of the guerrilla struggle against the German occupation in World War II.

''The enigma,'' said Kosta Cavoski, a witty legal scholar, ''is how to cut the branch on which they are sitting and remain up.''

Fragmentation of Authority

The fragmentation of authority in Yugoslavia - engines are switched as trains cross republic boundaries and not even milk bottles are nationally standardized - has accentuated what dissidents say is a growing autonomy of the police from political control.

Beatings of prisoners appear to be common, according to some who say they were victims themselves; five of the 28 people arrested in April say they were beaten. And Vojislav Seselj, a Sarajevo political scientist jailed for four years for ''hostile propaganda,'' went on a hunger strike on Jan. 21 after being tortured, his lawyer says.

Radomir Radovic, one of the 28 originally detained, was found dead in his country cottage after having been subjected to interrogation. Officials called it a suicide, attributing it first to sedatives and then to an insecticide.

Such episodes uncover the darker underside of Yugoslavia's tolerant political system, tolerant compared to that of other Communist countries.

A Belgrade editor said after the dissident trial that he could not be sure whether repression or liberalization awaited Yugoslavia.

''We have more possibilities,'' he said, ''but no fewer dangers.''

**End of Document**



[***Critic's Notebook;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8B-1KP0-008G-F4KC-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Welcome Invasion: A Russian Season In Paris Theaters***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8B-1KP0-008G-F4KC-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 3, 1994, Thursday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1994 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Cultural Desk

**Section:** Section C; ; Section C;  Page 15;  Column 1;  Cultural Desk ; Column 1;

**Length:** 1226 words

**Byline:** By JOHN ROCKWELL,

By JOHN ROCKWELL,   Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** PARIS, March 2

**Body**

If German music, especially by Richard Strauss, has dominated concert life here this fall and winter, it is now the turn of Russian theater. Five theaters -- the Rond Point Theatre Renaud-Barrault, MC 93 Bobigny, the Odeon-Theatre de l'Europe, Nanterre-Amandiers and the Conservatoire National Superieur d'Art Dramatique -- have turned themselves over to Russians: to Russian companies or French troupes directed by Russians or French troupes with their regular directors doing Russian works.

The links between France and Russia go back a long way. French was the language of the Russian aristocracy in the 18th and 19th centuries. There was a wave of upper-crust Russian immigration to Paris after the Russian Revolution. More recently, French intellectuals felt a profound sympathy with Soviet Russia and kept up ties even in the depths of Stalinism. It is no accident that the high-tech MC 93 theater in the ***working-class*** suburb of Bobigny -- the MC stands for Maison de la Culture, one of a slew of government cultural outposts dotted all over France -- is on the Avenue Lenine.

The biggest hit has been "Claustrophobia," a piece by Lev Dodin and his Maly Theater of St. Petersburg that was commissioned by the Bobigny theater. In a front-page review, Le Monde called it "the most passionate spectacle currently on view in Parisian theater." Largely improvised by the apprentice actors in the company, it is intended to provide a portrait of Russia, and especially young Russia, in these turbulent times. (The Dodin troupe is to appear at the Brooklyn Academy of Music in November with the predecessor of "Claustrophobia," "Gaudeamus.")

A two-hour melange of dance, song and often ranting speech, "Claustrophobia" was presented in Russian with French supertitles. The image offered was of a Russia full of drunkenness, sex, provinciality, violence and despair. Yet it was all performed by a company full of high spirits and almost animal vitality. As Liberation, another Paris daily, put it: "The vitality of the actors contrasts violently with the pessimism of the thesis."

This kind of potpourri of the arts, interweaving speech and song and dance, owes much to the post-revolutionary Russian theatrical pioneer Vsevolod Meyerhold. To this taste, Yuri Lyubimov and his Taganka Theater of Moscow, the other major Russian theatrical visitor here this winter, are better at it than Mr. Dodin and his company. Mr. Dodin's young actors seem overwrought and self-indulgent. Mr. Lyubimov, to judge from his "Homage to Zhivago" last spring in Vienna and his version of Pushkin's play "Boris Godunov" at the Rond Point, retains an unmatched ability to create controlled and impressive mixtures of the arts.

Pushkin's historical drama was the source of Mussorgsky's opera, but differs from it in fascinating ways. Dmitri, the pretender to Boris's throne, is a simian buffoon (and in this production, which dates from 1982, looks rather like Vladimir V. Zhirinovsky). His lover, Marina, an overt snob, desires only power and glory.

Mr. Lyubimov founded his theater in 1964 and has had troubles with it ever since. His "Boris" was banned because of its direct appeals to the audience to overthrow tyranny; today, in its treatment of Pushkin's more extensive scenes of civil war and of cynical lust for power, it seems eerily prescient of political anarchy in Russia.

And perhaps also prescient of strife within the Taganka Theater itself. Stripped of his citizenship in 1984, Mr. Lyubimov, 76, returned to Russia in 1989 but never fully regained control of the Taganka. Now the company has split, with Nikolai Gubenko, a former Soviet Minister of Culture and actor of the title role in this production of "Boris," heading the rival faction. Mr. Lyubimov had the loyalty of the group of actors in Paris. But he has also accepted a three-year appointment as chief opera director in Bonn, Germany.

As Strauss's music continues unstoppably in Parisian opera houses and concert halls, there has been plenty of German theater here as well, including a mini-festival of modernist German portrayals of the oppressed. First, the Nanterre-Amandiers theater (Patrice Chereau's old haunt) staged a production of Georg Buchner's "Woyzeck" at the Rond Point. This starred Daniel Auteuil, one of France's best-known stage and screen actors. He was very good in the requisite sad-sackish manner, but the production, by Carlos Stavisky, seemed oddly bloodless, playing out this sordid drama against a toy-house backdrop curiously reminiscent of Mr. Chereau's staging of Berg's opera "Wozzeck" last season at the Theatre du Chatelet.

Comparable in mood but more powerful in expression was the first Paris performance of Bernd Alois Zimmermann's opera "Die Soldaten," based on the play of the same name by the Buchner contemporary J. M. R. Lenz. Zimmermann's complex Serial score was well handled by Bernard Kontarsky and the forces of the Bastille Opera. And Harry Kupfer's production, which started life in Stuttgart in 1987 and has been seen since in Strasbourg and Vienna, was one of the very best things this highly theatrical director has done: vivid, fluid and reasonably faithful to Zimmermann's almost insanely complex demands.

At the Theatre National de Chaillot there was a French production of Bertolt Brecht's "Resistible Rise of Arturo Ui" directed by Jerome Savary, who runs that theater. Mr. Savary's "magic circus" style, wherein musicians and dancing girls and flashy sets and all manner of razzmatazz are piled onto the work in question -- Meyerhold with glitz, if you will -- might seem far removed from Brechtian austerity.

But Mr. Savary's approach, abetted by Ezio Toffulutti's ingenious sets, actually served Brecht's parable of the rise of Nazism very well. This was an amusing evening, even if Brecht's gibes, with each of his Chicago gangsters matched to a well-known Nazi, hardly answer the question of how Hitler hijacked his way to power. Mr. Savary's greatest coup, however, was persuading Guy Bedos, a popular French comedian, to take on the role of Ui. Malevolent yet endearing in a Chaplinesque way, Mr. Bedos brought pungent personality to a part that can remain bloodless symbolism.

Perhaps the most admired production in Paris this winter, however, was neither Russian nor German. It was still an import, if Shakespeare's universality can at this late date be reduced to mere Englishness. But the rest of the production was French through and through, by a 30-year-old director named Stephane Braunschweig who is being spoken of here as the next great hope of French theater.

Mr. Braunschweig has recently taken over the theater in Orleans, and this production of "The Winter's Tale" started life there in October. It then moved into yet another of the distinguished suburban theaters that ring Paris, in Gennevilliers.

To judge from this and other productions, Mr. Braunschweig prefers a theatrical austerity that in France comes perilously close to chi-chi. His Leontes, Pierre-Alain Chapuis, while much praised in the French press, seemed hammy and mannered. Yet there was a serene assurance to many of the other performances (especially Irina Dalle as Hermione), and a lucid logic that held Shakespeare's wild eclecticism together without constraining it. The audience hung on every word of this four-hour performance and cheered unreservedly at the end.

**Graphic**

Photos: Guy Bedos in Bertolt Brecht's "Resistible Rise of Arturo Ui." (S. Gaudenti/Kipa) (pg. C15); Members of the Maly Theater of St. Petersburg in Lev Dodin's "Claustrophobia," at the MC 93 Bobigny. (Brigitte Enguerand) (pg. C18)

**Load-Date:** March 3, 1994

**End of Document**



[***Game Hunting in England***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:58G2-NYB1-DXY4-X3B7-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 21, 2013 Tuesday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2013 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section B; Column 0; Sports Desk; Pg. 13

**Length:** 2560 words

**Byline:** By SARAH LYALL

**Body**

NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE, England -- The Newcastle versus Liverpool match was about to start, and the police officer at the gate was providing advice for those sitting in the away section, amid several thousand tanked-up Liverpool fans.

''They might be a little drunker than usual, considering the time of day,'' the officer warned, speaking of the away fans (it was 5:45 p.m.). ''Are you a Newcastle supporter?''

I was not sure.

''Make sure you're not; you won't have any trouble if you cheer for Liverpool,'' he said. He looked concerned. ''They're the ones wearing red.''

Premier League soccer is growing ever more popular worldwide. A survey by Britain's national tourism agency in 2011 found that about 900,000 tourists -- 61,000 of them American -- attended games that season. The league broadcasts to 212 territories for a possible reach of 720 million homes, with more and more Americans watching the games.

But nothing on television can provide adequate preparation for the startling, exhilarating, bewildering, exhausting experience that is a live English professional soccer match. (First lesson: Pick a side). With the most recent season just finished, here is a primer on what to expect should you find yourself at an actual game.

It will be noisier than you are used to. Emotions will be higher than they are at home. The food will be awful. People will be drunk. The weather will be bad. Many of the supporters, even the ones cheering the loudest, will not appear to be having fun as we know it, and will be expressing their feelings in novel combinations of swear words. The discomfort, the din, the rudeness, the cleverness, the chanting, the verbal abuse, the unalloyed ecstasy, the abject despair, the love, the hatred -- all these are part of the ritual, essential to even to the most meaningless, late-season, non-standings-affecting match.

Today's Premier League is in fact a modern-day iteration of an old experience. As charged as the atmosphere still is, it has changed a lot since the dark days of the 1970s, '80s and early '90s, when English soccer was a byword for criminality, violence and hooliganism.

That was the time of the Hillsborough disaster, the Bradford City disaster and the Heysel Stadium disaster, when spectators were sometimes beaten senseless or burned or crushed to death in stadiums; when games were halted and teams were banned from playing outside England; when mayhem ruled the standing-room-only terraces; when rival fans controlled by criminal gangs fought not only in the streets and the stands but on the field, midmatch; when even the tough fans of continental Europe feared the thugs of England.

Pockets of violence still break out, as happened recently when fans from Millwall (team motto: ''No One Likes Us, We Don't Care,'' sung to the tune of Rod Stewart's ''Sailing'') brawled with one another at Wembley during the F.A. Cup semifinal against Wigan. In Newcastle, the home fans ran riot after the team lost to Sunderland (one fan punched a police horse in the neck). But by and large, soccer has turned peaceful. The serious hooligans have been barred from games, their photographs circulated, their images captured on surveillance cameras, their passports confiscated when their teams play abroad, their whereabouts known.

Children and women now feel comfortable at matches. People are less likely to beat you up. The outlawing of all-standing terraced seating in the Premier League in the early 1990s means that fans have to buy tickets in advance and sit in assigned seats, so they are not crammed together and are easier to track. Police and stewards monitor the crowds and remove people caught drinking, committing violence, throwing things at one another or engaging in racist or other abuse.

''There's been a huge decline in the kind of public disorder which dominated English football from the mid-'70s and late '80s,'' said Mark Perryman, a research fellow in sport and leisure culture at the University of Brighton and the author of ''Ingerland: Travels with a Football Nation.''

''Going to a football match today is an entirely different kind of occasion.''

When he was a child in the 1970s, an Aston Villa fan said at a recent game against Chelsea, it was virtually impossible to go to an incident-free game.

''In the terraces when your team scored, everyone would lean forward, and the people in the front would be crushed against the barriers,'' he said. ''Lads would just fall down on the ground and disappear. It's a lot better than it was.''

Still, if you come from America, where it is possible to sit next to a rival fan without fear of bodily harm, English soccer games can be disorienting, unnerving experiences.

RULE NO. 1: Stadiums are strictly segregated according to team allegiance. The team whose fans you are sitting with is the greatest sports team in the history of sports.

''I've been at a match when I was sat in the wrong end,'' said Steve James, 47, a Manchester United fan, recalling an occasion when, desperate for tickets, he and his unable-to-keep-quiet mates found themselves in the Nottingham Forest supporters' section during a crucial game. ''The stewards will actually drag you out.''

At Goodison Park in Liverpool, where Everton was hosting West Ham recently, the Everton fans behind the goal in the rowdy Gwladys Street section of the stadium delivered a nonstop succession of elaborate chants expressing their love for Everton -- players, coach, former players, former coaches -- and their contempt for everyone else, including teams and players that were not there, like Manchester United.

One chant, to the tune of the French song ''Alouette,'' consisted of a long call-and-response recital of names -- ''Psycho Pat'' and ''Tricky Trev'' were two of them -- who, it turned out, played on the beloved Everton side of 1985, the club's best year ever, when it won the league and the European Cup Winners' Cup and (according to the fans) would have won much more had its inexorable push to victory not been thwarted by a series of unfortunate and unfair events.

Twenty-eight years is nothing. English soccer fans have very long memories.

RULE NO. 2: Fans are prejudiced on behalf of their players to the point where, if a player were to jump up and down on the bloodied corpse of an opponent during a match, the fans would accuse the opponent of faking it.

At one point in the Newcastle match, the Newcastle fans taunted the Liverpool fans by bringing up the shameful recent episode in which the Liverpool striker Luis Suárez bit the Chelsea defender Branislav Ivanovic on the arm (Suárez was barred for 10 matches).

Were the Liverpool fans ashamed by this reminder of Suárez's immaturity and weirdness? They were not. To the tune of the part of ''Sloop John B'' that is about wanting to go home, the Liverpool fans praised Suárez's machismo. ''He bites who he wants,'' they sang proudly. ''He bites who he wants. Luis Suárez -- he bites who he wants.''

Meanwhile, the Everton fans still speak with admiration about Duncan Ferguson, a team legend who, playing in Scotland early in his career, spent three months in prison after being convicted of assaulting an opposing player during a match.

It was not Ferguson's fault, according to an Everton fan riding back to London on the train after the game.

The other player, he said, was not tough enough and ''went crying to the police.''

RULE NO. 3: Sometimes, it feels as if you are in a police state.

Do not be surprised if, en route to the stadium, you are greeted by a phalanx of police officers, some whom may be riding horses and wearing riot helmets.

Do not be surprised if someone pats you down for illegal alcohol or ''missiles'' before letting you into the stadium.

Do not be surprised at being shunted, like a criminal, through an entrance gate so narrow it looks as if it were built for elves or people entering a peep show booth.

During a recent Sunderland match against Southampton, security guards patrolled the stands, ejecting fans who were shouting run-of-the-mill abuse at their opponents. At the Everton game, the guards walked up the aisles, making the people standing up go back to their seats. In Newcastle, the Liverpool fans were put in a kind of cordon sanitaire, escorted to and from the parking lot by the police to prevent them from coming into physical contact with the Newcastle supporters.

At the Chelsea-Aston Villa game, some Chelsea fans, unable to control their excitement after a score by Frank Lampard made him Chelsea's career leader in goals, jumped over the barrier and rushed the field (this is known as a ''pitch invasion.'') Within seconds, dozens of officers and stewards had sprinted over to the Chelsea section, surrounded the fans, and bundled the offenders out.

Standing under a no-alcohol-past-this-point sign, a Newcastle security guard explained that he believed he and his colleagues were sometimes the only thing between the fans and a free-for-all.

''You link arms and hope the fans don't break through,'' he said, describing the situation when away supporters try to leave their special segregated area and attack home supporters. Sometimes, he said, the fans sitting at the top of the stadium throw things at the people below. ''You have to put your hands over your head and hope nothing hits you,'' he said.

The guard said the fans had been particularly nasty during Newcastle's most recent outing with its Northeast neighbor Sunderland, the game that ended with semi-riots in downtown Newcastle. When he got home and took off his parka, he said, a cascade of coins that fans had thrown at him fell out of the hood and pockets.

RULE NO. 4: The fans' happiness is not straightforward.

At a match in January, Arsenal was trouncing visiting West Ham, another London team, which meant that most of the people at Emirates Stadium, their home ground, should have been in a good mood. (The West Ham fans were crammed into such a tiny section that their mood barely counted).

But there was an underlying restlessness, and every time Arsenal did anything wrong, like lose possession of the ball, a portion of the home-club fans began abusing the manager, Arsène Wenger, for not having won any trophies in several years.

One man sitting near me was uttering a torrent of profane anti-Wenger imprecations in a low monotone, in the manner of a psychotic cattle auctioneer narrating a pornographic movie. What was his problem, I asked, given that the team was ahead by four goals?

''He's effing useless,'' the man said (among other things).

It works both ways. At the Aston Villa match, the fans' disappointment at being poised to lose the match was allayed only by the sight of the Chelsea captain, John Terry, lying incapacitated and in obvious pain on the field with an ankle injury.

First they accused Terry of faking it. Then they started to chant: ''Stand up! Stand up! If you hate John Terry, stand up!'' while standing up. Then they accused him of some more things. They cheered loudest when he was carried off on a stretcher.

Fans are ecstatic to the point of insanity when their team scores. What makes them nearly as happy is the chance to taunt the opposing fans, the ones whose team has not scored. American baseball fans have rituals like the seventh-inning-stretch and the wave; English soccer fans have rituals like the giving-of-the-finger to the opposing supporters.

''People go into this crazed tribal mode, and you can get this mood of hate,'' said John Carlin, an English journalist who writes frequently about soccer. He described the way fans celebrate goals as ''orgasmic rage.''

''It's a teeth-gritted, sullen business in which people suffer more than enjoy,'' he said.

RULE NO. 5: The food is cruddy and no one really cares about it, but the alcohol is essential.

Alcohol is allowed to be consumed in stadiums' snack areas, but not in the stands. To temper the annoyance this causes, hard-core fans tend to drink heavily beforehand -- carrying plastic bags full of beer onto the train, spending hours in nearby pubs -- and at halftime. They are not supposed to arrive at the stadium obviously drunk, but many have ways of getting around this.

Meanwhile, very little eating goes on in the stands; nobody is walking around wearing a friendly hat and asking if you want to purchase yummy seat-side treats. No cotton candy; no Dippin' Dots. Inside, the snack bar menus tend to be basic, offering things like French fries with curry sauce; chicken pie; and Bovril, a hot beef-flavored bouillon masquerading as soup.

At St. James' Park, the Newcastle stadium, the menu in the away-fans' snack area consisted of one type of entree -- meat pies in various flavors -- and eight types of alcoholic beverage. ''Three-course meal: 7.80 pounds!'' advertised a sign. Course one: meat pie. Course two: flavored vodka drink. Course three: Twix bar.

At the Aston Villa game in Birmingham, Steve James, 47, took time out from chanting obscene remarks at the visiting Chelsea players to observe that because the game started early in the afternoon, the fans had had less drinking time than they might have liked.

Take himself.

''I have only had 11 beers so far,'' he said. ''I met my mates at a bar at 8 in the morning and had a bacon and egg sandwich and four pints of cider,'' cider being an alcoholic drink here. ''On the train, I had a few more. Then I had six in a bar when I got here, and a couple at halftime.''

Except for his addition problems, James did not seem drunk at all. ''I don't like to be uncontrollable or not know what I'm doing,'' he said. ''I have my limit.''

What is that?

''I have no idea,'' he said.

RULE NO. 6: England fans are just as bewildered by you as you are by them.

Graeme Adams, an Everton fan, said he once attended a San Francisco Giants game and was bored to the point of inertia by the slowness of the pace, by the fact that everybody seemed to spend the whole time eating and by what he perceived as the narcoleptic listlessness of the crowd.

''It was unbelievable -- you get told when to clap and how to cheer,'' he said.

Many old-timers mourn the passing of the old soccer era, one they believe was more authentic, more passionate, more primal. This was before television moved in, before deep-pocketed foreign owners began throwing money at soccer teams, and before prices became so high that many ***working-class*** fans bankrupt themselves attending matches, if they go at all.

Others say the whole thing is in danger of becoming too Americanized.

Mark Perryman, of the University of Brighton, said he was not pleased by the way the recent F.A. Cup final began with an opera singer belting out the words to ''God Save the Queen.''

''If there's one group of people that don't need to be told the words to the national anthem, it's soccer fans in England, but it was so loud, no one could hear themselves sing,'' Perryman said.

Meanwhile, he said, the screens at halftime showed what he took to be a Budweiser ad. ''It was some kind of computer game being played by two individuals on the pitch,'' Perryman said. ''This is very foreign to English fan culture.''

Some American traditions will never work here, it seems.

Carlin recalled going to a game some years ago when, as an experiment, a group of cheerleaders was brought out to energize the crowd.

It energized the crowd, but not in the way it was supposed to: the fans all chanted the word ''prostitutes'' until the cheerleaders left.

[*http://www.nytimes.com/2013/05/21/sports/soccer/a-guide-to-attending-a-premier-league-game.html*](http://www.nytimes.com/2013/05/21/sports/soccer/a-guide-to-attending-a-premier-league-game.html)

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: Bad food, big pints and the odd souvenir are staples of Premier League games, even if the crowds have changed over the years. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY HAZEL THOMPSON FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES

WARRICK PAGE FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES)

Arsenal fans, escorted by the police, taunting their rivals from Queens Park Rangers before a game at Q.P.R.'s Loftus Road stadium earlier this month.

For fans, watching can be ''a teeth-gritted, sullen business in which people suffer more than enjoy,'' one journalist said. (B13)

Crowd trouble in the 1980s led to the abolition of open terraces at British soccer stadiums, though many fans still prefer to stand during matches. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY WARRICK PAGE FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES)

Police officers, top, try to keep illicit alcohol and drunken fans from entering stadiums and then patrol inside the stands to eject those they missed. Many supporters, like these outside at Sunderland's Stadium of Light, fill up before heading to their seats. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY WARRICK PAGE FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES

HAZEL THOMPSON FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (B16)

Sunderland fans after a goal. The joy of seeing one's team score is matched only by the delight of rubbing it in on the opposition's supporters. (PHOTOGRAPH BY HAZEL THOMPSON FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES)

Fans squeezing through a turnstile for a Queens Park Rangers game. Seating is segregated according to team allegiance.

Before most games, visiting fans are corralled as the police search for things like alcohol and weapons. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY WARRICK PAGE FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (B17)

**Load-Date:** May 21, 2013

**End of Document**



[***In Father's Memory, Fighting to Stay in Britain***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:53KV-5JD1-DXY4-X2DV-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 21, 2011 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2011 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Column 0; Foreign Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 2247 words

**Byline:** By NINA BERNSTEIN

**Body**

CLAPHAM, England -- The boy was 13 when a dawn immigration raid abruptly ended his father's four-year quest for political asylum in Britain. By nightfall of that day in 2005, father and son were hundreds of miles from home, locked in the privately run Yarl's Wood Immigration Removal Center here, scheduled for deportation to their native Angola in the morning.

Instead, shortly after midnight, the despondent father, Manuel Bravo, 35, walked to a stairwell with a bed sheet and hanged himself. The note he left said why: so that his orphaned boy could stay in Britain.

Indeed, the law did not allow immigration authorities to deport an orphan who had no one waiting for him. A British family the Bravos knew through church took the boy, Antonio, home to Armley, the ***working-class*** suburb of Leeds where they had settled in 2001.

Antonio, now 19, is an apprentice electrician who aspires to be an engineer. Not far from his father's hilltop grave, he shares a century-old house with five British roommates and regularly visits the family who raised him. ''I want to make my dad proud and not feel like he gave his life away for no reason,'' he said.

But next month, Antonio faces the threat of deportation all over again. Under changing laws, instead of qualifying for citizenship this year, as he expected, he is not eligible to apply. His temporary residence permit, granted on humanitarian grounds, is expiring with no clear path to renewal.

Antonio's story is emblematic of one nation's escalating efforts to repel unwanted migration, through an enforcement system partly run by private contractors.

Like governments throughout the Western world, Britain's has come under increasing pressure to increase expulsions, cut immigration and restrict citizenship. At stake for officials is ''managed migration,'' a way to maintain an influx of the most desirable settlers and genuine refugees by forcibly excluding the rejected -- in an effort to rein in the hostility toward foreigners that is mounting from Australia and the United States to Norway and France.

''It is ever more important that proper immigration controls are not only in place but are seen to be in place,'' Damian Green, Britain's immigration minister, said last September after opening two new wings of another privately run detention center near Heathrow Airport. ''If we do not create public confidence in our immigration system, we will remain vulnerable to those who want to find scapegoats for social problems.''

But some analysts contend that, on the contrary, the detention and deportation boom has legitimized treating foreigners as scapegoats, ratcheting up public anxieties and broader demands for restriction.

Over the past decade, public targets of crackdowns have shifted from ''bogus asylum-seekers'' to ''criminal aliens'' and now to ''unsustainable net immigration,'' a term that includes perfectly legal settlers, noted Mary Bosworth, a criminologist at the University of Oxford who has tracked the expansion of immigration jails like Yarl's Wood.

''There is this very public display and investment in making these places of confinement look like they're holding dangerous people,'' Ms. Bosworth said. ''It locks the government into the position where it can only get tougher.''

And the rules keep changing. Last year Antonio passed a new ''Britishness test'' -- What is a shadow cabinet? When is Mothering Sunday? -- only to learn that it no longer counts in his case.

''Great for a pub quiz, though,'' he said.

A Family on the Run

At first, the Bravos were a family of four: Mr. Bravo, calm and quiet; his spirited wife, Lidia; their son, Nelio, 3; and Mr. Bravo's son, Antonio, 10, whose own mother died giving birth to him in Angola. In asylum papers, Mr. Bravo described himself as a farmer jailed and abused by the Angolan government because of his role in a pro-democracy party founded by his father. He fled for his life, he said, after security forces raided the family farm and killed his parents and sisters. Angola was then in the 27th year of a civil war.

The Bravos requested asylum when they landed at Heathrow Airport in October 2001. Barred from work like most asylum-seekers in Britain, they were sent to Armley to await a decision. They found support at Christ Church from Catherine Beaumont, a volunteer at its immigrant help center, and the Rev. Alistair Kaye, then the vicar.

But their application had joined a backlog just as the number of new asylum-seekers in Britain soared toward a peak of 84,000 a year in 2002. Public hostility soared, too, over revelations that few of those denied asylum ever left.

The detention center, Yarl's Wood, was then just opening, part of an expansion that the government and its private partners promised would triple the rate of expulsion. Instead, within three months, the $140 million center was gutted by fire during detainee protests over mistreatment.

An inquiry by the prisons and probation ombudsman found in 2004 that it had been shoddily constructed and rushed into operation to meet ''unattainable'' Labour government targets before an election. Of 385 detainees the night of the fire, including 29 children and seven infants, only 46 had a deportation date, the government acknowledged in Parliament.

By the middle of the decade, tighter border controls had cut asylum arrivals by two-thirds from the 2002 peak. But public hostility toward asylum-seekers kept rising, shaped by accusations that many were exploiting the public subsidies in a system that was slow to decide cases and ineffective at expulsion.

Yarl's Wood was rebuilt. Detention for failed asylum-seekers will grow, the home secretary told Parliament in 2005, ''to the point where it becomes the norm that those who fail are detained.''

The declaration fit a two-pronged strategy by Prime Minister Tony Blair, who was then opening doors to many immigrants, including computer specialists from Asia and people from the newest members of the European Union. Simultaneously, he showcased rigor toward rejected asylum-seekers, much as the Bush and Obama administrations highlighted record numbers of detainees and deportations while pursuing, albeit unsuccessfully, more lenient immigration laws.

Mr. Bravo's application was rejected in 2004, by a caseworker who cited insufficient evidence to support it. Mr. Bravo had no lawyer at the appeal hearing. ''He was really demoralized,'' Antonio said. ''He felt useless.'' The long wait for a decision led to conflicts in his father's marriage, he added, and worsened his own difficult relationship with his stepmother.

In fall 2004, the family split up. Taking Nelio, Mrs. Bravo returned to Angola to care for critically ill relatives. She was arrested and fled again, to Namibia, according to messages that trickled back. Mr. Bravo frantically tried to contact them, Mr. Kaye, the vicar, said, and did not live long enough to learn that she had reached Portugal, where she won asylum and dropped from sight.

At dawn on Sept. 14, 2005, eight officers broke into the Bravos' small row house. ''I can't get it out of my head,'' Antonio said. ''They bust in the door, shining lights. They handcuffed us both -- I felt like a criminal, and I did nowt'' -- nothing, in the dialect of northern England.

Later, in a report on the Bravo case, the ombudsman for prisons questioned the need for such a ''robust exercise of state power'' after long inaction, calling it ''frankly cruel.'' But the raid followed standard policy, he concluded, and had been planned down to details like giving Antonio's five pet fish to a neighbor. Nor was protocol breached by the subcontractors who loaded father and son into a caged van.

The Detention Machine

The Bravos had entered the world of outsourced immigration enforcement. In effect, they were in the custody of the Anglo-Danish company now known as G4S.

Its guards drove them past the brick villas and open fields of Bedfordshire to an old military base where the Yarl's Wood detention center, developed by the company in 2001, lies behind barbed wire.

Contractors now run 7 of Britain's 11 immigration detention centers, where capacity has grown 75 percent since 2001. Mr. Bravo's one day in custody is documented in rare detail in inquest records. What still haunts Antonio is the moment when G4S transport guards discovered a brand-new clothesline in his father's bag. They took the rope from Mr. Bravo, who was under treatment for depression, but never alerted Yarl's Wood. G4S declined to comment for this article on its operations, either in general or with regard to the Bravo case.

A nurse at Yarl's Wood, employed by another subcontractor, confiscated Mr. Bravo's antidepressants and did not ask if he was suicidal -- for fear, she testified, of putting the idea in his head. Official inquiries concluded that these lapses made no difference.

Father and son were escorted through eight locked doors to their room, where Antonio waited while Mr. Bravo made last-ditch phone calls.

One was to the vicar, who had been unable to reach government officials. ''He was really struggling,'' Mr. Kaye said. ''He was terrified of going back.''

When Mr. Bravo returned to their room, Antonio said, he brought bad news: their deportation was set for 10:30 a.m. ''He said, 'Whatever happens, be brave and strong and I'm proud of you.' ''

Antonio was sleeping when security cameras recorded his father's suicide. The ombudsman's 2006 report complains that for hours no one accepted responsibility for waking the boy to tell him his father was dead, and later, no one explained that he would not be deported alone.

''I only cried when Catherine came,'' Antonio remembered of Ms. Beaumont's arrival. ''She came and said, 'We love you and we want you to come and live with us.' ''

The staff members refused to let him go, invoking his best interest.

''You're prepared to send somebody back to possible imprisonment and harm in Angola,'' observed Ms. Beaumont, a former nurse and mother of two, ''and the next day you can't send him back to Leeds because you haven't assessed these people.''

Before being allowed to join the Beaumonts, Antonio spent five days with elderly strangers who plied him with tea. ''That's when I made the transition from African to British,'' he said, ''a cup of tea every half minute.''

Assimilated and Rejected

Last fall, after work on a rainy night, Antonio led a visitor to the home where he finished out his childhood. The dog went wild with excitement. In the parlor, beside a glowing hearth, Ms. Beaumont teasingly recalled milestones of his assimilation: feeding pigeons on a day trip to London, climbing a steep hill on a family bicycling holiday in Devon, sulking through a cream tea afterward.

''I think you wished you'd never come to live with the family at that point,'' she said.

Mr. Kaye, who calls Antonio ''a wonderful lad,'' hints at the rougher patches now masked by dry humor. ''They're the ones who had to cope with all the teenage years, the grief and hard times,'' he said.

Despite efforts by London lawyers, Antonio's asylum application was rejected in 2006 because the authorities had already rejected his father's political claim. But he received a five-year grant of humanitarian protection, which at the time could lead to citizenship.

His English took on Yorkshire rhythms; he forgot Portuguese. When his foster care subsidy ended at 18, he was earning his way as an apprentice electrician, at ease as the only black man on the crew, saving up for citizenship fees and university.

''My father told me to be strong and get my education,'' Antonio said. ''And to me, to get a passport is the most important thing.''

But while Antonio tried to become British, British concerns about immigration were growing. A study for the Washington-based Migration Policy Institute, drawing on years of public opinion research, shows that even before the economic crisis nearly 7 of 10 Britons felt the country had too many immigrants.

In the recession, attitudes hardened over perceived unfair competition for public services and jobs, and fears of Britain being ''swamped'' by foreigners. While 10 percent of Britain's population was born abroad -- fewer than in France or Germany -- most people believed the figure was 25 percent. One political response was an overhaul of citizenship law that broke the links between temporary residence and settlement. Antonio's decade in Britain, marred by nine months of illegal status as a child, is no longer sufficient to apply to stay indefinitely. He lacks British relatives or exceptional skills, other avenues to naturalization.

His permission to stay expires Sept. 18. In his category -- humanitarian protection -- he must wait until 28 days before that date to apply for an extension, and somehow show that his need for protection has not changed.

Meanwhile, the Conservative-Liberal Democrat coalition government has pledged to halve net immigration, now about 200,000 people a year. Since it cannot curb arrivals from the European Union, that means pushing harder to reject non-Europeans.

For Antonio, there is a personal twist: Nelio, 13, came back to Britain on his Portuguese, or European Union, passport. Antonio's former stepmother, who had remarried -- and did not respond to a reporter's e-mail messages -- had sent Nelio to be raised by Portuguese friends near Manchester. She has returned to Angola, now a country at peace that is alien to Antonio.

''My family, they're English,'' he said, referring to the Beaumonts. ''Britain, that's my culture.''

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

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: Antonio Bravo, whose father killed himself as they awaited deportation, has a tattoo that inspires his struggle to be British.(A1)

FAMILY TIES: Antonio Bravo, top, in Armley, England, at the grave of his father, Manuel, who killed himself in 2005 in an effort to avert Antonio's deportation. Driven by the sacrifice of his father, in a family photograph at left, Antonio built a life in Britain with the help of Catherine Beaumont, right.

A TEMPORARY SANCTUARY: The Bravos lived in Armley after filing an asylum request. In 2005, officers seized them at their home, center. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANDREW TESTA FOR THE INTERNATIONAL HERALD TRIBUNE) (A8) CHART: Tougher on Immigrants: Some countries have significantly increased their immigrant detentions in recent years. (Sources: Global Detention Project

Migration Policy Institute

Department of Immigration and Citizenship of Australia

Transactional Record Access Clearinghouse at Syracuse University) (A8)

**Load-Date:** August 21, 2011

**End of Document**



[***CRITIC'S NOTEBOOK;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3WC1-VRC0-007F-G37G-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Distilling The Dance Of Time***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3WC1-VRC0-007F-G37G-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 30, 1999, Friday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1999 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Movies, Performing Arts/Weekend Desk

**Section:** Section E; ; Section E; Part 1; Page 1; Column 3; Movies, Performing Arts/Weekend Desk ; Part 1; ; Column 3;

**Length:** 1325 words

**Byline:** By ANNA KISSELGOFF

By ANNA KISSELGOFF

**Body**

There is much to appreciate and to contest in "Dance for a City: 50 Years of the New York City Ballet," an exhibition that the New-York Historical Society is presenting through Aug. 15 on the occasion of the City Ballet's golden anniversary season.

Two magnificent portrait photographs by George Platt Lynes of George Balanchine and Lincoln Kirstein, the company's founders, introduce the story at its start.

Although undated, the Balanchine portrait shows the choreographer as he appeared in other photographs shortly after his arrival in New York from Europe in 1933. Russian-born, Balanchine looks like the half-Georgian he was. The still-black hair and sharp features are pronounced. Nearby, a 1930's group photo of the American Ballet, the City Ballet's first precursor, is still signed Balanchivadze, the choreographer's original and Georgian surname.

Kirstein, his American patron and advance man, wears a business suit like Balanchine. But Lynes catches the temperamental differences between the two men with telling artifice. Hardly over 30, Kirstein is depicted as a brooding intellectual, leaning to one side as if he were about to fall off his chair. Balanchine twists in his chair and, suit notwithstanding, is the self-assured artist aware of his performance before the camera.

How such disparate personalities came together, as well as the City Ballet's evolution to the present time, is retold through an intelligent chronological sequence and an imaginative installation. Layman and specialist alike will find something of interest.

Lynn Garafola, a dance historian who was curator of the show with her husband, Eric Foner, professor of history at Columbia University, has done an admirable job of assembling material, some of it unfamiliar, from a vast variety of sources.

Nonetheless, the exhibition, which is not a City Ballet project, is not without quirks or errors. The strangest mistake comes glaringly early in a description of Balanchine's choreography for Serge Diaghilev's Ballets Russes in Europe. "Le Bal" is called "the last work Balanchine choreographed for the Ballets Russes," when, as is well known, it was "Prodigal Son."

A larger quirk may be tied to the New-York Historical Society's own focus on the city. Does the show need to justify itself in this museum by identifying the company as the embodiment of New York? Certainly this is the line promoted in the captions and in "Dance for a City," a book of essays published in conjunction with the exhibition (Columbia University Press).

Ms. Garafola notes in the book that after the City Center of Music and Drama invited Ballet Society, another Kirstein-Balanchine troupe, to join the center by becoming the New York City Ballet in 1948, a popular- price policy facilitated "a large ***working-class*** and lower-middle-class audience." Poets and artists were also in attendance. "This diversity helps explain the extraordinary richness of the New York City Ballet repertory during the City Center years," Ms. Garafola writes.

Not true. No amount of determinist concept-building can obliterate the cornerstone of the Balanchine-Kirstein collaboration. They led the way, they did not follow.

For the same reason, it strains credibility to read Sally Banes's strong suggestion in the book that Merce Cunningham perhaps "influenced the look of Balanchine's 'Agon' (1957) and 'Stravinsky Violin Concerto' (1972)," especially in the use of stillness and "disconnectedness of dance phrases."

Again, the idea of influence is used to undermine the City Ballet's basic premises. It is no secret that Balanchine's springboard for choreography was music while Mr. Cunningham's works are not only not choreographed to music but are also deliberately dissociated from whatever sound score is heard in a theater on a particular night.

Stravinsky's musical structures account for the way "Agon" and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto" look, not Merce Cunningham's esthetics. The entire exhibition cannot be understood if the role of music as the springboard for Balanchine and his disciples is relegated to irrelevancy.

The point is that the City Ballet created its own universe; its creators and members lived in New York, but the company is unlike any other. It is only because the City Center established resident companies like the New York City Opera and the New York City Ballet that the ballet company bears the name it does today.

The exhibition's gallery texts, taken from Ms. Garafola's book, recall Balanchine's professional antecedents in the Diaghilev era. There are programs, designs, posters and a rare Italian dancing manual, a gift from Diaghilev. How close Balanchine still remained with his family in Soviet Georgia is revealed by a letter he received in New York in 1935: his mother asks him to promote the music of his composer-brother, Andrei Balanchivadze.

The section devoted to the American Ballet, so named by Kirstein in his 1930's nationalist phase, and two successor troupes, Ballet Caravan (directed by Kirstein alone) and American Ballet Caravan, is particularly good on rarely seen photographs of its dancers (including Michael Kidd and Erick Hawkins) and colorful program covers.

The striking aspect here, as in rehearsal shots from Ballet Society, the City Ballet's immediate predecessor (1946-48), is how theatrical the productions were. Kirstein maintained a strong link with visual artists (from whom Balanchine sought to liberate himself onstage). Hence the number of portraits of both men and dancers by Kirstein's painter-friends of the moment, including Pavel Tchelitchev, Lucian Freud and Paul Cadmus, Kirstein's brother-in-law.

Unsurprisingly, photographs best render a sense of the company's evolution. Some of the most magnificent portrait photographs of Balanchine and his dancers in the early 1950's were taken by the ballerina Tanaquil LeClercq, Balanchine's last wife. Irving Penn's more theatrically posed images are also outstanding, and a curiosity is a 1952 shot from the wings by Stanley Kubrick, who later married the dancer Ruth Sobotka.

Nonetheless, the core of the photographic display lies in the performance shots over the decades. Generations of dancers in the same roles are often seen on the walls of boxlike or curved installations by Stephen Saitas. A costume and props from "The Nutcracker" is, for instance, surrounded by images of dancers in the ballet. Recordings from the scores are also heard and videotapes can be seen on monitors.

There is, rightly, a focus on Jerome Robbins's work in one gallery as well as designs and photographs referring to other choreographers who worked in the company, especially in the 1950's. The company today is represented essentially by photographs of dancers, and Ms. Garafalo's introduction to Peter Martins, the City Ballet's current artistic director, wisely drops the misplaced attack on him in her book and pays tribute to his leadership. The virtue of the exhibition is its clear sense of continuity, reflected in the City Ballet's own history.

Events and Hours

"Dance for a City: 50 Years of the New York City Ballet" remains on view through Aug. 15 at the New-York Historical Society, 2 West 77th Street, Manhattan. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 11 A.M. to 5 P.M. Admission: $5; $3 for students and the elderly; children 12 and under admitted free with an adult. The Historical Society is sponsoring several series of lectures, film showings and symposiums in connection with the exhibition. A free symposium on the history of the City Ballet will be held on May 8 from 9:30 A.M. to 2:30 P.M. Information on all programs, which are included in museum admission: (212) 873-3400.

The New York City Ballet is performing through June 27 at the New York State Theater. Through May 9, the company is performing Peter Martins's new full-length "Swan Lake." Performances are Tuesdays through Fridays at 8 P.M.; Saturdays at 2 and 8 P.M.; Sundays at 3 P.M. Tickets: $16 to $70. Information: (212) 870-5570.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Displays at a show honoring the City Ballet at the New-York Historical Society. (Sara Krulwich/The New York Times)(pg. E1); A marble bust of Lincoln Kirstein, who along with George Balanchine, founded the New York City Ballet. (Sara Krulwich/The New York Times; New-York Historical Society)(pg. E6)

**Load-Date:** April 30, 1999

**End of Document**



[***Giuliani Plan For Hospitals Facing Fight***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-TSS0-0024-J2KT-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 31, 1994, Monday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1994 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk

**Section:** Section B;; Section B; Page 1; Column 5; Metropolitan Desk; Column 5;

**Length:** 1228 words

**Byline:** By JAMES C. McKINLEY Jr.

By JAMES C. McKINLEY Jr.

**Body**

Mayor Rudolph W. Giuliani's proposal to turn city hospitals over to private groups has upset many black and Hispanic lawmakers and members of the hospitals corporation board, who say the Republican-Liberal Mayor does not understand the political ramifications of such a move in ***working-class*** and poor neighborhoods.

The black and Hispanic caucuses, with 22 seats on the 51-member City Council, are a force to be reckoned with, a block of votes the new Mayor cannot afford to ignore if he hopes to win approval for what is likely to be an austere budget with plenty of service cuts, Council officials said.

Although individual hospitals are not included in the city budget, the city helps finance the Health and Hospitals Corporation, and Council approval is needed for that subsidy. While the Council will have no direct say over the sale of a city hospital, such a deal would likely become part of the annual negotiations between Council leaders and the Mayor on the spending plan and would likely become a bargaining chip in the talks.

Opposition From Unions

Mr. Giuliani also appears to be facing opposition to the idea of privatizing hospitals from municipal unions, who have significant influence in the Council, and from some of the 16 members on the Health and Hospitals Corporation's board of directors, who cannot stop the proposal but could embarrass the Mayor by protesting or resigning.

The simmering disagreement over whether to sell off city hospitals appears to be shaping up as a important test of Mr. Giuliani's ability to enact budget cuts and efficiencies that, opponents say, will disproportionately affect minorities. Mr. Giuliani's appointee to head the hospitals corporation has also put forward a plan to trim 1,300 jobs from the corporation's payroll, and roughly 400 of them would be laid off.

There is no doubt that Mr. Giuliani's hard-line approach to the budget has galvanized many minority members of the Council in opposition to the administration despite a meeting earlier this month with the Mayor at which the two sides promised to work together, several Council members said on Friday.

"The Mayor is not dealing with the reality of what is happening in my community," said C. Virginia Fields, a Council member from Harlem. "The municipal hospitals service some of the sickest people in the community and for the most part many of them don't pay. The concern is what does it mean to have privatization?"

The growing resistance to Mr. Giuliani among minority elected officials stems not only from his insistence on privatizing municipal hospitals to save money but also his repeal of a special status for minority-owned companies seeking city business. Both are difficult for constituents in black and Hispanic neighhorhoods to accept, a fact that the lawmakers said seems lost on the new mayor.

Concern in Brooklyn

"I don't think the Mayor has a clue in terms of what it means," said Una Clarke, a Council member whose Brooklyn district includes the mammoth Kings County Medical Center in East Flatbush. "Kings County, that's the poor man's primary health center. It's everything for the poor in Brooklyn."

Mr. Giuliani has said he would like any agreement the city reaches with private hospitals or health-care groups to assure care for the indigent. However, some lawmakers point out that voluntary hospitals in the city presently turn away some patients based on their ability to pay and they fear that the same would happen if Mr. Giuliani goes through with his privatization plan.

Since no proposals have been made public yet, it remains unclear precisely how any transfer of a hospital would work and what guarantees would be provided.

Councilman Adam Clayton Powell 4th of Harlem said many poor people in his district have no place to go for health care other than public hospitals. Talk of privatizing places like Metropolitan Hospital in his district stirs worries that the new private operators might turn away patients that cannot pay, or reject illegal aliens, which city hospitals cannot do, he said.

"I don't think he has any idea of the implications," Mr. Powell said of Mr. Giuliani. "He's looking at everything from a Utopian point of view."

Financial Terms

For his part, Mr. Giuliani said he sees the hospital proposal in purely financial terms. The city is facing a $2.3 billion gap in its approximately $31 billion budget and the fears of minority groups that they will not get equal treatment at private hospitals are not as important as fiscal balance, he said.

"We're trying to get everybody to stop playing status quo with it and realize a lot of changes have to be made," the Mayor said. "If we don't make those changes this city is going to continue to decline, and I'm not going to sit around and watch that."

The Mayor bristled at the suggestion that the plan would disproportionately hurt black and Hispanic New Yorkers, who make up 88 percent of the patients in municipal hospitals. Mr. Giuliani said the opponents were trying to portray the proposal as a racial issue before he has even decided which hospitals to turn over to private hands.

"There are people in this city who would be frightened of any change -- they are going to fight against any change," Mr. Giuliani said. "Before the change is even announced they are going to paint it as a race issue. It isn't a race issue. Since we haven't selected any hospitals yet, how can it possibly be a race issue?"

A Number of Inquiries

The administration already has received a number of inquiries from groups interested in purchasing city hospitals, including Montefiore Medical Center in the Bronx, which expressed interest in North Central Bronx Hospital, and the New York Medical College in Valhalla, which said it was interested in buying Metropolitan Hospital.

But members of the hospitals board said any proposal to sell a city hospital automatically becomes a class issue and entangled in racial politics. Since it was established in 1970, the hospitals corporation's mission has been to serve the poor and predominantly minority population that private hospitals turn away.

"There is a great amount of concern that the level of care and the delivery of care will be unequal," said a high-ranking official in the hospitals corporation who is black. "That the public dollars that ought to be color-blind might end up not being so."

Bitter Protests

Attempts to close city hospitals have in the past caused bitter protests that divided people along racial lines. In 1980 Mayor Edward I. Koch was heckled and booed several times at racially charged protests over the closing of Sydenham Hospital at 124th Street and Manhattan Avenue.

David R. Jones, a member of the hospitals corporation board, said another worry among board members about privatization was that only the financially successful municipal hospitals would be attractive to outside buyers. Since the hospitals making a profit currently subsidize those that are struggling, he said, handing them over to private companies would make it harder to attract good doctors to the system and would leave the remaining public hospitals with shrinking revenues and deteriorating care.

"You're going to have an enormous version of the St. James Infirmary," Mr. Jones said, referring to the legendary hospital in the South where the poor went primarily to die. "You're left with places that are really in trouble."

**Load-Date:** January 31, 1994

**End of Document**



[***POLISH SHIPS SEEN AS LAST OPEN EXIT***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-GPN0-0008-N0NG-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 30, 1984, Friday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1984 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Page 3, Column 1; Foreign Desk

**Length:** 1043 words

**Byline:** By JAMES M. MARKHAM

**Dateline:** TRAVEMUNDE, West Germany, Nov. 28

**Body**

Docked safely in from the choppy Baltic Sea, the sleek white Rogalin, a 7,500-ton ferry, looks like it was designed for the rich and the privileged. But this year, 770 Poles, most of them with good proletarian credentials, have used the Polish luxury vessel to flee to freedom.

For them a voyage on the Rogalin from the Polish port of Szczecin - or a similar trip on the even more elegant liner Stefan Batory - have been the only exits from a hopeless situation at home. Some of them call it a flight from economic misery, corruption, political oppression, fear and despair.

770 Poles, most of them with good proletarian credentials, have used luxury ferry Rogalin to flee to freedom this year; many have jumped ship at Travemunde, West Germany, and have asked for asylum; illustration; map (M)

''The people feel that there is no future for the Polish people,'' said a 34- year-old man from Silesia who walked off the Rogalin 11 days ago with a single suitcase and hopes of emigration to Australia or South Africa.

Life in Poland Intolerable

In a way, the Polish refugees in Travem"unde and Hamburg are the successors to enterprising forefathers who worked their way west - to the coal mines of the Ruhr or onward to America - before the days of passports and visas. But they are, too, utterly contemporary 20th-century citizens who have found it intolerable to live in Poland since the crushing of the Solidarity movement in December 1981.

They come to West Germany because it is the one door to the West that is still ajar.

Neutral Sweden has turned back asylum-seeking Poles who tried a ferry route out, and Austria, neutral but crowded with refugees from Eastern Europe, has drastically cut back its visas for Poles who have first managed to secure passports stamped as valid for travel to ''capitalist countries.''

West German Policy

Since a 1966 decision by its regional interior ministers, West Germany has held to a policy of not sending back anyone from an Eastern European Communist-ruled nation who seeks asylum here. This has meant a steady flow of Eastern European asylum-seekers, notably from Poland.

In 1981 the number of asylum-seekers jumped sharply to 9,901, compared to 2,090 the year before. In 1982 it was 6,630; in 1983, 1,190; and this year it is already back up to 3,080. Some 96,000 Poles are thought to live in West Germany.

Well-connected Poles can make their way to West Germany by first getting themselves invited by friends or relatives; they come on tourist visas but never go home again. Those who came by ship seem to be a more desperate and less privileged lot.

In conversations at a refugee center in Hamburg, an hour's drive from Travem"unde, newly landed Poles said they had carefully and secretly prepared their flights, fearful that if they spoke to anyone outside their immediate families they would be discovered by the secret police.

On board they said they did not speak to other passengers about their plans, and were surprised when others turned up at German railroad and police stations as refugees.

Many of the new arrivals are men in their 20's or 30's, ***working class*** in origin, with histories of involvement with Solidarity. Some said their families had pooled funds to meet the cost of a round-trip ticket on the Rogalin or the Stefan Batory - a steep sum, two or three times their monthly wage - to enable them to flee.

Separation From Families

Some of these men said they had come alone because it would have been impossible for them to get passports for their entire families, and because they wanted first to establish themselves in the West and later try to bring their families out. Perhaps half wanted to emigrate to the United States, Canada, Australia or South Africa.

In light of the elaborate procedures involved in obtaining a Polish passport, few seemed to think that the authorities were actually encouraging a wave of emigration. Others were not so sure.

''My personal view is that the strongest people want to get away,'' said a Pole from Jelenia Gora, who said he had left his wife and four-year-old son behind. Like most, he declined to give his name, fearful of reprisals. ''If the strongest people stay in Poland, it will be bad for the Government.''

The man, who said he had done odd jobs that had taken him from music to masonry, sketched a dismal picture of economic decline and widespread fear in Gen. Wojciech Jaruzelski's Poland. He said that to lure workers into the new officially sponsored unions the authorities were offering coupons for such rarities as lemons and underwear; union officials might expect similar coupons for refrigerators or other appliances.

'A Bunch of Soviet Agents'

''I was in Solidarity,'' said the man, who wore a leather jacket and tinted glasses in heavy frames. ''But I didn't have that much trouble - I was only called in by the police a few times. It was worse for others. Everyone knows that the Government - even if Jaruzelski wears an army uniform, and Poles love their army - that the Government is a bunch of Soviet agents.''

A 23-year-old Pole from Walbrzych said he had prepared his new life for the last two years by being tutored intensively in German - an investment that took most of his small income. ''This Popieluszko case was not an isolated one,'' he said, referring to the assassination last month of Father Jerzy Popieluszko, the pro-Solidarity priest. ''Ordinary people do not feel safe in Poland. Murderers are in power.''

Aside from freedom itself, the generosity of the West German welfare state is a magnet. A woman who gave her name as Lucyna said she and her five- year-old son had abandoned a tour in Italy, leaving a train in Milan and taking another to Hamburg.

''I heard that Germany gives the best conditions for people who come from the East,'' she said. A Polish man chimed in: ''One can live better here on social help than working in Poland.''

While the new arrivals constitute a short-term problem and something of a financial burden, in the long term they and their offspring represent fresh blood for a West Germany troubled by declining birthrates. Unlike Turkish or Tamil foreign workers, the Poles blend in quickly to the German sociological landscape - as is shown by the high proportion of Polish names on Ruhr Valley soccer teams.

**Graphic**

map of Travemunde; photo of Poles

**End of Document**



[***With Vocations in Decline, an Effort to Market the Priesthood***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4S91-3FM0-TW8F-G19R-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 15, 2008 Tuesday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2008 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section B; Column 0; Metropolitan Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1771 words

**Byline:** By DAVID GONZALEZ

**Body**

The banners hanging in the main corridor of St. Joseph's Seminary in Yonkers declare, ''Through Faith We Grow.'' The class portraits that line that very same corridor tell the opposite tale. Half a century after the halcyon days when several hundred men at a time studied to be ordained as priests for the Roman Catholic Archdiocese of New York, only 22 are enrolled.

Even more alarming to Catholics, although six men expect to be ordained in May, none are entering the first-year theology program. While seminary officials attribute the sudden drop to extra preparatory course requirements that went into effect this year, it is nonetheless a jarring development.

''You do what you can, as well as you can, for as long as you can, and hope it works,'' said Bishop Gerald Walsh, the seminary's rector. ''I'd be optimistic if we had enough clergy present for young people and willing to talk to them.''

He will have enough -- and then some -- on Saturday, when Pope Benedict XVI visits the seminary for a prayer service and youth rally. The pope's mere presence will be a jolt of encouragement to the seminarians. It will also offer them and other priests and nuns the chance to mingle with 20,000 young people and plant a seed for vocations.

There will be flashy videos, with quick cuts, stirring sound tracks and fearless priests on New York streets. Goody bags will include glossy post cards of the pontiff emblazoned with the word ''Willkommen!'' -- and the Web address nypriest.com, the seminary's recruiting site. In coming weeks, the archdiocese will send its schools posters that announce, ''The World Needs Heroes,'' including one of black-suited priests crossing an intersection -- looking like ''Going My Way'' meets ''Reservoir Dogs.''

Officials of the archdiocese do not apologize for embracing Madison Avenue marketing to counter a sharp decline in vocations.

An increasingly secular and materialistic culture, reluctance among the young to accept lifelong celibacy, and anger over the church's handling of sexual abuse scandals have all contributed to the precipitous drop, the officials say.

Vocational directors recognize that the public's confidence has been shaken by the scandals. They have chosen, however, to focus their marketing campaign on an upbeat message.

The Rev. Luke Sweeney, director of vocations for the archdiocese -- which covers the Bronx, Manhattan, Staten Island and seven counties west and north of the city -- says the church must make its case if it hopes to reinvigorate a priesthood that is increasingly elderly. ''How do we get the 'cool' factor back into the priesthood?'' Father Sweeney said. ''If we don't sell the priesthood, we can't legitimately ask a young man to consider the priesthood as a vocation.''

What the seminary lacks in numbers, it may make up for in intensity and eagerness. The seminarians speak of finding a joy and purpose that eluded them in secular careers.

''We live in a very confusing world, a world where there is a lot of evil in it, and good men need to step forward,'' said Brian Graebe, a former high school teacher who is finishing his first year. ''You can stick your head in the sand, or you can do something to change it. What more heroic life is there than to touch these eternal mysteries?''

St. Joseph's Seminary -- informally known as Dunwoodie, after its neighborhood -- is hardly alone in its diminished fortunes. Nationally, the enrollment of seminarians in four-year theology programs has been flat for the last decade, currently numbering 3,286, said Sister Katarina Schuth, a professor at St. Paul Seminary School of Divinity, part of the University of St. Thomas in Minnesota. More than a quarter of those seminarians, she said, were foreign born.

''It's a tough time for the church,'' Sister Schuth said. ''Dunwoodie has lost proportionately more than most. It really is a puzzle, given the huge population of New York and the boroughs.''

When St. Joseph's opened in the late 1800s, its stone castle, topped by a gleaming cupola and perched majestically atop a hill, was described by Bishop Bernard McQuaid of Rochester as ''the grandest seminary building in Christendom.'' It was also, according to the Rev. Thomas J. Shelley, a Fordham University professor, one of the most progressive seminaries of its age, with an intellectual tradition to rival the best Catholic universities, until a Vatican crackdown on modernist thought a century ago led to a more orthodox approach.

Still, priests who were seminarians during the 1940s and '50s recall a tranquil place whose daily rhythms were marked by the clanging of the bell for classes, meals and Mass. Many came from immigrant, ***working-class*** homes where the religious life was seen as a step up.

The Rev. Gerard J. DiSenso, who grew up poor in the Bronx, said the first time he had a room all to himself was when he entered the seminary in 1947.

That he was surrounded daily by more than 200 seminarians was encouraging and humbling.

''You sensed that you were not absolutely needed,'' said Father DiSenso, who is now retired. ''There were enough candidates that the seminary could afford to discharge people.''

He still goes to the seminary weekly to use its library, though he has little contact with the few men who are now there. ''It's like a shell of itself,'' he lamented. ''It's completely different.''

Yet some changes have been for the better, he and other priests of his generation say. Unlike past years, when seminarians hardly left the grounds, today's students come and go. They are assigned to work in parishes each summer to learn the demands they will encounter upon ordination.

And while enrollment is down, it better reflects the city's changing demographics, in that there are more Hispanic candidates, both at the seminary and in a program aimed at cultivating high school students for the priesthood. In addition to the 22 seminarians to be ordained for the archdiocese, 14 candidates were sent to Dunwoodie by religious orders.

The biggest change, however, is in the age and backgrounds of seminarians. Decades ago, young men entered the seminary in their teens. Today, many have college degrees and have worked in business, science or even the military -- experiences that can give them an added measure of empathy for their congregants.

''They have more experience in the world, more than we had,'' Bishop Walsh, the rector, said. ''They're probably a little more secure in their choice.'' Among the current seminarians are former teachers, engineers, executives and even a funeral director.

At 39, Ronald Perez is the oldest candidate for ordination next month. A former paralegal at a Midtown law firm, he moved to New York from Los Angeles 10 years ago to change his life. By the time he decided to become a priest, he had worked at a failed manufacturing company and a dot-com that missed the boom.

His decision to become a priest was gradual, he said, coming after years of involvement in activities at his home parish, St. Patrick's Cathedral. He credited the talks he had with visiting seminarians for nudging him closer to the religious life. Like many other contemporary candidates for the seminary, he started studying philosophy with other prospective priests.

''The door was open, so if it was for you, go on, but if not, leave, no questions asked,'' he said. ''That first year was crucial. It gave me a chance to look back at my life and the world around me. Nothing I could have done as an engineer or a paralegal would give me contentment and happiness. Something was missing. I realized what it was: becoming a priest.''

The other great shift in recent decades has been a growing conservatism among seminarians, marked by an emphasis on ritual and on being set apart from the laity. In interviews, some older priests said their ministry was rooted in a deep understanding of the social and material needs of their congregants. Younger priests and seminarians emphasized the sacramental aspects of their vocation.

''Something that attracted me was the priest's proximity to Christ at the Mass,'' said Steven Markantonis, a second-year student. ''He is using the same words Jesus used 2,000 years ago, when the bread and wine become the body and blood of Christ.''

He said that after ordination, he expected to be ''nothing more'' than a parish priest tending to his congregation's spiritual life.

''Regarding their social needs, it is a fine line,'' he said. ''You have to know where your job ends and another person's job begins.''

Dean R. Hoge, a sociologist at Catholic University who has studied recently ordained priests, said there were indications that they were less collaborative with the laity. ''They are more concerned about their status of being set apart,'' Dr. Hoge said. ''The younger ones are more concerned about moral teaching. The old guys hate to even talk about that.''

He cautioned that the American laity, now the most educated in history, want to have a bigger say in parish decisions.

Bishop Walsh, who once served as a pastor in Washington Heights, home to many struggling immigrants, said the church had to be understanding of its members and their burdens.

''Many people in the parishes I was in had jobs on Sunday that they had to do to put food on the table,'' he said. ''That is a religious value, too, raising a family. We can't say, if you do not go to church 52 Sundays a year, you are failing as a Catholic.''

His seminarians, he said, should be gentle to the people in the pews. ''People will never forget the priest who is nasty to them,'' he said. ''They could care less about who knows theology.''

However conservative the younger generation of clergy may be, Bishop Walsh said, it is increasingly committed to working with young people. For winning new recruits to the priesthood, no brochure or video can compete with the friendship and example of a parish priest.

Anthony Mizzi-Gili Jr. still remembers the priests of his childhood, men who graduated from Dunwoodie and earned his trust and admiration. After years of indecision, he ultimately followed in their footsteps and is now a third-year seminarian.

During midday Mass last week, he played the organ with gusto, as the chapel reverberated with ''Sing With All the Saints in Glory.''

Afterward, he took lunch in the refectory, which was built to hold hundreds but now could fit the entire student body at a few tables. Mr. Mizzi-Gili looked around but refused to sound discouraged. ''It shows vocations are still there,'' he said. ''Regardless of the numbers, we're still there.''

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

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: St. Joseph's Seminary in Yonkers, top, has a much smaller enrollment than it once did. The class of 1938 is shown above. Church officials hope the visit of Pope Benedict XVI will encourage present and future seminarians.(PHOTOGRAPH BY TODD HEISLER/THE NEW YORK TIMES)(pg. B1)

Dunwoodie, in Yonkers, has a castle that a 19th-century bishop called ''the grandest seminary building in Christendom.'' Enrollment has shrunk in recent decades.(PHOTOGRAPH BY TODD HEISLER/THE NEW YORK TIMES)(pg. B6)

**Load-Date:** April 15, 2008

**End of Document**



[***Paris, the Eternal City***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5HGP-TW91-DXY4-X3FR-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 29, 2015 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2015 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section TR; Column 0; Travel Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 4241 words

**Byline:** By THE NEW YORK TIMES

**Body**

Paris has for so long been America's playground that it is difficult to imagine it being anything else. It is a pretty, walkable movie set of a place that elevates your own aesthetic sensibility before you return westward across the Atlantic an enlightened soul.

It has been that way since the 1830s, when steamers supplanted sailboats, and suddenly travel for the sake of discovering the world was within reach. (Though glamour on the way there would have to wait awhile.) American leisure travelers of means and curiosity, ranging from Samuel Morse to Ralph Waldo Emerson, decamped for a journey that was considered at the time something like a postgraduate arts degree, around the same time De Tocqueville was making sense of America. Paris was an intrepid traveler's milestone.

The cross-cultural exchange was occasionally put on hiatus by wars and economic cataclysm. But by the beginning of the 20th century, Paris's thriving creative class had cemented its international reputation as the capital of all things related to taste and artistry. France now draws more tourists than any other country in the world. It is impossible not to feel its pull.

But right now, at least, is the moment to reconsider what you are feeling pulled toward. Perhaps Paris, which has survived sieges by the Vikings, Henry of Navarre and the Prussians, is more than a beautiful, refined theme park to which we escape from America and improve ourselves. Perhaps Paris's beauty lies in its capacity to shore itself up and endure.

Inside you will find essays by Americans -- expats, travelers and writers -- trying to take the long view of Paris. They are picking up the pieces after the Nov. 13 attacks. And they are looking at the city, unfiltered, trying to reconnect with its soul.

The Bones of Kings Hold a Lesson

By STEVEN ERLANGER

We all try to make our own Paris, of the flesh and of the mind, even in these days of blood and sadness. As the Canadian Morley Callaghan once wrote, Paris ''was a lighted place where the imagination was free,'' but its freedom and secularism can seem to some like a blasphemy.

I have visited Paris many times as an adult, and was lucky enough to be The New York Times bureau chief there for five and a half years, and I've just returned to help with the coverage of the Nov. 13 attacks. Even now, I feel most free in the early morning, when I can walk the streets and imagine them as they were a century ago, before the touts come out, or at the ''golden hour,'' when the light is at its most romantic, especially over the Seine. I love the walk over the pedestrian bridge near the Iéna Metro, to stop in the middle and watch the barges and the clouds, then climb the steep stairs to the street, to have a coffee at the Musée Guimet and see some of the finest art of Southeast Asia. Or I walk the rest of the way across the river to the Musée du Quai Branly, France's ambitious monument to anthropology, designed by one of its star architects, Jean Nouvel, with its wild garden.

Paris is of itself, but it has always seen itself as a global city, open to world civilizations, even if some of what is on show was plundered in the name of colonialism or an arrogant universalism.

Homages to ''the eternal Paris'' that sells itself as the ''city of love'' are heartfelt; the food and the freedoms, the museums and the parks, the Metro on rubber wheels, the cafes and the bread, the craze for ''love locks'' on the poor Pont des Arts. This is the sweet, bourgeois Paris that the late great André Glucksmann rightly mocked as a ''musée doré,'' a gilded museum, that exists ''entre les murs,'' within the old walls effectively marked by the Périphérique, the ring road, that acts like a moat.

But, of course, there is another Paris, beyond the walls, in the ''cités'' and HLMs, or housing projects, in the crowded, largely immigrant banlieues. And that Paris is vital to me, too, toujours Paris, aussi. There is the future of France, in a way, its great test. Can the country find a new and meaningful inclusiveness for all its citizens, and manage a politics already tainted by Islamophobia and ultranationalism?

But there is also fascination to be found, for example in the Basilica of St.-Denis, a short walk from the Stade de France, where the terrorism began with suicide bombers. The church dates from the 12th century, but my attraction is not to the architecture, but to the collection of royal tombs. This is where nearly all the kings of France and their families are buried, and where the headless corpses of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette also, finally, came to rest.

The tombs and sarcophagi are beautiful, in their way, but also serve as a kind of memento mori. These all-powerful individuals, who were thought to have been invested by God, were in death treated worse than peasants. During the revolution, the corpses were dug up, buried in mass graves and covered with lime. Napoleon reopened the church but left the bones where they were; only in 1817 were the pits opened and the bits of royal skeletons, all jumbled together, moved to an ossuary in the church. And only in 2004 was the mummified heart of the dauphin -- who was to have been Louis XVII, but was imprisoned from the age of 7 until his death at 10 -- brought to rest in a crypt in the church.

During the revolution, the tombs themselves were saved in the name of art, while the bodies were desecrated in the name of equality, fraternity and liberty. Worth a thought, these days, as one emerges to see a more realistic contemporary Paris: poorer, more ethnically diverse, more Muslim and in most ways more vivid than what one encounters entre les murs.

In Delacroix, Reassurance

By DOREEN CARVAJAL

When morning comes to the Louvre, there's a fleeting moment of quiet in this ancient stronghold that offers a refuge from the sensations of a city on edge.

At the opening hour, at 9 a.m., the vast halls are still inhabited mostly by Greek gods. The hush is broken only by the footsteps of security guards pacing below the gaze of Napoleon and a battling David and Goliath.

Later the group tours will arrive in force with guides offering explanations in Chinese, English and Japanese. But during the first precious half-hour, I like to be alone with my neighbors -- Eugène Delacroix's drowning men in a storm-tossed boat or the artist's version of Dante and Virgil in hell.

I come here habitually to contemplate one painting depending on my mood, counting on the calm and inspiration that come from what researchers call the restorative effect of ''slow art.'' Some social scientists contend that visiting a museum can have a positive effect on health and happiness.

On the grim morning after the Paris terrorist attacks, there was only one work that beckoned in the Denon Wing of French art.

When I looked at it, I fixed on a single point: the defiant and resolute gaze of Liberty leading the people with a tattered French flag in her hand. Plumes of smoke surround her. The towers of Notre Dame rise above the haze. Below her feet lie fallen bodies, looted and stripped bare.

''I have undertaken a modern subject, a barricade,'' Delacroix explained in a letter to his brother about the painting inspired by the Paris uprisings of 1830. ''And although I may not have fought for my country, at least I shall have painted for her. It has restored my spirits.''

I spent an unreasonable amount of time studying it and then stepped back to get a better look. I still had time before the first guides arrived, directing tourists with slender wands. The painting, the magic and vibrancy of it, eased my anxieties, and my heart beat slower. In the stillness it seemed possible to know a painting deeply, to almost inhabit the same scene and to draw on its force.

In the past when I visited the Louvre, I noticed only Liberty, and the light illuminating her face and form. But with a half-hour to contemplate, a great painting works its way into your mind. In the darkness of the corners, I examined the supporters forming behind Liberty -- enough to give me comfort that we will never be alone.

Onward.

A Hunger for Normalcy Returns

By ALEXANDER LOBRANO

Returning to Paris, the city that made me the man I always wanted to become, I winced. We both winced, Bruno, my French partner, and I. Away for two nights, and the contrast between the imperial opulence and glittering holiday decorations of the European city that had once been the capital of a vast empire, before it was shorn off by war, and our darkened, empty hometown was just too painful.

Arriving at our chilly apartment, we answered phone messages from friends around the world, and then we ate some canned soup and went to bed. We ate soup the next night, too, and then plain omelets, wilted salad and crackers, since there was no bread and neither of us cared. The animal vitality and urgency of being hungry had registered with both of us as being unseemly in a city, our city, that had just been so badly harmed.

The next night, though, I was moved when I noticed the fragile silver crescent of a new moon as I looked out the window of my home office, and on the fifth floor opposite me across the street, the same once-a-week party of card players -- the lady with the cigarette holder, the man with the flowing foulard with poppy polka dots, and the bosomy twin sisters, I think, with steel gray chignons -- were at the table covered with green felt.

So I texted Bruno in his car on the way home from work. ''Oysters? Huîtrerie Régis?''

''Bonne idée. Je te cherche a Sèvres-Babylone dans 45 minutes, et nous y irons ensemble.'' (''Good idea. I'll pick you up at the Sèvres-Babylone Metro station in 45 minutes and we can go together.'')

Waiting for the Metro, I got a gust of the burned rubber and singed wool smell (brake shoes?) that is for me a more potent scent of Paris than all of the fragrances in fancy bottles in the city's shop windows, and I realized I was hungry. The tiny no-reservations, white-painted shop-front oyster bar in the heart of St.-Germain-des-Prés was nearly full when we arrived, and wry, theatrically grumpy Régis was deftly prying open the lids of the barnacle-encrusted bivalves he has shipped in from the Marennes-Oléron in the Poitou-Charentes region on France's Atlantic coast and arranging them on individual beds of shaggy brown seaweed.

The house rule is the only one I've found I'd never want to break: Every customer has to order at least a dozen oysters, which is more or less all they serve here. With nothing more than some really good bread and butter and a flinty bottle of Loire Valley white wine, maybe a Montlouis or a Menetou-Salon, this simple meal of ancient pleasures was profoundly French and primally invigorating.

There was also the reciprocal pleasure of the persiflage, that excellent Gallic emollient of banter, flirtation and playful teasing, which often occurs between the staff members and clients during any good meal in Paris. Slurping our way through the iodine-rich, green-etched shellfish, we talked about the weekend, and because we're Parisians, this began with the subject of what we would eat, since the weekends are for cooking.

Our casual wish list of what we hoped to find at the market included more of the season's very last tomatoes if we got up early enough; cepes from Le Bar à Patates, the superb stall specializing in dozens of different types of potatoes and wild mushrooms in season; scallops in their shells; and a fresh ewe's milk cheese from Sandy McKenna, the Irish farmer who comes into the city from his Norman farm.

Knowing that our favorite market, the long pageant of Gallic gastronomy that runs down the Avenue du Président Wilson in the 16th Arrondissement on Wednesday and Saturday mornings, had been closed the Saturday after the attacks, I had worried about our favorite vendors, hard-working people for whom losing a busy Saturday was a major blow. They feed us, and we feed them, in an exchange of trust and easy conviviality that explains why the markets of Paris still awe, tempt and delight me after all these years.

I can't wait for Saturday morning this week, since the market will be a celebration of the city itself, unvanquished, animated and always hungry, and to celebrate, we decided we would share another dozen oysters.

Finding a Measure of Peace in Yoga

By SARA LIEBERMAN

Runners may get to know a new city by foot, but I choose to bond with a foreign place through yoga. It offers me both a taste of the familiar and a slice of another culture through a mind-body experience. So when I moved to Paris a year ago, after more than a decade of namaste-ing in New York, finding a studio and teachers to guide me en français was my No. 1 priority. And last week, when I awoke Saturday morning to discover that the previous evening's attacks were, sadly, not a bad dream, it became my salvation.

A normal Saturday morning for me usually means 11:30 yoga at what has become my haven of Zen in Paris: Yoga Village, a bright studio near Madeleine and a short ride from my house in Montmartre.

After trying out various other studios, I settled on this one not only because of its proximity to where I live, but because many of the teachers I had come to know and love taught there: Klara's thoughtful jivamukti, Tatiana's New York-inspired lotus flow and Benoît's rigorously elegant vinyasa set to calming classical music.

While yogis are encouraged to banish the ego and dig deeper than holding a tree posture longer, taller and prettier than our neighboring yogis, there is something encouraging about a teacher recognizing your efforts. In a new country especially, you can't help but want to go where someone not only knows your name, but speaks your language -- both literally and figuratively -- and respects your preference for supported bridge over full-on wheel pose.

Which is why, despite not knowing if going to yoga was even appropriate, or if taking the Metro there would be safe, it was the only movement I could muster.

I texted Benoît to make sure he was still teaching; he said, ''Yes, I will be in class spreading love.''

If only it were all that easy, that simple, I thought to myself.

While class wasn't mat-to-mat crowded as usual, those who unrolled their tapis, as they're known in French, immediately connected through a simple ''bonjour'' or a silent nod that spoke volumes.

Throughout the 90-minute flow, Benoît brought us into a restful child's pose more times than usual: knees to the earth, head toward the heart.

While the restorative posture is always optional and often encouraged, especially after one of his sweaty sequences that pushes the boundaries of our muscles and minds, Benoît's students usually persist by steadily holding their planks, downward dogs and warriors. But that day, no one was fighting. We all needed to feel the innocence of cocooning like an infant over and over again. We all needed to be thankful for something as simple as the breath.

Joan of Arc Stands Alone

By ELAINE SCIOLINO

A statue of Joan of Arc anchors the Place des Pyramides, close to the site where the 15th century cross-dressing, teenage virgin-martyr-saint was wounded during her unsuccessful military campaign to take Paris.

The statue was commissioned by Napoleon III to help restore France's confidence after its humiliating defeat to the Prussian army in 1870. Joan is portrayed as a grim-faced, straight-backed armored warrior on horseback, her upraised right arm carrying a banner that flies in the wind. Clad in gaudy gilded bronze, she stands out in dramatic defiance of the drab gray stone of the nearby Rue de Rivoli.

Little is known about Joan, and that has made her a real-life heroine cloaked in myths. An illiterate peasant girl, she heard voices from heaven that ordered her to remain virginal and restore the man-who-would-be-king to his throne. She persuaded him to give her money, horses, weapons and soldiers to rid France of its English invaders. Physically strong and emotionally independent, she lifted the siege of Orléans and paved the way for him to be crowned King Charles VII. After a string of defeats on the battlefield, she was captured by the Burgundians, sold to the English, tried by French churchmen, convicted of heresy and burned alive at the stake in 1431. She was 19.

France has not always defended Joan. The kings were unwilling to lionize a woman who might also have been a witch. Then in the 19th century, the historian Jules Michelet praised her for transforming France into a woman worthy of love. In World War I French soldiers prayed to her. The United States gave her blue eyes, auburn hair and red lips and put her on a fund-raising poster. The Vatican waited until 1920 to make her a saint. In World War II, both the Nazi-supporting Vichy regime and the anti-Nazi resistance called her a source of inspiration.

Anglo-Saxon feminists saw in Joan the liberation of women from the bonds of marriage and motherhood. Asked during her heresy trial why she was commanding an army rather than adhering to ''womanly duties'' like raising children, Joan replied, ''There are enough other women to do those things.''

France's National Library has more than 20,000 books about Joan. Shakespeare, Mark Twain, Voltaire, Bertolt Brecht and George Bernard Shaw recreated her in literature. Films, songs, operas, ballets and comic books have told her story. Almost every French city and town has a statue or painting or plaque of Joan. Her image has been put on labels for French mineral water, liqueur and cheese. Replicas of the Place des Pyramides statue grace cities like Lille and Nancy in France as well as Philadelphia and New Orleans in the United States.

Many in contemporary France have rejected Joan because of her identification with right-wing extremism. Since the 1980s, she has been the icon of the far-right National Front party. Its leaders hold an open-air rally in front of the gold statue every May Day to celebrate her as the personification of Gallic pride and purity in the face of the country's modern-day invaders: immigrants.

During his unsuccessful campaign for re-election in 2012, the center-right President Nicolas Sarkozy paid homage to her, declaring, ''Joan belongs to no party, to no faction, to no clan.'' He was using her image for crass political ends, but his message rings true in the face of the terrorist attacks in Paris.

The statue of Joan has not become a place of pilgrimage for those who need to mourn. There are no flowers or candles at her feet. She is visited only by the sea gulls and crows hovering above her. She bears witness to the tragedy alone.

But no one can take Joan away from all Frenchmen and Frenchwomen. She feared nothing. Her gilded statue stands as a symbol of resilience, courage and heroism. These days, France needs its heroes more than ever.

Missing a Favorite Market, Mon Marché

By ANN MAH

At this time of year you'll find piles of leeks and baskets of wild mushrooms, giant pumpkins that could stand in for Cinderella's carriage, crates of bumpy-skinned pears and rosy-cheeked apples. At the fish stall, the season's first scallops, plucked from briny depths, pried from pink shells as flirtatious as their French name: coquilles St.-Jacques. At the cheese stall, the fromager will press each Camembert to find the perfect one to serve tomorrow evening. The French know how to display food with unstudied elegance, and every time I visit an open market in Paris, I am astonished by their artistry.

Most neighborhoods have at least one marché traditionnel, traditional market, unfurling on the island of a busy avenue, or wrapping around a central square. When Parisians find their favorite and frequent it, they claim it as their own -- mon marché -- at least that's what happened to me when I lived above the Marché Raspail, one of the city's loveliest. Three times a week, a double row of stalls appeared beneath my living room windows, beckoning with the smell of roasting chickens, the flash of bright fruit against stark winter skies, the swooping calls of the vendors announcing their wares.

The market is where I learned about those special French strawberries, the ones called Gariguette, which diffuse an intoxicating perfume and are available only for a couple of weeks in the spring. It's where I polished my French, eavesdropping on conversations that ended in abbreviations: ''Bon cou!'' (for ''Bon courage,'' or ''Good luck,'' ''Take heart!'') or ''A t'à l'heure,'' (for ''À tout à l'heure,'' ''See you soon'') or ''Biz!'' (''Bisous!'' ''Kisses!''). It's where I learned how to shuck an oyster, the fishmonger taking my hand in his, showing me where to insert a knife and how much pressure to exert against the shell. In the market, I received recipes, gardening advice, grammar lessons and free lemons. It's the place where I first felt a connection to my adopted city, even though I never learned anyone's name.

Now that I no longer live in Paris, the market is one of the things I miss the most. Along with the produce -- in particular, I long for French garlic, those generous bulbs of firm, fleshy cloves -- I loved the sense of ritual: the queues (not always orderly), the handshakes (doled out to regulars), the little old lady with a halo of white hair who always bought as little as possible (a handful of cherry tomatoes, a single scallop, three stalks of white asparagus).

In a country with few centers of community, the marché endures as a gathering spot -- some streets have hosted markets for centuries -- a place to shop, and gossip, and connect over food, as the French know how to do so well. It's always the first place I go when I arrive in Paris, to select the perfect slice of oozing cheese, revel in the beauty, and feel as if I'm a part of the city once again.

In all the years that I've known France, I had never known the marché to be canceled -- even the year it fell on Christmas Day, a hardy handful of vendors still appeared, and we all ate free oysters at 9 in the morning. But when three days of official mourning shuttered the city's markets, along with museums and shops, it seemed an appropriate tribute to the victims of the attacks. I imagined the market streets and squares empty -- not from fear, but from respect -- just as now I know they will be packed with people jostling for the meatiest girolle mushrooms. I plan to join them again soon, straw basket slung over one arm.

Consolation in Community

By LINDSEY TRAMUTA

When they were cautioned to avoid public squares, they gathered. When they were asked to stay at home, they convened in cafes and lined up in droves to donate blood. Ask Parisians to stop living and supporting the city they love in the ways they know best, and they will fervently resist.

Their resolve and abiding need to take to the streets to speak their minds in defense of causes large and small are part of what I love most about them. And when they raise their fists in the air, joust for justice and campaign for the future, they do so most often at the Place de la République, the entry into the 11th Arrondissement, my home since I moved to Paris nine years ago.

The once industrial, ***working-class*** district is one of the city's diverse cultural cradles, brimming with live music venues, lively bars, craft-driven stores, art galleries, design workshops, independent bookstores, bakeries and many of the city's best restaurants. Its infectious energy and bohemian spirit draw revelers from all corners of the city and curious travelers from all corners of the world. If there is any neighborhood that embodies a quintessentially Parisian zest for life worth envying, it's this one.

It's where I became an adult, fell in love, married and adopted my first cat. It's where I celebrate milestone birthdays, make friends, derive inspiration, debate politics, gossip with shop owners, write stories and bond with fellow Parisians as we huddle together in solidarity in times of hardship. It's where Le Fooding, the city's leading guide to joie de vivre (drinking and dining) is based and started the Tous au Bistrot initiative the week after the attacks in support of local restaurateurs, encouraging Parisians to commemorate lives lost and invest in a meal at nearby cafes, restaurants, bistros or bars, themselves targeted for the joy and entertainment they provide.

It's where my local bakers opened at dawn just hours after the last sirens ceased wailing, not for fear of losing business but because they wanted to offer a comforting ritual that also consoled them. The 11th Arrondissement is a neighborhood -- no, a village -- that lives for its people.

And yet, it wasn't until my neighborhood, its values and its people were attacked this year that I fully grasped how fortunate I am that my immersion into the city began here; into the Paris not of twee, popular imagination but of small (but special) quotidian life that plays out in the streets, on cafe terraces, at open-air markets, in bustling bistros, in dingy dive bars and cozy coffee shops.

When I emerged from the emotional fog of my apartment 32 hours after the attacks, there was little question of where I would go. I sought solace in the close-knit community of regulars at Café Oberkampf, a local coffee shop and cafe. It's here, among Parisians and foreigners embracing, sipping coffee and sharing stories, that I could breathe again.

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: PHOTO (TR1)

Every customer at Huîtrerie Régis has to order at least a dozen oysters. (PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD HARBUS FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES)

A yoga class after the attacks offered a restful, innocent alternative to the chaos in the city. (PHOTOGRAPH BY AP PHOTO/KAMIL ZIHNIOGLU VIA CORBIS) (TR8)

The Basilica of St.-Denis, not far from the attacks, has a collection of royal tombs.

Paris street markets endure as places to shop, and gossip, and connect over food. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY GETTY IMAGES)

''It has restored my spirits,'' Eugène Delacroix wrote of his painting ''July 28: Liberty Leading the People.'' The work was inspired by the Paris uprisings in 1830, which the artist had witnessed. (PHOTOGRAPH BY MUSÉE DU LOUVRE, DIST. RMN / ANGÈLE DEQUIER)

Café Oberkampf, a coffee shop and cafe, draws neighbors in the 11th Arrondissement. (PHOTOGRAPH BY MOLLY S. J. LOWE) (TR8-TR9)

The Joan of Arc statue in the Place des Pyramides in Paris. (PHOTOGRAPH BY ALEX CRETEY-SYSTERMANS FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (TR9)

**Load-Date:** November 29, 2015

**End of Document**



[***Foreclosures, With No End in Sight***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:7VPR-0T70-Y8TC-S18M-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 17, 2009 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2009 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section NJ; Column 0; New Jersey Weekly Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1796 words

**Byline:** By KAREEM FAHIM and JANET ROBERTS

**Dateline:** IRVINGTON

**Body**

THE boarded-up houses of Grove Street are multiplying, taunting Cassandra Sparrow as she fights to keep her home.

Ms. Sparrow has lived in her single-family house on the street since 1995, when she had a well-paying job as a lab technician and bought the house, for $79,000, to share with her companion. But about six years ago, Ms. Sparrow learned she had lupus. ''I loved my work,'' she said. ''But it makes my arms swell up.''

She has not been able to keep a full-time job in the years since because of the pain from the swelling and has applied for Supplemental Security Income, a disability benefit. As she waits to be approved, she has fallen more than $18,000 behind on her mortgage payments over about two years. Without help, she said, she will most likely lose her house this summer.

If it were foreclosed, it would join eight boarded-up houses on her block, in a neighborhood that is increasingly deserted and one of the worst hit in the metropolitan New York area by home mortgage foreclosures, according to street-level mapping analysis of foreclosure data by The New York Times.

The shuttered houses and for-sale signs in Irvington and neighboring Newark have helped give Essex County a foreclosure rate almost double the overall rate in the region. So many homeowners are at least 90 days behind on their mortgage payments that the delinquency rate in Essex exceeds that of Genesee County, Mich. -- home of Flint, a symbol for cities economically devastated by the sinking fortunes of America's auto industry.

At least 6 percent of Essex County homes -- more than 10,000 in all -- have been in foreclosure since 2005, the highest rate of any county in New Jersey, New York City, Long Island or the Connecticut suburbs, according to an analysis by The Times of more than 182,000 homes in foreclosure around the region from 2005 through August 2008.

More than 82,000 of those homes are in New Jersey. Plot them on a map, and it becomes clear that no corner of the state has escaped the economic downturn. Nor has the picture improved since last summer. Delinquency rates in 13 of New Jersey's 21 counties are now among the highest in the region.

The problem has hit heaviest in the state's urban areas -- cities including Newark, Paterson, Elizabeth and Willingboro -- where most residents are black or Hispanic, according to an analysis by The Times of data from American Foreclosures Inc., publishers of NJLisPendens.com. In New Jersey's mostly black census tracts, more than 9 percent of homes have been in foreclosure since 2005 -- more than four times the rate for mostly white tracts. In primarily Hispanic areas, the rate was more than 6 percent, triple the rate in mostly white tracts.

Nationally, a report issued Tuesday by the Pew Hispanic Center said that gains made in homeownership over the past decade by African-Americans and native-born Latinos were tied disproportionately to relaxed lending standards and subprime loans and that the gains had eroded faster in the downturn than those of whites.

''It's like people just walked away,'' said Frank Perry, 65, who has lived on Grove Street for 25 years, moving here when the area was filled with ***working-class*** families. Now, fed up with the neighborhood's deterioration, he is planning to sell his house, despite the depressed real estate market.

The people coping with foreclosure in these neighborhoods include longtime owners like Ms. Sparrow who have lost their income because of the recession or illness. Others who are struggling include local investors, some of whom bought multifamily units when mortgage loans were easy to obtain but have had trouble finding reliable renters.

The mayor of Newark, Cory A. Booker, rents an apartment in the city owned by one of those investors. ''They bought one or two or three homes and thought they could get their money back from a rental,'' Mr. Booker said, adding that his own grandfather made similar investments -- and lots of money -- in Los Angeles in the 1980s.

Many Newark owners ''acquired properties in a nefarious manner,'' the mayor said. Others, like his landlord, ''saw in our city a place to invest, and got caught in the greatest modern scam and housing bubble.''

Between 2005 and 2007 -- the period of risky subprime lending faulted for many of today's economic woes -- high interest rates were assigned to more than one in five mortgage loans sold to New Jersey borrowers buying primary residences, a New York Times analysis of federal mortgage lending data found. Black and Hispanic borrowers were more than three times as likely to end up with high-cost loans as white borrowers, which helps explain why areas with a large percentage of minority residents are seeing much higher foreclosure rates.

Linda E. Fisher, a professor at the Seton Hall University School of Law who studies mortgage fraud and who represents borrowers in Newark, said that in black neighborhoods with high rates of subprime lending, fraud at some point in the mortgage process ''was near universal.''

In the last year, Professor Fisher said, a new scheme aimed at borrowers has become more common: so-called modification scams in which borrowers are asked for upfront fees in exchange for help modifying their loans. And foreclosure rescue schemes involving straw purchasers have increased faster than prosecutors can contain them, she said.

The number of residential mortgages with payments more than 90 days past due, a strong precursor to foreclosure, has grown much worse across the state since the start of 2007, when the interest rates on many of these high-cost mortgages began adjusting upward, making them unaffordable for many borrowers.

The percentage of mortgages 90 days past due was above 3 percent in only two New Jersey counties -- Essex and Cumberland -- in 2006. At the time, that delinquency rate was more than double the state average. That grew to 8 counties in 2007 and 17 in 2008; in March, all but one of the state's 21 counties -- Hunterdon -- had delinquency rates of 3 percent or more.

Among states, New Jersey had the 10th-highest mortgage delinquency rate in March, according to preliminary data from First American CoreLogic, which collects data representing an estimated 85 percent of all outstanding mortgages nationwide. New Jersey's rate, 5.9 percent, was a full percentage point higher than those of New York and Connecticut, but about eight points lower than top-ranked Florida's.

With no end in sight to the foreclosures, local authorities are scrambling to get ahead of a crisis that threatens cities like Newark, which estimates that 2,500 homes -- almost 10 percent of all noncommercial residential properties -- are in some stage of the foreclosure process. The Newark/Essex County Foreclosure Prevention Taskforce has sent volunteers on walkabouts through the most devastated corners, tearing down signs for foreclosure rescue schemes and directing homeowners to housing counselors.

Newark has also received a share from about $64 million in federal neighborhood stabilization funds that have flowed into the state: It is using its allotment to provide loans to nonprofit groups to help them acquire and renovate small rental properties. ''This is really a trench fight for us,'' Mayor Booker said. Impoverished neighborhoods that showed signs of stabilizing are in danger of slipping backward because of foreclosures. ''That's my fear,'' he said. ''But it's not a fait accompli.''

The last year has seen a raft of new efforts by legislators and the Corzine administration to respond to the crisis. In January, the state's judiciary began a court-sponsored mediation program for homeowners; so far, the program has received more than a thousand requests for help. New laws require lenders to tell municipalities about foreclosures, and several programs run by the state's Housing and Mortgage Financing Agency offer loans to struggling homeowners and provide funds so that nonprofit agencies can hire and train more counselors.

But given the depth of the crisis, some say much more action is needed. Diane Sterner, executive director of the Housing and Community Development Network of New Jersey, said more pressure needed to be put on lenders, including requiring them to provide more information about their efforts to resolve foreclosures as well as to pay a fee when they foreclose to help finance state efforts to keep people in their homes.

Ms. Sterner said the growing catalog of state and federal aid programs was essential but still confusing to the various counselors and lenders charged with implementing them. ''More could be done to make them user-friendly,'' she said.

The Obama administration has only recently put together the pieces of its two-month-old plan to help homeowners avoid foreclosure. ''The homeowner is left with their fingers crossed,'' said Tom Margiotta, a housing counselor who works for the City of Paterson and is a former mortgage banker. In the last six months, he said, he has counseled 136 clients, and was able to help all but 40 of them modify their loans.

Many of Mr. Margiotta's clients have loans that will adjust early next year. The foreclosures look ''kind of like a mountain,'' he said. ''And we're not on the downside.''

The effects of the crisis have reached beyond homeowners to their tenants. A block from Ms. Sparrow's house on Grove Street, Andrea Lee, 45, is one of the state's thousands of nervous renters told by their landlord that his or her mortgage loan was delinquent. ''He told me if it got desperate, he would let me know,'' she said.

When Ms. Lee was younger and living in Newark, Irvington was where families wanted to move, she said. Grove Street ''was so pretty,'' she said. ''Now, every other house is abandoned or burned down. It went straight downhill. Not a bumpy road -- straight down.''

Standing on her porch, Ms. Sparrow became visibly upset remembering a time when she kept up her home, before it was embarrassing to let a visitor inside. The trash behind the boarded-up house next door ensures a steady traffic of rats, she said.

Friends and relatives have helped her with money, including her brother Rory Sparrow, a former basketball player with the New York Knicks. But she said she had not gone back to him. ''He has his own problems,'' she said.

A mediation counselor who works at New Jersey Citizen Action, Wade Wheeler, said Ms. Sparrow's monthly mortgage payments would be reasonable -- about $1,200 -- if she were able to get the disability payments she has applied for and could persuade the bank to add her arrears to her loan principal. ''We're just asking for a couple of months' forbearance,'' he said -- enough time, maybe, to keep Ms. Sparrow in her house.

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

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: HARD TIMES: A boarded-up home sits between occupied houses on Grove Street, in Irvington

the neighborhood is filling up with properties that have been foreclosed by lenders.(PHOTOGRAPH BY FRED R. CONRAD/THE NEW YORK TIMES) CHARTS: Foreclosing the Future: Driven by high-cost subprime borrowing, default is spreading across the metropolitan area. Once-blighted neighborhoods that had been gentrifying with the free flow of mortgage dollars are now suffering an epidemic of default, and thousands stand to lose their savings and their homes.

Falling Behind: The number of mortgages in delinquency has shown a steady increase through this year, and heralds the potential for an even further spread of foreclosure.(Sources: First American CoreLogic

Property Shark (www.propertyshark.com)

Furman Center for Real Estate and Urban Policy

Long Island Real Estate Report

The Warren Group

American Foreclosures

Western Technologies Group

Westchester County clerk)(CHART BY FORD FESSENDEN AND JANET ROBERTS/THE NEW YORK TIMES)

In Default: New Jersey's black and Hispanic neighborhoods have been hard hit by foreclosure. Newark and Elizabeth are among the leaders in default filings by lenders.(Sources: American Foreclosures

Western Technologies Group)

**Load-Date:** May 17, 2009

**End of Document**



[***The New Jersey Ethicist***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:46TF-W5M0-01CN-H3B0-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 21, 2002 Saturday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2002 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Column 1; Editorial Desk; Pg. 15

**Length:** 1280 words

**Byline:**  By BILL KELLER; E-mail: , [*billkeller@nytimes.com*](mailto:billkeller@nytimes.com)

**Body**

As the senior senator representing a large Northeastern state, I am often offered little presents from constituents -- a TV, a couple of Italian suits, a grandfather clock, a little jewelry for the girlfriend. What can I say? People just feel a special gratitude. Not long ago one constituent flipped out and started blabbing to the feds and the press. Now I'm up for re-election, and my opponent can't talk about anything else except my so-called ethics. ANONYMOUS, WASHINGTON

First, let's look on the bright side. The fact that you're running for re-election means you're probably not in a federal slammer. I'm guessing you got the equivalent of a manicure from the Ethics Committee. And your voters are Democrats, am I right? Jeez, they forgave the Clintons. So you're sitting pretty if you can ride it out a few more weeks. Now, a guy like you, I'm assuming you've still got a lot of friends. Take their money, buy a zillion hours of TV time, and change the subject. You could change the subject to corporate sleaze, but that's a little close to home, or you could change the subject to foreign policy but, c'mon, who cares? No, my recommendation is, change the subject to what a scary guy your opponent is. Never mind if he's a harmless, pro-choice moderate. Say he'll bring back coat-hanger abortions! He'll poison your water! He'll run an S.U.V. over your grandmother! Find some sweet-looking housewife who's willing to say she's proud of you. (I don't care what the polls say. There must be one somewhere.) Oh, and put some flags in. As for the press, my advice to you: stonewall, Jackson.

I'm the other senator from that large Northeastern state. I got elected on a platform of being beholden to no one, mainly because I'm richer than God and I don't have to act like a small-time graft artist. In other words, I got elected for not being that guy. Now my staff says I should stay clear of the senior senator so the slime doesn't rub off, and anyway he only likes me for my money. But the truth is, the man pulled all sorts of wires to get me nominated, so I owe him big time. On top of which, we're looking at 51-to-49 here in the Senate, which means if Senator I-Left-My-Wallet-in-My-Other-Pants gets beat in November, the other team might actually control the place. I didn't spend $63 million of my own money to sit in the cheap seats. Should I campaign for the guy? ANONYMOUS, WASHINGTON

Let me tell you what it's all about. Family. It's all about family. Next time around, are you going to spend another 63 extra-large of your own money to keep your nice job? No, you're going to trust the family to provide. Are you going to turn to the Republicans when you want your helping of pork for the folks back home? Of course not. The family will take care of it. You trust only blood. Well, blood and hard money.

When I was the governor of a large Northeastern state, I had a reputation as someone who cared about nice open green spaces. Now I run a big agency in Washington that's supposed to protect the environment, but the people I work for want to make my state the capital of toxic waste and acid rain. Am I being used? ANONYMOUS, WASHINGTON

Of course you are, Lady Marmalade. The real question is, are you being compensated? How's the song go? "Hey sister, soul sister, better get that dough, sister." I'm guessing you're in the very low six figures, and you're not getting any younger. Give it six months more, and then go to work as a lobbyist for a nice pesticide company. It's the same job, but it pays a lot better, and you don't have to pretend.

Last semester, when I was a junior at an Ivy League university in a large Northeastern state, I managed to hack into the econ department computer and download the final exam. Long story short, the school investigated and found the test in my laptop. I explained that I was merely testing the security of the computer system, and that no one was hurt. (Au contraire, I aced the exam!) They expelled me anyway. Then over the summer I read that the university admissions director was caught snooping in the computer of a rival school. Did they throw HIM into the Gulag? No, they transferred him to another office. Life is, like, so unfair! ANONYMOUS, PRINCETON, N.J.

I'm not an Ivy League kind of guy, but I appreciate the fine moral sense your education has instilled in you. I've taken the liberty of referring your name to a securities broker of my acquaintance, who will be contacting you about career opportunities.

I'm an aging rock 'n' roll singer from a large Northeastern state -- actually, the critics usually call me a ***working-class*** poet, or, you know, a troubadour. Anyway, just when my career was starting to look like endless gigs of recycled oldies, I cut a new album about the Sept. 11 thing, and it took off like, you know, a last-chance power drive. Hey, I got the covers of Time and Rolling Stone, I got MTV and "Saturday Night Live," the "Today" show gave me the whole program, Letterman had me on two nights in a row -- I even had back-to-back shows with Koppel, the get-down king of late night. My record shot up to No. 1 on Billboard. But somehow it left me feeling, you know, forlorn -- like an ice cream truck on a deserted street, if you know what I mean. When I sit in my 19th-century farmhouse, gazing out at the organic crops, I wonder: am I climbing up the charts on the backs of all those dead people? ANONYMOUS, ASBURY PARK, N.J.

You bleeding hearts kill me. You cashed in on the big attack? Like everybody else didn't? How many books got sold? How many careers got a bump? Americans understand that you can't let a good tragedy go to waste. What's that the president said? If somebody doesn't make a buck off it, the bad guys win, right? Allow me to quote my favorite moral philosopher, Karl Rove. Remember what he told Republican candidates back in June? "Focus on war." (O.K., he's no troubadour, but the man gets to the point.) D'you think he meant, "Let's all focus on the war and have a moment of silence and feel blue?" Of course not, knucklehead, he meant, "Take the war, and run the wussy Democrats into the ground with it." So you've got nothing to feel bad about. Then again, maybe you can do something with this. How about a new album about how bad you feel about that last album? Hey, you could call it "The Writhing."

I'm the C.E.O. of a large family-run organization specializing in waste management. Lately we've had to do some serious downsizing, and there's been a lot of bad feeling in the organization. I don't mind admitting it all makes me depressed sometimes. My shrink says I feel guilty and should get out of the business. On top of that, my wife is on my case about laying aside more money for the future, as if I'm some kind of deadbeat don. ANONYMOUS, NORTH CALDWELL, N.J.

Tell your shrink, guilty's not a feeling, it's a verdict. Until you've heard it from a jury of your peers and then exhausted all your appeals right up to the Supreme Court, put that word away. Look, business is business, and if you want to make an omelet you've got to break some eggs. My second favorite moral philosopher, "Chainsaw Al" Dunlap, put it this way: "To hell with harmony." Now, about the wife. The other night I was reading my kid this book, "If You Give a Mouse a Cookie." It's all about how people are never satisfied, you give 'em a piece of you and they won't stop until they've squeezed you empty. As I see it, the moral of the book is, when that mouse comes around, give him a dose of D-Con. I think you follow what I'm saying here.

I'm a voter who lives in a large Northeastern state --

Say no more, pal. You don't need an ethicist. You need an anesthetist.

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

**Graphic**

Drawings (Knickerbocker)

**Load-Date:** September 21, 2002

**End of Document**



[***ON A SAINT'S DAY IN MILAN, THE CITY HITS FULL STRIDE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-GMW0-0008-N33X-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 8, 1984, Saturday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1984 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 1; Page 2, Column 3; Foreign Desk

**Length:** 1070 words

**Byline:** By E. J. DIONNE Jr.

**Dateline:** MILAN, Italy, Dec. 7

**Body**

St. Ambrose stared down from the ornate gold, red and blue tapestry, a whip in one hand and a bishop's staff in the other, as Milan's Mayor handed out honors to citizens of a city whose residents sometimes call themselves ''Ambrosiani.''

He had a stern look, this version of St. Ambrose, a glance that came naturally to the man who put the Christian Church in Milan on its feet in the fourth century. By some accounts, he was a kind of saintly organization man.

''The Roman Empire was in the process of collapsing, the church was the one strong institution, and St. Ambrose set about getting organized,'' said Prof. Giorgio Rumi, a scholar at the University of Milan.

Article on secular and Catholic ceremonies in Milan, Italy, honoring St Ambrose on December 7; photo (M)

To some indeterminate degree, Milan owes its identity to that saintly organizer. And so Italy's efficient city, the business capital, the place where a whiff of Teutonic efficiency mixes with Italian lightheartedness - southern Italians think the efficiency wins - sets aside Dec. 7 every year to celebrate their saint and their city.

A Day for Strolling

Today, a lively market was doing a booming business outside the St. Ambrose Basilica.

Well-dressed fathers and mothers strolled with their children in the nippy cold along the Via Montenapoleone and Via Spiga, browsing the elegant shops that make the neighborhood a cross betweeen Fifth Avenue and Faubourg St. Honore.

Inside the Duomo, the main cathedral, a haunting Gothic church begun in the 14th century and finished only in the 19th century under orders from Napoleon, a solemn mass marked St. Ambrose's day.

But perhaps the most typical Milanese ceremony was the one that transpired this morning inside the Palazzo Marino, Milan's City Hall. Mayor Carlo Tognoli and the city fathers had chosen 58 citizens and organizations to reward for bringing honor to the town.

Award for a Writer

Some were internationally distinguished. Ludina Barzini, a journalist and politician, accepted a posthumous award on behalf of her father, Luigi, who was praised as a ''journalist and writer of great personality and lively independence of judgement.''

There was a certain irony to the award, since Mr. Barzini's ''lively independence'' and his caustic wit about his homeland were precisely what could enrage Italians, Milanese and otherwise.

But not only the famous were singled out. Emilia Arienti, who crafted leather goods for 50 years in one of Milan's ***working-class*** neighborhoods, was cited for her ''seriousness and professionality.'' Loronzo Cesano, a policeman, was cited for rescuing a blind man who had fallen into a canal.

The cermemony is a moving and simple one as citizens, humble and hallowed, rise to gather scrolls and medals in the Sala dell'Alessi.

In a country that is part Communist, part Roman Catholic and part titled nobility, Milan is also rare as the quintessential bourgeois, commercial town. The lunches do not go on nearly as long as they do in Rome; waiters begin to shoo people out of restaurants at the unseemly hour of 3 P.M. Even on St. Ambrose's day, the stores stay open.

La Scala's Season Opens

St. Ambrose's feast also marks another occasion here, the opening of the opera season at La Scala.

Like all such events, opening night at La Scala is a draw for the internationally famous. On the list to show up this evening were Princess Caroline of Monaco and her husband, Stefano Casiraghi; Patricia Gucci, Chicca Olivetti and ambassadors and Italy's polical leaders, including President Sandro Pertini and Prime Minister Bettino Craxi.

President Pertini, 88 years old, was greeted with applause this afternoon when he stopped by at Bagutta, the city's literary and artistic restaurant and watering hole.

As if by design, a striking woman in a bright green dress who towered over the diminutive President walked by his table, and Mr. Pertini immediately called her over to his table. As the entire restaurant watched and smiled, the President enthusiastically praised her beauty and won, as he always does in such situations, several kisses.

But the presense of political leaders like Mr. Pertini - or even the internationally famous - does not necessarily mean that all of the better-off Milanese want to show up on opening night at La Scala.

Time to Start Skiing, Too

For many here, St. Ambrose's feast day is important as the beginning of skiing season, and the roads around town were snarled with cars heading for the Alps.

Morever, La Scala, like most institutions in Italy, is subject to partisan politics, and so is the distribution of opening-night tickets. The local administration in Milan is Socialist, and so is La Scala's superintendent, Carlo Badini. ''It means,'' one knowledgeable Milanese said, ''that the friends of the Socialists are the first to get tickets.

''Since it is not necessarily fashionable to be friends of the Socialists,'' this Ambrosiana said, ''many of the town's most fashionable people don't want to go on opening night. And some of the nobility views going on opening night as an affectation of the bourgeosie, so they prefer to go later.''

But the parties after the opening can be even more fashionable than opening night itself, she said.

Before they got to the parties, however, La Scala's formally dressed opening-night patrons were greeted by a group of boisterous demonstrators, jeering and chanting slogans. A spokesman for La Scala said the demonstrators were from a local factory that is on strike. ''They just want to shout at rich people,'' she said.

St. Ambrose's Contributions

What remains from St. Ambrose is not just fashion or orderliness. Among other things, Professor Rumi noted, St. Ambrose contributed a separate liturgy to Roman Catholicism, a form of social organization based on small parishes and a sense of identification between his city and Christianity that has survived waves of secularization. All of which packed the churches Thursday night and again today.

Professor Rumi said it was easy to make too much of St. Ambrose as the organizer who guaranteed the church's survival, the Becket who made it work - to overemphasize, in other words, the whip over the bishop's staff,

But to emphasize someone's organizing skills is, in all events, a Milanese tendency. And so on St. Ambrose's day, the devout and the fashionable seek to honor their saint in their own ways, with the music at La Scala seeking to rise to the heavens.

**Graphic**

photo of residents

**End of Document**



[***NEW YORKERS & CO.;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-GXS0-0008-N51H-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***GETTING RICH BY ENRICHING MORTGAGE POT***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-GXS0-0008-N51H-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 7, 1984, Wednesday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1984 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section D; Page 1, Column 3; Financial Desk

**Length:** 1071 words

**Byline:** By SANDRA SALMANS

**Body**

IF things had gone according to plan, Lewis Ranieri

would have become a professional chef, like other men

in his family. Instead, he is running the department that reportedly accounted for about 40 percent of Salomon Brothers' $415 million profit last year.

''I have more money than I ever knew existed,'' says Mr. Ranieri, who grew up in East New York and is said to be one of Salomon's highest-paid managing directors. ''I never dreamed this big.''

Mortgages have become lucrative new business for investment banks and brokerage firms; Salomon Brothers, which trades between $15 billion and $17 billion in mortgages and mortgage-backed securities each month, cited; Lewis Ranieri, who runs mortgage business for Salomon Brothers, comments on evolution of brokerage businesses into mortgage securities, and financial benefits he has received from business; his photo (M)

While the setting for most of this country's rags-to- riches stories may have shifted to Silicon Valley, Wall Street is still a place where people can overtake their dreams. There is a nice symmetry in the fact that, in doing so, the 37-year-old Mr. Ranieri has also helped others realize the classic American dream - owning a home.

Mr. Ranieri runs Salomon's mortgage securities business, a segment of the capital markets that did not exist five years ago. Today, measured in terms of securities outstanding, the total market is about $270 billion.

Mortgages have become one of the big and lucrative new businesses for investment banks. That is particularly true for Salomon Brothers, which trades between $15 billion and $17 billion in mortgages and mortgage-backed securities each month. In some types of mortgage paper, Salomon accounts for more than half of trading volume.

All that reflects a sea change in the way the nation's housing is financed. That job had historically been performed by local thrift institutions, which made home loans that were kept in their own portfolios. In the late 1970's, those loans, which had a variety of maturities and interest rates, were put into securities - Ginnie Maes and Freddie Macs and Fannie Maes - issued by the Federal housing agencies. Even so, the market did not really take off until 1982, when Wall Street repackaged the agency securities into instruments that could be traded like bonds.

The burgeoning capital market has vastly expanded the pool of funds available for home mortgages.

''That was one of the real pleasures,'' says Mr. Ranieri, of establishing the market. ''Not only was I a substantial factor in the business, but it had a real social and economic benefit. We really did lower the cost of a mortgage. You can't help but feel good about that kind of thing.''

The ''securitizing'' of mortgages was actually the brainchild of Robert Dall, the Salomon partner in charge of the mortgage finance department in the late 1970's. But when Mr. Dall became ill, it was Mr. Ranieri, who worked for him, who helped build the idea into a business.

He persisted through the collapse of the housing market in 1979, training traders and cultivating relationships with thrift institutions and the housing finance agencies. When the market came back in 1981, Salomon was ready. ''We just worked on it harder,'' Mr. Ranieri says.

There is more work to be done, he adds. There are meetings with the Federal agencies, the Department of Housing and Urban Development and the thrift units to develop an adjustable-rate mortgage that appeals to borrowers. Mobile young professionals and people on fixed incomes need different kinds of mortgages, he notes, and the idea is to help homeowners ''match a mortgage structure with their life style.''

Another item on the agenda is the development of a market for securities backed by commercial real estate mortgages. Commercial mortgages offer a new set of problems - there is a greater variation in the terms of such loans, and in the risks of investing in them - and many in the financial community are doubtful that such mortgages can be traded.

''We're always walking into the dark, this whole industry,'' Mr. Ranieri says. ''We're doing things people insist can't be done.''

And if commercial mortgages can be traded, why not car loans? A market could be made in the loans for the whole range of consumer goods - cars, dishwashers, refrigerators - on which, as with home mortgages, there is predictability and a very low rate of default. Consumer finance companies recognize that outside capital is needed, Mr. Ranieri says, and ''the notion is the same: the homeowner is a very good credit risk.''

If Mr. Ranieri, more than most investment bankers, emphasizes that the capital markets do well by doing good, it is only partly because he is a supersalesman. It also reflects a background that is distinctively ***working class***, even at an investment bank as rough-and-ready as Salomon.

Mr. Ranieri joined the investment bank 16 years ago as a $70-a-week night clerk in the mailroom, after a car accident that left him too asthmatic to work as a cook. ''My whole point was not to get fired,'' he recalls.

HE thought he had probably failed in even that modest ambition when, having asked for an advance to help pay a $10,000 hospital bill for his wife, he was summoned to a partner's office. Instead, he was told, ''it's been taken care of.'' Mr. Ranieri remembers that his first reaction was dismay; he thought that Salomon had arranged to turn over his paychecks until the hospital had been fully reimbursed. Not so, the partner reassured him: ''We've taken care of the bill.''

Salomon may have been exercising corporate benevolence, but it proved to be a good investment. Mr. Ranieri, who dropped out of college to take a promotion to the mailroom day shift, says that years later, ''when I received a very good job offer, at much more money, I stayed.''

He set up Salomon's first computer room, became a utility bond trader and ultimately one of the firm's most profitable traders. In 1978, he was promoted to general partner, and a year ago he became the youngest member of the executive committee.

In 1978, too, he bought his first home, in a middle-class community on Long Island that, he says, reminds him of East New York when he was growing up.

''It's very comfortable for me,'' he says. ''If you saw me on the weekends, you'd know why I belong in Merrick and not Greenwich.'' Even so, he says of his ascent, ''I have to pinch myself periodically to make sure it's real.''

**Graphic**

photo of Lewis Ranieri

**End of Document**



[***A RIO SLUM RAISES ITS EXPECTATIONS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-GNY0-0008-N500-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 2, 1984, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1984 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 1; Part 1; Page 3, Column 1; Foreign Desk

**Length:** 1079 words

**Byline:** By ALAN RIDING

**Dateline:** RIO DE JANEIRO, Dec. 1

**Body**

Clinging precariously to a hillside overlooking the mansions and apartment blocks of an elegant beach district, Rocinha seems like a typical Rio de Janeiro slum.

Eighty thousand people live among its crowded shacks, narrow passageways, open drains and uncollected garbage. The slum has been there for decades, growing steadily in size and population, a monument to the permanence and hopelessness of urban poverty.

Yet inside Rocinha, the impression is not one of stagnation. Little stores and repair shops stand on every corner, women sew clothes beside blaring telvision sets, and men carry bricks to build or improve their homes. Change, too, is in the air. A new generation of slum dwellers recently won election to Rocinha's neighborhood association, and they are trying to galvanize the local people into demanding more services from the authorities.

People living in Rio de Janeiro slum called Rocinha have heightened expectations following election of new generation of slum dwellers to neighborhood association; because Brazil is moving back toward democracy, vote of Rio de Janeiro's almost two million slum dwellers will be important, and their demands for better services will be listened to; photo (M)

''The emphasis used to be on voluntary work,''said Maria-Helena da Silva, the association's 24-year-old president. ''Voluntary work is fine, but it's more important now to press the Government to provide land titles, water, drainage and schools.''

An Opportune Time

Politically, the time is ripe for lobbying. After two decades of military rule, Brazil is moving back toward democracy. And in future elections, the vote of Rio de Janeiro's almost two million slum dwellers - 25 percent of the city's inhabitants - will be important.

Already in 1982, this vote helped to elect a Socialist, Leonel Brizola, as Governor of Rio de Janeiro State. Now, for the first time in recent memory, local authorities are giving priority to tackling the health and educational problems of the poor.

But in many slums, or ''favelas,'' the disorganization and fatalism of the local people have often proved greater obstacles to improvement than Government neglect. The recent election in Rocinha was therefore crucial: it marked the coming of age of the favela.

Most older inhabitants migrated here in the 1950's and 1960's, usually from the impoverished northeast of Brazil. Many were illiterate, and their horizons were limited by the sheer struggle to find a job and a roof.

A Store and a Nickname

Albeit more successful than most, Jose Inacio de Assis in many ways personified this generation. Now 47 years old, he moved here from Paraiba State at the age of 16 and eventually opened a store that gave him a nickname - Ze do Queijo, or Joe Cheese - and prominence in the community.

In the mid-1970's, supported by some local politicians, he came to dominate the neighborhood association, using his control of construction permits and informal land titles to build a power base and, according to his foes, a small fortune. Under his leadership, however, Rocinha grew rapidly, and social conditions deteriorated.

In contrast, Miss da Silva and her associates were born and raised in Rocinha. They belong to an urban culture, and they received at least a primary education. Still more important, they no longer feel like squatters; they believe they have rights.

An outside influence also forged this group into a political force. Last year Unicef financed construction of a four-floor school and health clinic as part of a development program in Rocinha. Inspired by evidence that chronic problems could be addressed, those involved with the center this year decided to run for local office.

Agency's Role Cited

''Unicef's role was very important,'' said Licia do Prado Valladares, a sociologist at the University Research Institute of Rio de Janeiro. ''It gave direct help, but it also provided the inputs for creation of a new, less corrupt, more independent leadership of the association.''

Rocinha, however, is still in transition. Of about 5,000 votes cast Sept. 30, Miss da Silva defeated Mr. de Assis by only 300 votes. Further, Mr. de Assis refused to concede defeat and has formed a new association in the hope of preserving his leadership.

''Maria-Helena won because lots of outsiders voted for her,'' he asserted. ''There's no point is saying that she is the president, because no one follows her. People still turn to me, and I help them.''

But Miss da Silva, an energetic former schoolteacher, has brought at least the promise of change. On a recent walking tour of Rocinha, she waved and smiled as groups of residents shouted her name and applauded. Others flocked around her to ask for help, to make suggestions and to register protests.

Goal Is to Become a Barrio

The association's objective, she said, is to turn Rocinha ''from a favela into a barrio'' - from a slum into a ***working***- ***class*** neighborhood that is integrated both legally and in basic public services with the rest of the city.

Already Rocinha bears little resemblance to the new favelas on the periphery. Its inhabitants no longer fear eviction, they can choose among dozens of churches and chapels, doctors and dentists have private clinics, and capitalism is firmly in place. ''The commercial dynamics of Rocinha are extraordinary,'' Dr. Valladares noted.

Seventy years after the first squatters arrived here, wooden shacks no longer predominate. Given Rocinha's proximity to the job opportunities of the city's prosperous South Zone, the demand for space has also produced a vertical explosion: many families have added second and third floors to their homes with rooms for rent.

Yet Rocinha remains a favela in that no one owns his plot, few homes have running water, and open drains and strewn garbage have contributed to ailments related to poor hygiene.

'The Real Violence Is Misery'

''People like to blame Rocinha for the city's violence,'' Miss da Silva said, ''but the real violence is misery, the violence of a child being brought up next to a sewer.''

She said that Rocinha needed more voluntary contributions to maintain its community centers - Unicef is building two more this year, but does not pay for their upkeep - but that only the Government could provide basic services.

''It's true that not many people voted in the election,'' she said, ''but there was lots of enthusiasm. Many people got involved for the first time. We have to persuade people that they can make a difference to their lives.''

**Graphic**

Photo of Maria-Helena da Silva talking to residents of Rocinha

**End of Document**



[***Teachers Dig Deeper to Fill Gap in Supplies***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:46TF-W5M0-01CN-H39C-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 21, 2002 Saturday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2002 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Column 1; Metropolitan Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1399 words

**Byline:**  By ABBY GOODNOUGH

**Body**

In the two years since she gave up a business career to become a New York City teacher, Leslie Fiske has become a relentless bargain hunter. She combs the newspaper ads in August for hot deals on crayons and glue sticks. She has discount cards for Staples and Barnes & Noble, and has enlisted friends in the corporate world to donate stickers, pencils and award certificates.

Yet Ms. Fiske, a second-grade teacher at Public School 195 in the Soundview section of the Bronx, has still spent about $4,000 of her own money on books and supplies for her classroom, including $400 in the last few weeks. In other words, Ms. Fiske has funneled roughly 5 percent of her total earnings from her new career back into a school system that has long scrimped on everything from writing paper to paper towels. She is among legions of public school teachers around the country who dig deep into their own pockets to pay for the ever-larger list of supplies that schools insist they cannot afford.

"What other job expects you, even subtly pressures you, to spend all your own money?" said Ms. Fiske, who started her third year of teaching on Sept. 5 and adds more items to her list of needed supplies every day. "The expectation is that out of the goodness of our hearts, teachers should want to provide this stuff for our students, and frankly, that is what many of us end up doing."

While it is hardly a new phenomenon, the expectation that teachers should pay for their own supplies becomes more ingrained in the national mind-set every year. In March, President Bush signed into law a measure that allows teachers in both public and private schools a federal tax deduction of up to $250 annually for classroom expenses -- perhaps the bluntest acknowledgment yet that such spending has become a job requirement. (Previously, teachers could only deduct work-related expenses, including the cost of classroom supplies, that exceeded 2 percent of their adjusted gross incomes, and only if they filed itemized tax returns.)

And though teachers are hardly rich -- the average national salary was $43,230 in 2001, according to the American Federation of Teachers -- they do not cut corners. Elementary and middle school teachers spent an average of $521 of their own money on supplies in 2001, according to a survey by Quality Education Data Inc., a market research firm in Denver. A 1999 survey by the same firm found that those teaching kindergarten through 12th grade spent an average of $448.

The 2001 survey of 4,618 teachers found that first-year teachers spent even more, about $700. It estimated that teachers' out-of-pocket expenses totaled more than $1 billion a year, on top of $700 million in discretionary funds provided by their school or district.

The allowance that teachers get for supplies is usually modest -- in New York, a City Council-sponsored program called Teacher's Choice gives teachers $200 apiece for materials bought between August and March. Teachers must submit their receipts to get the money, which usually arrives just before Christmas. Teachers' union officials said the amount was closer to $300 in the late 1980's, when the program started, but it was cut during the budget crisis of the early 1990's.

Carolina Santos, who teaches Spanish at the High School for Leadership and Public Service, said the teachers in her department pooled their allocations one year to buy a video camera and a boom box. Ms. Santos said she had spent well over $3,000 since she started teaching in 1997, mostly on Spanish-language books and videos that she depends on to supplement bare-bones textbooks.

"My first three years, I bought tons of books, including all of Gabriel Garcia Marquez and any author I didn't have," Ms. Santos said. "Now, in my fifth year, I'm not spending as much because I have accumulated a big collection."

Ms. Santos said that smaller schools like hers, which has 500 students, are generally better at providing teachers with basic supplies like writing paper and tape and, most coveted of all, access to a copying machine. She and others said that at larger schools, teachers have to put in requests to make copies up to a week in advance, under a system that requires superhuman organizational skills.

To minimize copying hassles, Ms. Fiske invested in a home copying machine and laminator; she has yet to use her school's copier this fall. Much of the $900 she spent at Staples last year was for ink cartridges for the copier, she said.

Seth Teter, who is in his second year as a special education teacher in the Bronx, spent $250 on a combination scanner and printer and buys a new $40 ink cartridge every other month. He sounded almost conspiratorial as he described his methods for landing more basic supplies.

"I have friends who can get me paper," said Mr. Teter, who said he has spent more than $2,000 on supplies since January.

Mr. Teter's expenses include small prizes, like stickers and Pokemon action figures, which he awards to the best-behaved students at the end of the week, and snacks like pretzels and Fruit Loops, which he uses to reward good behavior during lessons. As a new teacher last year, he was shocked to discover that schools rarely supply cleaning materials or even tissues, which might be considered a necessity in classrooms with young children.

Some teachers are lucky because they inherit well-stocked classrooms or have principals who maintain special funds for supplies. Caitlin Roesser, a new first-grade teacher in the Southeast Bronx, said her principal gave her $200 on top of her $200 Teacher's Choice allowance. Combined, the money bought liner paper and decorative borders for her classroom bulletin boards, an easel, plastic bins for storybooks, alphabet and number lines to hang over the chalkboards, a rug for her reading corner and a few books. Still, she is learning thrift: she found the book bins in a dollar store and made a chart stand from plastic piping.

Ms. Fiske, on the other hand, had to start from scratch. After spending her first two school years as a "cluster teacher" who traveled from classroom to classroom teaching social studies and science, she was assigned her own second-grade class this year and had to do a lot of furnishing.

On her shopping list for this weekend: an alphabet line; a calendar; a digital clock; plastic book bins; a grid chart; boxes to hold portfolios of students' work; overhead projector sheets and possibly a class pet. ("Maybe a snake?" she mused aloud.)

In upper-middle-class neighborhoods like Greenwich Village and Park Slope, where parents occasionally pitch in to pay for a teacher's entire salary, parent groups often subsidize the cost of classroom supplies. Even in many ***working-class*** and poor neighborhoods, parents send in supplies the teachers request. Ms. Roesser sent a note home to parents the first week of school asking them to send in a box of tissues, Ziploc bags to hold crayons and a number of other supplies. Most have honored the request, she said.

Halee Hochman, a first-grade teacher at P.S. 111 in Manhattan, said most of her students' parents had sent in tissues, paper towels and even soap for the bathroom. Ms. Hochman, who is in her third year of teaching, said she had learned tricks, like covering her bulletin boards with fabric instead of paper, so that she did not have to redo them so frequently. While she spent more than $1,000 during each of her first two years on the job, her out-of-pocket expenses now are largely limited to books and art supplies. When her students made models of insects for a science project, she paid for the pipe cleaners, plastic foam, string and other supplies. When they were studying the work of Eric Carle, a children's author, she bought four of his books to supplement those the school provided.

Ms. Fiske, whose out-of-pocket spending is admittedly on the high end, said that it was worth it to keep lessons exciting, and added that many of her colleagues at P.S. 195 shared her attitude. She and other teachers interviewed did not blame their principals for the situation; instead, they said it was the fault of a society that has failed to adequately finance urban schools.

"New York State doesn't want to provide anything but the most basic education, but morally, I can't work that way," she said. "I feel I have a responsibility to have the same aspirations for these children that I would if they were my own."

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

**Graphic**

Photo: Janis Fraser, a teacher at Public School 167 in Brooklyn, buying school supplies. Many teachers spend hundreds or thousands of dollars of their own money each year for classroom supplies that their schools do not provide. (Nicole Bengiveno/The New York Times)(pg. B3)

**Load-Date:** September 21, 2002

**End of Document**



[***National Revolt***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5KVC-NST1-DXY4-X2NW-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 2, 2016 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2016 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section MM; Column 0; Magazine Desk; Pg. 36; FEATURE

**Length:** 6366 words

**Byline:** By ROBERT DRAPER

Robert Draper is a writer at large. He last wrote about whether Republican candidates could survive Donald Trump's presidential campaign.

**Body**

In recent years, one of the most important events on a prospective Republican presidential candidate's calendar was the RedState Gathering, a summer convention for conservative activists from across the nation. Its host was Erick Erickson, a round-faced, redheaded former election lawyer and city councilman in Macon, Ga., who began blogging in 2004 on a site called RedState.com.

Erickson, who is now 41, is a conservative absolutist who made his name in the mid-2000s by ''blowing up'' -- in the Twitter parlance he jovially employs -- Republican leaders he viewed as insufficiently principled. In 2005, he played a role in torpedoing the Supreme Court nomination of the White House counsel Harriet Miers, publishing damaging admissions from White House sources that Miers had not been properly vetted. Five years later, he chided the National Rifle Association for being too willing to compromise, labeling it ''a weak little girl of an organization.'' He was a sharp-tongued critic of John McCain and Mitt Romney during their presidential runs, characterizing the former as ''an angry old jackass'' and the latter as ''the Harriet Miers of 2012.''

Along the way, Erickson became one of the new kingmakers of the Tea Party-era G.O.P. A little-known Florida legislator and Senate hopeful named Marco Rubio reached out to him in 2009 when he was at 3 percent in the polls. A former Texas solicitor general, Ted Cruz, did the same in 2011. Rick Perry announced his 2012 presidential candidacy at Erickson's gathering. By 2015, a number of the coming cycle's aspirants -- Rubio, Cruz, Perry and Bobby Jindal -- had given him their personal cellphone numbers, and he had traded emails with Jeb Bush. And two months before that August's convention in Atlanta, a New York-based Republican consultant named Sam Nunberg reached out to Erickson to ask if he could accommodate one more speaker: Donald Trump.

Erickson watched coverage of Trump's stream-of-consciousness announcement at Trump Tower on June 16 and was not particularly impressed. On the syndicated radio show he broadcasts from Atlanta, he offered his assessment with a dismissive chuckle: ''I guess he's ready to be spoiler, not president.'' He had met Trump once before, in July 2011, when he visited the 26th floor of Trump Tower to interview the businessman and reality-TV-show star. Trump had spent the past few months flirting with a presidential run only to decide, as he told Erickson that day, ''I have a great show that's a big success, and it's hard to say, 'I'm gonna leave two hours of prime-time television in order to get beat up by people that don't know what they're doing.' ''

The hourlong conversation struck Erickson as pleasant but unmemorable. What did stick with him was their exchange as he was leaving Trump Tower. ''Trump asked me if I played golf,'' Erickson told me recently. ''And I said, 'Yeah, I'm terrible.' '' Then, he said, Trump asked if he would be interested in coming to Trump's golf-club in West Palm Beach, Fla., to play. ''I'm very flattered -- I've never been to West Palm Beach before,'' Erickson recalled. ''Several times, his office reached out. So finally I asked my wife, 'What do you think this is about?' She said, 'He wants to own your soul.' So I never went.''

Erickson did not see much of a political future for Trump, but he imagined that he might be good for ticket sales, if nothing else, at the RedState Gathering. He informed Nunberg that Trump could have a slot on the convention's second day.

The evening before he was to speak in Atlanta, Trump went on CNN and denounced the Fox News host Megyn Kelly for her sharp questioning of him during a recent debate, speculating that Kelly had ''blood coming out of her wherever.'' When Erickson saw the footage that evening, he called Trump's campaign manager, Corey Lewandowski, and rescinded Trump's invitation on the grounds that he would be too much of a distraction. ''And that was that,'' Erickson would later recall with a sheepish grin. ''Until the next day, when he's blowing me up.''

On Twitter, Trump called Erickson ''a major sleaze and buffoon'' and said that the ''small crowds'' at the gathering were due to his absence. Trump's supporters soon piled on. This was to be expected, but what surprised Erickson were the attacks from people he regarded as his fellow bomb-throwers in the conservative revolution. On Twitter, the talk-radio host and Fox News commentator Laura Ingraham mocked ''JebState.'' The author and right-wing provocateur Ann Coulter brought up some of Erickson's own crass utterances, like his characterization of the former Supreme Court justice David Souter in 2009 as a ''goat-[expletive] child molester.'' The next week, 30,000 readers of Erickson's email newsletter canceled their subscriptions.

Erickson dug in, writing that Trump was ''out of his depth'' and lacking in ''common decency.'' But he was drowned out by Trump sympathizers with even bigger audiences than his own, like The Drudge Report and the online outlet Breitbart. It was one of the first salvos in what would open up in the year that followed into a civil war within the conservative media, dividing some of the loudest voices on the right. Days earlier, Erickson had unimpeachable credentials in the conservative movement. But by crossing Trump, he was now, in the eyes of his former allies, ''a tool of the establishment.''

The conservative media has always been a playground for outsize personalities with even more outsize political ambitions. The National Review founder William F. Buckley fashioned much of the intellectual genetic code of the Reagan Revolution, while also writing fringe groups like the John Birch Society out of the conservative movement and, for good measure, running for mayor of New York against the liberal Republican John Lindsay. In 1996, the former Nixon media consultant Roger Ailes brought his attack-dog ethos to Rupert Murdoch's Fox News channel and built the network into a transformational power in Republican politics before his fall this year amid accusations of sexual harassment.

But alongside the institution-builders like Buckley and Ailes, the conservative-media landscape has also produced a class of rowdy entrepreneurs who wield their influence in more personal, protean ways. The godfathers mostly came to power in the 1990s: Clinton-administration antagonists like Rush Limbaugh, who began broadcasting nationally in 1988 and became talk radio's hegemonic power in the Clinton years, and Matt Drudge, who started his pioneering Drudge Report online in 1996.

If these figures defied the stuffy ceremony of the East Coast think tanks, opinion journals and bow-tied columnists who traditionally defined the conservative intelligentsia, they rarely challenged the ideological principles of conservatism as they had existed since the Reagan era: small government, low taxes, hawkish foreign policy and traditional social values. What they mostly did was provide the Republican Party with a set of exceptionally loud megaphones, which liberals have often envied and tried unsuccessfully to emulate. Conservative talk radio and Fox News now collectively reach an audience of as many as 50 million -- most of them elderly white Republicans with a high likelihood of turning out in election years. And this isn't even counting the like-minded online outlets that have flourished during the Obama years, thanks to a growing internet-media economy and a presidency, particularly in the case of the Affordable Care Act, that gave conservatives common cause.

Then came Trump. In a sense, the divide that he has opened up among conservative media figures is simply a function of the heartburn his ascent has caused among Republicans more generally, pitting voter against voter, congressman against congressman, Bob Dole against the Bushes. Some conservative media outlets threw themselves behind Trump from the beginning, explaining away his more radioactive statements and his uneven-at-best record as a conservative. Breitbart, whose former chairman, Steve Bannon, is now Trump's chief strategist, was an ardent early supporter, breathlessly covering Trump's ascent in the polls and his smackdowns of ''low energy'' Jeb Bush and ''little Marco'' Rubio. But as Trump expanded into more sacrosanct targets -- Fox News's Kelly, George W. Bush's performance in the war on terror and Cruz -- the dissenting chorus among conservatism's dons grew louder. The Washington Post columnist Charles Krauthammer warned in December that Trump ''has managed to steer the entire G.O.P. campaign into absurdities.'' His Post colleague George Will predicted that a Trump nomination would mean the loss of conservatism ''as a constant presence in U.S. politics.'' The Weekly Standard editor William Kristol floated the idea of a new ''non-Trump non-Clinton party.'' And on the eve of the Iowa caucus, National Review devoted an entire issue to a single topic: ''Against Trump.''

Since Trump clinched the nomination, the dividing lines have become starker, the individual dilemmas more agonizing. Mark Levin, an influential talk-radio host, complains that among conservative commentators, Trump's message is endlessly repeated by what he derisively refers to as ''the Rockettes.'' But Levin, too, recently announced to his listeners that he intends to vote for Trump, if only to prevent another Clinton presidency. As he put it to me, ''I'm not going to be throwing confetti in the air if Trump wins,'' adding that he viewed the candidate as ''a liberal with some conservative viewpoints that he's not terribly reliable at sticking to.''

Others -- Sean Hannity, Ingraham, the former Reagan official and ''The Book of Virtues'' author William Bennett -- have thrown in for Trump with a brio that strikes some in the business as unseemly. ''Look, we're in the opinion business, but there's a distinction between that and being a Sean Hannity fanboy,'' the Milwaukee-based talk-radio host Charlie Sykes told me. ''It's been genuinely stunning to watch how they've become tools of his campaign and rationalizing everything he's done.''

''For 20 years I've been saying how it's not true that talk radio is all about ratings and we don't believe what we say,'' he went on. ''Then you watch how the media types rolled over for him. Obviously Donald Trump is very good for ratings, and at some point it's hard not to conclude they decided the Trump train was the gravy train. I've been thoroughly disillusioned, and I'm not alone in that. It's like watching 'Invasion of the Body Snatchers': Oh, my God, they got another one!''

When Trump declared his candidacy in June 2015, the part of his announcement speech that most clearly foreshadowed the campaign to come had to do with immigration. ''When Mexico sends its people, they're not sending their best,'' he told the crowd at Trump Tower. ''They're sending people that have lots of problems, and they're bringing those problems with us. They're bringing drugs. They're bringing crime. They're rapists.''

The line struck Sykes as awfully familiar when he heard it. A month before, he had run a segment with Ann Coulter, who had just published her 11th book, an anti-immigration screed titled ''¡Adios, America!'' Sykes was well aware of Coulter's views, but he was taken aback when she began a riff on Mexican rapists surging into the United States (a subject that takes up an entire chapter of ''¡Adios, America!''). ''I remember looking at my producer and going, 'Wow, this is rather extraordinary,' '' he told me. ''When Trump used that line, I instantly recognized it as Ann Coulter's.''

In fact, Corey Lewandowski had reached out to Coulter for advice in the run-up to Trump's announcement speech. The address Trump delivered on June 16 bore no resemblance to his prepared text, which contained a mere two sentences about immigration. Instead, he ad-libbed what Coulter today calls ''the Mexican rapist speech that won my heart.'' When Trump's remarks provoked fury, Lewandowski called Coulter for backup. Three days later, she went on HBO's ''Real Time With Bill Maher'' and, amid shrieks of laughter from the audience, predicted that Trump was the Republican candidate most likely to win the presidency.

One evening this past March, Trump received Coulter at Mar-a-Lago, his estate-turned-club in Palm Beach. Though in recent years the two had developed a rapport on Twitter, she had met him face to face only once before he declared his candidacy, a lunch date at Trump Tower in 2011. Over lunch, Trump gave Coulter the impression that he had read her books. He also gave her a few items from his wife's line of costume jewelry and told Coulter, who keeps a house in Palm Beach, that she was welcome to use the pool at Mar-a-Lago anytime.

The golf resort was the chief staging ground for Trump's charm offensives against the conservative media. Many of its members have visited at Trump's invitation in recent years, joining the resident Gatsby for steak and lobster on the patio, where Trump squints and appears to listen intently while his guests dispense political wisdom -- though it is never clear whether he is actually interested in it, simply flattering his guests or sizing them up. When I dined with him on the patio this spring, Trump asked me eagerly about how I liked his odds in the election. Later, on the campaign trail, I watched him solicit the same counsel from random stragglers on the rope line.

Coulter, at any rate, appeared immune to the whole routine. A week earlier, Trump bragged during a Republican presidential debate in Detroit that ''there's no problem'' with the size of his penis. On the patio, Coulter told the candidate that no one wanted to hear about his endowment. She told Lewandowski that he should buy a dozen teleprompters and put them in every room of Trump's house until he learned how to use them. Reminding Trump that she had been his earliest and most dedicated advocate, she told him: ''I'm the only one losing money trying to put you in the White House. You're going to listen to me.''

This appeal to the bottom line seemed to tweak Trump's conscience. He gave Coulter an open invitation to Mar-a-Lago, waiving the $100,000 membership fee. The following evening at the next Republican debate, he exhibited considerably more restraint, for which Coulter, with characteristic modesty, claims credit. ''Coulter delivers!'' she told me.

Some of Trump's supporters within the conservative media are attracted to his actual positions on issues. One is his trade policy, on which many media personalities on the right are considerably more populist and protectionist than Republican Party leaders and Chamber of Commerce boosters. Throughout Obama's presidency, Laura Ingraham has warned of China's predations: ''The trade war is on, and we're losing it,'' she has often said. For others, Trump's assurance that he will appoint Antonin Scalia-like conservatives to the Supreme Court is reason enough for their support.

But Trump also simply fulfills the ineffable urge many have to, as Michael Needham, the chief executive of the conservative policy group Heritage Action for America, puts it, ''punch Washington in the face.'' This is true for Coulter, who, in her newly published paean to the candidate, ''In Trump We Trust,'' writes that Trump is fit for the presidency not in spite of his crudeness but because of it: ''Only someone who brags about his airline's seatbelt buckles being made of solid gold would have the balls to do what Trump is doing.''

But what really sold Coulter on Trump, she told me, was his hard line on immigration. Coulter told me that she had never given the issue much thought during her childhood in New Canaan, Conn., and her student days at Cornell. Then in 1992, the British-American journalist Peter Brimelow wrote a 14,000-word essay for National Review titled ''Time to Rethink Immigration?'' which would later become a sort of ur-text for today's alt-right, the ascendant white-nationalist movement that has found its champion in Trump. Brimelow cast the current wave of American immigrants in dismal terms: less skilled, less European, less assimilated, less law-abiding and less Republican than the previous newcomers. Coulter, who was 31 and a law clerk at the time, remembers reading it and thinking, ''Oh, my gosh, I've been completely lied to!''

Twenty-four years later, Coulter helped formulate Trump's immigration-policy position, which she hailed on Twitter as ''the greatest political document since the Magna Carta.'' (Her additional tweet on the subject -- ''I don't care if @realDonaldTrump wants to perform abortions in the White House after this immigration policy paper'' -- prompted Mark Levin to tweet back, ''These have to be among the most pathetic comments of anyone in a long time.'')

Coulter has not always gotten her way with the candidate. At Mar-a-Lago that evening in March, she lobbied unsuccessfully for him to pick as his running mate Kris Kobach, the secretary of state of Kansas, who is credited with selling Mitt Romney on ''self-deportation.'' And her book tour for ''In Trump We Trust'' hit a momentary snag when Trump told Sean Hannity that he would be open to ''softening'' his immigration stance, though Coulter chose to believe that, as she told me, ''it was Hannity badgering him.''

Still, she has become the Trump campaign's most unrepentant brawler. When Khzir Khan, the Pakistani-American father of a U.S. Army captain who was killed in combat in Iraq, spoke critically of Trump at the Democratic National Convention, Coulter wrote on Twitter: ''You know what this convention really needed: An angry Muslim with a thick accent like Fareed Zacaria[sic].''

That tweet provoked disgust from fellow conservatives, among them Erick Erickson, who tweeted: ''What a terrible thing to say about a man whose son died for this country.'' When I reminded Coulter of Erickson's scolding, she let out a hearty laugh. ''I always hated him,'' she said. ''This is one of the fantastic things. In any political movement, there are many people you think are losers and dorks, but your friends talk you into liking them, because they're on our side. Now all of those people are out.''

Sighing, she said, ''Trump has made my life better in so many ways.''

You will not find copies of ''¡Adios, America!'' or ''In Trump We Trust'' on any of the many bookshelves in the home of the Washington Post columnist George Will. A week after Ted Cruz dropped out of the Republican presidential race in early May, Will and his wife, Mari, a Republican political consultant, gave a catered dinner party for Cruz and his wife, Heidi. The other guests were conservative donors, activists and journalists, along with their spouses. The Wills have been hosting these off-the-record encounters with political celebrities at their Maryland home for decades. In early 2009, Will's fellow conservative columnists gathered there to meet Obama a week before his inauguration.

Among the guests that evening in May was Laura Ingraham. Ingraham is of proudly ***working-class*** heritage -- her mother was a waitress for almost 30 years and her father owned and operated a Coin-a-Matic carwash -- and does not share Will's reverence for decorum. She was an early defender of Trump's willingness to say things ''no one else is saying.'' While interviewing Cruz on her radio show six weeks before the Wills' party, she interrupted him to mock his Harvard Law degree. Still, Cruz knew that his political future relied on conservative opinion-makers like Ingraham, and it was at his request that the Wills included her in the party.

Over cocktails, the Cruzes spoke fondly of their experiences on the campaign trail, and the other guests listened politely, mindful of Cruz's recent humiliating defeat. Then midway through dinner, at a table set with glasses once used by Abraham Lincoln, Ingraham insisted that Cruz needed to throw his weight behind the man who had branded him ''Lyin' Ted.'' ''If you don't endorse him, where does that leave you?'' she said. ''You don't have the public and you don't have the establishment. How can you be a leader of the conservative movement?''

Cruz amiably replied that such a decision did not have to be made right away. Others at the table joined in to defend him, but Ingraham would hear nothing of it. ''You can't want Hillary Clinton elected,'' she goaded him.

Will sat fuming silently. ''She was quite animated,'' he would later recall. Cruz refused to offer his support to Trump that night or in the weeks to follow. Speaking at the Republican convention on July 20 moments before Cruz was to do the same, Ingraham taunted him: ''We should all, even all you boys with wounded feelings and bruised egos -- and we love you, we love you -- but you must honor the pledge to support Donald Trump now, tonight!'' The following morning on her radio show, Ingraham declared that Cruz's refusal to endorse had ''effectively ended his political career.''

Will was no more persuaded by Ingraham than Cruz was. The first and only time Will met Trump was in March 1995, when, at Trump's invitation, he gave a speech at Mar-a-Lago. Years later on Twitter, Trump would ascribe Will's harsh view of him to Will's having ''totally bombed'' with his performance that night. Will told me: ''He started telling this story: 'The reason Will doesn't like me is I invited him to give a speech at Mar-a-Lago, and I knew it was going to be boring, so I waited out on the patio.' Which raises two questions. First, if he knew it was going to be that boring, why did he invite me? And second, who would be the guy with the orange hair sitting in the front row?''

Will said on ABC's ''This Week'' in 2012 that Trump was ''a bloviating ignoramus'' and he has spent much of the past year predicting the candidate's imminent political demise. ''I thought even an entertaining bore could be a bore after a while,'' he told me. By late December of last year, however, his contempt had given way to alarm. ''Conservatives' highest priority,'' he wrote in a Post column, ''must be to prevent Trump from winning the Republican nomination'' -- even if it meant Hillary Clinton's election.

Then on June 2, three weeks after his dinner party for Cruz, Will learned that his friend and fellow Republican Paul Ryan, the House speaker, had endorsed the nominee. Will considered the matter over martinis at home that evening. The next morning, he walked into his office and told his assistant: ''Go change my registration. This is not my party anymore.''

Recently I visited Will at his office, a three-story Georgetown brick rowhouse erected in 1811. Its walls are covered with framed photographs, several of them depicting the writer in his youth alongside Reagan and other titans of his former party. The dean of conservative pundits, now 75, wore a crisp pinstripe shirt and gray slacks, his customary owlish Mona Lisa expression a bit tighter than usual, owing to the subject matter. Will told me that he cast his first vote in 1964, for Barry Goldwater. He voted for the Republican candidate in every succeeding presidential election, until now.

''I don't use the word 'frightening' often,'' he told me. ''But it's frightening to know this person'' -- Trump -- ''would have the nuclear-launch codes. The world is getting really dangerous. His friend Mr. Putin is dismantling a nation in the center of Europe. Some trigger-happy captain of a Chinese boat with ship-to-ship missiles might make a mistake in the next three years near the Spratly Islands. All kinds of things can go wrong. And the idea that this guy will be asked to respond in a sober, firm way? My goodness.''

He seemed genuinely despondent. ''Given that, could you see yourself urging your readers to vote for Hillary Clinton?'' I asked.

Will's lips pursed slightly. ''Well,'' he said, ''it's clear from everything I've written that I think she'd be a better president. That said, I'm not going to vote for her. First of all, I'm a Maryland voter. She couldn't lose Maryland if she tried.''

''Then. ...''

''I haven't decided,'' he said. ''You can imagine -- I get tons of emails: 'I, too, have left the Republican Party. What should I do?' Well, there are a number of legitimate options. Not voting is a legitimate expression of opinion.''

Ingraham and other conservative media personalities hailed Trump for having ''tapped into'' a shared and seething disquiet among predominantly white, non-college-educated voters. ''What I don't understand on the part of those being tapped into,'' Will told me, ''is: What exactly do they want? I can think of nothing the American people have wanted intensely and protractedly that they didn't get. Took a while, but they got it.''

With a resigned half-smirk, he looked at the ground and intoned, in the manner of a hostage-video monologue: ''It's gonna be yuge. And it's all gonna get fixed. And we're all gonna be winners.''

''If he doesn't build that wall, I'm pissed,'' Sean Hannity told me, reflecting on the prospects of a Trump presidency in the office of his radio show in Midtown Manhattan. ''If he doesn't repeal Obamacare, I'm gonna be pissed. If he appoints a liberal jurist to the Supreme Court, I'm gonna lose my mind. And by the way: I'll be screaming. Not talking -- screaming about it. But in fairness, if Trump doesn't keep his promises, you can also blame me, because I believed him.''

Although Coulter was Trump's earliest cheerleader among prominent conservative-media personalities, Hannity's stake in the election perhaps runs deepest of all, if only because of the size of his audience. He hosts the second-highest-rated show (after Limbaugh) on talk radio and the third-highest-rated program (after Bill O'Reilly and Megyn Kelly) on cable news. More than 2.4 million weekly viewers and 13 million listeners have witnessed Hannity sticking his neck out on behalf of a first-time politician and sometime Republican who has voiced support for Planned Parenthood while vowing to limit America's military footprint and shred trade deals that the G.O.P. has backed for decades.

Hannity's critics on the right have accused him of essentially running hourlong daily Trump infomercials. When I asked him about this, Hannity responded with a well-rehearsed litany of sins perpetrated by the Republican establishment in concert with Obama: perilously low labor participation and homeownership rates, soaring national debt, Obamacare and so on. A Clinton presidency, he warned, would be ''Obama on steroids.'' These were his motivations. ''My conscience is clear. And I feel like Donald Trump would be a great president.''

Hannity told me that he had in fact never stayed at a Trump hotel property, played on a Trump golf course or visited Mar-a-Lago. ''I have my own place -- on the other Florida coast, in Naples,'' he said. ''I don't need his place. I always got the sense people were asking him for something. I don't believe in asking for free stuff.''

Nonetheless, the two men have a mutual affinity that has spanned at least two decades. The MSNBC ''Morning Joe'' host and former Republican congressman Joe Scarborough theorized to me that their relationship has a psychological underpinning: ''Donald Trump, Sean Hannity, Bill O'Reilly all share the same resentment that they will never be accepted into Manhattan's polite society no matter what they do.'' (Trump is from Queens; Hannity and O'Reilly are from Long Island.) Trump, in a recent phone conversation, offered me a somewhat simpler explanation: ''Sean likes having me on his show, and that has to do with ratings more than anything else.''

No presidential candidate in history, Hannity told me, understands television better than Trump -- ''not even close.'' On this score, I couldn't disagree. One evening this past spring, on his plane after a campaign event in Buffalo, Trump told me that at rallies, he always made a point of finding the TV cameras at the back of the media pen and noticing whether a red light was flickering. ''That means they're airing it live,'' he explained. ''So I make sure to say something new'' -- by which he meant newsworthy, the better to own the next news cycle.

Trump was a TV star for more than a decade before he became a politician; he watches TV news incessantly and understands the medium intimately. He knows the optimal time slots on the morning shows. He stage-manages the on-set lighting. He is not only on speaking terms with every network chief executive but also knows their booking agents. He monitors the opinions of hosts and regular guests more avidly than most media critics do and works them obsessively, often directly.

Scarborough told me that Trump's family -- particularly Ivanka Trump's husband, Jared Kushner -- sometimes asked him for advice, and more than once ''called me and asked me to get him off the ledge. I've said, 'I can do that, but six hours later he's going to revert to form.' I told Jared at one point: 'Jared, your father-in-law listens to me more when I'm attacking him on television than when I'm trying to convince him to be rational for the sake of the party.' I think he's a creature of TV.''

TV networks, in the mainstream as well as conservative media, have profited handsomely from Trump's election-season theatrics, but some of their on-air personalities like Hannity are drawn to him for reasons apart from ratings. The prospect of getting in on the ground floor of a Trump administration that is short on policy ideas and disdainful of old Washington hands amounts to a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. By employing the Breitbart publisher Steve Bannon, and by including both Ingraham and Roger Ailes in his debate preparations, Trump has implicitly encouraged the conservative media to consider itself part of the campaign team.

I asked Hannity if it was true that, as a Trump confidant had told me, he wished to be considered as a potential Trump White House chief of staff. ''That's news to me,'' he insisted, adding a politician's practiced nondenial denial: ''I have radio and TV contracts that I will honor through December 2020.'' Nonetheless, Hannity's service to the Trump campaign well exceeds that of ritually bashing Clinton and giving Trump free airtime. He has offered private strategic advice to the campaign. The same Trump confidant told me of at least one instance in which Hannity drafted an unsolicited memo outlining the message Trump should offer after the Orlando nightclub shooting in June. In public, Hannity has made it his mission to warn fellow conservatives -- naming names, like the columnist Jonah Goldberg and the National Review editor in chief Rich Lowry -- that if they do not soon climb aboard the Trump train they will, as the hashtag threatens, #OwnIt: Clinton's picks for the Supreme Court, her response to the Islamic State, her trade deals, all of it.

Hannity maintains that his scolding of Trump's conservative dissenters derives from his fear of a Clinton presidency. ''It'd be pretty much over,'' he said. Taken alone, George Will or even National Review might have little impact on Trump's standing in the race, Hannity argued, but ''cumulatively they do. I can look at the poll numbers. If you go back to a month ago, he was garnering 73 percent of the Republican vote. The most recent, I think he had 88 percent. He needs to get to 93.'' And the key to the last 5 percent might very well lie with the noisy holdouts, like Erick Erickson.

On Sept. 16, Erickson showed up at the National Press Club in Washington to participate in a debate sponsored by the National Religious Broadcasters. Erickson left RedState at the end of last year to concentrate on his radio show and his online opinion journal, The Resurgent, but he has remained influential among conservatives who do not support Trump. In July, when he learned that Ted Cruz was about to have a private meeting with the nominee on the eve of the convention, Erickson texted the senator: ''Don't endorse! Don't endorse!'' Later that evening, Erickson says, Cruz texted back: ''Didn't endorse! Didn't endorse!'' (Cruz finally announced that he would vote for Trump on Sept. 23.)

The subject of the debate, inevitably, was Trump: specifically, whether evangelical Christians should support him. Being a lifelong evangelical himself, Erickson had some thoughts on the matter. Over the years, he had been condemned for his own offensive words, like the time he called the Texas gubernatorial candidate Wendy Davis ''Abortion Barbie.'' But he had recently apologized for many (though not all) of these statements and had called upon Trump to affect a similar posture of Christian humility. ''1 Corinthians is very explicit,'' he told me. ''If someone holds one's self out to be a Christian and doesn't behave that way, Christians are supposed to judge him. This is a guy who's bragged about his affairs.''

This was Erickson's principal argument during the debate. Trump was not merely a sinner, he said, but a gleefully unrepentant one. Erickson's debate opponent, the Christian talk-show host and fervent Trump supporter Janet Parshall, responded by reciting a litany of sinners in chief -- from Thomas Jefferson with the out-of-wedlock child he fathered with a slave, to Warren G. Harding with his multiple liaisons, to Richard Nixon with his foul language memorialized on the White House tapes. ''We are not electing a messiah,'' Parshall said. ''Last time I checked, he was appointed to office and he is not term-limited.''

Erickson's debating partner, the conservative activist Bill Wichterman, argued that Trump appealed to the worst in America: His bullying, his lying and his bigotry were ''corrosive to our national character.'' Erickson could testify to this. At one point, he was receiving as many as 300 emails a day from Trump supporters. Some of them referred to him as a ''cuck'' or ''cuck-servative.'' The word -- a masculinity-insulting derivative of ''cuckold'' -- was new to Erickson, as were its originators in the white-nationalist alt-right.

More than one of the emails predicted that Erickson would be shot to death. At the local grocery store, a man walked up to Erickson's two young children ''and told them they needed to know their father was destroying this country by supporting Hillary Clinton,'' Erickson told me. And one evening, two people showed up on the Ericksons' doorstep to deliver a threat -- Erickson would not tell me what it was -- explicit enough that he later hired security guards. ''I've never had Obama or Romney or McCain or Clinton supporters come to my home or send me nasty letters,'' he said.

Did Trump beget all of this? If so, what begot Trump? Erickson argued that the fault lay with Beltway Republicans. ''They've broken so many promises,'' he said. ''They promised to defund the president's immigration plan. They promised to defund Obamacare. They promised to fight the president on raising the debt limit. At some point, the base of the party just wants to burn the house down and start over.''

But even Erickson did not seem convinced that this alone explained what he saw as a nihilistic turn among Republican voters. ''I do think there are a lot of people that have just concluded that this is it -- that if we don't get the election right, the country's over,'' he said. As to where they might have gotten that idea, Erickson knew the answer. It was the apocalyptic hymn sung by talk-radio hosts like his friend and mentor Rush Limbaugh, whose show Erickson once guest-hosted, though in the time of Trump, it seemed unlikely he would receive another invitation.

This February, Limbaugh, who has applauded Trump without endorsing him outright, posed to Erickson the question of whether a commentator should try to act as ''the guardian of what it means to be a conservative.'' In effect, the legend of talk radio was laying down an unwritten commandment of the trade, which applies as well to cable TV: Do not attempt to lead your following.

This was simple enough for an avowed Trump supporter like Ingraham. ''Laura's never missed an opportunity to build her career on the backs of others,'' Erickson told me. He counted Hannity as another mentor and admired his entrepreneurial cunning, saying: ''Sean reflects his audience. He's not going to leave his audience.'' On his own radio show, Erickson found that the more he denounced Trump, the more female listeners he picked up. But most of the 300,000 people who tuned in weekly during rush hour were men. While Erickson refused to abandon his principles, he did not wish to go broke, either.

On Sept. 20, Erickson wrote a long post for The Resurgent titled ''Reconsidering My Opposition to Donald Trump.'' He made no effort to disguise his moroseness. ''I see the election of Hillary Clinton as the antithesis of all my values and ideas on what fosters sound civil society in this country,'' he wrote, and described his manifold objections to her at great length. But, he went on, ''I have to admit that while I may view Hillary Clinton's campaign as anti-American, I view Donald Trump's campaign as un-American. ... While I see Clinton as having no virtue, I see Donald Trump corrupting the virtuous and fostering hatred, racism and dangerous strains of nationalism.'' The election left him adrift. ''I am without a candidate. I just cannot vote for either one.''

And so Erickson's conscience led him back to where he was 13 months ago. Nowadays, he told me, he was doing all he could to avoid discussing Trump and the election altogether -- a tall order for a talk-radio host. Responding to my look of bewilderment, he said, ''Why dwell on the train wreck?''

Erickson believed he was not alone. ''People know where we're headed, don't like where we're headed and would rather talk about something else,'' he said. Erickson had won many fights. This one was the biggest yet, and he had lost. There was nothing left to do but step back from his megaphone, dwell on happier matters and wait for the next righteous cause.

Sign up for our newsletter to get the best of The New York Times Magazine delivered to your inbox every week.

[*http://www.nytimes.com/2016/10/02/magazine/how-donald-trump-set-off-a-civil-war-within-the-right-wing-media.html*](http://www.nytimes.com/2016/10/02/magazine/how-donald-trump-set-off-a-civil-war-within-the-right-wing-media.html)

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: PHOTOS (PHOTOGRAPHS BY FOX NEWS FROM YOUTUBE

CNN FROM YOUTUBE

GETTY IMAGES

GAGE SKIDMORE) (MM36-MM37)

Erick Erickson in a studio at WSB in Atlanta. (MM39)

Ann Coulter at the Metropolitan Republican Club in New York. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY GILLIAN LAUB) (MM40)

**Load-Date:** October 16, 2016

**End of Document**



[***MOVIES: 'THE PLOUGHMAN'S LUNCH,' AN EXERCISE IN DUPLICITY***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-H4D0-0008-N352-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 19, 1984, Friday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1984 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section C; Page 8, Column 1; Weekend Desk; REVIEW

**Length:** 985 words

**Byline:** By VINCENT CANBY

**Body**

JAMES PENFIELD, the journalist who glowers at the center of the fine new English film ''The Ploughman's Lunch,'' is a fascinating variation on all of the angry, low-born young men who populated British novels and plays in the late 1950's and 60's. Although he denies it, he

is angry. At one point he says: ''You do everything right and you feel nothing. Either way.''

Vincent Canby reviews film The Ploughman's Lunch; photo

His problem is that he feels everything all too acutely, but it doesn't make him a better person, only more devious.

James Penfield is Jimmy Porter of ''Look Back in Anger'' updated to the 1980's, specifically to London during the 1982 Falkland war and the Tory leadership of Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher. ''The Ploughman's Lunch,'' the first theatrical film to be written by Ian McEwan and directed by Richard Eyre, is a witty, bitter tale of duplicity and opportunism in both private and public life.

As played by Jonathan Pryce, James Penfield is as determined as he is without conscience. To his friends, who are mostly upper and upper-middle class, and to his associates at BBC Radio, where he works as a news writer, his professed conservatism is something of a joke. To James, who may or may not believe in anything at all, it's also a way of getting to the top in Tory England.

In the course of ''The Ploughman's Lunch,'' a title that becomes clear as the film proceeds, James is working on a book about the 1956 Suez war, which he sees not as a national humiliation but a glorious act that demands ''redefinition.'' When his publisher reminds him to keep the American market in mind, James says glibly that good friends are those who speak the truth, and the officially angry United States response to Britain's invasion of Suez was the response of a good friend. He's not easily thrown.

James always has his eye on the main chance, but he is so obsessed by his own pursuits that he is oblivious to the possibilities that he might become the victim of others as casually dishonest as he is. He falls in love with a chic, bright, sharp-tongued young woman named Susan (Charlie Dore), both for herself and for access to Susan's mother, Ann (Rosemary Harris), an ardent Socialist and respected historian whose brain he wants to pick.

James doesn't hesitate to tell Susan that his parents are dead, when, in fact, they lead a marginal existence in a bleak, ***working-class*** suburb, nor does he have any compunction about telling Ann that he is, of course, a Socialist. When the mother falls into his bed and in love with him, he obliges her as long as it suits his purpose, then returns to Susan, who can barely tolerate him.

''The Ploughman's Lunch,'' which opens today at the Public Theater, is one of those rare political films whose scheme grows naturally out of characters and situations. Apparently it was just a fluke that the Falkland war took place not long before production of the film began, thus providing Mr. McEwan and Mr. Eyre with a particular public event to dramatize James's private opportunism.

Mr. McEwan's screenplay is immensely intelligent, although it avoids the cadenced genteelness of the sort of ''important'' West End drama epitomized by Julian Mitchell's ''Another Country,'' the fictionalized story of Guy Burgess. The people talk well but not especially loftily.

Everybody says exactly what he means, which is not to say that, like James, each one cannot lie with ease. The film's most arresting character is Ann, a beautiful woman whose intelligence is demonstrated both in the writing and in Miss Harris's superlative performance. That James can't see through his own immediate interests - to the truth of the older woman who loves him - provides the film with its dark comedy.

Almost as good as Miss Harris and Mr. Pryce, who won a Tony for his performance some years ago in the Broadway production of ''Comedians,'' are Miss Dore, an unconventional beauty whose Susan is, ultimately, as duplicitous as James, and Tim Curry as James's best friend, whose upper-class ease and self-assurance will forever elude James. The excellent supporting cast includes Frank Finlay as Susan's stepfather, Simon Stokes as a poet-friend of James and Bill Paterson, who plays the leading role in Bill Forsyth's new ''Comfort and Joy,'' as a university professor.

For a movie that means to be about ''serious'' things - politics and choices - ''The Ploughman's Lunch'' looks and sounds unusually spontaneous. There's a wonderful sequence during James's unsuccessful courtship of Susan when they get into an argument about a Wajda film they've just seen and which James thinks is marvelous. ''I don't like flashbacks,'' Susan says in boredom. ''They make me feel as if I'm holding my breath.''

Although set principally in London, there are two lovely sequences in the marsh country of Norfolk and, toward the end, an extraordinary sequence actually filmed in Brighton during the first Conservative Party congress to be held after the Falkland war.

It's a measure of how good the film is that it's not upstaged by a remarkable shot in which the camera, in one unbroken take, pans from Mrs. Thatcher giving a rousing, patriotic summation on the speaker's platform to James sitting in the audience, for the first time in the film looking utterly bereft.

This is tricky stuff, but ''The Ploughman's Lunch'' blends fact with fiction with astonishing success.

Getting to the Top

THE PLOUGHMAN'S LUNCH, directed by Richard Eyre; written by Ian McEwan; director of photography, Clive Tickner; edited by David Martin; music by Dominic Muldowney; produced by Simon Relph and Ann Scott; released by Samuel Goldwyn Company. At the Public Theater, 425 Lafayette Street. Running time: 107 minutes. This film is rated R. James PenfieldJonathan Pryce Jeremy HancockTim Curry Susan BarringtonCharlie Dore Ann BarringtonRosemary Harris Matthew FoxFrank Finlay EdwardSimon Stokes LecturerBill Paterson

**Graphic**

photo of Jonathan Pryce

**End of Document**



[***MASSACHUSETTS SENATE RACE NARROWS - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-H0W0-0008-N33N-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

**Correction Appended**



Copyright 1984 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Page 23, Column 4; National Desk; Series

**Length:** 1007 words

**Byline:** By FOX BUTTERFIELD

**Series:** The Race for Congress; A series of articles on selected 1984 contests

**Dateline:** BOSTON, Oct. 29

**Body**

In an acrimonious fight for the Senate, Raymond Shamie, a conservative millionaire businessman who has wrapped himself in the mantle of President Reagan's policies and popularity, appears close to overtaking Lieut. Gov. John F. Kerry, a liberal Democrat.

Although registered Democrats outnumber Republicans in Massachusetts by 4 to 1, Mr. Shamie appears to have made deep inroads among ***working-class*** Roman Catholic voters, the backbone of the Democratic Party here, by echoing the President. Mr. Shamie's message has been simple, pledging to oppose tax increases and abortion, and calling for a stronger national defense.

Both President Reagan and Walter F. Mondale, the Democratic nominee, will campaign in Boston later this week, and with the Senate race so close, their visits could have a critical impact on the outcome, aides to the Senate candidates say.

The latest public opinion poll, released Saturday by The Boston Globe, showed Mr. Kerry running ahead of his Republican challenger, 50 percent to 40 percent, with 10 percent undecided. But the race may be closer than that, because the poll also found that among the more likely voters Mr. Kerry led by only four percentage points, 48 percent to 44 percent.

Article in series The Race for Congress: focuseson US Senate race in Massachusetts between liberal Democrat Lt Gov John F Kerry and his Republican opponent Raymond Shamie; illustration (M)Primary Showed Shamie's Appeal

Mr. Shamie demonstrated his appeal in the Republican primary last month by winning 62 percent of the vote against Elliot L. Richardson, the former United States Attorney General.

The general election campaign has been bitter, with Mr. Shamie repeatedly accusing Mr. Kerry of lying and Mr. Kerry attacking Mr. Shamie for being vague and not answering questions in debates. Mr. Shamie has also asserted repeatedly that Mr. Kerry would vote to raise taxes, an assertion Mr. Kerry has denied.

An uncertain factor is how much Mr. Shamie, 63 years old, the chairman of a high-technology company, has been hurt by disclosures about his past association with the John Birch Society and persistent questions about his efforts to indoctrinate his employees with his conservative ideology through the distribution of literature.

Todd Domke, Mr. Shamie's campaign manager, said in an interview that the reports about his candidate's ties to the John Birch Society were ''left-wing McCarthyism, the old guilt by association smear tactics.''

Questions Have Intensified

But the questions intensified after Mr. Shamie defended the John Birch Society as ''decent people from the mainstream of America.''

''That is an insight into Ray's thinking,'' said Mr. Kerry, 40 years old, a graduate of Yale University. ''If you know they've called Dwight Eisenhower a member of the Communist conspiracy, you can't say they are part of mainstream America.''

Mr. Shamie also came under criticism last week at a meeting with a Jewish group in Sharon, the Boston suburb where his company, the Metal Bellows Corporation, has its headquarters.

Members of the audience pointed out that the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith had denounced the John Birch Society for being anti-Semitic and quizzed Mr. Shamie on why he distributed copies of Spotlight, a publication of the right-wing Liberty Lobby, to his employees. The Anti-Defamation League contends that the Liberty Lobby is one of the most anti-Semitic organizations in the country.

''You have a responsibility to know what the John Birch Society is all about,'' a woman in the audience said angrily. ''You said they are decent good citizens, nice people. I don't think they are nice people.''

Heavy Spending by Shamie

John Marttila, a political consultant and adviser to Mr. Kerry contended that Mr. Shamie was benefiting from two factors: President Reagan's popularity, and the large sums Mr. Shamie has spent on the campaign.

The Globe poll last week showed that Massachusetts voters preferred Mr. Reagan to Mr. Mondale, 53 percent to 41 percent, with 6 percent undecided.

So far, Mr. Shamie has spent $935,979 of his own money on the campaign, according to reports filed with the Federal Election Commission. In 1982, when Mr. Shamie ran unsuccessfully against Senator Edward M. Kennedy, he spent $1.3 million of his own money.

The most heated moment of the campaign this year came when John McManus, a spokesman for the John Birch Society, and Maj. Gen. George S. Patton Jr., retired, the chairman of a Veterans for Shamie group, charged that Mr. Kerry was a Communist sympathizer guilty of ''near-treasonous activity'' in the Vietnam War.

Mr. Kerry, who commanded a Navy patrol boat in the Mekong Delta, was awarded a Silver Star, the Bronze Star and three Purple Hearts for wounds. But he later turned against the war and organized the Vietnam Veterans Against the War.

Two Runs for Congress

Searching for a political post, Mr. Kerry ran unsuccessfully for Congress in 1970 and 1972, finally becoming an Assistant District Attorney, and then winning election to lieutenant governor in 1982.

Mr. Shamie, whose father was a Brooklyn truck driver, dropped out of college after two years to go to work in a factory. In 1955 he started his own company to make metal bellows, a device made of tiny pieces of welded metal that is used in nuclear plants and the space shuttle.

According to his aide, Mr. Domke, Mr. Shamie first got interested in politics in the early 1970's because of his distress at what he considered the radicalism of American students. He has said he attended a John Birch Society meeting in 1974 and invited an official of the group to address some business colleagues in 1975.

Mr. Shamie later set up what Mr. Domke termed an ''economic education program'' in his factory that sponsored conservative speakers and distributed right-wing literature, former employees say. He established a political action committee, to which his employees could contribute through a payroll deduction plan. It has given money to conservative candidates such as Senator Jesse Helms of North Carolina.

**Correction**

Dispatches from Boston on Sept. 20 and Oct. 30 about the Massachusetts Senate campaign misstated the role of John F. Kerry, now a Senator- elect, in Vietnam Veterans Against the War. He was a leader and spokesman of the organization in the early 1970's, but he was not a founder. The group was formed in 1967.  
**Correction-Date:** November 30, 1984, Friday, Late City Final Edition

**Graphic**

photo of Lieut. Gov. John Kerry and Raymond Shamie

**End of Document**



[***A Hedge Fund With High Returns And High-Reaching Goals***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4MBB-D2R0-TW8F-G2F3-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 13, 2006 Monday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2006 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section F; Column 1; Giving; Pg. 14; MEGAMONEY

**Length:** 1689 words

**Byline:** By JENNY ANDERSON

**Body**

ON June 13 at the Pierre Hotel in Manhattan, the Children's Investment Fund, known as TCI, a large hedge fund in London, welcomed a particularly high-profile speaker: former President Bill Clinton.

But Mr. Clinton was not speaking exclusively about the fund, whose 23 percent net returns through September make it a darling of institutions and wealthy families flocking to hedge fund investing. Instead, he focused on the Children's Investment Fund Foundation, TCI's charitable arm, which is financed by a portion of the fund's fees.

TCI and its foundation were started in 2004 by Christopher Hohn, a British money manager. Today, the fund has more than $9 billion. The foundation, which has offices in New York and London, had $66 million at the end of last year and distributed more than $2.3 million to international health and development causes, according to its 2005 United States tax returns. Recipients included the International Rescue Committee and many H.I.V.- and AIDS-related projects.

''The marriage of business and philanthropy that is at the heart of the Children's Investment Fund and the Children's Investment Fund Foundation provides a great tool to effect serious change in the developing world,'' wrote Mr. Clinton in an e-mail message about his work with the fund and the foundation, which supports his own foundation's efforts to provide care for children with AIDS around the world. ''I was glad to be able to tell the investors about the good work their support is enabling my foundation to do.''

In the last decade, the hedge fund industry has exploded, as have the paychecks of its billionaire money managers. Some individuals are well known and have focused their attention on issues from child abuse to charter schools. Paul Tudor Jones II, founder of the Tudor Investment Corporation, started the Robin Hood Foundation, which fights poverty in New York City. This year, the foundation raised $48 million in one night at its annual benefit.

Arthur J. Samburg, founder of Pequot Capital Management, gave $25 million to Columbia Business School to establish the Samberg Institute for Teaching Excellence, offering mentoring and other programs.

But Mr. Hohn and his wife, Jamie Cooper-Hohn, who runs TCI's foundation, took a different tack: they are using a portion of the fees generated by the hedge fund to finance the foundation and thus donate to charity.

The business model for the hedge fund is unusual for another reason: Mr. Hohn has been branded one of Europe's most feared activist investors, those who rankle management to extract shareholder value. His biggest coup so far was leading a shareholder revolt starting in 2005 against Werner G. Seifert, the chairman and chief executive at the Deutsche Borse, which operates the Frankfurt Stock Exchange.

In December 2004, Mr. Seifert tried to buy the London Stock Exchange. Mr. Hohn, a large shareholder in Deutsche Borse, did not see the value of the purchase and demanded that the acquisition be put to a shareholder vote. A nasty battle erupted and, ultimately, the campaign killed the bid and Mr. Seifert's job. (Nasdaq this year paid more than twice the amount Deutsche Borse offered to buy a stake in the London Stock Exchange.)

Mr. Hohn and Ms. Cooper-Hohn declined to be interviewed for this article. (Even photographs of Mr. Hohn are difficult to find for publication.) Investors in the hedge fund who agreed to speak did so with trepidation and requested anonymity. They are required to sign nondisclosure agreements that prohibit sharing any information about the fund. The consequence for violating the agreement, investors say, is getting kicked out of the fund.

Competitors praise Mr. Hohn's business model for the hedge fund. ''Hohn is a marketing genius,'' said a hedge fund manager. ''Who wants to go up against a firm whose name is the Children's Investment Fund?''

When the fund was started, it posed some tricky issues for investors, especially endowments with a fiduciary duty to look after the bottom line of their own institutions rather than finance Mr. Hohn's causes, however worthy they might be.

''We were somewhat concerned that a portion of the fees we were paying were explicitly designed to go to a charity,'' said one investor who decided to participate in the fund. ''It's not that we aren't charitable, but we are a not-for-profit ourselves, and the idea that we would be explicitly paying a higher fee to support Chris Hohn's charitable enterprises and not our own was a bit of a sticking point.''

Mr. Hohn, the son of ***working-class*** Jamaican immigrants, grew up in Britain. He graduated from Southampton University in Britain and, later, the Harvard Business School, where he received an M.B.A.

According to a Harvard Business School case study about Mr. Hohn's investment in Deutsche Borse, in 1996 Mr. Hohn began working for Perry Capital, a hedge fund founded by Richard C. Perry, a former partner at Goldman Sachs. In June 2000, Mr. Perry raised money for a European-focused fund to be managed by Mr. Hohn. The fund, said the case study, achieved ''superior performance of 20 percent a year over three years with little volatility'' -- meaning Mr. Hohn produced outsize returns without taking the risk associated with such returns.

Like most managers who do well working within a larger fund, he set out on his own, starting TCI in January 2004. The fund would not be socially responsible but would invest in any sector it deemed undervalued. According to the Harvard case study, Mr. Hohn said, ''We believe we can do greater good by making more money and giving it away.''

The fund would take large bets -- for example, own shares in only a few companies -- in industries that are hard to break into.

The fund has an unconventional fee structure: instead of the standard 2 percent of assets for managing the fund and 20 percent of the profits as incentive compensation, the fund charges a 1 percent management fee and a 13 to 17 percent incentive fee. Investors then pay 0.5 percent of committed capital and 0.5 percent more if the investors' net return exceeds 11 percent, with both fees going to charities. People invest with the understanding that they cannot get the money back for three to five years, an eternity for many investors who like to be able to withdraw their money at any time.

To many potential investors, the fee structure was controversial. ''It was so unusual a concept that people were suspicious,'' one investor said. ''When you think about the hedge fund industry, you don't exactly think of charity. You think of people who are hard-driving and are always looking for an investment edge.''

Mr. Hohn's track record and his dedication to philanthropy convinced people to invest. The returns paid off handsomely and contributed to money flooding into the fund. In 2004, the fund produced returns from 42 to 44 percent, depending on the class of share invested in. Returns for 2005 were even better: 50 to 52 percent, investors said.

TCI is not the only fund to focus on charitable giving. In January 2004, Andrew Walter, who worked in the investment management division of Goldman Sachs, co-founded Blue Orchid Capital, now a $300 million fund of hedge funds. He gives a portion of the fees that the fund earns to the Steamboat Foundation, a separately run charity he helped found that finances summer internships for financially strapped college students. (It also gives special grants.) As a result, he has gained access to blue-chip managers, the majority of whom do not accept money from new investors.

Blue Orchid charges about 1 percent as a management fee and a 5 to 7 percent incentive fee, according to investors. (Mr. Walter would not comment on fees or returns.) Half the incentive fee goes to the foundation.

''The consistent theme across both is we are in the business of investing in people,'' Mr. Walter said. ''In our investment business, we are fortunate to have built a portfolio of exceptional investment managers, and in the Steamboat Foundation, we seek to make investments in extraordinary young people who come from more modest backgrounds.''

The program has financed internships with institutions like Forbes magazine and the Hospital for Special Surgery. Every company that has sponsored an internship has agreed to do another. In 2005, Blue Orchid was up 12 percent, net to investors, and through October it was up 6.5 percent.

This marriage of business and philanthropy has been a theme in charitable circles in America, but it is a relatively new concept in Britain, said Susan Mackenzie, interim director of Philanthropy UK, a charity in London that promotes giving in Britain.

''We are on the cusp of a sea change,'' she said, citing a large increase in new wealth, the changing role of the state and the emergence of private equity and hedge fund donors as factors driving that change. The Charities Aid Foundation, a British philanthropy, reports that people in Britain with incomes over $:200,000, or about $380,000, give 1.2 percent of their income to charity. In the United States, people with the same income give 7.4 percent of that wealth.

''In the U.K., people are more reluctant to talk about their wealth and their giving, and that has influenced attitudes toward giving,'' Ms. Mackenzie said. ''Also, we have a comprehensive welfare state that influences what the government should pay for versus what individuals should pay for.''

TCI is among the funds changing that dynamic. It has not been without controversy. This year, Mr. Hohn tried to raise fees retroactively on a group of investors; the move incited some to withdraw their money. ''It was outrageous,'' said one who left.

Yale University, one of the fund's original investors, pulled out $200 million earlier this year, partly because of issues surrounding the retroactive fees. A spokesman for the university declined to comment.

But investors said there were billions of dollars of capital waiting to get into the fund, suggesting that Mr. Hohn's tactics are overshadowed by his extraordinary returns and maybe even his charitable work.

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

**Graphic**

Drawing (Drawing by Elliott Golden)

**Load-Date:** November 13, 2006

**End of Document**



[***SPAIN'S HATED GYPSIES STAY TRUE TO THEMSELVES***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-H2J0-0008-N05W-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 25, 1984, Thursday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1984 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Page 2, Column 3; Foreign Desk

**Length:** 1013 words

**Byline:** By EDWARD SCHUMACHER

**Dateline:** ZARAGOZA, Spain

**Body**

When city authorities here came up with a plan to build houses for Manuel Gabarre and his relatives, the people who would be his neighbors rioted.

In the most violent clashes seen in this northeastern city since the Spanish Civil War, hundreds of people on different nights put up barricades and threw bricks at charging policemen. Dozens of people were injured

The reason: Mr. Gabarre, his relatives and others being moved were gypsies.

''The day I saw a friend of mine among the neighbors with a rock in his hand,'' Mr. Gabarre, thin, dark and 24 years old, said, ''I felt so isolated.''

Edward Schumacher article on Zaragoza, Spain, notes that plan to relocate gypsy families into houses at Government-subsidized project has been met with violent resistance by residents; illustration (M)

''But then I got angry,'' he said. ''It was racism against us, and I didn't care if I died.''

Branded as Laggards

Mr. Gabbare spoke amid a collection of abandoned and decaying houses next to a large, fetid puddle. Children, three of them his, surrounded him.

There are nearly half a million gypsies in Spain and they form a subclass in a country that at the popular level has branded them as laggards and thieves. Whether they suffer discrimination because of their own habits or because of the prejudices of Spanish society is widely argued, but what is clear is that they suffer.

The average gypsy life span is 43 years, half the working gypsy population is jobless and nearly four out of five adult gypsies have never attended school, according to the Government. Half the school-age gypsy children today stay home.

Non-gypsies are called payos in the gypsy language and Tomas Calvo Buezas, an anthropologist and former secretary of the Government's Interministerial Commission for Gypsies, has warned, ''The conflicts between payos and gypsies have been growing alarmingly in recent years.''

Shacks Are Leveled

In one recent week, city authorities in Mediodia, a small town in the south, leveled six gypsy shacks without notice while the families were working in the fields and in the northwestern provincial capital of La Coruna, local officials moved 40 gypsy families to a site near the city dump.

Earlier this year, hundreds of citizens of another small southern town reacted to a fight provoked by a gypsy by setting fire to his house, badly burning two women and three children inside.

The origin of gypsies is unclear. The latest theories point to India, home of a huge gypsy community. Many migrated across Europe in the 15th century, settling especially in Hungary, Rumania and Spain.

Renowned for training horses, they labored mostly as migrant farm workers. But industrializaton has increasingly forced gypsies to settle in city slums.

Language Is Being Lost

Their language - Romany, an Indo- Iranian tongue - is being lost by Spain's gypsies, who also do not wear the black pants and swirling dresses often characteristic of gypsies elsewhere. The differences are a product of nearly four centuries of Spanish persecution.

Beginning with the Inquisition in the late 1400's, Spanish rulers have decreed laws banning the clothes, language and wandering of gypsies. Decrees have separated gypsy husbands from wives and taken gypsy children as servants.

All were part of attempts to remold gypsies socially, but each effort has failed. Tightknit family structures have kept the culture alive, protecting other traditions such as strong superstitions and rigid patriarchy.

The latest violent episode, in this city of 700,000 people known more for pilgrimages to its religious shrines, centered on a plan by the city to relocate 36 gypsy families into temporary housing in a housing project covering almost 1,500 acres. Mr. Gabarre and many of the other gypsies are squatters in a corner of the area, their houses destined for demolition.

A Truce of Sorts

A cease-fire of sorts was reached as Roman Catholic and city authorities scrambled to avoid embarrassment on the eve of a stopover by Pope John Paul II on his way to the Caribbean.

The neighbors, protesting church support for the gypsies, had ripped down a temporary cross where the Pope was to speak. Sixteen gypsies countered with a sit-in at the Archbishop's palace, where the Pope was to spend the night.

The neighbors said in interviews that while they accepted individual families moving into the project, they opposed the gypsies living in a group. They accused the gypsies of being dirty, and said they feared a segregated ghetto fostering crime in their midst.

''It is as clear as life itself that gypsies rob,'' Jose Luis Balcarcel, a 34- year old truck driver, said. ''Our property values would go straight down.''

Improvements Are Sought

Almost all the neighbors are ***working-class*** people who scratched together the money to buy into the dozens of Government-subsidized high-rises going up in the project. Adding to their ire was not only what they saw as preferred treatment for the gypsies but also the fact that the gypsy houses were being put where a sports complex was planned.

The cease-fire is based on a plan that calls for keeping the gypsy squatters where they are for the next 15 months and moving gypsies who live in shacks elsewhere into temporary houses in the city while a permanent solution is sought. Neither side is happy, boding more problems.

The gypsy housing is part of an effort by recent governments, intensified

under Prime Minister Felipe Gonzalez, a Socialist, to improve the gypsies' way of life.

But adding to the challenge faced by the Goverment is that many gypsies say they prefer their free way of life as sidewalk vendors and junk dealers. ''We like to work for ourselves and have more time for our families,'' said 26-year old Pedro Perez. He was in his front yard, leaning against a junk car that he plans to sell in pieces.

Gypsies have also found a new commitment to roots.

''We don't want to integrate into the society if it means the disappearance of our customs and culture,'' said Juan de Dios Ramirez Heredia, the only gypsy in the national Parliament. ''We want to co-live together in peace.''

**Graphic**

photo of Gypsy squatters in Spain

**End of Document**



[***For Some 'Biznesmeni' in Politics, Democracy Is Flavored by Rubles***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-V7G0-0024-J2SB-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 6, 1993, Monday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1993 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Foreign Desk

**Section:** Section A;; Section A; Page 1; Column 5; Foreign Desk; Column 5;

**Length:** 1162 words

**Byline:** By CELESTINE BOHLEN,

By CELESTINE BOHLEN,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** LYTKARINO, Russia, Dec. 4

**Body**

In an election where most candidates are worried about voter indifference, Anatoly V. Guskov, a 45-year-old millionaire businessman running for a seat in Russia's new Parliament, knows how to draw a crowd.

When Mr. Guskov arrived in this small town on Moscow's southeastern rim for a meeting with pensioners last week, the 650-seat hall was so full that extra benches had to be brought in to accommodate several dozen angry women who had been locked outside in the freezing cold, beating on the doors to get in.

By the time he left, the crowd was in a much better mood. Not only did they get what they had come for -- a kilogram of powdered milk and two fresh lemons -- but they also extracted from the candidate another of his famous promises, a pledge to send one of his own company buses to fill in a gap in the town's crumbling transportation system.

It Makes His World Go Round

On the campaign trail in the 108th Electoral District, Mr. Guskov, one of nine district candidates for the Duma, or lower house, has his own way of dealing with voters' problems: he throws money at them, often his own. He offers free meals to the poor, he is paying for the reconstruction of half a dozen churches and he recently pledged to finance an aviation museum dedicated at a local test-flight center.

Mr. Guskov is representative of a distinct phenomenon of this election -- the rise of "biznesmeni," a word that Russians use with alternate respect and contempt, as candidates or as financial backers.

Speaking on national television recently as a member of the Future of Russia -- New Names Party, he told how he had come to the rescue of Zhukovsky, where municipal authorities had been forced to cut back on central heating during a bitter cold spell, by finding low-cost state credits to buy natural gas.

Mr. Guskov, a builder by profession, got his start in 1988, in that strange interlude between the heyday of the Communist system and its collapse in 1991. He has since expanded to trade and agriculture, accumulating an empire that includes 4 restaurants, 7 cafes, 37 stores and an old state farm that continues to lose money.

His political credo is loosely patched together: He supports Russian President Boris N. Yeltsin as the "only President we have," but he is critical of the Government, which he believes has done more to destroy the economy than to reform it.

A former Communist, he regards the current Communist Party "with respect," and says the bloody confrontation in October between the President and Parliament could have been avoided had Mr. Yeltsin taken resolute action after voters supported him in a referendum last April.

But these issues are mostly incidental to a campaign that centers on Mr. Guskov himself, a man who despite his best efforts, is still regarded with some suspicion by local people.

"I have a 100 percent chance of winning," he said with unblinking confidence in an interview. "Not one of my opponents is involved in the economy from the production end; all of them are office-holders of one sort or another. I at least have concrete accomplishments to my name.

"I am not an advocate of politics but an advocate of the economy. For years now we have had an economy driven by politics. What I am offering is politics driven by the economy."

A Can-Do Kind of Guy

Surveys conducted in cooperation with the Moscow Center for Political Advertising have shown that the Russian voter this year, in contrast to 1990, is indeed looking for candidates who have accomplished something, in business or in government, regardless of whether they were members of the old Communist Party.

"There has been a big change in focus, from words to deeds," said Aleksandr Popov, head of the center. "In 1990 voters paid attention to how the candidates spoke. Now they are looking at what they have done."

With his bravado and his cash, Mr. Guskov is representative of the class of entrepreneurs who will be trying to get their first real foothold in national politics in the elections on Dec. 12 for the 628-seat Federal Assembly. A draft constitution is also on the ballot.

According to one count, about 20 percent of the candidates for the new two-chamber legislature come from private companies and organizations, including restructured state industries.

Political campaigns in Russia are becoming expensive, even local ones like the race in the 108th District.

The 108th encompasses the ***working-class*** city of Lyubertsy, the aviation research center at Zhukovsky, the industrial city of Ramenskoye and scattered villages. There is no local television station, but there are five cable studios and a handful of local newspapers, all hungry for advertising.

Mr. Guskov, whose campaign entourage includes a sociologist as well as bodyguards, has gone Western in his approach. His emblem is a goose, a pun on his name, and it appears on campaign buttons, stickers and shopping bags. He has giveaway lighters and pens, all made in the West. Another wealthy candidate, from Tver, is offering voters a million bottles of champagne at wholesale prices, with further discounts available to poor voters.

Pressing the Flesh

The 6.5 tons of powdered milk that Mr. Guskov is distributing comes from Italy, though one of his standard campaign barbs against the Government is the purchase of powdered milk from Germany at a time when Russian producers could use the business.

Mr. Guskov's campaign manager, Viktor K. Frolov, will not discuss how much his candidate is spending to get elected, but he boasts of a strategy that is aimed at the common folk, bypassing the debates that the other candidates have been frequenting.

"He is the only one going out there, in the courtyards, in the factories, meeting with people," said Mr. Frolov. "Unlike the others, he is not afraid to talk with voters."

Indeed, only a handful of voters in Lyubertsy, the district's largest city, came out this weekend to hear a debate among the eight other candidates. (Mr. Guskov, as usual, was represented by an empty chair with his name on it.)

The Others

Many of the candidates are already well known. They include Yuri Yeltsov, who had been a local deputy to the Parliament that President Yeltsin dissolved and is now a candidate for Russia's Choice, the party headed by Yegor T. Gaidar, the Government's top reformer, and Konstantin Lubenchenko, who was the local delegate to the last Soviet parliament.

But the cast also includes a new breed -- a 30-year-old Russian diplomat, a deputy procurator general and the head of a social-liberal party, who lives in Zhukovsky. All three speak well and at length on economic and political issues.

But Aleksandr F. Kozlov, formerly head of the Ramenskoye city council and now a top campaign worker for Mr. Guskov, is convinced that this is the year of "energetic, businesslike people, not people who talk a lot."

"What matters to voters," he said, "is what the candidate did before they met him, and what he will do after their meeting, not what he says when they meet."

**Graphic**

Photo: At a political meeting yesterday in Lytkarino, Russia, on Moscow's southeastern rim, a woman asked a question of one of the candidates running for a seat in Russia's new Parliament. (James Hill for The New York Times)(pg. A8)

Map of Russia showing location of Lytkarino.(pg. A8)

**Load-Date:** December 6, 1993

**End of Document**



[***Vocational School Sets Sights On Mechanics Who Can Write***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4FF1-5FK0-TW8F-G1XP-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

February 7, 2005 Monday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2005 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Column 1; Metropolitan Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1571 words

**Byline:** By ELISSA GOOTMAN

**Body**

Seven years ago, Automotive High School in Brooklyn was producing such poor writers that the state considered shutting it down. Even the automotive program, once the soul of the school, was slashed over the years to bolster lagging academics.

But this year, there are two fledgling advanced placement courses. The National Honor Society banner, stuffed in a closet for years, has been rehung. The school has its first girls' sports team, the Pink Pistons, who bowl, and a Mercedes-Benz lab -- its first new industry-sponsored auto shop in a decade.

Leading the changes is the school's principal, Melissa Silberman, 34, a fast-talking Vassar College graduate who wears pearls, uses Hello Kitty notepads and loves the color pink. She does not own a car and got her driver's license only after being assigned to Automotive.

''I'm a Brooklyn girl,'' she said by way of explaining her inability to provide driving -- rather than subway -- directions to the school, in the Greenpoint neighborhood.

Ms. Silberman may be an unlikely candidate to lead Automotive, a school with the motto ''Manhood, Service, Labor, Citizenship'' carved in stone above its main entrance. But for vocational schools and programs in New York City and elsewhere, these are trying times that call for change.

Across the country, the ratcheting up of test-based academic standards -- from the ''adequate yearly progress'' mandated by the federal No Child Left Behind law to New York State's requirement that all students pass five Regents examinations to graduate -- has thrown into question the future of vocational education.

Some school districts have reacted by closing hands-on programs like auto shops, sometimes replacing them with computer classes. Elsewhere, educators are looking to expand vocational education, albeit under a new name, career and technical education. In New York City in recent years, John F. Kennedy and Christopher Columbus High Schools in the Bronx have closed their auto shops, while automotive programs at schools like Tottenville High on Staten Island have shrunk. Of the city's 18 vocational high schools, a third have spent time on the state's failing schools list, in danger of being closed. Automotive was one of them two and a half years ago, when Ms. Silberman was hired as an assistant principal for humanities.

One year into her principalship, Ms. Silberman is trying to restore some of what had been glorious about Automotive, while introducing other ingredients for academic success that are entirely new to the 82-year-old institution.

''I believe that tomorrow's mechanic can love classical music, and tomorrow's mechanic can be a scholar, and those things can exist side by side,'' Ms. Silberman said in her office one recent morning, as students sweated over state-required Regents exams. ''Some might call it a pipe dream, but you have to believe.''

Proponents of vocational education are distressed by what they see as the Bush administration's antipathy toward it; President Bush hinted earlier this year that $1.3 billion in federal aid for career and technical programs could be folded into other initiatives.

The prospect of losing federal money worries Ms. Silberman. But mostly, her time is consumed by more immediate concerns, like how to recruit more shop teachers for next year and getting a bargain on uniforms for the new football team.

She draws inspiration from the school's history, thumbing through yearbooks and marveling at the intimate ''Dear boys'' messages from former principals. One of her first moves in September was to order the removal of a metal sheet covering the motto on the school building. The motto, with its reference to manhood, had been concealed in an unsuccessful effort to make girls feel at home at Automotive; this year, there are 64 in a student body of 813.

At the same time, Ms. Silberman took steps to recruit and keep female students, like setting up the girls' bowling team and taking a hard line on sexual harassment: boys who compliment her outfits are chided for speaking inappropriately to the principal.

''The attitude at Automotive when I first came in was like, 'boys will be boys,''' said Carline Celius, 17, the only girl expected to graduate in June. ''You just learned to be like, 'O.K., that wasn't that big of a deal.'''

So far, 250 girls have listed Automotive as one of their 12 high school choices for next year, up from 96 last year.

''I'm thrilled,'' Ms. Silberman said.

Thanks in part to Ms. Silberman's work as assistant principal for humanities, Automotive's scores have improved enough that last year, it was the only city high school removed from the state's failing schools list. Now, the challenge is to raise the bar in the vocational programs without letting the standardized test scores slide.

So dull Regents preparatory classes have been largely replaced by courses with names like hip-hop and the classics, and African-American literature. They treat the Regents as the floor, not the ceiling, Ms. Silberman said, by weaving basic material into high-level lessons on engaging topics. The two advanced placement courses, in biology and world history, were set up so quickly that top students like Dale Willis, 16, did not choose them, but were simply placed into them. And if no one does well enough this year to earn college credit, so what?

''The freshmen will know there's an A.P. class,'' Ms. Silberman said firmly.

The college counseling office moved from a tiny room in a corner of the building to a large one in the middle of the first floor. A persistent new college counselor got all 64 seniors to apply to either colleges or two-year technical programs.

On the other end of the spectrum, Javier Guzman, 30, taught a double block of literacy last semester for 15 juniors, all boys, who read at the third- or fourth-grade level. One recent afternoon, they sat in a circle as Mr. Guzman drew them into a discussion about when it is appropriate to lie, then seamlessly segued into the real topic at hand, asking, ''In the book 'Miracle's Boys,' who is guilty of lying?''

But more unusual is what Ms. Silberman is trying to do with the school's vocational program.

When she first arrived, the tension between shop and academic teachers was palpable. The shop teachers were embittered by years of seeing their program chipped away, to 10 teachers last year from 37 in 1986. The school's decline gained speed as academic standards rose. Poor students with no interest in cars were funneled into the school, teachers said, and eventually, few good students chose to attend. Shop classes were eliminated to shore up academics, and as the situation spiraled downward, longtime teachers left.

''We had so many people retire, and we had no one really coming up the ranks,'' said Thomas J. Cassino, 56, who has taught shop at the school for two decades. ''It looked like the handwriting was on the wall. No one was looking, in terms of the Board of Education, to enhance the program.

''I couldn't really fathom it,'' he said, ''but I thought that possibly we would be down to just a few shops and turn into an academic school.''

With no knowledge of and, truth be told, no great love for cars, Ms. Silberman had to struggle for respect. Early on, her literacy workshop for shop teachers was met with stony hostility.

''They didn't say a word,'' she said.

But sometimes they did, and sometimes silence might have been preferable. ''They asked my age, they said, 'Are you dating anybody?''' Ms. Silberman said. ''They did not trust my passion about the place.''

As principal, Ms. Silberman moved staff meetings from the school auditorium, where shop teachers traditionally sat in the back of the room like surly teenagers on a school bus, to the gymnasium, where she set up conference tables, forcing people to look one another in the eye.

She brought back special freshman shop classes that had been eliminated, she said, in the rush to spend money on Regents preparatory courses.

For the first time in years, two new shop teachers were brought on board. The Mercedes-Benz lab opened, warranting a celebration not seen since Toyota opened its shop there more than 10 years ago.

Efforts are also under way to meld the school's vocational and academic missions. This semester, a business teacher, a math teacher and a shop teacher are running a class together; their students will run a school store. Other teachers are honing an English curriculum meant to lure in car buffs with literature like Jack Kerouac's ''On the Road'' and selections from ''Drive, They Said: Poems About Americans and Their Cars.''

Ms. Silberman acknowledges that should a car drive by, chances are she could not name the make and model. But the notion of teaching teenagers a trade resonates with the ***working-class*** roots she transcended when she became the first college graduate in her family.

So she is trying to get an Automotive High School alumni association going, mulling over the prospect of recruiting more shop teachers at neighborhood garages, and hunting for money to fill the school library with the latest in automotive literature and reading nooks featuring comfortable old car seats. The results, she hopes, will be reflected as much in Automotive's test scores as in the sounds that fill its halls.

''You should hear every shop humming,'' she said. ''Right now that's not so, and I'm going to get it back to that place.''

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

**Graphic**

Photo: A literacy class at Automotive High in Brooklyn, with the principal, Melissa Silberman, left rear, sitting in. (Photo by Don Hogan Charles/The New York Times)(pg. B4)

**Load-Date:** February 7, 2005

**End of Document**



[***Robber Shoots Pregnant Girl in the Stomach as She Fumbles for $2***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-V7H0-0024-J2V4-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 6, 1993, Monday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1993 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk

**Section:** Section B;; Section B; Page 1; Column 2; Metropolitan Desk; Column 2;

**Length:** 1048 words

**Byline:** By ROBERT D. McFADDEN

By ROBERT D. McFADDEN

**Body**

While her younger sister and a friend watched in horror, a 15-year-old girl whose 6-month pregnancy was obvious was shot twice in the abdomen by a robber near her Queens home Saturday night as she gave up a gold chain and fumbled for $2 more, the police said. The wounded girl survived, but the fetus was killed.

Witnesses told the police that the gunman, who fired five shots from a .22-caliber pistol, ran into the night as the victim, Cynthia Hernandez, collapsed bleeding on a sidewalk at 11:45 P.M. two doors from her family's apartment on 67th Avenue in Ridgewood.

The teen-ager, who had learned only last week that her baby was a boy and had already picked a name, was rushed by ambulance to Jamaica Hospital. A team of surgeons and obstetricians worked five hours but were unable to save the fetus. Ms. Hernandez was listed in critical but stable condition yesterday.

Ran Into the Street

The girl's mother, Sandra Torres, who had heard screams and run into the street to find her daughter shot, said Ms. Hernandez and her boyfriend, John Clemensa, 18, whom she identified as the father of the unborn child, had been in love and overjoyed at the prospect of parenthood in the spring.

"She had a lot of plans for the baby," Ms. Torres recalled yesterday. "She found out it was a boy last Monday. They did a sonogram. She was going to call it Justin Jonathan. It was due on March 17. When I heard the baby didn't make it . . . " Her voice dissolved into sobs of grief.

The shooting occurred in a racially diverse, ***working-class*** neighborhood of row houses and modest two-family homes where residents say crime has begun to make inroads on streets regarded for years as relatively safe. It is two miles west of a Woodhaven street where a 22-year-old man walking with his pregnant girlfriend was shot dead a week earlier by a robber who demanded their coats.

As word of the girl's shooting spread through a stunned Ridgewood, several acquaintances of Ms. Hernandez gathered at the scene and spoke of the victim and their neighborhood. "She could have been a model," said Dennis Droganici, 15, who had been the victim's classmate. "She's the last person in the world I would have thought this would happen to."

Shell Casings Found

He and his brother, Benjamin, and Angel Bagora spoke of other crimes in the neighborhood -- a rape and a fatal shooting in recent weeks -- and expressed regret at the encroachment of dangers on tree-lined residential streets where teen-agers not long ago had felt safe, even walking late at night.

Investigators in the latest case were hunting for a Hispanic gunman in his late teens or early 20's, about 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighing 150 pounds; they said he had a mustache and wore a red hat, black timber boots, a light shirt, a mustard-colored jacket and baggy blue jeans. Shell casings found at the scene indicated that he was armed with a .22-caliber pistol.

The Queens District Attorney, Richard A. Brown, said the assailant could be charged with robbery and attempted murder and jailed for up to 25 years but could not be charged with murdering the fetus. "Sadly, the law does not allow for the charging of murder in a case such as this," he said. "By statute, to be the victim of a homicide one must be born and be alive at the time of the homicide."

A Video-Game Arcade

Ms. Hernandez, who formerly attended a local intermediate school but had recently been enrolled in a Board of Education program for pregnant girls, went out Saturday night to meet her boyfriend at a video-game arcade at Fresh Pond Road and Palmetto Street, seven blocks from her home. They often went there, her family said, and it was the place where she and Mr. Clemensa had met a year ago.

Just after 11:30 P.M., the authorities said, Ms. Hernandez left Mr. Clemensa at the arcade and walked home with her sister, Melinda, 13, and a 12-year-old friend, Regina Betancourt, who was to spend the night with Melinda. They were only two doors from the Hernandez girls' home when the lone assailant approached them.

"He grabbed my sister and pulled the gun out," Melinda recalled. "He said, 'Give me your money!' And Cynthia said: 'I don't have any money. Take my chain.' "

Ms. Hernandez took off the chain, and the robber snatched it away, Melinda said, adding: "He said it again, 'Give me your money!' She said she had only $2. She was looking for it when he shot her."

Fired Five Times

The authorities, who confirmed that Ms. Hernandez had offered no resistance and was trying to surrender $2 more when she was shot, said the gunman fired five times -- four shots initially at close range, two that missed and two that struck the girl in the abdomen, and a fifth at a distance as he ran away.

"We heard the shooting, we heard the screams," said Ms. Torres, 33, who was watching television with the man with whom she lives, Albert Rivera, 32. "We ran out and I saw my daughter lying there. I panicked. I started screaming, 'Call the cops, call the ambulance, call anybody.' "

She went to her daughter's side. She was curled up, in a fetal position, and moaning in pain. "She was saying, 'I don't want to die, I don't want to die,' " the mother said. "She was in a lot of pain. She was really scared. I thought she wasn't going to make it."

Neighbors who called for an ambulance brought a blanket to cover the wounded girl from the midnight cold. Later, the family went with her to the hospital. "I saw her at 1 A.M. on her way into the operating room," Ms. Torres, her mother, said. "She said, 'Mommy, I love you.' "

Placed on Respirator

Ole Pederson, a spokesman for Jamaica Hospital, said that doctors were unable to save the fetus but that Ms. Hernandez's condition had been stabilized. He said she was breathing with a respirator and was expected to remain on it temporarily. He said it would have been "obvious to anyone" that she was pregnant.

Melinda Hernandez said her sister had been looking forward to the baby and her future. "She loved to clean house," she said. "And she was in love with John."

Ms. Torres said her daughter was expected to live, but under intensive care and heavy sedation late yesterday she had not been told about the baby. "I don't know how she's going to take it," the mother said, struggling to hold back tears. "She's a passionate, kind, sweet person."

**Graphic**

Photos: Friends of Cynthia Hernandez gathering where she was shot on Saturday on 67th Avenue in Ridgewood, Queens. "She's the last person in the world I would have thought this would happen to," said Dennis Droganici, center, a former classmate. He looked at an intermediate school yearbook with his brother, Benjamin, left, and Angel Bagora. (Steve Berman for The New York Times); Cynthia Hernandez.

**Load-Date:** December 6, 1993

**End of Document**



[***BUFFALO TROLLEY LINE CLANGS TO A START***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-H720-0008-N1Y8-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 10, 1984, Wednesday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1984 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section B; Page 1, Column 4; Metropolitan Desk

**Length:** 984 words

**Byline:** By EDWARD A. GARGAN, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** BUFFALO, Oct. 9

**Body**

With the clang of a bell and the toot of a horn, the first regular trolley service since 1950 began here today as Buffalo opened 1.2 miles of its rapid-transit system through the downtown shopping district.

Pairs of cream-colored cars banded in stripes of yellow, orange and brown, and powered by overhead lines, began shuttling Buffalonians on Main Street at 10 A.M., past a 19th-century, gold-domed bank building, past the sand-colored facade of L. L. Berger's department store and the empty marquee of the Century movie house.

The original plan was for a major subway system to serve a vigorous urban area, but several circumstances forced local officials to rein in their earlier plans.

In recent years Buffalo has suffered a rapid economic decline and a dramatic loss of population. At the same time, the Federal Government has shown an increasing reluctance to finance expensive new mass-transit systems.

Buffalo, New York, inaugurates city's first regular trolley service since 1950, 1.2 miles through downtown shopping district; photos; rest of trackage in $530-million Metro Rail project is 5.2-mile light-rail line, underground, from downtown northward to SUNY campus (M)Project to Cost $530 Million

In the end, the city got a light-rail line reaching 6.4 miles - 5.2 of them underground - from downtown northward to the southern campus of the State University at Buffalo. New York City's system, the only other mass-transit rail line in the state, has 230 route miles.

Yet, despite the modest scope of the $530-million project, mostly paid for with Federal funds, city and local transportation officials hailed the opening.

''It's a great day for Buffalo,'' Joseph D. Latona, the executive director of the Niagara Frontier Transportation Authority, the agency that will operate the line, told a crowd of nearly 1,000 that gathered under heavy gray skies to celebrate the opening. Representative Jack Kemp called it no less than ''the renaissance of this city.''

And even as dignitaries staged a ceremony to mark the first day of service on Metro Rail, as it has been dubbed here, the first words of praise and surprise, of doubt and amusement, were heard from curious residents who had come by to see what all the fuss was about.

Pascal Ipolito, 73 years old, sat at the base of one of the towers holding the power line for the trolley. ''She looks beautiful,'' he said. ''She's new. She's clean.''

Indeed, in sharp contrast to the aged New York City subway system, and like the lines that have opened recently in Miami, Baltimore and Pittsburgh, the Buffalo system relies on state-of-the-art transit equipment, including 27 air-conditioned trolley cars made in Japan. Each two-car train will have a member of the transportation authority's newly formed transit police force aboard as it moves almost silently to each of the five stops.

The construction of Metro Rail has been troubled by a series of construction deficiencies and design defects. In one case, an underground station was built that cannot support the traffic on the street overhead. Remedying that will cost another $360,000, officials say.

In the wake of persistent reports of improper construction practices, the State Commission of Investigation is conducting an inquiry into the building of the system, according to Norma S. Wolfe, a spokesman for the agency.

Hopes for Revitalization

Despite problems completing the system, there is a widespread feeling that the rail system will spur some revitalization of the downtown area. Indeed, today's opening ceremonies were described as a gesture to downtown merchants, who have suffered through four years of construction, rather than an extravaganza marking full-scale service.

That festivity is to occur, if everything works out, next April 13, when the 5.2 underground miles of the system are scheduled to open.

Until then, two two-car trains will trundle up and down Main Street five days a week from 10 A.M. to 2 P.M. All above-ground service is free and is to remain free even when the underground part opens.

Louis Berger, the chairman of L. L. Berger's, said he was relieved the Main Street segment of the line had finally opened. ''I've had four years of traumas,'' he said. ''Some small people had to throw in the sponge. It's going to help, but it's not going to be dramatic until the whole thing opens.''

Need for Extensions Cited

Even then, there is some concern among officials that the system might flop. Representative Henry J. LaFalce, a Democrat who represents the middle- and ***working-class*** district of Tonawanda, a northern suburb, has said Metro Rail stands to become a white elephant unless two contemplated extensions are added to the 6.4-mile line.

The day before the line opened, Leo R. Balling drove a lonely trolley car filled with the smell of new plastic up and down Main Street on a practice run. The system's cars were built by the Tokyu Car Corporation of Yokohama, Japan, at a cost of $630,000 each.

''I drove buses for 32 years,'' said Mr. Balling, one of six bus drivers who are being trained to operate the trolleys. ''After a little practice, this wasn't too bad.''

For many passengers, today's Metro Rail runs recalled a Buffalo once knit together by miles and miles of trolley tracks.

''I remember those trolley cars,'' said Karrie Mentecki, who stood with her husband, Stanley, swaying slightly on the first official run of the day. ''They wobbled so, and the noise was enough to kill you. Of course, in those days you rode all the way from South Buffalo to Niagara Street.''

''When they started with the malls in the suburbs, the downtown died, and I mean died,'' she continued, glancing out the huge windows of the trolley. ''At one time, you came here, it was shoulder to shoulder people. Now, you see no one.''

As the train purred by, construction workers and policemen could be seen bending down to retrieve flattened coins from the track, mementos of a new day.

**Graphic**

photo of Karrie and Stanley Mentecki; photo of Louis Berger

**End of Document**



[***THE RUSSIAN VOTE;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-V540-0024-J550-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Nationalist's Big Appeal: Promise of a Better Life***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-V540-0024-J550-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 16, 1993, Thursday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1993 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Foreign Desk

**Section:** Section A;; Section A; Page 10; Column 1; Foreign Desk; Column 1;

**Length:** 1071 words

**Byline:** By STEVEN ERLANGER,

By STEVEN ERLANGER,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** MOSCOW, Dec. 15

**Body**

To discover something of the Zhirinovsky phenomenon, one need look no farther than two cold, filthy men, one old and one young, shoveling wet concrete today outside the Moskvich car factory.

Both of them voted for Vladimir V. Zhirinovsky, the 47-year-old right-wing nationalist whose showing in Russia's parliamentary elections has sent a shiver through the Russian Government and most of the world. The pro-Government Russia's Choice party, led by First Deputy Prime Minister Yegor T. Gaidar, ran a poor second to Mr. Zhirinovsky's Liberal Democratic Party in the party-preference section of Sunday's balloting.

"I voted for Zhirinovsky, you bet I did!" said Aleksandr D. Ilyukhin, leaning on a shovel in the freezing drizzle. "He promises that we will live easier, live better.

"Just look at this!" Mr. Ilyukhin said, pointing at the concrete which he had to lift to shoulder height and dump through an open window. "Here we are workers. This is how we live. I served on the border with Finland, and everything was good, was fine. Now it's all falling apart."

A Meager Pension

The 64-year-old Mr. Ilyukhin said he gets 34,000 rubles a month for his pension, or about $27.60.

"Do you think I can live on that?" he asked rhetorically. "So I come with a shovel to work."

"He's a good man," Mr. Ilyukhin said of Mr. Zhirinovsky. "Nobody else keeps their word in this country. Not Yeltsin and not Ryzhkov." He was referring to President Boris N. Yeltsin and a former Soviet Prime Minister, Nikolai I. Ryzhkov.

"Things just keep getting worse in this country," Mr. Ilyukhin said, pointing to his colleague. "Look at him! They want him in the army!"

Facing the Draft

Sergei S. Starkov, all of 18 years old, looked up from his own shovel. "Yeah," he said, "the army wants to take me. What am I going to do there?"

He said he also voted for Mr. Zhirinovsky. "What he says about politics is good," Mr. Starkov said. "He says what he thinks. I believe him more than the Communists."

What about Mr. Zhirinovsky's professed desire to restore the old Russian-Soviet empire? "No, nobody cares about that," he said, "except maybe the Russians who live abroad."

An older man brushed by on his way into work, one of Moskvich's 25,000 employees in this ***working-class*** district of southeast Moscow. Asked about the elections, his face distorted with anger. "Of course I voted," he said. "I'm only sorry that Russia's Choice is in second place, not in last place where it belongs!"

Voted for Communists' Ally

The man, Vladimir Petrovich, refused to give his last name. He said he'd voted for the Agrarian Party, a collective-farm based bloc kindred to the revived Communist Party. They are running fourth and third respectively in the polls.

Was he surprised by the Zhirinovsky showing? "No, not at all," he said bitterly. "If people have no money and nothing to eat, and life is only for the speculators -- " He broke off.

Is the country getting worse? "Hell, yes, it's going to hell," he said. "I'm 67, and I still have to work."

Is Mr. Zhirinovsky's talk about the empire important? "No," he said. "It's just people's lives and crime."

A Non-Voter's View

Vladimir Grigoryevich, 23, also didn't vote, and said he wasn't even sure why. Dressed in grimy blue overalls, with a wrench in his pocket, he was leaving for home. He would have voted for Russia's Choice, he said. Did he like the election results? "No, I hate Zhirinovsky." Does he feel responsible? "Yes, I do feel some responsibility," he said. "There's something in that."

Did he like his work? "Not so much," he said. "But it's the old Russian proverb: It's good wherever we aren't."

Does that proverb help explain Mr. Zhirinovsky? "Yes, some," he said. "He promises a lot, and people like his promises."

Vladimir K. Ivanov, 58, with gray hair flowing over a frayed sweater, said he voted for the Communists.

No More 'Empty Promises'

"Russia's Choice filled the television, but I really liked how the Communists spoke," he said. "They didn't give any more empty promises to better the life of the people, like Gaidar, with all his previous promises not fulfilled."

Mr. Ivanov said he had expected Mr. Zhirinovsky to be near the top. "He made a lot of promises, and I suppose people wanted to believe them," he said. "But I didn't like his emphasis on only Russians -- we have a lot of people in this country, not just Russians."

Are these Communists different from the old ones? "Yes, I think they are," Mr. Ivanov said. "It's Russia's Choice that's full of all the old Communists; they've just changed their colors."

Mr. Ivanov said he has three sons, two still at home, and three grandchildren, and makes the equivalent of $80 a month. Is that enough? He laughed. "Today in our Russia? No, it's not enough."

'Prospect of Fascism'

Leonid G. Rabinovich had a small business, but it went bankrupt. He said he voted for Russia's Choice anyway. Was he surprised by the strength of Mr. Zhirinovsky?

"Not any more," he said. "I'm awed at the prospect of fascism in Russia."

"We have no internal stability in this country," Mr. Rabinovich said. "That's the biggest problem, and people are tired and afraid for the future, not confident. Yeltsin must use his powers under the new Constitution very carefully, and he must promote internal stability, and take some account of these opposition views without retreating on privatization, with all its mistakes. Because if he gives that up, then it's really the end."

Mr. Rabinovich, 48 and married, with a son, says he's worried. "I'm a Jew," he said. "And on election night I couldn't sleep until 4 A.M. I don't know if I'll stay in this country. Maybe it's time to emigrate."

But Nikolai V. Verzhekhovsky thinks it's too early for the world to panic. An engineer at Moskvich, 39, with a wife and two daughters, he said that President Clinton got it right: "It's been hard here, and this was a protest vote. It was against the democrats' inability to organize the Government."

Mr. Zhirinovsky's appeal to the wounded Russian pride is important, he said, but "it's more of an artistic trick."

He went on, "More important are the economic problems he's promised to solve."

Mr. Zhirinovsky will not continue to grow in strength, Mr. Verzhekhovsky said. "The Government and democrats will learn from their mistakes, and those who vote will in the end come to the right side," he said. "Besides, I know very many people who didn't vote, and who now are very sorry about it."

**Graphic**

Photos: "Of course I voted. I'm only sorry that Russia's Choice is in second place, not in last place where it belongs!" said Vladimir Petrovich, who didn't give his last name.; "Russia's Choice filled the television, but I really liked how the Communists spoke," said Vladimir K. Ivanov, who said he voted Communist.; "He says what he thinks. I believe him more than the Communists," said Sergei S. Starkov, right, who said he voted for Vladimir V. Zhirinovsky. (Photographs by Gleb Kosorukov for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** December 16, 1993

**End of Document**



[***The Pop Life***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-V8S0-0024-J4DX-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 1, 1993, Wednesday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1993 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Cultural Desk

**Section:** Section C;; Section C; Page 21; Column 3; Cultural Desk; Column 3;

**Length:** 1034 words

**Byline:** By Sheila Rule

By Sheila Rule

**Body**

Happy Birthday, CBGB

CBGB, the humble East Village bar that became the cradle of punk-rock and the stuff of legends, is celebrating its 20th anniversary this month with a concert series that is to feature more than 100 bands, including Dinosaur Jr., Helmet, Jesus Lizard, Lemonheads, Luna, Meat Puppets, Pere Ubu, Smithereens, Sonic Youth and They Might Be Giants.

Such bands as Talking Heads, Television and the Patti Smith Group have held forth at this rock-music landmark, which is located where the Bowery meets Bleecker Street, at 315 Bowery. The club's founder and owner, Hilly Kristal, credits its beginnings in an era of disco and cover bands, and its survival partly to the fact that "we aren't trendy." That might be considered an understatement to anyone who has been to the place, whose decor amounts to generations of graffiti.

"I set out to do country, bluegrass, blues, which is what CBGB stands for," Mr. Kristal said. "It was a time when all these bands were playing in their lofts. In that era, they couldn't really do their own music; they couldn't play anyplace. I made a policy that the only way you could play CBGB's was to do your own thing."

"I think the satisfying part of it," he continued, "is discovering new bands and new music. Being able to contribute to the first step of someone's career is important, so what else could you want?"

Collins's Solitary Vision

Phil Collins's new recording, "Both Sides" (Atlantic), is strictly personal. Not only did he write, produce and perform all the songs, he also played all the instruments and even wrote the sleeve notes. He recorded most of the album at his home in Sussex, England.

He said he decided to go it alone even though he could have called on some talented friends named Crosby, Clapton and Hornsby.

"David Crosby expressed a desire to sing on the album," Mr. Collins said. "We get along great, I love him, but I said, 'I think I'm going to do it on my own this time.' He understood. Eric and I have an unwritten understanding that I can ask him or he can ask me. I just decided not to ask him. Bruce assumed I'd be ringing him to do this, but he ain't losing sleep over this. The reason I made it a solitary exercise is because I felt it should be one man's vision."

Some critics have described "Both Sides" as the most intimate and pensive album that Mr. Collins has made since "Face Value," which he recorded in 1981 while coping with divorce. The new album, Mr. Collins's sixth as a solo artist, was made as he moved into his 40's.

"I'm 42 and I started writing the album when I was entering 41," he said. "I'm prepared to believe that maybe this stuff I've heard about hitting 40 might be true, I don't know. But you start looking back and remembering, and looking forward and wondering. Some of the songs are based on that kind of feeling."

The performer is also concentrating on his acting these days. Mr. Collins -- who has had roles in the films "Buster," "Hook" and"Frauds," as well as the recent HBO presentation of "And the Band Played On" -- said he "set aside" 1993 to "dedicating myself to meeting people in the film world to tell them I wanted work as an actor." He and his wife, Jill, have bought a Los Angeles house that Cole Porter once lived in, and are restoring it. Next up, he says, will be a yearlong concert tour, beginning in April.

With his solo and acting careers chugging along, will there be any more room for the band Genesis?

"Obviously there will be a future, but it's very hard to look at it right now," Mr. Collins said. "We always picked it up and put it down because we have other things we're doing in between, to be quite honest. What I do in between has grown to become more important to me, both as an individual artist and actor. I need the time to do this stuff. Just having written, produced and conceived this album, I find it hard to think past that. I'm going on tour next year and when that's done, I will sit and think and do a bit of acting. Maybe we'll do something again, but I don't want my life planned to when I'm 47."

Back Down to Earth

"Take responsibility for your life." Boy George says the suggestion, from a homeopath, was the best advice he ever got.

"He said there was nothing wrong with me except that I had given up, that I had let go," the singer and songwriter said recently in an interview at the Parker Meridien Hotel in Manhattan. "I didn't like hearing that but it had an effect on me."

After glittering fame and international hits in the 1980's with the band Culture Club, followed by a long battle to stop his use of heroin, Boy George says he is taking responsibility. He had a comeback in the United States with his popular rendition last year of the theme song from the film "The Crying Game," and he has a recently released album, "At Worst . . . the Best of Boy George and Culture Club" (SBK/ERG). He is also writing a memoir, to be called "Take It Like a Man."

"I've tried in the book to explain what went on behind the scenes and what it was like for a ***working-class*** boy to become a multi-millionaire," said Boy George, who was wearing a touch of eye shadow, a sport jacket, a tie, black pants and what could be described as sensible shoes. "I haven't gone into explicit sexual details but I have talked about boyfriends and have been quite honest about my relationships.

"This type of book is invasive by its very nature, but I'm as objective and vicious about myself as I've been about anyone else, if that makes them feel any better."

Boy George says that as he steps back into the spotlight, he does not yearn to be as successful as he was in the 1980's. "At the height of Culture Club, I was really trapped," he said. "For me, the ultimate freedom is being able to take my makeup off, put on track pants and a warm coat and go walking around the city. I suppose it's about having a balance. There's still a part of me, that sweaty little ego, that wants everyone to know I'm here. But when you get successful, it's almost as if you leave the ground slightly. People lie on the floor for you and eventually you walk on them.

"At some point, you have to decide if you're going to stay there, hovering off the ground, or if you're coming back down to earth."

**Load-Date:** December 1, 1993

**End of Document**



[***PRO BASKETBALL;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3W41-2J10-007F-G546-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Will Lakers Blow Away All Foes Or Blow Up?***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3W41-2J10-007F-G546-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 28, 1999, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1999 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Sports Desk

**Section:** Section 8; ; Section 8; Page 7; Column 1; Sports Desk ; Column 1;

**Length:** 1209 words

**Byline:** By MIKE WISE

By MIKE WISE

**Dateline:** INGLEWOOD, Calif., March 27

**Body**

There's another peroxide blond turning heads at the Great Western Forum, and this one may completely discombobulate the Lakers.

A day after he bathed his scalp in peroxide and complained after a loss, Dennis Rodman and his entourage showed up 75 minutes late to practice today. After he met with Coach Kurt Rambis, and cursed at reporters, it was decided that Rodman would most likely start Sunday against the Knicks on national television.

"Dennis is just being Dennis" is becoming more of a chorus than an occasional excuse. Shaquille O'Neal and Kobe Bryant keep insisting all is fine, that Dennis is Dennis and that there is simply too much talent on the Lakers for this explosive combination to combust. But they are 3-5 in their last eight games and coming off back-to-back losses here at the Great Western Forum.

They have added the irascible Rodman and the dead-eye shooter Glen Rice. Yet amid all the commotion, the search for chemistry continues.

"When you look from the outside, you see how talented this team is," Rice said recently. "Now I'm on the inside. And it's scary."

It is frightening, seeing whether this supreme collection of players can play together and how much Rodman genuinely means to them. The Lakers are 10-2 with him and 8-9 without him.

Rambis, who benched Rodman for the final 15 minutes 42 seconds of a 111-109 loss to Sacramento on Friday, still does not know which player will show up at the arena -- if he shows up at all.

"I think you need to ask the people around here what is going on," a miffed Rodman said after the deflating home loss. "This is just completely ridiculous. I'm not used to this."

Rodman, a seven-time rebounding champion, left the Lakers after practice March 13, telling Rambis he needed time to resolve personal matters. He missed the first four games of a six-game road trip, and the Lakers lost three of them after going 9-0 with him in the lineup.

"I'll be here the rest of the season," he said after returning last Sunday against Orlando. "I've used up my hall pass."

Rambis said: "We didn't stop, we didn't hesitate, we didn't go, 'Oh, me, oh, my, we can't win now.' We just kept playing."

There are nights when O'Neal, Bryant and Rice are so balanced and awesome during some blistering 20-1 run, it's easy to forget their problems. If Jerry West has learned anything with this recent makeover, talent indeed camouflages the chinks.

In the last three years, West, the Hall of Fame guard and team president, has brought to the Lakers pro basketball's most dominant big man and its most breathtaking young talent. In the last month, he has added the league's reigning rebounding king and arguably its most dangerous long-distance shooter. Point guard is the only liability, but thus far the veteran Derek Harper and the youthful Derek Fisher have played well enough to make people forget Nick Van Exel.

Acquiring Rice and J. R. Reid for Eddie Jones and Elden Campbell gave Bryant and O'Neal the dimension they needed: a consistent, spot-up shooter who has to be defended, someone to take those annoying double-teams away.

"As a player studying the game and studying the great big men, you always saw players like Kareem and Olajuwon with pretty good players around them," O'Neal said. "They didn't get a lot of credit, but when Houston beat us," he added, referring to Orlando's loss in the 1995 finals, "Robert Horry was hitting shots, Kenny Smith was hitting shots and Mario Elie was hitting that crazy one-arm jumper he shoots.

"Kareem, he had lots of talent. I always wanted to have good players around me. Well, now I've got a lot of good players around me. We should have no excuses."

Rice underwent elbow surgery Jan. 22, and had not played since the playoffs last May. He scored 21 points in his debut, the Lakers' 10th straight victory, keeping Rambis perfect as coach. Rambis presided over nine straight victories after replacing Del Harris on Feb. 26, tying the mark for best record to start a coaching career. A former cult hero during the team's championship runs in the 1980's, he no longer has that just-woke-up look.

The Clark Kent eye wear collection is gone, too, the thick black-rimmed glasses that were knocked askew when Kevin McHale clotheslined Rambis during the 1984 finals having been retired.

A more resplendent Rambis wears designer suits and custom wire-rimmed frames. But he's still bounding from the telephone booth just in time, like another coach who once had the great fortune of inheriting a very good team -- and thereafter began looking more dapper by the day. "If you want to go ahead and make that comparison, that's fine," Rambis said of Pat Riley. "But I'm my own guy. He took over a completely different team, different circumstances, different era.

"The talent brings you a lot of luxuries, but it also brings you a lot of work, too. There's a lot of things that have to go into getting the talent to meshing together, playing together, blending the egos.

"For a long time, Riles never got credit for what he did as a coach. Everyone just thought he threw the ball out there, and we fast broke to the other end and that was it. That was all he had to worry about. Not true."

The sideline image is but a facade. Rambis is still the ***working-class*** rebounder whose right pinkie is permanently mangled from his playing days, the frugal soul who still stuffs his duffel bag with 12 quarts of Gatorade and 5 Pepsis from the team cooler before he leaves the arena at night, the former player who used to ask his teammates for their unused soap from their hotel rooms. "You must have mistaken me for someone else," he said. "I didn't take any silverware or towels. That wasn't me. I have no idea what you're talking about."

Rambis said he would not change. As for the team Rambis coaches, West has proved there are no guarantees -- though not every move was made with the team president's blessing.

"We have an owner that likes change," West said recently, referring to Jerry Buss, who orchestrated Rodman's signing.

Rodman does not represent the only chemistry problem. O'Neal and Bryant are still figuring out the nuances of when to take over a game and when to involve their teammates. On certain nights, they still seem to be competing for the Most Marketable Player After Michael trophy.

They even engaged in an altercation during a pickup game a week before the lockout.

"Kobe was shooting the ball every single time downcourt," said Dennis Scott, O'Neal's former teammate and friend. "Shaq stopped the game and said: 'Hold on. Timeout. This is my team.' Kobe said a little something back. Shaq slapped him. Kobe came back at him and realized who he was coming after and he stopped. That was it. Just a little squabble."

The adventures of Rodman. The clash of All-Star egos. And expectations, always expectations. You wonder if the Lakers can find a way not to get pick-and-rolled by Utah again.

Beneath West's smile as he proudly introduced Rice nearly three weeks ago, you could almost see the wheels spinning. Deep down, he must ponder whether there is enough chemistry and stability remaining to get back to the finals.

"It's true, talent can be the greatest blessing or the biggest curse," he said. "But when you go through hard times, it's better to have a lot than just a little."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Clockwise from top right: The task of melding the star trilogy of Dennis Rodman, Shaquille O'Neal and Kobe Bryant has fallen to the rookie coach and long-time Laker Kurt Rambis. (Associated Press (Rambis; O'Neal); Reuters (Rodman); Agence France-Presse (Bryant)

**Load-Date:** March 28, 1999

**End of Document**



[***MONDALE BETS ON TAX PLAN, BUT ODDS STILL FAVOR RE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-HFJ0-0008-N0MM-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 16, 1984, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1984 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 4; Page 1, Column 1; Week in Review Desk

**Length:** 1112 words

**Byline:** By STEVEN R. WEISMAN

**Body**

WASHINGTON

L IKE all Presidential contests, the race this year involves more than a struggle between two candidates and two ideologies. Events last week showed that Walter F. Mondale and Ronald Rea gan disagree basically on what things Americans should consider when they make their choices.

On Monday, Mr. Mondale made his most comprehensive attempt to establish the case for his candidacy along the contours of Mr. Reagan's perceived vulnerabilities. The supposed Presidential fault lines are fairly clear. Republicans and Democrats agree that the President, while riding high in the opinion polls, remains more popular personally than many of his policies are.

The polls show, in other words, that voters are highly concerned about the dangers of war, the durability of the economic boom and the fairness of Mr. Reagan's tax and spending programs. Earlier, Mr. Mondale announced his proposal to seek a meeting with the Soviet leadership within six months of his taking office to negotiate a freeze in the arms race. His approach on the economic issues was to lay out a plan to cut $177 billion from the Federal budget deficit by the end of the decade with a package that included $85 billion in new taxes. ''Mr. Reagan, all my cards are on the table, face up,'' the former Vice President said. ''Americans are calling your hand.''

But were they? Not judging from the Reagan campaign's success so far in surging ahead without having to join the issue on taxes and spending. On war and peace, the President did not so much ignore his opposition as one-up it with the announcement that Andrei A. Gromyko, the Soviet Foreign Minister, would visit the White House next week. Mr. Reagan told reporters that he wanted to convince Mr. Gromyko ''that the United States means no harm.''

In trips to ***working-class*** neighborhoods in upstate New York and to the Grand Ole Opry in Nashville, Tenn., the President used a variety of picturesque settings filled with flags and balloons to define the issues broadly as hope versus fear, community versus envy, strength versus weakness and confidence versus self-loathing. His advisers say that if he can keep dominating the campaign with these themes, he will achieve one of the biggest landslide victories in modern history. It would be hard to sum up Mr. Reagan's appeals more succinctly than he did himself when he told an audience that ''we see an America where every day is the Fourth of July, and they see an America where every day is April 15th.''

Mr. Mondale's tax package created no great enthusiasm on Capitol Hill and elsewhere. Democrats suggested it would be nearly impossible to pass. Nevertheless, it appeared to be a serious proposal that fulfilled the candidate's promise to have something that would deal with the deficit. The package was based on the assumption that the deficit will rise to $263 billion by 1989, as forecast by the Congressional Budget Office. Mr. Reagan, by contrast, is suggesting these days that the deficit will continue to shrink in the years ahead because of economic expansion. Mr. Mondale called for trimming the President's proposed rate of growth in military spending, imposing hospital cost containment to control the price tag for Federal health benefits, reducing farm subsidies and achieving certain management savings.

More controversial was the tax package. Mr. Mondale has repeatedly suggested that taxes would fall most heavily on corporations and the wealthy. In recent months, however, it became clear that in order to cut the deficit by two-thirds, as Mr. Mondale had pledged, middle-class taxpayers would have to share some of the cost. There would thus be at least some tax increases for families of four with adjusted gross income exceeding $25,000. At the White House, there was glee that Mr. Mondale recognized that a credible revenue package for the deficit would have to do more than ''soak the rich.''

There were more reasons last week for Mr. Reagan to be confident about the political future. A Gallup poll issued Sunday showed Mr. Reagan ahead of Mr. Mondale by 55 to 40 percent. A similar finding emerged from an ABC/Washington Post poll. Mr. Reagan never seemed to get pinned down on the question of where he would cut spending if he was not going to raise taxes. Indeed, he got some political mileage out of dedicating a housing project in Buffalo subsidized by a program that his Administration had tried to cut drastically.

Yet there was also cause for concern. The President was treading on the edge of danger on the spending issue when he told reporters at a news conference to look at the nearly $50 billion in spending he had tried to cut if they wanted to know where he would cut again. White House aides conceded, for example, that among the candidates for cutting was the ill- fated package of Social Security reductions proposed in 1981 and effectively exploited by the Democrats in the 1982 elections. In addition, Vice President Bush got caught in an embarrassing situation when he told reporters that he had simply forgotten that he had once had a more lenient position on abortion than the President's total opposition to abortions. Finally, like an unwelcome guest at a victory banquet, the ABC/Washington Post poll showed voters viewed Mr. Mondale as ''more likely'' than Mr. Reagan ''to keep the United States out of war'' and more concerned ''about people like me.'' The puzzle for Mr. Mondale was: With these problems, why has he been unable to break through the barrier to emerge as a serious challenger? The answer, in the view of many authorities, seems to be that he has not convinced Americans that their concerns about fairness and war are enough to influence their votes. Reagan aides put it more bluntly. ''He has not been able to come across as a bold, decisive and credible leader with his own vision of the future,'' said one.

With only eight weeks to go until the election, some in the Mondale camp have come to recognize the ''leadership issue'' as more crucial than the policy issues addressed by the tax and arms-race proposals. More than ever, they are pinning their hopes on the chances to establish the former Vice President once and for all in a campaign debate with Mr. Reagan. Officials in both camps indicated last week that there will now likely be two debates two weeks apart in October, with a debate involving Mr. Bush and Representative Geraldine A. Ferraro in between. Some are advising Mr. Mondale to go for broke and challenge the President directly to drop the American flag for a moment and discuss some of the uncertainties about his own plans. Whatever happens, the debates are likely to shape up as pivotal to the campaign.

**Graphic**

drawing

**End of Document**



[***Front-Porch Seat on Backyard History***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-VDD0-0024-J45C-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 14, 1993, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1993 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Westchester Weekly Desk

**Section:** Section 13WC;; Section 13WC; Page 1; Column 3; Westchester Weekly Desk; Column 3;

**Length:** 1172 words

**Byline:** By KATE STONE LOMBARDI

By KATE STONE LOMBARDI

**Dateline:** PURCHASE

**Body**

HERE is a little-known cemetery on the grounds of the State University of New York here. A Revolutionary War hero, Col. Thomas Thomas, was buried there in 1824, and for the few who had taken note of the site, this seemed to be its chief historical significance. But to Dr. Lisa Keller, director of SUNY Purchase's College of Letters and Science's new Institute for Westchester and Local History, the small burial ground can provide far richer historical insights.

The land used to be part of the Thomas family estate, Dr. Keller said, and in a break from common custom, the family requested that their slaves be buried alongside them instead of in a separate plot. The cemetery is one of the few integrated burial grounds in the county from that era.

In Dr. Keller's view, this is another example of how local history -- in this case, quite literally the history of the college's own backyard -- can provide a paradigm for understanding major themes in the country's history.

"Why were the Thomas slaves put there?" Dr. Keller asked. "Why did they break from the tradition of the times? Burial customs touch to the heart of many things. When students pursue this, they will get a whole examination of America's race relations, land-pattern uses, as well as social and economic relations."

An 'Arranged Marriage'

In keeping with the goals of the institute, which was established last month, the research on the cemetery will connect the academic world with the community. Students will visit historical societies in Rye and Harrison to search for letters, diaries, deeds and other documents of the Thomas family. But the institute's mission also reflects a growing academic trend among historians -- a resurgence of interest in the significance of local history.

"This is an arranged marriage that should have been made years ago," Dr. Alfred N. Hunt, dean of the College of Letters and Science said. "This is a very historically rich community, and it needs a lot of resource help. We have students who have the resources but need something to work with. For them, it's so much better than just reading books on history. At the same time, we are creating guardians of the public trust. There are two winners here." He was referring to documents being preserved and the undergraduate students who will work on them.

In addition to an internship program for academic credit, the institute will offer courses on historical and research training and in the use and organization of archives and manuscript collections. Public events like lectures and academic symposiums will also be held for the college community and the general public.

The Age Before Divorce

As part of the institute's research program, a large-scale scholarly investigation of the County Archives in Elmsford will also be a priority. Dr. Keller describes the resources there as both "extraordinary" and underappreciated.

"I was stunned when I first went there," Dr. Keller said. "I've worked in public records offices in London, small libraries in Athens. I've seen all kinds of places, and when I got to this place I couldn't believe it. Not only did they have the best organization and the best physical plant I'd ever seen but they also had phenomenal documents and lots of them."

Dr. Keller said that at the County Archives she read deed books from 1686 as well as records from the same period of couples who, in the age before divorce, simply went before a public official and declared their marriage to be over.

"They would say, 'So and so has decided he no longer gets on with his wife and they are going their separate ways,' " Dr. Keller said. "These are documents from 1685, 1687, and they are very hard to read. This stuff was literally moldering away in basements, and the archivists have gone to great lengths to literally put the pieces together and bond the old parchment onto rice paper. This is an extraordinary resource."

Dr. Keller stressed that students would have extensive training before being allowed to handle documents that were hundreds of years old. But she also reiterated the importance of records that chronicled the changing experiences of everyday life and its implications for understanding the county's history beyond battle dates and war heroes.

"For instance, little has been done about the role of ethnic migrations into Westchester," she said. "You can't talk about the development of ethnic and cultural trends in the nation without looking at a neighborhood study of how, in fact, this changed from an Irish to a black neighborhood or a ***working-class*** rural neighborhood to an urban one."

Forget the Kings and Queens

Once the purview of genealogists and town archivists, local history was long viewed in academic circles as among the least consequential sources of research material. But today, many historians are mining land deeds, marriage records, letters and diaries.

Dr. Hunt said: "There has been a worldwide movement and interest in the common folk and how they lived. Forget the generals and the queens and the kings. Small-town studies can add up to something that has important implications."

A classic example, Dr. Hunt said, was conducted at Harvard University in the 1960's and 70's. Graduate students in history studied the surrounding small towns of Needham, Dedham, Chelmsford and Concord. "Each student's own local study was not necessarily important in its own right, but the local histories added up to a regional history, which added up to a very important segment," Dr. Hunt said. He added that a study of this type has not yet been done in Westchester.

On-Site Experience

The Institute for Westchester and Local History has the practical goal of linking the college to the many historical organizations in the county as well as in Rockland, Putnam and the Bronx. Through research, teaching and historical preservation, the institute plans to offer students a hands-on approach to history.

The internship program will give students on-site experience in working with documents and archives at more than 50 historical societies, museums and libraries. Students will work with municipal historians as well as at the County Archives. The SUNY Purchase faculty, local historians and scholars in specialized fields will share their expertise.

The program should benefit not only the students but also the organizations for whom they will be working, Dr. Keller said. She said that many such groups are chronically understaffed and underfinanced. When she sent out a questionnaire to historical societies asking if they could use interns, Dr. Keller immediately received 50 requests for 100 interns.

Dr. Keller concluded: "Suppose you put together a study of New Rochelle, Ossining and Yonkers. There is a lot that you can get out of these places that goes far beyond the Revolutionary War: the contributions of the Irish and the railroad and how housing patterns developed and how school systems changed.

"In what sense did this develop our sense of national character? There is tremendous relevance in studying our own backyard."

**Graphic**

Photos: Students reading headstone in cemetery on the grounds of the State University of New York at Purchase; Revolutionary War era cemetery is surrounded by the modern SUNY Purchase campus. (Susan Harris for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** November 14, 1993

**End of Document**



[***Man in the News;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-TJX0-0024-J34B-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Policing and Image: William Joseph Bratton***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-TJX0-0024-J34B-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 3, 1993, Friday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1993 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk

**Section:** Section B;; Section B; Page 2; Column 5; Metropolitan Desk; Column 5;; Biography

**Length:** 1185 words

**Byline:** William J. Bratton

By FELICIA R. LEE,

By FELICIA R. LEE,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** BOSTON, Dec. 2

**Body**

It was a few minutes before 1 P.M. in Police Commissioner William J. Bratton's office, but instead of being there, in the big room with the framed newspaper articles and models of old police cars, he was on television from New York City talking about his plans to become that city's police commissioner.

His television appearance more or less epitomized why people either love or hate William Joseph Bratton. To his admirers, he came off as smooth and articulate, coolly confident of his ability to get the job done. To his detractors, it was yet another example of a man who is aloof and ambitious, often seeking the limelight for his own end.

Mr. Bratton's admirers point to his innovations in community policing, his introduction of new technology and more training and his ability to get money from businesses for things like equipment and station renovations. Critics say his tenure was more public relations and showy props than substance. They fault him for not being more visible in poor neighborhoods and for leaving the city just when he had started to make some real accomplishments. Few, however, deny that Mr. Bratton has carved out a remarkable career though sheer talent, hard work and an unusual personal magnetism.

"He likes to posture, he likes TV, but he delivers for the rank and file," said William T. Broderick, president of the Boston Police Superior Officers Federation, a union of sergeants, lieutenants and captains.

The Chief of the New York Transit Police, Michael F. O'Connor, who worked with Mr. Bratton when he ran that department, said: "Above all else, Bill is a guy who rallies people behind ideas. He's a motivator."

Computers, Youth and Paint

By most accounts, Mr. Bratton crammed a lot into his short tenure as Police Commissioner here, which started on June 30, and on balance he received high marks. Mr. Bratton returned to Boston, his hometown, in early 1992 from New York City to take the No. 2 job here, as superintendent in chief.

As Commissioner, Mr. Bratton spent over $8 million on computers, putting them in cruisers and in station houses in place of an antiquated system. He assigned 16 officers as full-time youth services officers to work in schools and neighborhoods and befriend children.

He painted police cars and got businesses to donate chairs and paint to spruce up headquarters and station houses. He put officers on mountain bikes to patrol tough neighborhoods. He increased the number of training days at the police academy and produced videos on issues like diversity.

Burnishing an Image

Perhaps his greatest accomplishment was carrying out a strategy for neighborhood policing, in which officers worked with various community groups to figure out what those neighborhood needed to feel safe. Crime went down, and Mr. Bratton promised to make Boston a national model for community policing.

Much of it was public relations and image-remaking on the part of Mr. Bratton, a 46-year-old career police officer who was born on Oct. 6, 1947, a product of this city's ***working-class*** neighborhood of Dorchester. His father is a retired postal worker.

When Mr. Bratton returned to Boston after his stint in New York, morale was low after a special commission said the department had neither leadership nor vision and drifted with ineptitude from crisis to crisis. An unflattering series in The Boston Globe gave low marks to nearly every aspect of the department, and it was still haunted by charges of racism stemming from the Charles Stuart case, in which the police conducted a sweeping manhunt in black neighborhoods for the killer of a white woman who, it turned out, had been murdered by her husband.

"Morale was desperately low," said William Johnston, the Deputy Superintendent, who credits Mr. Bratton with restoring the department's reputation and morale. "The force was being controlled by City Hall. The Mayor, not the Commissioner, showed up when the TV cameras panned to a crime scene. He protected us. He said this department had been taking a beating for too long."

'Consolation Prize' and Critics

Still, Mr. Bratton leaves behind critics. There is bitterness that he is leaving the job after not quite six months. News organizations here have highlighted the hostile public reaction over Mr. Bratton's comment on Tuesday that if he did not get the job in New York, Boston would be a wonderful "consolation prize."

Some black officials charge that Mr. Bratton has not been visible enough in their neighborhoods. And some politicians charge that he spent too much money on things like redecorating instead of policing.

"I don't think he's been effective because he's spent money and time beautifying his office," said the Council President, Albert (Dapper) O'Neil, chairman of the public safety committee, who said he had known Mr. Bratton for 15 years.

The Rev. Bruce Wall, co-pastor of the Dorchester Temple Baptist Church and a magistrate at Boston Juvenile Court, said Mr. Bratton was an extremely competent administrator who had shortchanged the city's neighborhoods. He said many blacks were still smarting over Mr. Bratton's comment that shopkeepers in troubled neighborhoods should close early to avoid problems.

Rising Through the Ranks

"He neglected the neighborhoods," Mr. Wall said. "Tomorrow we had planned a vigil to protest that he had pulled the anti-gang units out of troubled neighborhoods and redeployed them in the business district to protect the tourists. The kids will go crazy."

A Boston College graduate, Mr. Bratton became a Boston police officer in 1970, and in 1975 he was promoted to sergeant. In 1977 he became a lieutenant and in 1980, superintendent of police. In 1983 he took over as chief of the Massachusetts Bay Transportation Authority Police Department. In 1986 he became the Superintendent of the Metropolitan Police Department in Boston, where he stayed for four years.

Although Mr. Bratton made a name for himself as he rose through the ranks, his reputation as an innovative police official seemed sealed when he went to New York in 1990 to run the transit police. There he won accolades for improving morale, cutting serious crime by a third and providing officers with new equipment and new strategies for policing.

Mr. Bratton gave the transit officers 9-millimeter handguns, created decoy assignments and put more officers on street-level patrol. When officers complained about working underground on humid days, he gave them caps with mesh tops, and for frigid days he gave them sweaters.

As in Boston, Mr. Bratton became a familiar sight among the rank and file by getting out and about to meet people and to learn more about their working conditions.

Although Mr. Bratton relaxes by skiing or traveling, friends say he seems to be happiest working. He has a habit of showing up at any time of the day or night, his associates said, and is known for making business calls at all hours. His son, David, 21, is a student at Suffolk University.

Mr. Bratton has a soft side, friends said. He and his third wife, Cheryl Fiandaca, a lawyer, are devoted to animal rights and adopt stray cats. At last count, they had five.

**Graphic**

Photo: William J. Bratton was given high marks for his tenure in Boston. (The Boston Globe)

**Load-Date:** December 3, 1993

**End of Document**



[***Seething Unease Shaped British Bombers' Newfound Zeal***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4GS4-MF20-TW8F-G2S2-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 31, 2005 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2005 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 1; Column 1; Foreign Desk; Pg. 1; BOMBINGS IN LONDON: IDEOLOGY

**Length:** 3345 words

**Byline:** By AMY WALDMAN

**Dateline:** LEEDS, England, July 30

**Body**

Mohammad Sidique Khan was never on the corner, a detail friends offer as a compliment. In a neighborhood where many young South Asian men had lost their way, or foundered into drug dealing, Mr. Khan's peers admired his focus on family, work, working out, and Islam.

The discipline of Mr. Khan, 30, was shared, and not just with his friends Shehzad Tanweer, 22, and Hasib Mir Hussain, 18, who joined him on a murderous assignation in London on July 7. The three men and Germaine Lindsay, 19, detonated four bombs that killed 56 people, including themselves.

Mr. Khan, Mr. Tanweer and Mr. Hussain were part of a larger clique of young British-raised South Asian men in Beeston, a neighborhood of Leeds, who turned their backs on what they came to see as a decadent, demoralizing Western culture. Instead, the group embraced an Islam whose practice was often far more fundamentalist than their fathers', and always more political, focused passionately on Muslim suffering at Western hands.

In many ways, the transformation has had positive elements: the men live healthier and more constructive lives than many of their peers here, Asian or white, who have fallen prey to drugs, alcohol or petty crime. Why Mr. Khan, Mr. Tanweer and Mr. Hussain in particular crossed a line that no one had before, how they and Mr. Lindsay linked up, or whether their plot was homegrown or steered from outside, remain mysteries, at least to the public.

But the question asked since their identities were revealed after the bombings continues to resonate: what motivated men reared thousands of miles from the cradles of the Muslim world, without any direct experience of oppression themselves, to bomb fellow Britons, ushering in a new chapter of terrorism.

Many here see answers in the sense of injustice at events both at home and abroad that is far more widespread among Muslims than many Westerners recognize; in the rigid and deeply political form of Islam that increasing numbers of educated European Muslims are gravitating to; in the difficulty some children of Muslim immigrants in Europe have had in finding their place or direction.

It is a broader narrative being played out by such immigrants across Britain, and Western Europe. The young men here grew up brown-skinned in white Britain, in a blighted pocket of Leeds straddling their parents' traditional values and the ***working-class*** culture around them. They have been reared shoulder to shoulder with old stone churches and young hooligans, and face to face with attitudes toward family and morality different from those taught by their parents.

''They don't know whether they're Muslim or British or both,'' said Martin McDaid, a former antiterrorist operative who converted to Islam, taking the name Abdullah, and worked in the neighborhood.

They are alienated from their parents' rural South Asian culture, which they see as backward. Reared in an often racist milieu, they feel excluded from mainstream British society, which has so far not yielded to hyphenated immigrant identities as America has. They have come of age in an era marked by conflicts between Muslims and better armed powers -- India, Serbia, Russia, Israel, America and Britain -- and the rise of an ideology that sanctifies terrorist attacks against the West in response.

So some young men have solved the ''don't know'' riddle by discovering a new assertive and transnational identity as Muslims. The change has played out within families in the small, brick ''back-to-back'' terraced houses of little Beeston's lattice of down-at-the-heels streets.

In one corner shop sits Ejaz Hussain, 54, who came from a Pakistani village in his teens, and has reared eight children in Britain. The bombers' fathers and he worshiped at the same mosque; their sons left, rejecting the mosque's form of Islam as incorrect and its determination to keep politics outside the mosque as unjust.

Walk down Stratford Street, past another mosque of the elders the bombers and their cohort rejected, to the store of Mohammad Jaheer, a burly Bangladesh-born shopkeeper who went ''religious,'' as young men here say, 10 years ago at 16. Islam has saved him from what he calls an animal-like life as a Western businessman spending time at clubs, he said. He helped form the Iqra Learning Center, an Islamic bookshop, five years ago, to educate Muslims and non-Muslims about the faith.

That bookshop, just a few blocks from his shop, was raided by the police because of its possible links to the bombers. Over time its education came to include provocative material that some contend was meant to inspire jihad.

Mr. McDaid, who worked at the bookshop, said it was intended only to raise awareness and passions -- among Muslims and the British establishment alike -- about the oppression of Muslims around the world.

Passions have been raised, among the bombers most radically, but among many others here and across Europe. Mr. Hussain, who helped organize two peace marches in the bombings' wake, rejects the notion that an outsider from Al Qaeda recruited the men, although others disagree.

He pointed to his head and said in reference to the bombers, and their peers: ''Al Qaeda is inside.''

An Epic Migration

Ejaz Hussain was 16 when he left his 40-household village in Pakistan and came to Britain in 1967. Everybody was going; no one planned to stay long. He did not realize that he and so many others were part of an epic, and permanent, migration that would reshape Britain in so many ways, the events of July 7 being just one.

The British Raj officially ended on Aug. 15, 1947, but its relationship to its subjects did not. In the following decades men of the Indian subcontinent came to Britain en masse to supply cheap, unskilled labor for factories, foundries and, especially, textile mills in northern Britain.

A majority of the immigrants were Mulsim farmers from the Mirpur region of Pakistani Kashmir. Others came from Gujarat in India, or what is now Bangladesh, or, as with the bombers' families, Punjab Province in Pakistan. Most were poor, with rural backgrounds and often uneducated, although Mr. Hussain, the thoughtful, genteel son of a policeman, had more education than most.

They started with perhaps $:5 in their pocket, and worked 16 to 18 hours a day, with a beaverlike determination to earn and build something for the next generation.

Mr. Hussain, now 54, worked in factories and mills, drove a taxi, and has run a corner minimart for 15 years.

Integration was minimal, thanks to barriers of race and language, culture and religion. The migrants were the colonized who came to live among their former colonizers. ''When we came, we were like servants,'' Mr. Hussain said. Even though they had time for little beyond Friday Prayer, if that, they were Muslims still, for whom true assimilation into Western ways, like drinking, would inevitably be irreligious.

Many, Mr. Hussain among them, thought they would earn and then go home. Instead, they eventually brought over wives or young families, forming insular communities in which English fluency was dispensable.

In the late 1980's, most of the mills and factories closed. Men began driving taxis, or opened shops or other family-run businesses that require round-the-clock tending by an extended family. Others simply retired.

The first wave's attitude was, and largely still is, one of gratitude toward Britain, which offered a livelihood and left them alone to practice their religion.

''Britain is the greatest country in the world'' for those reasons, boomed Arif Butt, a forceful figure in Beeston who runs one of its mosques and has clashed with its youth.

Arshad Chaudhry, an accountant and member of the Leeds Muslim Forum, sees it differently. ''They were very timid,'' he said of the first wave.

Tough Neighborhoods

Beeston Hill, where Mohammad Sidique Khan and Shehzad Tanweer were raised, and nearby Holbeck, where Hasib Mir Hussain grew up, have a dreary, dissolute air. The houses somehow seem shrunken in scale, and the dreams of many youth seem to have been sized to match.

The two neighborhoods are about 77 percent white and 18 percent ''Asian or Asian British,'' according to the 2001 census. Almost half the population is under 30.

Many white residents of Beeston tend toward tattoos and pit bulls. The drinking starts early, and openly. Trash and furniture clot some streets. Faces have been ravaged by drugs, whose use peaked a few years ago when legions of zombielike heroin addicts wandered the streets.

More than 10 percent of houses are vacant. Nearly a third of the population of about 16,000 receives the British equivalent of welfare. Unemployment is nearly 8 percent, more than double the rate for the rest of Leeds.

Whites and Asians live for the most part politely, but distantly, adjacent. Both groups say South Asians have actually prospered more than whites, which has generated some resentment. Plenty of British Muslims face staggering poverty and unemployment, but the bombers and their immediate circle were not among them. At least some youth seem more directionless than deprived.

In some ways, Mr. Hussain and other elders say, the young people have had it easy. At the age when their fathers worked like mules, the sons are playing cricket, studying, hanging out. Compared with their parents, they are well educated, thoroughly literate, fluent in English and the Internet.

Some know family businesses are waiting for them to take over. Some go on welfare as soon as they reach adulthood. Some sell drugs. ''They are getting lazy, getting spoiled from the government,'' said Abu Hanifa, 60, another shopkeeper who works around the clock.

And yet Mr. Hussain and others think the young have also had it harder. In an alien culture, work ballasted the migrants, as did the traditional values they had imported from home. The young have no such anchors; they sometimes seem to be living in rooms without walls.

Mohammad Sidique Khan's generation was the first to be educated entirely in Britain. The schools they attended made almost no accommodation to their presence. They learned almost nothing about Pakistan or Islam's history and traditions.

Instead, they were expected to become British, and many have tried. But in areas like Beeston, they say, that has also meant learning to drink, using or selling drugs and losing one's virginity at an early age.

They grew up in rough and often blighted neighborhoods where ''hardness'' -- the ability to fight anyone, at any time -- was essential, said Mr. Hussain's son Nadeem Ejaz, 30, who runs the family's green grocery. The red shoelaces favored by young racists from the National Front remain etched in his teenage memories.

Many young Muslims, Mr. Khan among them, turned to martial arts or boxing partly to ensure combat readiness.

Boys regularly divide into white and Asian gangs. In April, a 15-year-old boy was stabbed to death by a member of an Asian mob that pursued him.

The children of the immigrants have shed the servility, and passivity, of their parents, Mr. Hussain said. They want their rights, even if they have to fight for them. This inspires both pride and unease in him.

Mr. Hussain sees a continuum of self-destruction between the recent bombings and race riots that occurred just 10 miles away in 2001 -- seemingly disconnected rage. ''Why this damage to their own streets, their own cities, their own communities?'' he asked of the Asian youth who took part in the riots, echoing those who now ask how the bombers could turn on their own society. ''Maybe if we had paid attention then this wouldn't have happened.''

A good many young Asian men here are, in British social welfare parlance, NEET: Not in Education, Employment or Training. Here and in other South Asian communities over the past 15 years, they have begun to out-English the English, selling drugs and serving prison terms at alarming rates.

In Stratford Street, a Bengali-British drug dealer with a gold tooth and a practiced air of menace sits on a stoop. Mr. Jaheer, the Bengali-British shopkeeper, passes him by. As Mr. Jaheer and his friends see it, the critical battle here has been between those who have succumbed to their milieu, dragging their community down, and those who have sought to rescue and uplift it.

In that effort to fight Beeston's addiction, violence and aimlessness, they say Islam has proved an invaluable ally. To those who say Islam turned the bombers against Britain, they answer that Islam also saved youngsters from Britain.

The Draw of Religion

Mr. Jaheer was among the first to become religious, and others soon followed. One by one, young men who regularly slept through namaz, or prayers, awakened. Mr. Khan was among them; so, later on, were his fellow bombers, Mr. Tanweer and Mr. Hussain.

The group was always a small minority among Beeston's youth, but an influential one. The pioneers coached those who followed them in how to live as Muslims in the West, bringing a new social conservatism to bear. It is permissible to look once at scantily clad women in summer, they would tell youth. After that it is a sin. Young men put away their televisions, saying there was no appropriate programming for Muslims, and sometimes imposed new restrictions on their wives.

''They were doing quite well with the young brothers,'' said Nadeem Ejaz, crediting Mr. Khan and others with weaning some youth from drugs. ''It was smack city around here. These people took on the initiative to clean up the community.''

The group of friends created a network of organizations to lure Asian youth off the streets through sports, nature outings and education. For the Leeds City Council, desperate to counter the social ills present in Beeston and similar communities, the men were an ideal conduit. Over the years the council funneled numerous grants to their organizations and says some worked well.

Mr. Khan was among the grantees. Under the auspices of the South Leeds Asian Youth Association, he twice applied for, and won, grants of about $:2,000 apiece for gym equipment, according to council records.

At the same time, the group's newfound faith was creating distance from its members' peers, and sometimes conflict with parental choices.

One of Ejaz Hussain's sons became very religious five years ago. He works at his father's corner shop, joking with customers, calling the women ''luv,'' the standard Yorkshire greeting. But the shop sells cigarettes, bacon and tinned pork, girlie magazines.

To him, the shop -- the fruit of his father's life of work -- violates his faith, and he has unsuccessfully tried to persuade the family to give it up.

Religiously, the young men came at Islam like converts -- questioning everything, accepting nothing. If they were going to practice, they wanted to do it in what they considered the right way. If they wanted to go to heaven, they felt, they had to find the purest form. They wanted evidence for whatever they did in the Koran.

All of the young men quickly rejected the Islam of their parents, who practice a Sufi-influenced strain of the subcontinent called Barelvi. Shaped partly by Hindu and folk customs, it believes in the power of pirs, or holy men, and their shrines.

The young men, Mr. Khan especially vehement among them, believed such ''innovations'' contaminated Islam.

They stopped praying at their parents' mosque, even as they used its basement gym to warn youth against the type of Islam their parents practiced upstairs.

They turned, instead, to the more rigid, orthodox Deobandi school of Islam, which also had amosque in town. The adherents of Deobandism include the Taliban of Afghanistan; they take what they see as a literal approach to the faith. In Britain, as in Pakistan, this school is growing fast -- starting seminaries, producing English-speaking preachers and drawing youths away from the more liberal Islam of their parents.

Eventually Mr. Khan and his friends left the Deobandi mosque, too, saying its approach to outreach was too narrow, its focus too apolitical. And the young zealots felt only frustration and contempt for the mosques' imams, who were often brought from the subcontinent, spoke minimal English, knew nothing of the moral maze young British Muslims face, and abided by an injunction by mosque elders that politics or current events involving Muslims should stay outside the mosque.

A Politicized Islam

For the young, Islam was politics. ''There is a lot of hatred'' because of Iraq, Kosovo, Kashmir, Mr. Ejaz said. If the mosque makes subjects like that taboo, if their doors are closed, he said, young people are going to go somewhere else.

In Beeston and across Britain, that is exactly what they are doing, which may make Prime Minister Tony Blair's call for mosques to preach against extremism an exercise in futility.

Educated second-generation Muslims are finding their way to an extreme form of Islam spreading not through mosques but through Islamic bookshops, the Internet and university societies, said Roger Ballard, an anthropologist in Manchester who specializes in Pakistani Muslims in Britain.

The form is called Salafism, taking its name from the term for the Prophet Muhammad's companions, although its adherents often reject any label. It originated in 19th-century Saudi Arabia, and has helped inspire groups like the Muslim Brotherhood and Al Qaeda.

The Salafi demand for purity and rejection of any Islam except that of the early years can lead to deep intolerance even for other Muslims like Shiites. Salafis see politics as embedded in the DNA of Islam. They take to heart the injunction that the ummah -- the global community of Muslims --is ''like one body'': if one part is suffering, the rest will be in pain as well. They believe, therefore, in an obligation to physical jihad, or struggle, under the right conditions.

For educated young European Muslims who learned nothing of their own history in school, Salafism is a natural fit, Mr. Ballard said. It provides unequivocal answers. And, he said, it is largely ''do it yourself.''

In Beeston, the young men did do it themselves. After they left the mosques they gravitated to the Iqra Learning Center. There, they were free of their elders and their old ways. They held study circles, debated and produced literature and videos, all with an agenda that was political as much as religious.

Their effort to create an Islamic identity in British Muslims has been fueled by the belief that the West is waging a war -- a ''crusade,'' the word President Bush used in 2001 -- against Islam, a notion strengthened by the invasion of Iraq.

This notion recurs in the materials circulated by Islamic bookshops and on the Internet. DVD's produced and distributed by Iqra juxtapose images from the Crusades with images of war-mutilated Muslims. A cross drips blood over Afghanistan. In one DVD are images of what Mr. McDaid called ''mujahedeen,'' Muslims fighting in an array of conflicts, but he insisted those images were not on the copies given away.

Under new legislation Britain is weighing against ''indirect incitement'' to terrorism, such DVD's could become illegal. That perplexes the young men here. One Briton's propaganda, they point out, is another's truth. Bloodshed in places like Iraq is not their invention, Mr. Jaheer said. ''How can it be incitement if it's facts?'' he asked.

In his shop, Mr. Hussain, whose Islam his children rejected as too liberal, opens the newspaper to an article about 25,000 civilian dead in Iraq in the past two years.

''People keep asking what was in their heads,'' he said quietly.

Mr. Hussain changed worlds by coming to Britain, and now the world he made here has been irrevocably changed by its youth. The government says community leaders should police their communities, mosques their devotees, fathers their sons. Outside, police close-circuit television vans prowl, there to protect the community from possible retaliatory attacks, but also to watch.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: The police raided the Iqra Learning Center, an Islamic bookstore in Beeston, because of possible links to the July 7 bombers. (Photo by Steve Parkin/Agence France-Presse -- Getty Images)

A view of Leeds, where many South Asian men struggle to find their way as they confront their parents' traditional values, a ***working-class*** culture and a radical form of Islam. (Photo by Matt Dunham/Associated Press)(pg. 14)

After the July 7 bombings in London, the police searched houses in the Beeston area of Leeds, home to two of the four bombers. (Photo by Michael Kamber for The New York Times)(pg. 1)

**Load-Date:** July 31, 2005

**End of Document**



[***How Donald Trump Set Off a Civil War Within the Right-Wing Media; Feature***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5MSN-NC41-JBG3-600X-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 29, 2016 Thursday 13:29 EST

Copyright 2016 The New York Times Company All Rights Reserved

**Section:** MAGAZINE

**Length:** 6340 words

**Byline:** Robert Draper

**Highlight:** Since the candidate clinched the nomination, the green room has become a chilly place.

**Body**

In recent years, one of the most important events on a prospective Republican presidential candidate’s calendar was the RedState Gathering, a summer convention for conservative activists from across the nation. Its host was Erick Erickson, a round-faced, redheaded former election lawyer and city councilman in Macon, Ga., who began blogging in 2004 on a site called [*RedState.com*](http://www.redstate.com/).

Erickson, who is now 41, is a conservative absolutist who made his name in the mid-2000s by “blowing up” — in the Twitter parlance he jovially employs — Republican leaders he viewed as insufficiently principled. In 2005, he played a role in torpedoing the Supreme Court nomination of the White House counsel Harriet Miers, publishing damaging admissions from White House sources that Miers had not been properly vetted. Five years later, he chided the National Rifle Association for being too willing to compromise, labeling it “[*a weak little girl of an organization*](http://www.redstate.com/).” He was a sharp-tongued critic of John McCain and Mitt Romney during their presidential runs, characterizing the former as “an angry old jackass” and the latter as “the Harriet Miers of 2012.”

Along the way, Erickson became one of the new kingmakers of the Tea Party-era G.O.P. A little-known Florida legislator and Senate hopeful named Marco Rubio reached out to him in 2009 when he was at 3 percent in the polls. A former Texas solicitor general, Ted Cruz, did the same in 2011. Rick Perry announced his 2012 presidential candidacy at Erickson’s gathering. By 2015, a number of the coming cycle’s aspirants — Rubio, Cruz, Perry and Bobby Jindal — had given him their personal cellphone numbers, and he had traded emails with Jeb Bush. And two months before that August’s convention in Atlanta, a New York-based Republican consultant named Sam Nunberg reached out to Erickson to ask if he could accommodate one more speaker: Donald Trump.

Erickson watched coverage of Trump’s stream-of-consciousness announcement at Trump Tower on June 16 and was not particularly impressed. On the syndicated radio show he broadcasts from Atlanta, he offered his assessment with a dismissive chuckle: “I guess he’s ready to be spoiler, not president.” He had met Trump once before, in July 2011, when he visited the 26th floor of Trump Tower [*to interview*](http://www.redstate.com/) the businessman and reality-TV-show star. Trump had spent the past few months flirting with a presidential run only to decide, as he told Erickson that day, “I have a great show that’s a big success, and it’s hard to say, ‘I’m gonna leave two hours of prime-time television in order to get beat up by people that don’t know what they’re doing.’ ”

The hourlong conversation struck Erickson as pleasant but unmemorable. What did stick with him was their exchange as he was leaving Trump Tower. “Trump asked me if I played golf,” Erickson told me recently. “And I said, ‘Yeah, I’m terrible.’ ” Then, he said, Trump asked if he would be interested in coming to Trump’s golf-club in West Palm Beach, Fla., to play. “I’m very flattered — I’ve never been to West Palm Beach before,” Erickson recalled. “Several times, his office reached out. So finally I asked my wife, ‘What do you think this is about?’ She said, ‘He wants to own your soul.’ So I never went.”

Erickson did not see much of a political future for Trump, but he imagined that he might be good for ticket sales, if nothing else, at the RedState Gathering. He informed Nunberg that Trump could have a slot on the convention’s second day.

The evening before he was to speak in Atlanta, Trump went on CNN and [*denounced the Fox News host Megyn Kelly*](http://www.redstate.com/) for her sharp questioning of him during a recent debate, speculating that Kelly had “blood coming out of her wherever.” When Erickson saw the footage that evening, he called Trump’s campaign manager, Corey Lewandowski, and rescinded Trump’s invitation on the grounds that he would be too much of a distraction. “And that was that,” Erickson would later recall with a sheepish grin. “Until the next day, when he’s blowing me up.”

On Twitter, Trump called Erickson “[*a major sleaze and buffoon*](http://www.redstate.com/)” and said that the “small crowds” at the gathering were due to his absence. Trump’s supporters soon piled on. This was to be expected, but what surprised Erickson were the attacks from people he regarded as his fellow bomb-throwers in the conservative revolution. On Twitter, the talk-radio host and Fox News commentator Laura Ingraham mocked “JebState.” The author and right-wing provocateur Ann Coulter brought up some of Erickson’s own crass utterances, like his characterization of the former Supreme Court justice David Souter in 2009 as a “goat-[expletive] child molester.” The next week, 30,000 readers of Erickson’s email newsletter canceled their subscriptions.

Erickson dug in, writing that Trump was “out of his depth” and lacking in “common decency.” But he was drowned out by Trump sympathizers with even bigger audiences than his own, like The Drudge Report and the online outlet Breitbart. It was one of the first salvos in what would open up in the year that followed into a civil war within the conservative media, dividing some of the loudest voices on the right. Days earlier, Erickson had unimpeachable credentials in the conservative movement. But by crossing Trump, he was now, in the eyes of his former allies, “a tool of the establishment.”

The conservative media has always been a playground for outsize personalities with even more outsize political ambitions. The National Review founder William F. Buckley fashioned much of the intellectual genetic code of the Reagan Revolution, while also writing fringe groups like the John Birch Society out of the conservative movement and, for good measure, running for mayor of New York against the liberal Republican John Lindsay. In 1996, the former Nixon media consultant Roger Ailes brought his attack-dog ethos to Rupert Murdoch’s Fox News channel and built the network into a transformational power in Republican politics before his fall this year amid accusations of sexual harassment.

But alongside the institution-builders like Buckley and Ailes, the conservative-media landscape has also produced a class of rowdy entrepreneurs who wield their influence in more personal, protean ways. The godfathers mostly came to power in the 1990s: Clinton-administration antagonists like [*Rush Limbaugh*](http://www.redstate.com/), who began broadcasting nationally in 1988 and became talk radio’s hegemonic power in the Clinton years, and Matt Drudge, who started his pioneering Drudge Report online in 1996.

If these figures defied the stuffy ceremony of the East Coast think tanks, opinion journals and bow-tied columnists who traditionally defined the conservative intelligentsia, they rarely challenged the ideological principles of conservatism as they had existed since the Reagan era: small government, low taxes, hawkish foreign policy and traditional social values. What they mostly did was provide the Republican Party with a set of exceptionally loud megaphones, which liberals have often envied and tried unsuccessfully to emulate. Conservative talk radio and Fox News now collectively reach an audience of as many as 50 million — most of them elderly white Republicans with a high likelihood of turning out in election years. And this isn’t even counting the like-minded online outlets that have flourished during the Obama years, thanks to a growing internet-media economy and a presidency, particularly in the case of the Affordable Care Act, that gave conservatives common cause.

Then came Trump. In a sense, the divide that he has opened up among conservative media figures is simply a function of the heartburn his ascent has caused among Republicans more generally, pitting voter against voter, congressman against congressman, Bob Dole against the Bushes. Some conservative media outlets threw themselves behind Trump from the beginning, explaining away his more radioactive statements and his uneven-at-best record as a conservative. Breitbart, whose former chairman, Steve Bannon, is now Trump’s chief strategist, was an ardent early supporter, breathlessly covering Trump’s ascent in the polls and his smackdowns of “low energy” Jeb Bush and “little Marco” Rubio. But as Trump expanded into more sacrosanct targets — Fox News’s Kelly, George W. Bush’s performance in the war on terror and Cruz — the dissenting chorus among conservatism’s dons grew louder. The Washington Post columnist [*Charles Krauthammer warned*](http://www.redstate.com/) in December that Trump “has managed to steer the entire G.O.P. campaign into absurdities.” His Post colleague [*George Will predicted*](http://www.redstate.com/) that a Trump nomination would mean the loss of conservatism “as a constant presence in U.S. politics.” The Weekly Standard editor William Kristol [*floated the idea*](http://www.redstate.com/) of a new “non-Trump non-Clinton party.” And on the eve of the Iowa caucus, National Review devoted [*an entire issue*](http://www.redstate.com/) to a single topic: “Against Trump.”

Since Trump clinched the nomination, the dividing lines have become starker, the individual dilemmas more agonizing. Mark Levin, an influential talk-radio host, complains that among conservative commentators, Trump’s message is endlessly repeated by what he derisively refers to as “the Rockettes.” But Levin, too, recently announced to his listeners that he intends to vote for Trump, if only to prevent another Clinton presidency. As he put it to me, “I’m not going to be throwing confetti in the air if Trump wins,” adding that he viewed the candidate as “a liberal with some conservative viewpoints that he’s not terribly reliable at sticking to.”

Others — Sean Hannity, Ingraham, the former Reagan official and “The Book of Virtues” author William Bennett — have thrown in for Trump with a brio that strikes some in the business as unseemly. “Look, we’re in the opinion business, but there’s a distinction between that and being a Sean Hannity fanboy,” the Milwaukee-based talk-radio host Charlie Sykes told me. “It’s been genuinely stunning to watch how they’ve become tools of his campaign and rationalizing everything he’s done.”

“For 20 years I’ve been saying how it’s not true that talk radio is all about ratings and we don’t believe what we say,” he went on. “Then you watch how the media types rolled over for him. Obviously Donald Trump is very good for ratings, and at some point it’s hard not to conclude they decided the Trump train was the gravy train. I’ve been thoroughly disillusioned, and I’m not alone in that. It’s like watching ‘Invasion of the Body Snatchers’: Oh, my God, they got another one!”

When Trump declared his candidacy in June 2015, the part of his announcement speech that most clearly foreshadowed the campaign to come had to do with immigration. “When Mexico sends its people, they’re not sending their best,” he told the crowd at Trump Tower. “They’re sending people that have lots of problems, and they’re bringing those problems with us. They’re bringing drugs. They’re bringing crime. They’re rapists.”

The line struck Sykes as awfully familiar when he heard it. A month before, he had run a segment with Ann Coulter, who had just published her 11th book, an anti-immigration screed titled “¡Adios, America!” Sykes was well aware of Coulter’s views, but he was taken aback when she began a riff on Mexican rapists surging into the United States (a subject that takes up an entire chapter of “¡Adios, America!”). “I remember looking at my producer and going, ‘Wow, this is rather extraordinary,’ ” he told me. “When Trump used that line, I instantly recognized it as Ann Coulter’s.”

In fact, Corey Lewandowski had reached out to Coulter for advice in the run-up to Trump’s announcement speech. The address Trump delivered on June 16 bore no resemblance to his prepared text, which contained a mere two sentences about immigration. Instead, he ad-libbed what Coulter today calls “the Mexican rapist speech that won my heart.” When Trump’s remarks provoked fury, Lewandowski called Coulter for backup. Three days later, she went on HBO’s “Real Time With Bill Maher” and, amid shrieks of laughter from the audience, predicted that Trump was the Republican candidate most likely to win the presidency.

One evening this past March, Trump received Coulter at Mar-a-Lago, his estate-turned-club in Palm Beach. Though in recent years the two had developed a rapport on Twitter, she had met him face to face only once before he declared his candidacy, a lunch date at Trump Tower in 2011. Over lunch, Trump gave Coulter the impression that he had read her books. He also gave her a few items from his wife’s line of costume jewelry and told Coulter, who keeps a house in Palm Beach, that she was welcome to use the pool at Mar-a-Lago anytime.

The golf resort was the chief staging ground for Trump’s charm offensives against the conservative media. Many of its members have visited at Trump’s invitation in recent years, joining the resident Gatsby for steak and lobster on the patio, where Trump squints and appears to listen intently while his guests dispense political wisdom — though it is never clear whether he is actually interested in it, simply flattering his guests or sizing them up. When I dined with him on the patio this spring, Trump asked me eagerly about how I liked his odds in the election. Later, on the campaign trail, I watched him solicit the same counsel from random stragglers on the rope line.

Coulter, at any rate, appeared immune to the whole routine. A week earlier, Trump bragged during a Republican presidential debate in Detroit that “there’s no problem” with the size of his penis. On the patio, Coulter told the candidate that no one wanted to hear about his endowment. She told Lewandowski that he should buy a dozen teleprompters and put them in every room of Trump’s house until he learned how to use them. Reminding Trump that she had been his earliest and most dedicated advocate, she told him: “I’m the only one losing money trying to put you in the White House. You’re going to listen to me.”

This appeal to the bottom line seemed to tweak Trump’s conscience. He gave Coulter an open invitation to Mar-a-Lago, waiving the $100,000 membership fee. The following evening at the next Republican debate, he exhibited considerably more restraint, for which Coulter, with characteristic modesty, claims credit. “Coulter delivers!” she told me.

Some of Trump’s supporters within the conservative media are attracted to his actual positions on issues. One is his trade policy, on which many media personalities on the right are considerably more populist and protectionist than Republican Party leaders and Chamber of Commerce boosters. Throughout Obama’s presidency, Laura Ingraham has warned of China’s predations: “The trade war is on, and we’re losing it,” she has often said. For others, Trump’s assurance that he will appoint Antonin Scalia-like conservatives to the Supreme Court is reason enough for their support.

But Trump also simply fulfills the ineffable urge many have to, as Michael Needham, the chief executive of the conservative policy group Heritage Action for America, puts it, “punch Washington in the face.” This is true for Coulter, who, in her newly published paean to the candidate, “In Trump We Trust,” writes that Trump is fit for the presidency not in spite of his crudeness but because of it: “Only someone who brags about his airline’s seatbelt buckles being made of solid gold would have the balls to do what Trump is doing.”

But what really sold Coulter on Trump, she told me, was his hard line on immigration. Coulter told me that she had never given the issue much thought during her childhood in New Canaan, Conn., and her student days at Cornell. Then in 1992, the British-American journalist Peter Brimelow wrote a 14,000-word essay for National Review titled “[*Time to Rethink Immigration?*](http://www.redstate.com/)” which would later become a sort of ur-text for today’s alt-right, the ascendant white-nationalist movement that has found its champion in Trump. Brimelow cast the current wave of American immigrants in dismal terms: less skilled, less European, less assimilated, less law-abiding and less Republican than the previous newcomers. Coulter, who was 31 and a law clerk at the time, remembers reading it and thinking, “Oh, my gosh, I’ve been completely lied to!”

Twenty-four years later, Coulter helped formulate Trump’s immigration-policy position, which she [*hailed on Twitter*](http://www.redstate.com/) as “the greatest political document since the Magna Carta.” (Her [*additional tweet*](http://www.redstate.com/) on the subject — “I don’t care if @realDonaldTrump wants to perform abortions in the White House after this immigration policy paper” — prompted Mark Levin to [*tweet back*](http://www.redstate.com/), “These have to be among the most pathetic comments of anyone in a long time.”)

Coulter has not always gotten her way with the candidate. At Mar-a-Lago that evening in March, she lobbied unsuccessfully for him to pick as his running mate Kris Kobach, the secretary of state of Kansas, who is credited with selling Mitt Romney on “self-deportation.” And her book tour for “In Trump We Trust” hit a momentary snag when Trump told Sean Hannity that he would be open to “softening” his immigration stance, though Coulter chose to believe that, as she told me, “it was Hannity badgering him.”

Still, she has become the Trump campaign’s most unrepentant brawler. When Khzir Khan, the Pakistani-American father of a U.S. Army captain who was killed in combat in Iraq, spoke critically of Trump at the Democratic National Convention, Coulter [*wrote on Twitter*](http://www.redstate.com/): “You know what this convention really needed: An angry Muslim with a thick accent like Fareed Zacaria[sic].”

That tweet provoked disgust from fellow conservatives, among them Erick Erickson, who [*tweeted*](http://www.redstate.com/): “What a terrible thing to say about a man whose son died for this country.” When I reminded Coulter of Erickson’s scolding, she let out a hearty laugh. “I always hated him,” she said. “This is one of the fantastic things. In any political movement, there are many people you think are losers and dorks, but your friends talk you into liking them, because they’re on our side. Now all of those people are out.”

Sighing, she said, “Trump has made my life better in so many ways.”

You will not find copies of “¡Adios, America!” or “In Trump We Trust” on any of the many bookshelves in the home of the Washington Post columnist George Will. A week after Ted Cruz dropped out of the Republican presidential race in early May, Will and his wife, Mari, a Republican political consultant, gave a catered dinner party for Cruz and his wife, Heidi. The other guests were conservative donors, activists and journalists, along with their spouses. The Wills have been hosting these off-the-record encounters with political celebrities at their Maryland home for decades. In early 2009, Will’s fellow conservative columnists gathered there to meet Obama a week before his inauguration.

Among the guests that evening in May was Laura Ingraham. Ingraham is of proudly ***working-class*** heritage — her mother was a waitress for almost 30 years and her father owned and operated a Coin-a-Matic carwash — and does not share Will’s reverence for decorum. She was an early defender of Trump’s willingness to say things “no one else is saying.” While interviewing Cruz on her radio show six weeks before the Wills’ party, she interrupted him to mock his Harvard Law degree. Still, Cruz knew that his political future relied on conservative opinion-makers like Ingraham, and it was at his request that the Wills included her in the party.

Over cocktails, the Cruzes spoke fondly of their experiences on the campaign trail, and the other guests listened politely, mindful of Cruz’s recent humiliating defeat. Then midway through dinner, at a table set with glasses once used by Abraham Lincoln, Ingraham insisted that Cruz needed to throw his weight behind the man who had branded him “Lyin’ Ted.” “If you don’t endorse him, where does that leave you?” she said. “You don’t have the public and you don’t have the establishment. How can you be a leader of the conservative movement?”

Cruz amiably replied that such a decision did not have to be made right away. Others at the table joined in to defend him, but Ingraham would hear nothing of it. “You can’t want Hillary Clinton elected,” she goaded him.

Will sat fuming silently. “She was quite animated,” he would later recall. Cruz refused to offer his support to Trump that night or in the weeks to follow. Speaking at the Republican convention on July 20 moments before Cruz was to do the same, Ingraham taunted him: “We should all, even all you boys with wounded feelings and bruised egos — and we love you, we love you — but you must honor the pledge to support Donald Trump now, tonight!” The following morning on her radio show, Ingraham declared that Cruz’s refusal to endorse had “effectively ended his political career.”

Will was no more persuaded by Ingraham than Cruz was. The first and only time Will met Trump was in March 1995, when, at Trump’s invitation, he gave a speech at Mar-a-Lago. Years later on Twitter, Trump would ascribe Will’s harsh view of him to Will’s having “totally bombed” with his performance that night. Will told me: “He started telling this story: ‘The reason Will doesn’t like me is I invited him to give a speech at Mar-a-Lago, and I knew it was going to be boring, so I waited out on the patio.’ Which raises two questions. First, if he knew it was going to be that boring, why did he invite me? And second, who would be the guy with the orange hair sitting in the front row?”

Will said on ABC’s “This Week” in 2012 that Trump was “a bloviating ignoramus” and he has spent much of the past year predicting the candidate’s imminent political demise. “I thought even an entertaining bore could be a bore after a while,” he told me. By late December of last year, however, his contempt had given way to alarm. “Conservatives’ highest priority,” he wrote in a Post column, “must be to prevent Trump from winning the Republican nomination” — even if it meant Hillary Clinton’s election.

Then on June 2, three weeks after his dinner party for Cruz, Will learned that his friend and fellow Republican Paul Ryan, the House speaker, had endorsed the nominee. Will considered the matter over martinis at home that evening. The next morning, he walked into his office and told his assistant: “Go change my registration. This is not my party anymore.”

Recently I visited Will at his office, a three-story Georgetown brick rowhouse erected in 1811. Its walls are covered with framed photographs, several of them depicting the writer in his youth alongside Reagan and other titans of his former party. The dean of conservative pundits, now 75, wore a crisp pinstripe shirt and gray slacks, his customary owlish Mona Lisa expression a bit tighter than usual, owing to the subject matter. Will told me that he cast his first vote in 1964, for Barry Goldwater. He voted for the Republican candidate in every succeeding presidential election, until now.

“I don’t use the word ‘frightening’ often,” he told me. “But it’s frightening to know this person” — Trump — “would have the nuclear-launch codes. The world is getting really dangerous. His friend Mr. Putin is dismantling a nation in the center of Europe. Some trigger-happy captain of a Chinese boat with ship-to-ship missiles might make a mistake in the next three years near the Spratly Islands. All kinds of things can go wrong. And the idea that this guy will be asked to respond in a sober, firm way? My goodness.”

He seemed genuinely despondent. “Given that, could you see yourself urging your readers to vote for Hillary Clinton?” I asked.

Will’s lips pursed slightly. “Well,” he said, “it’s clear from everything I’ve written that I think she’d be a better president. That said, I’m not going to vote for her. First of all, I’m a Maryland voter. She couldn’t lose Maryland if she tried.”

“Then. ...”

“I haven’t decided,” he said. “You can imagine — I get tons of emails: ‘I, too, have left the Republican Party. What should I do?’ Well, there are a number of legitimate options. Not voting is a legitimate expression of opinion.”

Ingraham and other conservative media personalities hailed Trump for having “tapped into” a shared and seething disquiet among predominantly white, non-college-educated voters. “What I don’t understand on the part of those being tapped into,” Will told me, “is: What exactly do they want? I can think of nothing the American people have wanted intensely and protractedly that they didn’t get. Took a while, but they got it.”

With a resigned half-smirk, he looked at the ground and intoned, in the manner of a hostage-video monologue: “It’s gonna be yuge. And it’s all gonna get fixed. And we’re all gonna be winners.”

“If he doesn’t build that wall, I’m pissed,” Sean Hannity told me, reflecting on the prospects of a Trump presidency in the office of his radio show in Midtown Manhattan. “If he doesn’t repeal Obamacare, I’m gonna be pissed. If he appoints a liberal jurist to the Supreme Court, I’m gonna lose my mind. And by the way: I’ll be screaming. Not talking — screaming about it. But in fairness, if Trump doesn’t keep his promises, you can also blame me, because I believed him.”

Although Coulter was Trump’s earliest cheerleader among prominent conservative-media personalities, Hannity’s stake in the election perhaps runs deepest of all, if only because of the size of his audience. He hosts the second-highest-rated show (after Limbaugh) on talk radio and the third-highest-rated program (after Bill O’Reilly and Megyn Kelly) on cable news. More than 2.4 million weekly viewers and 13 million listeners have witnessed Hannity sticking his neck out on behalf of a first-time politician and sometime Republican who has voiced support for Planned Parenthood while vowing to limit America’s military footprint and shred trade deals that the G.O.P. has backed for decades.

Hannity’s critics on the right have accused him of essentially running hourlong daily Trump infomercials. When I asked him about this, Hannity responded with a well-rehearsed litany of sins perpetrated by the Republican establishment in concert with Obama: perilously low labor participation and homeownership rates, soaring national debt, Obamacare and so on. A Clinton presidency, he warned, would be “Obama on steroids.” These were his motivations. “My conscience is clear. And I feel like Donald Trump would be a great president.”

Hannity told me that he had in fact never stayed at a Trump hotel property, played on a Trump golf course or visited Mar-a-Lago. “I have my own place — on the other Florida coast, in Naples,” he said. “I don’t need his place. I always got the sense people were asking him for something. I don’t believe in asking for free stuff.”

Nonetheless, the two men have a mutual affinity that has spanned at least two decades. The MSNBC “Morning Joe” host and former Republican congressman Joe Scarborough theorized to me that their relationship has a psychological underpinning: “Donald Trump, Sean Hannity, Bill O’Reilly all share the same resentment that they will never be accepted into Manhattan’s polite society no matter what they do.” (Trump is from Queens; Hannity and O’Reilly are from Long Island.) Trump, in a recent phone conversation, offered me a somewhat simpler explanation: “Sean likes having me on his show, and that has to do with ratings more than anything else.”

No presidential candidate in history, Hannity told me, understands television better than Trump — “not even close.” On this score, I couldn’t disagree. One evening this past spring, on his plane after a campaign event in Buffalo, Trump told me that at rallies, he always made a point of finding the TV cameras at the back of the media pen and noticing whether a red light was flickering. “That means they’re airing it live,” he explained. “So I make sure to say something new” — by which he meant newsworthy, the better to own the next news cycle.

Trump was a TV star for more than a decade before he became a politician; he watches TV news incessantly and understands the medium intimately. He knows the optimal time slots on the morning shows. He stage-manages the on-set lighting. He is not only on speaking terms with every network chief executive but also knows their booking agents. He monitors the opinions of hosts and regular guests more avidly than most media critics do and works them obsessively, often directly.

Scarborough told me that Trump’s family — particularly Ivanka Trump’s husband, Jared Kushner — sometimes asked him for advice, and more than once “called me and asked me to get him off the ledge. I’ve said, ‘I can do that, but six hours later he’s going to revert to form.’ I told Jared at one point: ‘Jared, your father-in-law listens to me more when I’m attacking him on television than when I’m trying to convince him to be rational for the sake of the party.’ I think he’s a creature of TV.”

TV networks, in the mainstream as well as conservative media, have profited handsomely from Trump’s election-season theatrics, but some of their on-air personalities like Hannity are drawn to him for reasons apart from ratings. The prospect of getting in on the ground floor of a Trump administration that is short on policy ideas and disdainful of old Washington hands amounts to a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. By employing the Breitbart publisher Steve Bannon, and by including both Ingraham and Roger Ailes in his debate preparations, Trump has implicitly encouraged the conservative media to consider itself part of the campaign team.

I asked Hannity if it was true that, as a Trump confidant had told me, he wished to be considered as a potential Trump White House chief of staff. “That’s news to me,” he insisted, adding a politician’s practiced nondenial denial: “I have radio and TV contracts that I will honor through December 2020.” Nonetheless, Hannity’s service to the Trump campaign well exceeds that of ritually bashing Clinton and giving Trump free airtime. He has offered private strategic advice to the campaign. The same Trump confidant told me of at least one instance in which Hannity drafted an unsolicited memo outlining the message Trump should offer after the Orlando nightclub shooting in June. In public, Hannity has made it his mission to warn fellow conservatives — naming names, like the columnist Jonah Goldberg and the National Review editor in chief Rich Lowry — that if they do not soon climb aboard the Trump train they will, as the hashtag threatens, #OwnIt: Clinton’s picks for the Supreme Court, her response to the Islamic State, her trade deals, all of it.

Hannity maintains that his scolding of Trump’s conservative dissenters derives from his fear of a Clinton presidency. “It’d be pretty much over,” he said. Taken alone, George Will or even National Review might have little impact on Trump’s standing in the race, Hannity argued, but “cumulatively they do. I can look at the poll numbers. If you go back to a month ago, he was garnering 73 percent of the Republican vote. The most recent, I think he had 88 percent. He needs to get to 93.” And the key to the last 5 percent might very well lie with the noisy holdouts, like Erick Erickson.

On Sept. 16, Erickson showed up at the National Press Club in Washington to participate in [*a debate*](http://www.redstate.com/) sponsored by the National Religious Broadcasters. Erickson left RedState at the end of last year to concentrate on his radio show and his online opinion journal, The Resurgent, but he has remained influential among conservatives who do not support Trump. In July, when he learned that Ted Cruz was about to have a private meeting with the nominee on the eve of the convention, Erickson texted the senator: “Don’t endorse! Don’t endorse!” Later that evening, Erickson says, Cruz texted back: “Didn’t endorse! Didn’t endorse!” (Cruz finally announced that he would vote for Trump on Sept. 23.)

The subject of the debate, inevitably, was Trump: specifically, whether evangelical Christians should support him. Being a lifelong evangelical himself, Erickson had some thoughts on the matter. Over the years, he had been condemned for his own offensive words, like the time he called the Texas gubernatorial candidate Wendy Davis “Abortion Barbie.” But he had recently apologized for many (though not all) of these statements and had called upon Trump to affect a similar posture of Christian humility. “1 Corinthians is very explicit,” he told me. “If someone holds one’s self out to be a Christian and doesn’t behave that way, Christians are supposed to judge him. This is a guy who’s bragged about his affairs.”

This was Erickson’s principal argument during the debate. Trump was not merely a sinner, he said, but a gleefully unrepentant one. Erickson’s debate opponent, the Christian talk-show host and fervent Trump supporter Janet Parshall, responded by reciting a litany of sinners in chief — from Thomas Jefferson with the out-of-wedlock child he fathered with a slave, to Warren G. Harding with his multiple liaisons, to Richard Nixon with his foul language memorialized on the White House tapes. “We are not electing a messiah,” Parshall said. “Last time I checked, he was appointed to office and he is not term-limited.”

Erickson’s debating partner, the conservative activist Bill Wichterman, argued that Trump appealed to the worst in America: His bullying, his lying and his bigotry were “corrosive to our national character.” Erickson could testify to this. At one point, he was receiving as many as 300 emails a day from Trump supporters. Some of them referred to him as a “cuck” or “cuck-servative.” The word — a masculinity-insulting derivative of “cuckold” — was new to Erickson, as were its originators in the white-nationalist alt-right.

More than one of the emails predicted that Erickson would be shot to death. At the local grocery store, a man walked up to Erickson’s two young children “and told them they needed to know their father was destroying this country by supporting Hillary Clinton,” Erickson told me. And one evening, two people showed up on the Ericksons’ doorstep to deliver a threat — Erickson would not tell me what it was — explicit enough that he later hired security guards. “I’ve never had Obama or Romney or McCain or Clinton supporters come to my home or send me nasty letters,” he said.

Did Trump beget all of this? If so, what begot Trump? Erickson argued that the fault lay with Beltway Republicans. “They’ve broken so many promises,” he said. “They promised to defund the president’s immigration plan. They promised to defund Obamacare. They promised to fight the president on raising the debt limit. At some point, the base of the party just wants to burn the house down and start over.”

But even Erickson did not seem convinced that this alone explained what he saw as a nihilistic turn among Republican voters. “I do think there are a lot of people that have just concluded that this is it — that if we don’t get the election right, the country’s over,” he said. As to where they might have gotten that idea, Erickson knew the answer. It was the apocalyptic hymn sung by talk-radio hosts like his friend and mentor Rush Limbaugh, whose show Erickson once guest-hosted, though in the time of Trump, it seemed unlikely he would receive another invitation.

This February, Limbaugh, who has applauded Trump without endorsing him outright, posed to Erickson the question of whether a commentator should try to act as “the guardian of what it means to be a conservative.” In effect, the legend of talk radio was laying down an unwritten commandment of the trade, which applies as well to cable TV: Do not attempt to lead your following.

This was simple enough for an avowed Trump supporter like Ingraham. “Laura’s never missed an opportunity to build her career on the backs of others,” Erickson told me. He counted Hannity as another mentor and admired his entrepreneurial cunning, saying: “Sean reflects his audience. He’s not going to leave his audience.” On his own radio show, Erickson found that the more he denounced Trump, the more female listeners he picked up. But most of the 300,000 people who tuned in weekly during rush hour were men. While Erickson refused to abandon his principles, he did not wish to go broke, either.

On Sept. 20, Erickson wrote a long post for The Resurgent titled “Reconsidering My Opposition to Donald Trump.” He made no effort to disguise his moroseness. “I see the election of Hillary Clinton as the antithesis of all my values and ideas on what fosters sound civil society in this country,” he wrote, and described his manifold objections to her at great length. But, he went on, “I have to admit that while I may view Hillary Clinton’s campaign as anti-American, I view Donald Trump’s campaign as un-American. ... While I see Clinton as having no virtue, I see Donald Trump corrupting the virtuous and fostering hatred, racism and dangerous strains of nationalism.” The election left him adrift. “I am without a candidate. I just cannot vote for either one.”

And so Erickson’s conscience led him back to where he was 13 months ago. Nowadays, he told me, he was doing all he could to avoid discussing Trump and the election altogether — a tall order for a talk-radio host. Responding to my look of bewilderment, he said, “Why dwell on the train wreck?”

Erickson believed he was not alone. “People know where we’re headed, don’t like where we’re headed and would rather talk about something else,” he said. Erickson had won many fights. This one was the biggest yet, and he had lost. There was nothing left to do but step back from his megaphone, dwell on happier matters and wait for the next righteous cause.

Robert Draper is a writer at large. He last wrote about whether Republican candidates could survive Donald Trump’s presidential campaign.

PHOTOS: PHOTOS (PHOTOGRAPHS BY FOX NEWS FROM YOUTUBE; CNN FROM YOUTUBE; GETTY IMAGES; GAGE SKIDMORE) (MM36-MM37); Erick Erickson in a studio at WSB in Atlanta. (MM39); Ann Coulter at the Metropolitan Republican Club in New York. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY GILLIAN LAUB) (MM40)

**Load-Date:** February 17, 2021

**End of Document**



[***COVER STORY;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3VVJ-G3G0-007F-G07T-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Net Gain: A Film Rewards Perseverance***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3VVJ-G3G0-007F-G07T-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

February 21, 1999, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1999 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Television

**Section:** Section 13; ; Section 13; Page 4; Column 1; Television ; Column 1;

**Length:** 1123 words

**Byline:** By ANDY MEISLER

By ANDY MEISLER

**Body**

In the early 1970's Harold Sylvester was a former college basketball star and a member of Free Southern Theater, an itinerant group of black actors who performed in plays championing civil rights in cities and towns throughout the Deep South. After several seasons of this kind of agitprop, including some terrifying experiences with armed Ku Klux Klan "escorts," Mr. Sylvester began to re-evaluate his mission in life.

"We hadn't really discussed this in the group," said Mr. Sylvester, now 50, "but my thought was we needed a broader arena for the dissemination of the same messages. I decided that there had to be a way to be true to the cause and to reality and still be entertaining."

The accuracy of his assessment can be measured in large part by the long history of "Passing Glory," a made-for-cable movie that has its premiere on TNT tonight at 10, starring Andre Braugher, who won an Emmy Award for his work on NBC's "Homicide."

"Passing Glory" began as an autobiographical screenplay that Mr. Sylvester developed over more than two decades. Its completion indicates just how much reality, and how much of the old political activism, has been able to make it through the Hollywood system. The film's evolution is also a tale of talent and determination, of the film industry's quixotic development process, and of quintessential outsiders becoming, at least for a crucial moment or two, well-placed insiders.

This tense but ultimately uplifting drama is centered on the coming of age of Travis Porter (played by Sean Squires), a black senior at a Catholic high school in New Orleans in 1965. Travis is the star of the school's basketball team, the St. Augustine Purple Knights. The team is undefeated but ultimately untested because segregation prevents it from playing against the champion white team from Jesuit High School.

This is where things remain until an activist priest, the Rev. Joseph Verrett (Mr. Braugher), arrives at St. Augustine. Father Verrett agrees to coach the squad when a white coach moves on to a better-paying job; he nudges the high school's cautious white principal, the Rev. Robert Grant (Rip Torn), into pushing harder for a match against Jesuit High.

Ultimately the game takes place after Travis travels crosstown, into dangerous territory, to issue a personal challenge to the captain of the white champions. After various racist threats, political discussions and individual confrontations, the match is held in a closed gymnasium and comes down to one last shot by a St. Augustine player in the final seconds.

Many of these events are wholly or partly fictional, though the two priests, the high schools and the fateful game were real.

"You know, I don't think Hollywood is in the business of making documentaries," explains Mr. Sylvester, seated in the guest house-office of his comfortable home in North Hollywood, the finest one in his suburban middle-class neighborhood. He adds: "I think we all have to realize that even when we see historical dramas that there are certain dramatic marks that have to be hit that are contrary to what really happened."

But he readily tells what really happened. The son of a hard-working barber and cleaning woman (who later became a medical technician), he was born and reared in the Calliope housing project in New Orleans. Even at a young age, he said, he realized that there was a basic difference between the world's low perception of ***working-class*** black people and his own experience.

"Out of my graduating class in high school four boys were accepted at Harvard," he said. "One of them was my next-door neighbor."

In his sophomore year at St. Augustine, Mr. Sylvester, who reached his current height, 6 foot 5, at 13, was a rookie member of the basketball team that played Jesuit High in the history-making game. It came about primarily because of political and legal pressure applied by Father Grant and Father Verrett in tandem. The final result: St. Augustine defeated its all-white opponent by 22 points.

"There's no way," said Mr. Sylvester with a wry smile, "to dramatize a 22-point victory."

Several years later Mr. Sylvester won an athletic scholarship to Tulane University, thus integrating its previously all-white basketball team. After graduating with a degree in psychology and theater and finishing his stint with Free Southern Theater, he moved to Los Angeles.

He was signed to a contract by Universal Pictures, becoming one of the last beneficiaries of the old-fashioned studio system. In 1975, he said proudly, he turned down the lead role in the antebellum sexploitation film "Mandingo" -- with the support of his white agents, he adds -- and went on to roles in films like "An Officer and a Gentleman" and "Corrina, Corrina," guest appearances on series like "Hunter" and "N.Y.P.D. Blue" and a regular role in the hit sitcom "Married . . . With Children."

Mr. Sylvester began making notes about his high school experience in the mid-1970's. In 1990 he formed a company with several former Tulane teammates and his brother David, a Washington lawyer, to find a writer to do his story justice. That writer turned out to be Mr. Sylvester. In 1992 the story was sold to Touchstone Pictures, a division of Disney. The studio commissioned a script from him, then sent it to the writer and director John Sayles for a rewrite.

"That's when I first heard about it," said Mr. Braugher. "It sounded quite interesting. But then it seemed to go away. I thought the project had died."

Touchstone had placed the project "in turnaround," which in the film industry usually translates to "into oblivion." A production company run by the musician and producer Quincy Jones had also been involved, and last year it was picked up as the first project of a new production company started by the former pro basketball star Earvin (Magic) Johnson.

"This was just the kind of story we were looking for," Mr. Johnson said. The movie was quickly sold to TNT, cast and assigned to the director Steve James, best known for his 1994 documentary, "Hoop Dreams."

In the meantime Mr. Sylvester, who has been married for 29 years and has two grown children, received several more film writing assignments, primarily for movies with minority and sports themes. It takes some of the sting away, he said, from his most recent acting job, on the WB sitcom "The Army Show," which was canceled after bad reviews and worse ratings.

"Listen," he said. "I started out as a very political person. I came to Hollywood, hit that political wall for a while and started to think this is pointless. Then I discovered that the choices you make, the things you do, can be political choices. You can have an impact. And you know what? There is absolutely nothing I am ashamed of, from beginning to end."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Far left: Harold Sylvester, center, on the set of "Passing Glory," a film inspired by a pivotal basketball game he recalled from his youth. Above left, Ruby Dee, left, and Angela Mills in a scene from the film. Above, Anderson Bourell, left, and Sean Squire, who play members of the opposing basketball teams. Left, the film's central players: Rip Torn, far left, and Andre Braugher. (Photographs by Erik Heinila/TBS)(pg. 4); Andre Braugher, left, as the Rev. Joseph Verrett, in a scene from "Passing Glory," tonight on TNT. (Erik Heinila/TBS)(pg. 30); Earvin (Magic) Johnson, an executive producer of "Passing Glory," with Sean Squires, who plays Travis Porter, a high school student, in the film. (Mark Hill/TBS)(pg. 44)

**Load-Date:** February 21, 1999

**End of Document**



[***COURT RULING SPURS HOMOSEXUALS' ANTIDISCRIMINATION EFFORT***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-HK00-0008-N06K-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 2, 1984, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1984 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 1; Part 1; Page 26, Column 1; National Desk

**Length:** 1231 words

**Body**

Civil rights activists seeking laws to forbid discrimination against homosexuals say that a high court's upholding of the Navy's discharge of a homosexual was a setback, but one that would give them added motivation to work harder for their goals.

The enactment of antidiscrimination measures by municipalities and states flagged after the election of President Reagan in 1980 signaled a conservative groundswell, but homosexual rights activists cite a number of state and municipal victories in the past couple of years as indicating renewed strength.

A three-judge panel of the United States Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia, ruling Aug. 17, upheld the Navy's discharge of a petty officer because he had had sexual relations with another man.

''Private, consensual homosexual conduct is not constitutionally protected,'' Judge Robert H. Bork wrote. A change in what the judge perceived as societal condemnation of homosexuality would have to come ''through the moral choices of the people and their elected representatives,'' he said, not through judicial command.

Civil rights activists seeking laws to forbid discrimination against homosexuals say that United States Appeals Court decision upholding Navy's discharge of homosexual was setback, but one that would give them added motivation to work harder for their goals (M)Laws in 56 Places

Virginia Apuzzo, executive director of the National Gay Task Force, suggested that homosexual activists were likely to take up Judge Bork's virtual invitation to increase pressure on state and local governments.

''Every time we've encountered a setback such as this,'' she said, ''it's motivated us to work even harder.'' Her organization counts 56 cities, counties or states that now have laws or executive orders prohibiting at least some forms of discrimination against homosexuals.

Leaders of the rights movement count five legislative victories so far this year, on top of four last year and five in 1982.

Stressing the relative youth of the homosexual rights movement, which is widely considered to have been born in 1969, Thomas B. Stoddard, legislative director of the New York Civil Liberties Union who is co-author of a book on the civil rights of homosexuals, called the progress ''nothing short of a miracle.''

Mayors' Group Urges Action

An important recent success was the United States Conference of Mayors' approval of a resolution recommending that ''all levels of government adopt legal protections for the rights of gay and lesbian Americans.''

By passing that resolution in June, the mayors enabled homosexual organizations to ''raise the issue in city after city,'' Miss Apuzzo of the National Gay Task Force said. ''We have raised the dialogue; now we will have the local organizations bring it to the political representatives and their constituents.''

Mayor Arthur J. Holland of Trenton, one of the sponsors of the measure, said: ''Gays and lesbians are human beings, too. Average gays and lesbians are so inclined by their nature and just want what every other person wants.''

But what success there has been in gaining such legislation is not unalloyed. Many of the laws apply only to public employment, and many lack enforcement provisions. And, more importantly, lawmakers may not have the final word.

Big Setback in California

As in the watershed 1977 referendum in Dade County, Fla., where Anita Bryant and antihomosexual organizations achieved the repeal of a rights ordinance, laws recently approved in Houston and Montgomery County, Md., face possible challenges this fall at the ballot box.

The homosexual rights movement suffered a significant loss in California in March, when Gov. George Deukmejian vetoed a statewide measure outlawing job discrimination.

''A person's sexual orientation should not be a basis for the establishment of a special protected class of individuals,'' Mr. Deukmejian said, ''especially in the absence of a compelling showing of need.''

''The proponents have been unable to provide compelling evidence that there is, in fact, widespread employment discrimination based upon sexual orientation,'' he concluded.

Moral Majority Opposition

Conservative Christian organizations are often a strong voice against the passage of measures that specifically mention sexual orientation or homosexuality.

''Homosexuals deserve protection under the law just like any other person,'' said Stephen Heuston, a legislative assistant with Moral Majority in Washington. ''Homosexuality is not a special class. Homosexuality, unlike race and unlike gender, is a choice.''

Similarly, opponents of the Houston measure ran a full-page advertisement in The Houston Chronicle that said: ''The other guarantees in the ordinance forbid discrimination on the basis of race, color, religion, age, disability, sex and national origin. They are acts of God. Homosexuality is a conscious selection of a lifestyle that deviates from the social norm. Should such a deliberate selection be lumped together with acts of God?''

Many homosexual activists, however, with the support of many psychologists, dispute these opponents' assertion: Homosexuality is not a matter of choice, they say, but part of an individual's basic makeup that is determined at an early age.

Mondale Supports Amendment

Activists hope, Miss Apuzzo said, that work on the local level will build a ''groundswell'' toward getting Congress to add sexual orientation to the protected classes of race, religion and sex in the 1964 Civil Rights Act.

An attempt to so amend the act has languished since 1975 in the House of Representatives, with 79 legislators currently signed on as co-sponsors. In the Senate, a similiar version has nine co-sponsors.

''It's not how many we need, but who we need,'' said Vickey I. Monrean, executive director of the Gay Rights National Lobby. Backers must find a ''cross section of political support'' before they can hope to move the bill forward.

President Reagan, asked at a news conference June 14 if he supported the amendment, said, ''Well, I just have to say that I am opposed to discrimination, period.'' Pressed further, the President said he wanted to ''see what else they have in there.''

Walter F. Mondale, his Democratic opponent, has said he supports the legislation.

Broad Measure in Wisconsin

The rights advocates' first statewide victory came in 1982, when Wisconsin approved a comprehensive law forbidding discrimination against homosexuals in employment, public accommodations, housing, education, real estate practices, credit and union practices.

Illinois and Michigan prohibit discrimination in public housing, and in California, New York, Ohio and Pennsylvania executive orders ban some forms of discrimination.

On the municipal level, some cities with ***working-class***, conservative reputations, including Detroit and Columbus, Ohio, approved ordinances as early as 1979. In New York City, however, with probably the most homosexuals in the country, proponents of a rights ordinance have failed each year since 1975.

Elsewhere in New York, the cities of Buffalo, Rochester, Ithaca, Troy and Alfred have laws protecting the rights of homosexuals. In Connecticut, where a statewide measure has failed several times, a Hartford ordinance prohibits employment discrimination against homosexuals. No municipalities in New Jersey have such ordinances, though an antidiscrimination bill is pending in the State Assembly.

**End of Document**



[***THE DEMOCRATS IN SAN FRANCISCO;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-J370-0008-N551-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***A GUIDE TO SOME FACES AT THE ROSTRUM - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-J370-0008-N551-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

**Correction Appended**



Copyright 1984 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Page 14, Column 1; National Desk

**Length:** 1143 words

**Body**

Dorothy V. Bush

Secretary of Democratic National Committee since 1944 . . . born in Baldwyn, Miss., the daughter of a postmaster, on Dec. 8, 1916 . . . graduated in 1937 from Mississippi State College for Women with a degree in secretarial studies . . . elected national committeewoman of the Alabama Young Democrats in 1941 and vice president of the Young Democratic Clubs of America in 1944 . . . at 27, appointed secretary of the Democratic National Committee, the first woman to be an officer of either major party . . . ''I was born a Democrat and I've been interested in politics since I could talk,'' she said . . . in 1944, called the roll of delegates at the convention in Chicago that renominated Franklin D. Roosevelt . . . this week in San Francisco, is to call the roll for the 11th time . . . between conventions she is responsible for arranging meetings of the national and executive committees and for keeping party records . . . serves without pay . . . was married to Peter Vredenburgh 3d, a wealthy Alabama lumberman, who died in 1956 . . . in 1962, she married John W. Bush, then a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission . . . divides her time between the national committee office in Washington and her home in Naples, Fla. Richard J. Alatorre Chairman of convention's credentials committee . . . serving sixth term as California Assemblyman from a Los Angeles district . . . considered a forthright, direct, aggressive liberal . . . born May 15, 1943, in east Los Angeles . . . graduated from California State University in 1965 with sociology degree, later got master's in public administration at University of Southern California . . . taught political science at state universities before entering politics . . . active in Hispanic-American politics . . . allies include Speaker Willie Brown of the State Assembly and Cesar Chavez, labor activist . . . in 1981, headed committee on reapportionment of Congressional and legislative districts . . . has tough political style praised as effective leadership by supporters, called unpredictable and tenacious by critics . . . earned reputation as effective moderator between political system and special interest groups . . . his wife, Sharrell, is chief of state adoptions office . . . two sons.

Charles T. Manatt

Chairman of the Democratic National Committee since February 1981, succeeding John C. White of Texas . . . born in Chicago, the son of a farmer, on June 9, 1936 . . . reared in Audubon, Iowa, population 3,000 . . . graduated from Iowa State University in 1958 with a bachelor of science degree in agriculture . . . worked his way through law school, first at the University of Iowa and later at George Washington University in Washington, D.C. . . . in law school, worked as executive secretary of the Young Democrats for the Democratic National Committee . . . has wanted to lead the Democrats since early 1960's . . . chairman, California Democratic Committee, 1971-73 and 1975-77 . . . member of Democratic executive committee since 1976 . . . senior partner in Los Angeles law firm of Manatt, Phelps, Rothenberg & Tunney, whose partners include former Senator John V. Tunney . . . chairman of the board of the First Los Angeles Bank . . . a self-made multimillionaire, owns 2,500 acres of Iowa farmland . . . . married childhood sweetheart, Kathleen Klinkefus, while both were at Iowa State . . . three children.

Julian C. Dixon

First black to chair the rules committee at a Democratic National Convention . . . member of Congress since 1979, representing racially mixed, middle-class section of southwestern Los Angeles . . . chairman of the 21-member Congressional Black Caucus . . . is chairman of Appropriations subcommittee on District of Columbia . . . solidly liberal . . . outspoken critic of Reagan Administration's civil rights and budget policies . . . active in matters affecting Africa and the Caribbean . . . hard worker who is considered politically shrewd, pragmatic, good at reconciliation . . . neutral in primary season but longtime supporter of Walter F. Mondale . . . keeps political fences well-mended in home district and has yet to face serious re-election opposition . . . 49 years old . . . born in Washington, D.C., but grew up in California . . . holds political science degree from California State University, law degree from Southwestern College of Law . . . spent three years in Army, six years in California Assembly . . . married to the former Betty Lee of Los Angeles . . . one son.

Thomas P. O'Neill Jr.

Honorary convention chairman and party's leading spokesman by virtue of being Speaker of the House of Representatives . . . member of Congress since 1952, representing Massachusetts' Eighth District, a mixture of Boston area neighbohoods of universities, historic sites, ***working-class*** ethnic communities and Yankee blue bloods . . . classic liberal Democrat with deep-seated belief that government's role is to help the needy . . . Congressional detractors say that at age of 71 he is out of touch, but he has confounded them time and again with his ability to grasp new ideas, to strike compromises and to retain the reins of power . . . has been outspoken, sometimes bitter critic of much of what President Reagan has proposed, often serving as point man for the Democratic Party, yet has generally given Republican initiatives a fair hearing . . . has indicated he might leave Congress if he could become Ambassador to his ancestral land, Ireland . . . went to Washington after career in insurance and 16 years in the Massachusetts House of Representatives, where he was Speaker from 1948 to 1952 . . . born in Cambridge . . . holds A.B. from Boston College . . . married to the former Mildred Anne Miller . . . two daughters, three sons.

Martha Layne Collins

Will preside over the Democratic National Convention . . . the only current Governor who is a woman, she was elected Kentucky's executive last November . . . born Dec. 7, 1936, in Baghdad, Ky., population 250, where her father was a funeral director . . . graduated in 1959 from the University of Kentucky, where she was the first Kentucky Derby Queen . . . a teacher for 12 years before getting involved in politics in the 1971 gubernatorial campaign of Wendell H. Ford . . . won her first statewide office in 1975 when she was elected clerk of the Court of Appeals . . . four years later she was elected Lieutenant Governor by more than 200,000 votes over her Republican rival . . . defeated Jim Bunning, a former big- league pitcher, for the governorship . . . an ebullient public speaker who seems somewhat shy and low-key in private . . . supports proposed equal rights amemdment but, because of her religious beliefs as a Baptist, opposes abortion and is annoyed when the two issues are linked . . . her husband, Bill, is a dentist . . . one son, one daughter.

**Correction**

Brief profiles of Gov. Martha Layne Collins of Kentucky on June 30 and July 16 misidentified her birthplace. It is Bagdad, Ky.  
**Correction-Date:** September 7, 1984, Friday, Late City Final Edition

**Graphic**

photos of Dorothy V. Bush, Richard J. Alatorre, Charles T. Manatt, Julian C. Dixon, Thomas P. O'Neill Jr. and Martha Layne Collins

**End of Document**



[***Tharp and Dylan, Knockin' on the Circus Door***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4M6P-S4X0-TW8F-G38C-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 27, 2006 Friday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2006 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section E; PT1; Column 2; Movies, Performing Arts/Weekend Desk; Pg. 1; THEATER REVIEW

**Length:** 1613 words

**Byline:** By BEN BRANTLEY

**Body**

And now for the latest heart-rending episode in Broadway's own reality soap opera, ''When Bad Shows Happen to Great Songwriters.''

If you happen to be among the masochists who make a habit of attending the entertainments called jukebox musicals, in which pop hits are beaten up by singing robots, you may think you've seen it all: the neutering of Brian Wilson and the Beach Boys in ''Good Vibrations,'' the canonizing (and shrinking) of John Lennon as a misunderstood angel-child in ''Lennon,'' and the forcible transformation of Johnny Cash from Man in Black to Sunshine Cowboy in ''Ring of Fire.''

But even these spectacles of torture with a smile, frightening though they may be, are but bagatelles compared with the systematic steamrolling of Bob Dylan that occurs in ''The Times They Are A-Changin','' which opened last night at the Brooks Atkinson Theater.

Mr. Dylan's songs have been entrusted to the great choreographer Twyla Tharp, the woman who gloriously redeemed the jukebox genre with ''Movin' Out,'' a narrative ballet set to songs by Billy Joel. Ms. Tharp is one of the bona fide, boundary-stretching geniuses of modern dance. And when a genius goes down in flames, everybody feels the burn.

Using little more than the bodies of her dancers to tell a decade-spanning story of an American ***working-class*** generation, Ms. Tharp found unexpected depths in Mr. Joel's music. Using a whole lot more scenery, props and special effects to create a circus-themed allegory of fathers and sons, Ms. Tharp single-handedly drags Mr. Dylan into the shallows.

Among epochal popular music artists of the last 50 years, no one has matched Mr. Dylan in combining a distinctive, easily identified style with an evasiveness that defies pigeonholes. Folkie, protest singer, rock'n'roller, gospel spiritualist, symbolist poet: Mr. Dylan has invited and rejected each of these labels, wriggling out of them with Houdini-like slipperiness to reinvent himself anew.

His very style of singing -- casual, almost throwaway, yet achingly intense -- provides a remarkably complete defense system against those who would parse his lyrics into one core of meaning or belief. Divorce his words from his melodies, and pretension and preciousness rear their self-conscious heads. Most of Mr. Dylan's best songs, even his full-throttle anthems of rebellion and hedonism, tingle with ambivalence, mystery and a knowing sense of the surrealism of so-called reality.

A surrealist approach would certainly seem to have been Ms. Tharp's idea for ''The Times,'' first staged at the Old Globe Theater in San Diego last winter and extensively revised since. This songbook-driven tale of Oedipal conflict is set in a traveling circus, the sinister, down-at-heel American variety portrayed in films from the 1930's and 40's like ''Freaks'' and ''Nightmare Alley.'' But with her top-drawer design team, led by Santo Loquasto (sets and costumes) and Donald Holder (lighting), Ms. Tharp pushes the atmosphere into the phantasmagorical luridness of Fellini, with a splash of Bergmanesque darkness for shivery spice.

Sounds tantalizing, huh? The program indicates that the setting is ''Sometime between awake and asleep,'' and if Ms. Tharp had seen fit simply to keep us wandering through a shifting dreamscape, set to Mr. Dylan's music, ''The Times'' might have passed muster as a really cool head trip for unregenerate hippies in search of natural highs. This would also have allowed each Dylan fan to bring his or her own interpretation to the murky goings-on, no doubt inspiring heated postperformance debates. (''No, man, don't you see, what the little dog stands for is purity!'')

But Ms. Tharp is a precisionist in all things, and she brings to her storytelling the same exacting discipline that informs her choreography. Metaphoric images, which float miragelike when heard in song, are nailed down with literal visual equivalents. And highlights of the Dylan repertory (from ''Mr. Tambourine Man'' to ''Knockin' on Heaven's Door'') take the place of plot-propelling dialogue.

In a show like ''Mamma Mia!'' (the Abba musical) this device can be kind of a hoot. But as you might expect of Ms. Tharp, this lady's not for hooting.

The story -- or fable, as Ms. Tharp prefers to call it -- is about a creepy tyrant named Captain Ahrab (Thom Sesma, who does indeed suggest Melville by way of Tim Burton) who rules over his traveling circus with a bullwhip. His employees include a whole passel of clowns, a lovely female runaway named Cleo (Lisa Brescia) and Ahrab's son, Coyote (Michael Arden), who has the clean-scrubbed look of a sensitive high school sports star.

Will the idealistic Coyote take up his father's whip to exploit the leadership-hungry clowns? Will he steal Cleo from Dad? Will he create a more benign world order? Hint: The show begins with Coyote looking soulfully into the audience to intone, with ominousness and dewy hope, ''The Times They Are A-Changin'.''

The three principals share most of the major singing, through which we learn of both father's and son's feelings for Cleo (via a duet version of ''Just Like a Woman'') and of Cleo's lonely wistfulness (''Don't Think Twice, It's All Right'').

Ahrab's cynical huckster's world view is conveyed by his growling through numbers like ''Desolation Row'' and ''Highway 61 Revisited.''

In contrast, Coyote wonders ''how many roads must a man walk down, before you call him a man,'' and Cleo senses a kindred spirit in the lad. Coyote is soon shyly proposing to Cleo that she ''lay, lady, lay, lay across my big brass bed.'' (That I stifled a groan at this point should be honored as an act of heroic restraint.) In the meantime, the clowns are growing restless and rebel against their cruel master, who is destined to find himself ''knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door.''

Are you still with me, brave reader? Ms. Tharp turns lyrics' metaphors not only into flesh but also into flashlights, jump-ropes, stuffed animals and new brooms that sweep clean. (If there was a kitchen sink onstage, I missed it, which isn't to say it wasn't there.) Props rule in this magic kingdom, along with charadelike annotations of images.

Just mention, say, Cinderella in ''Desolation Row,'' and there she is, center stage. When the same song refers to Dr. Filth, there he is performing surgery (on a truly amazing contortionist who provides the show with its single most disturbing image).

When Ahrab breaks his son's jeweled Cubist guitar, which he has been playing so spiritedly for ''Like a Rolling Stone,'' the mournful Cleo freezes the moment by singing ''Everything Is Broken.'' And as hedonism acquires mortal shadows in ''Mr. Tambourine Man,'' who should show up but a group of black-hooded dancers straight out of Ingmar Bergman's ''Seventh Seal.''

Of the three soloists, Mr. Arden comes closest to finding a compromise between Dylanesque twang and hearty melodiousness. But all the leading players suffer from being stranded between character and allegory. (I kept thinking of the woman in Christopher Durang's parody of Sam Shepard who looked proudly at her son and said, ''I gave birth to a symbol -- and me with no college education.'')

Perversely, the songs seem to become more abstract -- and more fixed in their metaphysical meanings -- from being linked with individual characters. The orchestrations (by Michael Dansicker and Mr. Dylan) are often evocative of the original Dylan recordings, but I will say that this is the first time that it ever occurred to me that ''Rainy Day Women No. 12 and 35'' could sound, in an instrumental bridge, like ''The Trolley Song.''

The corps de clowns includes the extraordinary John Selya, who dazzled in ''Movin' Out,'' as the circus strongman and leader of the clown rebellion. But while Mr. Selya looks as buff and agile as ever, he doesn't get much chance to strut his kinetic stuff. There are a few glorious passages of Ms. Tharp's signature, tight-muscled choreography, in which angular body tension becomes its own philosophical statement, an expression of raw existential frustration.

Mostly, though, Ms. Tharp concentrates on stylish variations on circus stunts -- including stilt walking, tumbling and tightrope walking -- some of them truly jaw-dropping. A trampolinelike surface has been built into the stage, allowing the dancers to appear to levitate.

But if the choreography at times defies gravity, the show itself may be the most earthbound work Ms. Tharp has produced. Even as the dancers seem to fly, Mr. Dylan's lyrics are hammered, one by one, into the ground.

The Times They Are A-Changin'

Conceived by Twyla Tharp; music and lyrics by Bob Dylan; directed and choreographed by Ms. Tharp; music arranged, adapted and supervised by Michael Dansicker; sets and costumes by Santo Loquasto; lighting by Donald Holder; sound by Peter Hylenski; orchestrations by Mr. Dansicker and Mr. Dylan; music director, Henry Aronson; music coordinator, Howard Joines; technical supervisor, Smitty; production stage manager, Arthur Gaffin; associate producers, Jesse Huot, Ginger Montel and Rhoda Mayerson; general manager, the Charlotte Wilcox Company. Presented by James L. Nederlander; Hal Luftig and Warren Trepp; Debra Black; East of Doheny; Rick Steiner/Mayerson Bell Staton Group; Terry Allen Kramer; Patrick Catullo; and Jon B. Platt and Roland Sturm. At the Brooks Atkinson Theater, 256 West 47th Street; (212) 307-4100. Running time: 1 hour, 30 minutes.

WITH: Michael Arden (Coyote), Thom Sesma (Captain Ahrab), Lisa Brescia (Cleo) and Lisa Gajda, Neil Haskell, Jason McDole, Charlie Neshyba-Hodges, Jonathan Nosan, John Selya and Ron Todorowski (the Ensemble).

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

**Graphic**

Photos: The Times They Are A-Changin' -- Michael Arden as the son of a creepy ringmaster in the Twyla Tharp musical with music by Bob Dylan at the Brooks Atkinson Theater. (Photo by Sara Krulwich/The New York Times)(pg. E1)

Going to the carnival: Thom Sesma, center, as the tyrannical Captain Ahrab in ''The Times They Are A-Changin' '' at the Brooks Atkinson. (Photo by Sara Krulwich/The New York Times)(pg. E2)

**Load-Date:** October 27, 2006

**End of Document**



[***Man Released In Killing of 2 In Brooklyn***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-VCV0-0024-J3GB-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 16, 1993, Tuesday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1993 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk

**Section:** Section B;; Section B; Page 1; Column 5; Metropolitan Desk; Column 5;

**Length:** 1021 words

**Byline:** By CHARISSE JONES

By CHARISSE JONES

**Body**

A Brooklyn sugar-refinery worker who shot and killed two men he said were robbing him at gunpoint was allowed to walk out of a courtroom yesterday, released without bail and facing only weapons charges.

The man, Arthur Boone, 41, was arraigned in Brooklyn Criminal Court on charges of criminal possession of a weapon in the second and third degrees one day after he shot to death two men he said were trying to rob him a block from his Bedford-Stuyvesant apartment. The gun he used was unlicensed, the police said.

Though an assistant district attorney, Joseph Calabrese, asked that bail be set at $2,500, Judge Marsha Steinhardt sided with the defense, who argued that no bail was necessary since Mr. Boone has strong roots in the community. He was released on his own recognizance and another court date was set, for Nov. 29. Mr. Boone did not enter a plea during the proceeding.

Went to Buy Cigarettes

The shootings occurred shortly before 3 A.M. on Sunday. Mr. Boone told the police that he had gone to the Boyland Food Center at 373 Marion Street to buy a pack of cigarettes, when he was approached by two young men. One held a pearl-handled pistol to Mr. Boone's head as another reached for his wallet. Mr. Boone said he then pulled a .44-caliber handgun from his jacket and shot both men.

One of them, Mettaz Pell, 19, died on the spot, while the other, Carl James, 15, died shortly afterward at Kings County Hospital, the police said. Law-enforcement officials said Mr. Pell had been arrested at least two times before, on charges of disorderly conduct.

The gun with which they threatened Mr. Boone turned out to be a pellet gun, the police said.

Goetz Case Recalled

Mr. Boone's case reminded many in the city of the case of Bernhard H. Goetz, who shot four teen-agers on a subway train in 1984. He was charged with three counts of weapons possession for the shootings, but a Manhattan grand jury refused to indict him for attempted murder or other criminal charges.

Unlike Mr. Boone, Mr. Goetz was not threatened with a gun. But he said he feared for his life, and Mr. Goetz -- like Mr. Boone -- had been attacked before.

Patrick Clark, a spokesman for the Brooklyn District Attorney's office, said Mr. Boone was not charged with more serious crimes like murder or assault because officials had not received any information to contradict Mr. Boone's account. He added, however, that a grand jury investigation would take place and would include an examination of ballistics evidence as well as a search for witnesses to corroborate Mr. Boone's story.

Another law-enforcement official, who spoke on condition of anonymity, said that if Mr. Boone's account was determined to be true, the shootings would most likely be considered justified under New York State law. "He's entitled to defend himself from what he, as a reasonable man, believed would happen," the official said. "Somebody was going to shoot him."

Mr. Boone refused to talk to reporters following his arraignment and was quickly ushered out of the courtroom by relatives.

'Would Be Ready'

But neighbors and co-workers described Mr. Boone as a quiet, hard-working man who was quick to grant a favor or offer advice to someone in need. He once drove a laundry truck but was hired 13 years ago by the Domino Sugar Refinery in Williamsburg in Brooklyn, they said. Many of his colleagues there said they were unaware that he carried a gun.

But Joseph Moses, 60, said he had a hint. "He told me he had been robbed twice before," said Mr. Moses, a co-worker. "He said that the next time he would be ready. I don't blame him. I'd be ready too."

On the street where Mr. Boone lived, there were two opinions about the shootings that occurred there on Sunday. One came from a group of boys who knew the young men Mr. Boone killed. They insisted that he did not have to shoot them both and that he deserved more punishment than what the law seemed willing to give.

"Those were my friends that got killed," said Jeffrey Works, 20, as he stood with a group of men in front of the store where the shootings occurred. "He murdered two people in cold blood. He should be charged with murder."

Another opinion was far more widespread, repeated again and again on the stoops and steps of the row houses that line the ***working-class*** street. Mr. Boone was right to do what he did, residents said. And if they had been in his shoes, they would have done the same.

"Those little punks got what they deserved," said Ellis Lowry, who said he has lived in the neighborhood for 30 years and has watched it deteriorate before his eyes. "I'd have done the same thing. I work all damn week and you want to take my money? I would have done the same thing."

A father of four who would not give his name said: "I'm sad these kids are dead, but he's supposed to protect himself. I can't afford to have one of these hoodlums come along and take my money. I'm a law-abiding citizen, but I'm considering getting a gun."

Shootings are common in the area, he said. There have been several in front of the store, at a park across the street, in a vacant lot on the corner.

Mixed Emotions

His wife sat beside him on the steps of their building and struggled with mixed emotions. "I grew up here," she said of the block. "Now that the element has changed, I want to move. But I don't want to be chased out of my own home."

Still, her husband said, "I'd rather move out than be carried out."

During the course of the day, reporters stood in front of the three-story building where Mr. Boone lives, waiting for him to return home. Neighbors said the television news trucks and photographers provided a road map to where he lived, and they were concerned. They feared that because Mr. Boone had fought back, he might now be in more danger than ever before.

One young man, who said he was a friend of the two shooting victims, just about said as much. "He can't come on these streets no more," he said without elaborating.

Mr. Lowry sat on his steps, sipping a soda, and worried for his friend. "I would have to get away from here because most of the boys know him," he said. "There might be revenge. You know what I mean?"

**Graphic**

Photo: "Those were my friends that got killed," said Jeffrey Works, right, as he stood with a group in front of the store on Marion Street in Brooklyn where a man shot two men the suspect said were robbing him. "He murdered two people in cold blood. He should be charged with murder." (Jim Estrin/The New York Times)(pg. B3)

**Load-Date:** November 16, 1993

**End of Document**



[***BIG ELECTION ISSUE: STATE OF THE SHEKEL***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-J120-0008-N1BV-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 24, 1984, Tuesday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1984 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Page 8, Column 4; Foreign Desk

**Length:** 1121 words

**Byline:** By JAMES FERON

**Dateline:** JERUSALEM, July 23

**Body**

For Ruth Zur, chairman of a polling station in the Katamon section of this city, the story of this year's Israeli elections came when voters pulled their identity cards out of plastic cases.

''Along with the identity cards there were packets of dollars,'' she said. ''People used to be afraid to show that they had them, but now everyone thinks there will be a devaluation of the shekel, so they're buying dollars and keeping them in a safe place.''

The state of the economy in Israel, where inflation has soared to 400 percent, has dominated the parliamentary election campaign, and for voting officials the sight of dollars fluttering accidentally to the registration table was only the final piece of evidence.

On Salah Ed Din Street in the Arab sector of Jerusalem, money changers now equipped with electronic bill counters were buying dollars for 315 shekels and selling them for 340 shekels today. The official rate is 265 shekels to the dollar.

Startling Price Decline

A woman at another polling station said she was in a supermarket on Palmach Street when a middle-aged man in the checkout line noticed that domestic brandies and wines were on sale, 50 percent off. He was accustomed only to prices rising in Israel and was asking nobody in particular, ''What kind of trick is this?'' The assumption was that somehow it had to do with the election.

Another person in line disclosed that ''in other countries sometimes prices go down.'' The debate ended in a burst of laughter when a woman said darkly, ''Maybe they want you to vote for the supermarket.''

In fact, the shoppers appeared to be voting no confidence, or at least little confidence, in the election because each basket was full of the basic commodities - cooking oil, flour, sugar - that are heavily subsidized here and that are expected to rise in price sharply, no matter who wins, once the vote is in.

The tranquil election scene in Katamon, a ***working-class*** district on Jerusalem's outskirts, was in stark contrast to that in Mea Shearim, home of the city's most religious Jewish residents and a battleground this year of a split in religious parties.

Signs plastered on walls and strung along wires proclaimed that ''Participation in the election is heretical'' and that those who did so were rebelling against the kingdom of God. They represented the views of Naturei Karta, an extremely Orthodox group that believes it is sacrilegious to establish a Jewish state before the coming of the Messiah.

At one point during the afternoon, a taxi taking a man to the polls and displaying the Hebrew letter gimel, representing Agudat Israel, a rigorously Orthodox political party, came under attack, apparently by Naturei Karta members. Signs were torn off the vehicle and campaign literature was taken from inside and thrown on the street.

The literature included palm-sized printed cards stating that Ashkenazim, or those Jews with roots in Eastern and Central Europe, should vote for Agudat Israel ''by the authority of the Sages of the Torah.'' Agudat, long a parliamentarty party, has lost some of its support to a new religious party, the Guardians of the Torah, and it appeals mostly to Sephardic Jews from the Middle East.

The political role of the religious parties has always been crucial in the formation of coalitions here because they have been able to join groups led by either the right-wing Herut Party, now headed by Yitzhak Shamir, or by the left-wing Labor Party, now under the direction of Shimon Peres.

In the sunbaked development town of Maaleh Adoumim, one of the largest of the settlements in the West Bank, the voting was brisk and with mixed results, judging by talks with several voters. But from the political left to the political right there seemed to be confidence that neither of the major parties would change their lives much.

''We're practically a suburb of Jerusalem,'' said a man in his late 20's, referring to the capital only 15 minutes away. ''In any case there will never be another Yamit,'' he said. Yamit was an Israeli settlement that was dismantled and that had its inhabitants relocated when Israel returned Sinai to Egypt as part of the peace treaty.

''We might reach agreement some day with Jordan,'' the young man said, ''but nobody would dream of restoring this place to them.''

Standing outside one of the schools that served as polling places throughout Israel and its territories today, he declined to say which party had won his vote, but he spoke of the continuing need to ''maintain the democratic tradition,'' a point that Labor backers have often made against what they felt were excesses by Likud.

Protecting the Ballots

Inside, Yitzhak Weinstein, a backer of Rabbi Meir Kahane, leader of the Kach Party, which believes in expelling Arabs from Israel as well as from the lands occupied since the 1967 war, was being given permission by election officials to check the voting booth to make certain that there was a plentiful supply of Kach ballots.

Voters in this election enter the booth with an envelope given to them by election officials. They place one of the 26 party letters - letters rather than party names for simplicity - into the envelope and put it into the ballot box on the registration table. Since some party loyalists have removed ballots of other parties, covered them with their own, or stuck some together to invalidate legitimate votes, constant scrutiny is necessary by all parties.

Mr. Weinstein agreed that Maaleh Adoumim would not be threatened in any peace agreement with Jordan. ''We're technically over the green line,'' he said, referring to the pre- 1967 border, ''but we don't see ourselves here as a settlement.'' Many of the residents of the town commute to Jerusalem, over a new road cut through the Judean hills seemingly for that purpose.

Buses carried passengers free throughout Israel during the day if they could show that they were more than 12 miles from their polling places while thousands of cars, taxis and vans were pressed into service, mostly by the major parties, to carry voters of similar political persuasion to balloting sites.

The Labor Party chartered four planes to move likely supporters from Eilat, a resort at the southern end of the Negev, to be close to their homes in central and northern Israel. And the state radio reported that in Tiberius a young woman stripped to the waist to offer herself as a billboard for Likud propaganda.

Ben-Gurion Airport outside Tel Aviv reported a 50 percent drop in Israelis leaving in recent days and a 20 percent increase in departing flights in the next two weeks. And Israeli television's Arabic service, which can be seen beyond Israel's borders, was carrying a full measure of news and interpretation as the results came in.

**End of Document**



[***LIGHT WORKOUTS FOR THE REAGAN CAMPAIGN***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-J8N0-0008-N2P0-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 24, 1984, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1984 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 4; Page 1, Column 1; Week in Review Desk

**Length:** 1001 words

**Byline:** By STEVEN R. WEISMAN

**Body**

WASHINGTON

O N the road again and on a roll, President Reagan came out last week in favor of sportsmanship, sobriety and safe streets. With each passing week, his approval ratings seem to continue their climb. Senior advisers acknowledge their failure to rid Mr. Reagan's re-election organization of overconfidence. On Capitol Hill, however, the President was finding the road somewhat more bumpy. Most of his military spending program for fiscal 1985 was approved by the Senate, but only after Republican allies felt it necessary to challenge him on arms control. To win Democratic support for his proposed budget cuts, Mr. Reagan had to accept a loss of some election-year goodies, such as extending Individual Retirement Account tax breaks to nonworking spouses.

For all the political and legislative combat in Washington, Mr. Reagan was sticking to his generalized themes that appeared tailored to make him sound, to the larger audience beyond the capital, as little as possible like a candidate for re-election. At a conference of sheriffs in Hartford last week, for example, Mr. Reagan denounced ''liberals'' for blocking his anticrime package. Had he directly criticized Democrats, his re-election campaign might have had to pay for the trip.

Steven R Weisman article on Pres Reagan's low-key campaigning for re-election in preceding week; photo (M)

On Long Island, Mr. Reagan praised the courage of athletes at the International Games for the Disabled. In New Jersey, he urged teen- agers to avoid the temptations of drugs and alcohol. On July 4, Mr. Reagan plans to attend a Middle America bash at the stock car races at Daytona Beach, Fla., and July 28 he will help open the Olympic Games in Los Angeles. But after that he will withdraw for his annual brush-clearing vacation in Santa Barbara, and not until he is renominated in Dallas Aug. 23 does he plan to spend even half his time on the road.

Meanwhile, at Mr. Reagan's campaign headquarters, everything is proceeding according to plan. This weekend marks the culmination of a $10 million ''Reagan Roundup'' voter registration drive. In combination with other Republican efforts, the goal is to add four million new voters to the rolls. Edward J. Rollins, manager of the Reagan-Bush campaign, predicted that there would be enough new Reagan voters to offset the Democratic drive that has concentrated especially on blacks.

With the nomination of Walter F. Mondale virtually assured, Reagan strategists are making final plans for the race they had been anticipating all year. Mr. Rollins said that his opinion polls show Mr. Reagan ahead of the former Vice President by 15 percentage points nationwide. More significantly, he said the President is beating Mr. Mondale by 8 or 9 points in the major industrial states, and by 30 points in some Southern states. ''We don't anticipate in any way, shape or form that that's going to hold for the fall campaign,'' Mr. Rollins said. His fear seems to be that the inevitable ''Mondale on the Rebound'' headlines will create their own momentum.

Republican and Democratic strategists agree, in fact, that the President performs less well when he is on the defensive. This explains why Mr. Reagan is busy now trying to set the agenda and ignore his opposition. It explains also why Reagan and Mondale aides agree that debates could be a pivotal factor in the campaign.

Mr. Mondale has made it clear that he wants several debates with Mr. Reagan. The President's political strategists acknowledge that they prefer no more than two. Such a timetable would give the President time to recover from what his aides assume will be an aggressive performance by Mr. Mondale. ''Let's face it, an incumbent President never has anyone speak harshly to him,'' said a White House adviser. He said that Mr. Mondale's best hope is to figure out how to punch at the President without committing l ese-majeste - something on the order of ''There *you* go again, Mr. President....''

Dialogue Under PressureAccording to current thinking around the White House, the November outcome could hinge in part on whether Mr. Reagan can duplicate his success of four years ago with two important blocs of traditionally Democratic voters - Southern white Protestants and Roman Catholic ***working-class*** voters in the Northeast and Middle West. Both groups are targets of Mr. Reagan's appeals to the work ethic and religious values.

With the economy robust, perhaps what Reagan aides fear most at the moment is the so-called ''war and peace'' issue. The President has thus devoted a great deal of time over the last two weeks positioning himself domestically as the champion of dialogue with the Soviet Union. Under pressure from Republican members of Congress, he significantly relaxed the conditions he would attach to holding a summit meeting with Konstantin U. Chernenko, the Soviet leader. His move prompted a tart response from Mr. Mondale. ''I intend to be a President who will lead us toward a safer world from the first day I am in office,'' he said, ''and not from the first day that I start my campaign for re-election.''

At times in the last two years, Mr. Reagan has appeared to be negotiating more with Capitol Hill on arms control than with Moscow. Democrats and Republicans demand fresh proofs of Mr. Reagan's commitment each time they vote to approve new funds for the MX missile. A senior Administration official asserted last week that Mr. Reagan's bid to Mr. Chernenko was sincere, but he acknowledged it was a byproduct of strictly domestic political concerns. ''What else is new?'' he asked. ''This Administration is pro-active on domestic issues. We really know how to set the domestic agenda. But we're strictly reactive when it comes to foreign policy.''

With the formal beginning of the election campaign only weeks away, it is only a matter of time, his advisers say, before Mr. Reagan shifts his attention from the broad themes of reassurance to the action-reaction hurly- burly that may very well determine the outcome.

**Graphic**

photo of President Reagan at opening of International Games

**End of Document**



[***CRITIC'S NOTEBOOK;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-HS10-0008-N1S9-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***PATHOS VS. PROPOGANDA IN HENZE'S NEW OPERA***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-HS10-0008-N1S9-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 16, 1984, Thursday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1984 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section C; Page 14, Column 3; Cultural Desk

**Length:** 997 words

**Byline:** By BERNARD HOLLAND

**Body**

THE Santa Fe Opera's careful productions of unusual pieces rarely fail in setting us to thinking. Yet I wonder if Hans Werner Henze's ''We Come to the River,'' the centerpiece of Santa Fe's repertory this year, isn't trying to make us think about the wrong things.

Mr. Henze's opera aims itself at the ***working class*** of the world and portrays with horrifying vividness the persecution of the poor by the privileged. As a musician, he manipulates three orchestras, 111 characters, many styles and a garden of instruments with the strength and guile of a master juggler. As a musical politician, on the other hand, Mr. Henze seems almost childlike in the crudeness of his ideas.

Bernard Holland critic's notebook examines where social message ends and propaganda begins in Hans Werner Henze's production of his opera, We Come to the River, which was performed in Santa Fe, NM; photo (M)

What viewers of ''We Come to the River'' really had to ask themselves, I think, is where social message ends and propaganda begins. No one questions whether human suffering is an acutely valid subject for the theater; but human suffering means that human beings are involved, and I could really find none on Mr. Henze's stage. One felt, in their place, the presence of one all-embracing creative demi-urge - a composer who conceives ideas of good and evil from a vantage point far above the world he seeks to change, then kneads these ideas into human shape and sets them into motion.

There was a cold and clammy feel to Mr. Henze's characters. On one side, we had generals, governors, bureaucrats, the fat rich; on the other, desperate soldiers, starving battlefield scavengers, murdered children. Yet none of these figures seemed to have any depth of feeling outside the specific emotion for which each had been been programmed.

With all human warmth removed from the stage, the incessant violence of this opera becomes propaganda - the kind of hard sell that appeals not to our good sense but to our sensuality, those thoughtlessly reactive parts of us that begin somewhere below the neck.

People are also the problem in Leonard Bernstein's opera ''A Quiet Place,'' which recently appeared at Washington's Kennedy Center in a new version. In this sequel to Mr. Bernstein's much earlier opera ''Trouble in Tahiti,'' he and his writer/director Stephen Wadsworth have created people more real than Mr. Henze's, but they are people we have a hard time caring about.

Mr. Bernstein's music is full of dark anguish, and it is obvious that we are hearing a mature composer with important things on his mind. One wonders then why this immensely talented man has allowed himself to squander his fury and intensity on characters like Sam, the middle-aged widower, his grown children and the children's shared bisexual lover. Their sufferings repel rather than move.

We in the journalism business recklessly use the adjective ''tragic'' to describe senseless misery and misfortune. In its true sense, however, there can be no tragedy without people of substance to bear it. Mr. Bernstein's music gasps and grinds in its unsuccessful effort to make his characters worthy of our concern. It seeks in vain to find someone on stage worthy of its seriousness of purpose.

When the English National Opera gave its updated version of ''Rigoletto'' at the Metropolitan Opera House not long ago, I liked what I saw. Verdi's opera speaks about the worst in all of us, and to see the sordidness of 16th-century Italy replayed with such care on the streets of New York allows us to return to more traditional productions, our minds refreshed. What disappointed me and many others was not what we saw but what we heard.

The damage, I think, was done before the English company arrived, and was done by the company's best friends - the British critical press. We were allowed through newspaper and magazine reports, in other words, to expect more, vocally, than these singers could deliver. Verdi's opera stands or falls on the power of its singing, and all of the directorial brilliance and careful production could not compensate for the disappointing, mere adequacy of the English voices.

The British, who have had their troubles in a host of other ventures, have at least become brilliant promoters of their own performing arts. Thus, British critics stationed both here and in England spared nothing in volume or enthusiam to tell us of the virtues of opera in their country prior to the New York visit. I think if we had been more realistically prepared - for a competent vocalism roughly on a par with that of the New York City Opera - we might have enjoyed ourselves more.

The British music world, of course, has much to be proud of. England's early-music players are years ahead of their American counterparts. The British also offer several first-rate orchestras and chamber groups, some fine conductors and one of the glories of 20th-century music - Benjamin Britten.

With all this self-evident quality, it is vaguely disturbing for Americans to read incessant praise of British music and musicians written by the British themselves, especially when it is not always deserved. The fathers and grandfathers of these critics, indeed, might have wondered with embarrassment to hear the strident self- congratulation now emanating from their progeny.

One critic writing here intimated before the fact that our British visitors might be the best opera company in the world. After the fact, he seemed to blame the bigness of the New York house on what, by any standard, was a less than glorious vocal display. On the contrary, great voices thrive in the Met and always will.

The English National Opera is a modest, well-kept company with equally modest singing talent. And neither the force of public relations nor high-pitched chauvinism will make it anything more. We can admire how well this British house runs, and I am sure it has something to teach us. But great voices make a great opera company, and this one does not have them.

**Graphic**

photo of Hans Werner Henze

**End of Document**



[***'STRANGER THAN PARADISE,' A TRIO ON THE ROAD***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-HB70-0008-N126-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 29, 1984, Saturday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1984 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 1; Page 14, Column 3; Cultural Desk; REVIEW

**Length:** 1044 words

**Byline:** By VINCENT CANBY

**Body**

Jim Jarmusch's ''Stranger Than Paradise'' looks as if it had been left on the windowsill too long. Shot in 16- millimeter black-and-white, and now blown up to 35 millimeter, its images appear to have been aged by the sun and by general neglect until they've faded into a uniform shade of gray. When, occasionally, there's a splotch of comparatively pure black or white, the effect is disorienting until you recognize what Mr. Jarmusch is up to - that is, discovering the ludicrously sublime in the supremely tacky. The film, a prize-winner at this year's Cannes festival, is something quite special.

''Stranger Than Paradise'' will be shown at the New York Film Festival at Alice Tully Hall tonight at 9 o'clock and tomorrow at 4:30 P.M., and will open its regular commercial engagement at the Cinema Studio 2 on Monday. Among other things, it is one of the most original, wonderfully oddball, independent American films to turn up at the Lincoln Center festival in years, or at least since the showing of Eagle Pennell's ''Last Night at the Alamo'' last year.

Vincent Canby reviews Jim Jarmusch's 'Stranger than Paradise at New York Film Festival; photo (M)

The two films otherwise don't have much in common except their tiny budgets and each director's rare appreciation for the ridiculous. ''Last Night at the Alamo'' is a gregarious sort of comedy, full of oversize emotions and good humor. By comparision, ''Stranger Than Paradise'' is inhibited, its visual manners almost as lazy as those of Rainer Werner Fassbinder's ''Katzelmacher,'' in which the camera often seems just too tired to follow a character as he walks off- screen, knowing full well that if it waits long enough, the character will walk back on.

''Stranger Than Paradise'' is a ''Marty'' that Jean-Paul Sartre might have appreciated, about hanging out, not in hell but in a permanent purgatory. This world sometimes looks like an eerily underpopulated New York City, a rundown but genteel ***working***- ***class*** section of Cleveland or that scrubby part of the east coast of Florida that has yet to be transformed into a vacation paradise, where the motels always have vacancies, even at the height of the season, and where the swimming pools are filled with weeds, not water.

Though Mr. Jarmusch's screenplay does contain a number of subsidiary roles, it's virtually a three-character piece. They are Willie (John Lurie), a 30ish, horse-faced fellow who, though Hungarian-born, has been in this country 10 years and has no trace of any accent; his pal Eddie (Richard Edson), who looks like a condensed version of Willie, even down - or up - to the cheap fedoras they seldom remove, even to sleep, and Eva (Eszter Balint), Willie's pretty, 16- year-old cousin from Budapest who is forced to spend 10 days at Willie's grimy little New York room before going on to live with an elderly aunt in Cleveland.

Until the arrival of Eva, Willie appears to be perfectly content with his life on the outer fringes of capitalism. He has no visible means of support, and appears to make ends meet by playing the horses and occasionally cheating at cards. At first the presence of the taciturn, pony-tailed Eva seems a rude intrusion to Willie, especially when she asks why TV dinners are called TV dinners or what a quarterback does when his team is on defense.

She's a drag until she casually shoplifts food and cigarettes for them, at which point Willie begins to see her as a kindred spirit. He gets so carried away by what passes for affection in his life that he even buys her a present. When she opens the shopping bag and takes out the dress, her brow furrows. ''Well?'' says Willie. ''I think it's kind of ugly,'' says Eva. They speak the same language.

''Stranger Than Paradise'' is about the curious, unspoken alliance of Willie, Eva and Eddie and their adventures in New York, Cleveland and, finally, Florida. They are as lost but also as quietly gallant in the American paradise as the three German misfits who seek their fortunes in Wisconsin in Werner Herzog's ''Stroszek.'' The film has no big scenes, and it takes a while to get the hang of it, but once you do, it's as funny as it is wise. Mr. Jarmusch isolates the film's series of tiny vignettes by extended blackouts that, at the beginning, seem to be an affectation, but then come to be the visual equivalent of the dead space that surrounds each character.

The quality of Mr. Jarmusch's humor is not easily described. It's there in the spare dialogue, as when Willie and Eddie, in a blinding snowstorm, are driving through Cleveland to find Eva, and Eddie asks, quite sincerely, if Cleveland looks like Budapest. ''Of course not,'' says Willie. Later, when they are leaving Cleveland, Eddie muses, ''You know, it's kind of funny. You're some place new, and everything looks just the same.''

Wherever they go, the world of Willie, Eva and Eddie does look just the same. The Florida they find is not unlike a large vacant lot in Cleveland, though without the snow. Their adventures, however, are very particular, and the film ends on a note that slides without effort, like a piece of music, from the hilarious to the funny to the haunting.

The three lead performers are extremely good, never for a second betraying the film's consistently deadpan style. In a couple of short scenes, Cecillia Stark, as the elderly aunt in Cleveland, nearly walks off with the picture, but ''Stranger Than Paradise'' is too much of an integrated piece of work for any one performer to steal it. Mention must also be made of Tom Dicillo's camera work, which is as funny and self-assured as the performances and Mr. Jarmusch's realization of his initial concept.

Here is one festival movie that should hang around for a good, long while.

The Cast

STRANGER THAN PARADISE, directed and written by Jim Jarmusch; director of photography, Tom Dicillo; edited by Mr. Jarmusch and Melody London; music by John Lurie; produced by Sara Driver; a Samuel Goldwyn Company Presentation. At Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center, as part of the 22d New York Film Festival. Running time: 90 minutes. This film is rated R. WillieJohn Lurie EvaEszter Balint EddieRichard Edson Aunt LottieCecillia Stark BillyDanny Rosen Man with moneyRammellzee Airline agentTom Dicillo Factory workerRichard Boes

**Graphic**

photo of Eszter Ballint

**End of Document**



[***In Microcosm, New Jersey Senate Race Tests Party Power***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-VTX0-0024-J473-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 24, 1993, Friday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1993 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk

**Section:** Section B;; Section B; Page 1; Column 2; Metropolitan Desk; Column 2;

**Length:** 1099 words

**Byline:** By IVER PETERSON,

By IVER PETERSON,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** EWING TOWNSHIP, N.J., Sept. 23

**Body**

If any legislative district could stand for all New Jersey, the capital region's 15th is it. Here, the Trenton poor and the Princeton Ivy Leaguers vote Democratic, the prosperous business suburbanites favor Republicans, and Gerald R. Stockman and Richard J. LaRossa are struggling in a Senate race for the same shifting middle that will probably decide the race for governor as well.

For Democrats like Mr. Stockman and Gov. Jim Florio, the 15th was once considered so safe a seat that Mr. Stockman, then a 10-year incumbent State Senator, was chosen to sponsor Mr. Florio's $2.8 billion tax increase in 1990. The next year, Mr. La Rossa harnessed anger over the taxes to his fame as the man who called the state lottery results on television and won a humbling upset over Mr. Stockman. It was a defeat that the state Democrats ardently want to reverse.

'Not Something I Brag About'

"This was the most Democratic district in the state until I lost," Mr. Stockman, a 57-year-old trial lawyer, said recently as he doggedly worked the sidewalks and front porches of Trenton's West Ward. "It's not something I brag about." Indeed, Mr. La Rossa is the first Republican to represent the city of Trenton in the Senate since 1946, the year, he likes to point out, when he was born.

Now, three years after the tax increase and after two years of Republican control of the Legislature, the tax issue that once cut like a knife through New Jersey politics has become a duller and more ambiguous memory to many voters.

For some, the memory was revived by the three-year plan to cut income taxes by 30 percent announced Tuesday by Christine Todd Whitman, Mr. Florio's Republican challenger. At the same time, the Whitman proposal seemed to to harden positions instead of shifting them, as well as to stir uneasy memories of the aftermath of other tax cuts.

In what could turn out to be a lesson-laden preview of how Mrs. Whitman's proposal might turn out, many voters still talk about how the Republican legislative majority rolled back a one-cent Florio sales-tax increase last year. Today, people in the 15th seem to be talking more about the state-employee layoffs that followed than about the tax savings.

"People certainly weren't happy with the $2.8 billion tax increase, but then again they weren't so happy about the one cent they did roll back, because it put so many people out of work just when the economy was bad," said Jack Ball, the two-term Republican Mayor of Ewing, Mr. La Rossa's home township. "So I think for a lot of people, getting that penny back wasn't as important is keeping people working."

Mayor Ball helped nominate Senator LaRossa in 1991, but says he believes Mr. LaRossa double-crossed him by supporting a rival in the Mayor's losing re-election primary race this summer. Now Mr. Ball plans to become an independent, and will vote for Mr. Stockman.

Concern for G.M. Plant

In the Cadwalader Heights section of Trenton, meanwhile, Edith Lieber recently lost the first prospective buyer for her house in five years. The deal fell through earlier this year after General Motors announced it would close its Ewing parts plant, which would idle 2,000 workers, including her prospective buyer. The township is trying to save the plant, which is still operating with a reduced staff.

Mrs. Lieber, a widow, is also firmly for Mr. Stockman, because, she said, Mrs. Whitman's tax cuts would shift the burden to homeowners, a point Trenton's Mayor, Douglas H. Palmer, has been pounding home.

"Our property taxes are already so high, we just feel like we're stuck," she said. "If Mrs. Whitman cuts the income tax, who's going to make up the difference?"

But in West Windsor, where new suburban developments and new high-technology factories are nestled among the cornfields at the 15th's northeast corner, Arthur Kaminer, a self-employed reinsurance consultant, said he was with Mr. LaRossa and Mrs. Whitman to the end.

'Taxes Are Too High'

"Politicians can explain things a million different ways to make it look like it's not their fault," he said at the Princeton Junction train station on Wednesday as he waited for the commuter run to New York. "Florio is a master at it. But what we need are people who can stay focused on the main problem, which is that taxes are too high to keep businesses going in New Jersey, and I think Mrs. Whitman is on to that."

West Windsor is a LaRossa stronghold, a township he won two-to-one over Mr. Stockman in 1991.

The other townships in the 15th -- New Jersey state legislative districts do not cut township lines -- unfold to the west and south. "The Princetons," township and borough, arehome to liberal academics and a cadre of campaign volunteers from the college dorms that helped Mr. Stockman roll up a two-to-one margin there over Mr. LaRossa.

Below Princeton is Lawrence Township, also coming to be known as Lawrenceville, a mix of new and old Trenton suburbs, and in this year's elections a toss-up. Ewing, heavily blue-collar, is home to thousands of state employees who are angry at Governor Florio's layoffs but perhaps worried about further cuts under a Republican. It was Senator LaRossa's power base two years ago.

Son of Trenton Detective

At the south end of the district lies Trenton, Mr. Stockman's hometown, where he still lives.

Mr. LaRossa, whose father, Mickey LaRossa, was a much-loved Trenton detective, has worked hard in Trenton's heavily Italian, ***working-class*** South and East wards to undercut Mr. Stockman there. If early election returns show him running ahead there, Senator LaRossa says, the Democrats will be in trouble.

Like Mr. Florio, Mr. Stockman is a longtime Democrat, a Roman Catholic, a lawyer-politician with roots in New Jersey's fading urban centers. To explain his candidacy, he speaks sentiments about "giving something back to society," and seems to know more people on Trenton's streets than the people who live there.

Mr. LaRossa, a professional singer with a performer's personality, had received almost all his recognition from spending 11 years calling the state's weekly lottery drawing on television before succeeding in his first campaign for office in 1991. He runs without a political history and often seemingly without a label, criticizing politics-as-usual among Republicans and Democrats equally. He has already set his eyes on a higher prize than the 15th District.

"People are desperate; they're fed up with the usual political bull," he said. "If Jim Florio gets back in, I think you'll see Dick LaRossa's name in the governor's race in four years." He is making no allowance for losing in November.

**Graphic**

Photos: State Senator Dick LaRossa, left, and Jerry Stockman, who are vying for the seat for New Jersey's 15th District, which includes Trenton. (Photographs by William E. Sauro/The New York Times) (pg. B7)

**Load-Date:** September 24, 1993

**End of Document**



[***OFF THE SHELF; CorporateChicanery With a Page-Turning Plot***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:46GR-2N70-01CN-H2WS-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 11, 2002 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2002 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 3; Column 1; Money and Business/Financial Desk; Pg. 5

**Length:** 1394 words

**Byline:**  By ALISON LEIGH COWAN

**Body**

WHEN the thought of one more dreary-sounding tome on managerial capitalism or triumph over tragedy seems too much to bear, an engaging new business thriller by Christopher Reich has come along as the antidote. Called "The First Billion," (Delacorte Press, $26.95), it is just the item to toss in the beach bag this summer.

With fortunes made and lost in recent years as capitalism has gone global, there has been no shortage of writers aspiring to be the John Grisham of Wall Street, everyone from old-timers like Michael Thomas to newcomers like Scott Lasser. Drawing on their own years in pinstripes, they have tried to paint a world they believe just as thrilling as any imagined by John le Carre or Tom Clancy.

Yet, novels by former Wall Streeters often feel overheated. Prospectuses do not make light reading and computer screens are anything but cinematic. Too often, readers are expected to believe that a failed merger or deal could bring down the free world, and characters have a tendency to come off as caricatures.

Mr. Reich, who worked as a Swiss banker before turning to writing, deserves the Grisham mantle. He conjures up a rich, evocative world of ***working class*** stiffs who one day find themselves far from their desktop Bloombergs and teeny bid-ask spreads. As the title implies, they are looking a little too hard for their first big score and so are blind to the shortcomings of the deals and business partners that might get them there.

And yet, as this book veers dizzily from Pacific Heights townhouses to the pleasure palaces of Moscow to the hideaways of Lake Geneva, with cameos by F.B.I. agents, Russian oligarchs and aspiring K.G.B. operatives, it keeps its bearings. If anything, recent headlines about corporate chicanery and the travails of Western fortune hunters who head East only make the action more topical.

The action takes place the week before the initial public offering of Mercury Broadband, which describes itself as the leading provider of high-speed Internet service in Russia, Ukraine, Belarus and the Czech Republic. A Matt Drudge-like reporter is making terrible accusations about the company.

Now it is up to John "Jett" Gavallan, head of the San Francisco investment house that is taking Mercury public, to figure out how much is true and whether to call off the deal.

Much is at stake for Mr. Gavallan, a 38-year-old Texan who founded Black Jet Securities shortly after graduating from Stanford Business School. Turns out Mr. Gavallan has some baggage of his own, mostly from his days as a pilot in the gulf war, a stint that included 26 missions in a stealth bomber. As readers would be crazy not to suspect, this portion of his resume comes in handy, almost as much as the American Express platinum card with the sky's-the-limit credit line he earns later.

BUT it has been years since Mr. Gavallan has pulled planes out of nose dives. And as the book opens, he bemoans the fact that the most "daredevilish" thing about his current life is revving up his Mercedes 300SL for the eight-minute commute to his office in San Francisco's financial district. That is about to change.

For one, to get to the bottom of Mercury, he must confront Konstantin Kirov, the urbane oligarch who has nurtured Mercury from the cradle. For all his ferocity and success, Mr. Kirov has an insecurity complex as big as Siberia. He bruises when someone calls his plane a "small" jet and balks when Mr. Gavallan tries to steer Mercury to the new money at Nasdaq when nothing less than a New York Stock Exchange listing will do. More important, Mr. Kirov sees the billions he hopes to raise through the Mercury offering as a way for his country to buy "a new beginning."

He chides someone who dares criticize him with the observation that "if we'd kept to the letter of the law, Mercury would consist of two cans and a string." What is a little cheating when a whole country's future is at stake? Whether Mr. Kirov is also capable of using murder as a business-getting and nation-building tool is something Mr. Gavallan needs to learn.

"Sandbagging's one thing," Mr. Gavallan lectures him, referring to a common tactic in which companies dole good news out over time. "Lying about your customers and your revenues is another." Further, Mr. Gavallan says, "It's my experience that investors prefer to see C.E.O.'s of newly listed companies in the boardroom, not in jail."

(That is the one line in the book that seems overtaken by recent events. Judging from the market's behavior late last month, investors, it now seems, like seeing their executives led away in handcuffs.)

LIKE it or not, in his search for the truth, Mr. Gavallan must enlist an ex-girlfriend, Catherine Elizabeth Magnus, a financial writer who chronicles Silicon Valley's comers and goners. She had never been easy to deal with or understand. Back copies of The Economist and The National Enquirer litter her bedroom. She has studied self-defense, but when awakened by intruders, she realizes only halfway downstairs that she remembered her pistol, but managed to "forget" her clothes.

Mr. Gavallan soon wonders whether he miscalculated in bringing her along. "She could talk XML with code pounders from Sun, deliver an address on the future of the Net to an auditorium of grade-schoolers or bandy about internal rates of return," Mr. Reich writes. "When they were dating, he'd often found himself amazed at her social dexterity. Today it made him nervous. He wasn't certain who it was driving the car."

The author deftly splices technical information into his characters' dialogue or thoughts so that readers never gag on military jargon or business buzzwords. In describing the "bake-off," or competition for which underwriters are hired, the author compares it to a "a diamond-crusted striptease." The "due diligence" that the underwriter then conducts on the client is reduced to "a strip search, really. With rubber gloves and all."

And with the fewest of words, the author often speaks volumes. An unhelpful consular officer in Moscow is imagined wearing a "permanent-press smile."

This is a world where huge amounts of money zip "around the world in 80 seconds," as one character demonstrates. A world where you are what you buy, and brands are comforting totems. So the author makes sure to inform us that Black Jet's coarse-talking syndicate head favors Brioni suits. That Mr. Gavallan's aide-de-camp drinks Ozarka water. Even a hit man is described as "a Sub-Zero refrigerator."

Taking stock of his life, our hero, Mr. Gavallan, knows something is missing even though he has the requisite "house in Pacific Heights with the roomfuls of Kreiss furniture and Pratesi bedding. He wore whatever clothes he liked. Music came via the firm of Bang and Olufsen, stereo makers to the King of Denmark; television courtesy of a sleek Sony Plasma screen. He owned two Remington bronzes, some lithographs by Branham Rendlen, a local artist he thought was dynamite, and of course, the Mercedes."

A small warning. This is a book by a man for men. The female characters are less plausible and are often reduced to the details Mr. Reich assumes readers want to know. One femme fatale has "the kind of pouty lips" some call "bee-stung." Ms. Magnus, whose lips we're told are "pillowed," is a Choate graduate supposedly weaned on Chekhov and Tchaikovsky. Yet, when taken hostage and about to meet her captor, she regrets not having gotten a manicure before her big adventure. And she cajoles an editor into publishing an article he has already nixed as "a favor." Don't try that in this newsroom.

Other characters behave oddly, too. Accountants do not stonewall. They hand over the goods, in duplicate. Gangsters flinch before pulling the trigger.

Most unfathomable of all, Howell Ames Dodson IV, an F.B.I. boss who is missing two fingers because of a previous run-in with Georgian mobsters, postpones visiting a Florida man who might need protection. Whoops.

All that is easily forgiven, however, when the plot is so suspenseful, the dialogue so believable, and the other characters so finely drawn. From the coquettish opening line, "You are millionaire?," to the bombshell dropped three-quarters through the 435-page book, the result is so much fun, you can already envision "The First Billion: The Movie." The only question is whether David Duchovny or Tom Cruise wins the bake-off.

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

**Graphic**

Photo

**Load-Date:** August 11, 2002

**End of Document**



[***AT THE END OF LIAISON:BITTERNESS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-J270-0008-N34P-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 20, 1984, Friday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1984 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Page 4, Column 1; Foreign Desk

**Length:** 1050 words

**Byline:** By E. J. DIONNE Jr.

**Dateline:** PARIS, July 19

**Body**

In the hours before dawn this morning, the futuristic fortress that is Communist Party headquarters here became the site of a battle in which six decades of conflict on the French left was compressed into a single meeting.

The party militants guarding the Central Committee session denounced the French Socialists as mere ''Social Democrats,'' a harsh epithet in the vocabulary of French Communism. One, only half jokingly, lumped the Socialist President, Francois Mitterrand, with President Reagan and Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher of Britain.

The mood reflected a long history of bitterness here between Socialists and Communists and underlined the extent to which the three-year governing alliance of the two parties was mainly a pact of convenience.

The alliance ended today with the Communists' decision not to join the new Socialist-led Government. But troubles began long before Mr. Mitterrand's election victory in 1981 and remained submerged for no more than a year of his Government's life.

In June 1982, the Communist Party leader, Georges Marchais, began a series of public attacks on Mr. Mitterrand's economic program by declaring his opposition to a four-month wage freeze. It was the first of the Socialists' austerity measures that would ultimately drive a wedge between France's two major leftist parties.

Early Split Over Soviet

Foreign policy played no visible role in the split despite the enormous disagreements between them. Disputes about foreign relations, however, were at the foundation of the two parties: They owe their separate identities to the disagreement over the Russian Revolution that divided the Socialist movement around the world.

The wing of French Socialism that grew into the Communist Party argued that Lenin and the Bolsheviks constituted the vanguard of the Socialist future and should be supported by whatever means necessary. Other French Socialists rejected foreign tutelage and kept the clumsy name of the old Socialist party, the French Section of the Workers International.

In the 1920's and early 1930's, the Communists, under orders from Moscow, competed with the Socialists for dominance in the ***working class*** and the trade unions. But a shift in the Soviet line in favor of a common front against fascism freed them to form an alliance with the Socialists.

As a result, the Popular Front Government under Leon Blum swept to power in the 1936 elections and enacted a series of social changes that are still the pride of the French left.

The Moscow line switched again with the signing of the Hitler-Stalin pact and in the initial period of the German occupation of France the French Communists were hostile to the Allies. But after the German invasion of the Soviet Union, the Communists threw themselves wholeheartedly into the Resistance and became, in the eyes of many here, its leading force.

The party's Resistance activities paid off after the war. The Communists joined the postwar Government and reached high tide in the November 1946 elections, winning 28 percent of the vote. But in 1947, as the cold war between the United States and the Soviet Union deepened, the Communists left the Government.

Through the 1950's and 1960's, both the Socialist and the Communist parties declined. Their eventual alliance grew out of a perception by Mr. Mitterrand and others that without Communist votes the left could never take power in France. Mr. Mitterrand offered a model in the 1965 presidential elections when, with Communist support, he won a respectable 45 percent of the vote against Charles de Gaulle.

In 1971, Mr. Mitterrand united the fragments of the non-Communist left into a new Socialist Party. In 1972, the union with the Communists began with the signing of what became known as the Common Program.

In 1974, the alliance nearly put Mr. Mitterrand into power: He won 49.2 percent of the vote in the presidential elections, losing to Valery Giscard d'Estaing. But the Communists became edgy since Mr. Mitterrand's strategy of decimating the Communist vote by embracing their party was working.

In 1978, the Communists broke their pact with the Socialists. Although this political divorce hurt the left in the 1978 parliamentary elections, the voting established that the Socialists had finally overtaken the Communists. The 1981 elections completed the rout. Mr. Marchais won just 15 percent of the vote to Mr. Mitterrand's 26 percent.

Triumph for the Socialists

The fearful Communists quickly patched together an alliance with Mr. Mitterrand, who won the election runoff. In the parliamentary elections in June, Socialist dominance was established beyond question: Mr. Mitterrand's party won a clear majority in the National Assembly on their own, with 269 seats, to the Communists' 44.

With little choice but to enter the Government they helped create, the Communists accepted four ministries.

Trouble began in 1982 as the Socialists began to back away from their program of nationalizations and measures to increase the living standard of France's less well-off. The program had held down unemployment but did little to control inflation and created a soaring trade deficit.

In March 1983, after both parties lost ground in municipal elections, the Socialists moved fully in the direction of austerity economics and the Communists drifted further away. The party continued to take part in the Government, but it became increasingly critical of the Socialists' efforts to modernize the economy by encouraging the closure of inefficient plants and accepting rising unemployment.

The decisive point came in the elections for the European Parliament in June. The Socialists' vote was cut to 20 percent from their high point of 37 percent in 1982. But the Communists did even worse, dropping to 11.2 percent.

The appointment of Laurent Fabius as Prime Minister catalyzed the final break. The 37-year old Socialist technocrat had been one of the leading defenders of the austerity program.

At the Communist Party headquarters in the hours before dawn, many of the rank-and-file still thought the alliance would endure. But after an all-night session and an attempt at negotiating a new deal with Mr. Fabius, the Communist Central Committee decided it had had enough. At about 8 A.M. today, the governing alliance of Socialists and Communists expired.

**Graphic**

photo of Francois Mitterrand and Georges Marchais

**End of Document**



[***INVITATION TO RESORT OPENS DOOR TO A TIME-SHARING SALES PITCH***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-JS30-0008-N0V6-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 6, 1984, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1984 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 1; Part 1; Page 22, Column 2; National Desk

**Length:** 1007 words

**Byline:** By FOX BUTTERFIELDBy Initation Only

**Dateline:** NEWPORT, R.I.

**Body**

Tempted by a Gulf of Mexico vacation, a trip to Disney World, a video cassette recorder, a microwave oven or a push-button telephone?

''You will definitely receive two of the awards,'' was what the Mailgram promised. ''There are no hidden conditions, and there is no obligation to purchase anything.''

All the recipient had to do was ''enjoy an informal introductory tour'' of a new hotel in Newport, the Inn on the Harbor.

The offer did not say that the tour would be a three-and-a-half-hour sales pitch to buy two weeks of ''interval ownership,'' usually known as time sharing, in the hotel.

Growth in Time Sharing

Time sharing is a rapidly growing form of ownership that gives people the right to occupy a housing unit for a specified period. Since 1975, annual sales of time-shared property have jumped from $50 million with 10,000 owners, to projected sales of $1.8 billion with more than 700,000 owners this year, according to the National Time Share Council in Washington.

But the sales, often initiated by direct mail promising expensive-sounding gifts, have touched off widespread complaints among consumers and prompted new laws in Connecticut, New Hampshire and California.

The Rhode Island Attorney General promulgated a set of regulations in February requiring sellers to describe fully the value of prize offers and give buyers the right to change their minds.

The Attorney General acted after receiving 171 complaints in a year about several resorts, 90 percent of them involving the Inn on the Harbor and Newport Overlook, both of which are owned by the Inn Group, according to Daniel Hackett, a spokesman for the Attorney General. The complaints were all cleared up after informal intervention by the Attorney General's office, he said, with some visitors being given more satisfactory prizes and others being released from their purchases.

'By Invitation Only'

Richard Winkler, a lawyer for the Inn Group, admitted there had been ''a few inquiries, or complaints.''

But he said, ''I have worked very hard with the Attorney General to resolve them.''

At the Inn on the Harbor, each visitor is greeted by a sales agent, one of 25 on staff, who escorts the visitor into a large room furnished with tables.

The agent immediately presents his prospective client with vouchers for a $500 ''reduction'' in the price.

''We're not a used car lot - we're not pressuring you,'' said a saleswoman who introduced herself as Martha, a former high school teacher.

''This sale is by invitation only,'' she said. ''You have been specially selected.'' (The inn had purchased names of holders of American Express, Visa or Master charge cards, Martha later acknowledged.)

''But wake up, no tooth fairy is going to give you a chance like this again,'' she warned. ''If you don't buy today, you can't come back. We don't sell to people who just walk in off the street.''

The inn has ''fantastic amenities'' in every room, Martha said. To start with, there is the ''Newport harbor view.''

View From the Rooms

The inn is on the waterfront off Thames Street, a few feet from the boat yard where the America's Cup yachts were berthed last summer. But only the rooms on one wing, including the room shown to visitors, actually face the harbor. Most rooms face a brownstone Gothic armory on one side or a row of new shops and restaurants on the other.

''We have the best beaches in the world,'' Martha said. ''A shuttle bus will take you there.'' She does not explain that they are the city's public beaches, not the private beach clubs used by Newport society.

The compact rooms, decorated in American motel style, also offer cable television, small microwave ovens, a ''six-foot soaking tub'' and ''everything right down to a hair dryer.'' The soaking tub turns out to be a large bathtub.

Back in the salesroom a loudspeaker proclaims that Donald Bourgeois of Dorchester, Mass., a ***working-class*** section of Boston, ''has just become the newest owner of Inn on the Harbor.''

Some Sales Are Made

Indeed, many people seem to be buying. Four sales are made in the three and a half hours, and Martha says about one of every 11 visitors end up buying units. With 75 visitors a day, that means a lot of money for the developers, led by R. Perry Harris, a former salesman of computer time sharing.

The inn sells each of its 58 rooms 26 times, for 26 two-week ''intervals.'' At $18,000 for each two-week unit sold, that translates into roughly $27 million.

Mr. Harris, according to Martha, bought the land four years ago for $350,000, a sum that does not include construction costs.

For the money, Martha said, owners get to use their rooms for a particular week in ''prime time,'' in the summer, and seven other days in the winter.

''Even if you don't like the Inn,'' Martha said, ''it's still a great deal, because you can trade your prime time week for a free week in the international space bank at other time-share resorts.''

The Prospectus Is Requested

When a visitor, a reporter who had come to the inn as an invited prospective purchaser, asked to see a prospectus outlining costs, conditions and ownership of the inn, he was told this could be seen later. But when the visitor declared his intention not to buy, Martha asked him to give her the notes he had taken on her talk.

A man she described as the manager then came over and said: ''This is a very competitive business. We can't afford anyone taking notes.''

The notes were confiscated, over the visitor's protest, and thrown into a wastebasket, where they were later retrieved.

Still, Martha led the visitor to a small room where the promised prizes were awarded.

They were a Hong Kong- made telephone that is not compatible with some American telephone services and the Gulf of Mexico vacation.

The terms included two free nights at an unnamed motel but no meals or transportation.

A small green ''travel passport'' pledged that the motel was ''within two miles'' of a Holiday Inn, a McDonald's and Pensacola beach.

Mr. Winkler, the inn lawyer, said ''hundreds'' of people had taken advantage of the offer and had been satisfied.

**Graphic**

photo of Inn on the Harbor

**End of Document**



[***Brooklyn Race Grabs Citywide Attention;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-W070-0024-J52R-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Bitter Campaign as 45th District Prepares to Elect First Black Council Member***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-W070-0024-J52R-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 4, 1993, Saturday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1993 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk

**Section:** Section 1;; Section 1; Page 23; Column 3; Metropolitan Desk; Column 3;

**Length:** 1127 words

**Byline:** By JONATHAN P. HICKS

By JONATHAN P. HICKS

**Body**

Amid the prim, tree-lined homes and bustling strips of small businesses in Flatbush, Brooklyn, one of the city's most contentious political battles is taking shape: to determine who will become the district's first black representative to the City Council.

The race reflects the passing of the torch from white to minority leaders in councilmanic districts around the city. Carved out two years ago to encourage minority candidates, the largely ***working-class*** 45th District -- which includes parts of Flatlands and East Flatbush -- is 75 percent black. Susan D. Alter, a white Democratic Councilwoman, managed to keep the seat in 1991 when she captured the Jewish vote in the primary and seven black candidates divided the rest.

Now Ms. Alter, after representing the general area for 15 years, has abandoned her seat to run for Public Advocate, and many in this heavily Caribbean-American district have become excited about the prospect of electing not only a black council member, but also a West Indian one.

Citywide Attention

But that excitement has been tempered by the bitterness of the race, which has drawn attention throughout the city. The Brooklyn Democratic leader, State Assemblyman Clarence A. Norman Jr., has placed his prestige on the line in endorsing a candidate who has never held elective office. Even Mayor David N. Dinkins, who has kept his endorsements to a minimum this election year, has become involved.

The campaign features the fiery advocacy of Colin Moore, a 52-year-old Guyana-born lawyer who has a citywide reputation through his involvement in high-profile cases, against the quieter style of Belize-born Lloyd Henry, a 45-year-old Episcopal minister and newcomer to politics.

Mr. Moore, a lawyer, came in second in the race for City Council in the district two years ago and considers himself the logical heir to both the seat and the support of Democratic Party officials in Brooklyn.

But the party has instead backed Mr. Henry. Mr. Norman has recruited an unusually wide array of elected officials to stump for Mr. Henry, from Manhattan Borough President Ruth W. Messinger and United States Representative Edolphus Towns to Mayor Dinkins himself.

To add to the picture, there is a third candidate, Janice L. Robertson, 48, a black American-born community advocate who has been active in school issues and block associations. Mrs. Robertson ran in the 1991 primary for the Council seat and came in sixth out of eight candidates, winning 274 votes. She was endorsed yesterday by Ms. Alter.

Lawyer vs. Rector

Among other high-profile cases, Mr. Moore represented a defendant in the Central Park jogger trial and the father of Gavin Cato, a black 7-year-old whose accidental death touched off the Crown Heights disturbances in 1991.

Mr. Moore is seen by many political leaders as having a confrontational style, though he is highly regarded by many grass-roots community organizations.

Mr. Henry has never held elective office and is known mostly through his stewardship of St. Augustine's Episcopal Church. In the 12 years he has been rector of the church, the congregation has grown from 24 members to 3,000. His quiet leadership within the church and his work in community activities caught the attention of Mr. Norman and other politicians.

"He's new to politics, but he's not new to the community," Mr. Norman said. "I have seen him and watched him grow as a leader. He has a strong grasp of the issues."

But Mr. Moore questioned why Mr. Norman and other officials have taken so much interest in the race. He suggested that Democratic leaders like Mr. Norman find his ambition too robust. "Clarence Norman feels that if I am elected I will eventually run for Congress against Major Owens, and that threatens many of the Democratic leaders," he said.

Mr. Norman denied that he was trying to stop Mr. Moore. He said that the support for Mr. Henry was the result of a series of meetings by about a dozen black elected officials, who decided to unite behind one black candidate and avoid the splintering that led to Ms. Alter's election in 1991. The meetings led to interviews of all the candidates interested in running in the Democratic primary, Mr. Norman said.

Residency Questions

He added that Mr. Moore had impressed the officials in his interview, but that questions about his residency had surfaced. "It became clear that he voted at one residence in the district, but that he and his family slept at a residence outside the district," Mr. Norman said. "We couldn't endorse someone with that kind of situation."

Mr. Moore said that he owns several properties and insisted that Mr. Henry had tried to disqualify him. "But the issue was settled by the Kings County Supreme Court, which ruled that I live in the district." The decision was appealed and upheld, Mr. Moore said.

The candidates have exchanged angry words. Mr. Moore said Mr. Norman was using Mr. Henry as a tool to deny him the Democratic nomination. "My opponent doesn't even know the boundaries of this district," he said. "He knows nothing about the community outside of his church."

Mr. Henry said Mr. Moore was divisive and angry. "He seems to the kind of angry person who would not do well in City Hall," Mr. Henry said. "He is not one who could bring consensus."

Mrs. Robertson, meanwhile, has assailed Mr. Henry as a political novice who knows nothing about the community outside of his church and called Mr. Moore a race-baiter. In the 1991 campaign, she said, Mr. Moore condemned her candidacy because she had been born in the United States.

Both Mr. Henry and Mr. Moore dismissed Mrs. Robertson as a well-intentioned woman who is prone to hysteria.

Similar Views

Despite the rancor, the candidates have similar views on the issues. They agree that the community needs more day-care centers, a stronger police presence and more schools. They also say the district needs more recreational centers for youth.

Politicians in Brooklyn said the race appeared to be between Mr. Moore and Mr. Henry. Mr. Moore is said to have a strong group of loyal campaign volunteers. He said he also expects some last-minute campaigning from the Rev. Al Sharpton. Community advocates, however, point to Mr. Henry's support from the Mayor and say he will receive substantial help from volunteers belonging to his large congregation and from the unions, particularly District Council 37, New York City's largest municipal employees union.

In the primary two years ago fewer than 7,500 people voted, and turnout is expected to be even lower this year.

"Lloyd Henry is a gracious, dignified man who knows nothing about politics and Colin Moore is not a perfect person," said Maurice Gumbs, who publishes Caribbean Notes, a Brooklyn-based community newspaper. "I think it will be very, very tight."

**Graphic**

Graphs: "New York City Council: 45th District" shows median household income, education and population of the 45th District. (Source: New York City Planning Department)

**Load-Date:** September 4, 1993

**End of Document**



[***Review/Film Festival;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-VND0-0024-J31P-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Cruising Nighttown in Quest of the Ultimate Light***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-VND0-0024-J31P-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 15, 1993, Friday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1993 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Weekend Desk

**Section:** Section C;; Section C; Page 3; Column 3; Weekend Desk; Column 3;; Review

**Length:** 1162 words

**Byline:** By VINCENT CANBY

By VINCENT CANBY

**Body**

Meet Johnny (David Thewlis), the 27-year-old Manchester lad who is the central figure in Mike Leigh's "Naked," a brilliant somersault of a movie that lands this fine English director in dark new cinematic territory.

As nothing that Mr. Leigh has done in the past (especially his recent "High Hopes" and "Life Is Sweet") is adequate preparation for "Naked," no movie character you may have met quite measures up (or down) to the caustic and abusive Johnny. He's "not waving, but drowning." Though the cool order of the poet Stevie Smith's line succinctly describes Johnny's situation, it has little to do with his often revivifying, sardonic fury.

Johnny recalls Jimmy Porter of "Look Back in Anger," but homeless in the London streets of the 1990's. He raises his fist not at the Empire, the class system and the Tory mentality, but at God: Johnny goes to the source. A product of the English ***working class***, a man with possibly a year or two at a Midlands university behind him, he has the gift of gab of one of James Joyce's Dubliners who has lost his faith but not his voice.

Johnny invites compassion, especially from women. His scroungy good looks inspire trust: the sad expression, the skinny frame, the great reddish-brown mustache that indicates some reassuring sense of self-worth. But they're all a disguise. Beneath his cheap raincoat, which provides no protection against the winter chill, Johnny is a kind of satanic angel. He's as capable of expressing love as Jack the Ripper.

He doesn't murder; he doesn't have to. During his several days of wanderings about London, which are the focus of Mr. Leigh's screenplay, he leaves a trail of living corpses, the victims, possibly, of a social system but beyond that, of a disinterested universe. He's fed up with himself and his lot, but directs his anger at everyone around him. When a young woman he's about to make love to says she is bored, Johnny, who has nothing but unused time on his hands, becomes lyrical in behalf of small and large mysteries to be pondered.

"Naked" will be shown at the New York Film Festival today at 9:15 P.M. and tomorrow at 3 P.M. It will open here commercially later this year.

When I first saw "Naked," at this year's Cannes International Film Festival, where Mr. Leigh received the best-director award and Mr. Thewlis won as the best actor, the film didn't fit easily into the dozen or so Leigh works I already know. It seemed as disconnected from the other Leigh films as its characters are from one another and from the world in which they live. The picture cleared after a second viewing, one without jet lag.

The revelation: "Naked" not only fits, but is also a logical if unexpected extension of such earlier Leigh films as "Bleak Moments" "Grown-Ups," "Meantime" and "Home Sweet Home," each a harrowing tale of the domestic problems of the English working and lower-middle classes. Yet those films are all rooted in recognizable homes, such as they may be, and deal with approximations of the nuclear family. "Naked" is something else.

The characters in "Naked" have abandoned whatever homes they had. Their families are somewhere else; they're scarcely mentioned. The flats and rooms we see in "Naked" are temporary refuges. These characters aren't mired in domestic relationships; they're as free-floating in limbo as Johnny, though they don't know it.

When first seen, before the film's title credits, Johnny is standing in a Manchester alley late at night having sex with a woman he has just picked up. That's a delicate way of describing what he's doing. He's brutalizing the woman, who tries to fight him off. When finished, he walks away, steals a car and drives to London. His purpose: to find his former girlfriend Louise (Lesley Sharp). She shares a flat with a spaced-out druggie named Sophie (Katrin Cartlidge) and Sandra (Claire Skinner), whose name is on the lease, a prissy nurse who returns from a vacation in Zimbabwe in the course of Johnny's visit.

During the next several days, Johnny descends into hell, though at one point, when he's asked where he has been, he says "down the via dolorosa." Johnny's being sarcastic, but the movie isn't. "Naked" is as corrosive and sometimes as funny as anything Mr. Leigh has done to date. It's loaded with wild flights of absurd rhetoric and encounters with characters so eccentric that they seem to have come directly from life. Nobody would dare imagine them.

There's the lonely, philosophical night watchman Brian (Peter Wight), who finds Johnny huddled in the doorway and invites him in, not necessarily to be kind but to have someone to talk to. Brian gets more than he bargained for. Says Johnny on entering the lobby of the office building, "So what goes on in this post-modern gas chamber?"

There are also two young Scots, Archie (Ewen Bremner) and Maggie (Susan Vidler), whose accents are so thick that most of the vitriolic things they fling at each other remain unintelligible to Johnny. He knocks on the door of a woman he has seen undressing in a window. She invites him in, offers him vodka and is ready to have sex with him. At the last minute Johnny declines; he says she looks like his mother.

Intercut with Johnny's journey through nighttown, with his seduction by Sophie and his half-hearted attempts to reconcile with Louise, is the story of a sadistic fellow alternately known as Jeremy and Sebastian, played by Greg Cruttwell, who looks like a young, pre-"Servant" Dirk Bogarde. Eventually Johnny, Jeremy/ Sebastian, Louise, Sophie and Sandra all wind up in Sandra's flat in an extended sequence that slips effortlessly from melodrama to comedy to farce and something like psychic exhaustion.

Perhaps "Naked" should not be analyzed too closely in any conventional way. It's as much about actors acting, finding their remarkable characters in their collaborations with Mr. Leigh, who is both the writer and director, as it is about the characters thus created and the landscape they inhabit.

Mr. Thewlis is staggeringly fine, but everyone else in the cast is also special. The dialogue dazzles, whether it sounds like something overheard during a beery undergraduate discussion on the meaning of life, or takes off into its own mad stratosphere, as when Johnny considers the mystery of the silence of the human body: "The most complex mechanism in the universe, but it still doesn't make any noise. What's going on in there?"

Naked

Written and directed by Mike Leigh; director of photography, Dick Pope; edited by Jon Gregory; music by Andrew Dickson; production designer, Alison Chitty; produced by Simon Channing-Williams; released by Fine Line Features. At Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center, as part of the 31st New York Film Festival. Running time: 126 minutes. This film has no rating.

Johnny . . . David Thewlis

Louise . . . Lesley Sharp

Sophie . . . Katrin Cartlidge

Jeremy/Sebastian . . . Greg Cruttwell

Sandra . . . Claire Skinner

Brian . . . Peter Wight

Archie . . . Ewen Bremner

Maggie . . . Susan Vidler

**Graphic**

Photo: Deborah MacLaren and David Thewlis in Mike Leigh's "Naked." (FineLine Features/New Line Cinema)

**Load-Date:** October 15, 1993

**End of Document**



[***PROPOSED 40-STORY OFFICE TOWERS WOULD GIVE WEEHAWKEN ITS OWN SKYLINE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-JYC0-0008-N4V6-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 17, 1984, Tuesday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1984 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section B; Page 1, Column 1; Metropolitan Desk

**Length:** 1051 words

**Byline:** By THOMAS J. LUECK

**Dateline:** WEEHAWKEN, N.J., April 16

**Body**

Nowhere else along the west side of the Hudson does the Manhattan skyline loom so large, so unobstructed and so exhilarating as from a stretch of Boulevard East here.

''That view simply must not be destroyed,'' said Ruth Elsasser, who lives a short walk away.

But Weehawken, a township along the Palisades, may be in for a major change. A real-estate project proposed by one of the state's wealthiest businessmen would create something resembling a small new city along the riverfront.

Article on various proposals for developing shoreline of Hudson River in Weehawken, NJ; most ambitious plan has been offered by Arthur E Imperatore, one of New Jersey's wealthiest businessmen, who has proposed building on vacant land below 150-foot cliff that elevates residential neighborhoods from Hudson; Imperatore envisions 40-story office building, theaters, restaurants, a park and housing, as well as ferry service to Manhattan; photo (M)

The developer, Arthur E. Imperatore, plans to build on vacant land below a 150-foot cliff that elevates residential neighborhoods from the Hudson. If accepted by the town, the development would include four 40- story office buildings towering above the edge of the Palisades, blocking part of the view from Boulevard East and giving Weehawken a skyline of its own.

''I'm thinking cosmic thoughts,'' Mr. Imperatore said of his plans for the office buildings, theaters, restaurants, a park and housing for up to 30,000 people.

The development, which would include adjoining property in West New York, would be linked to midtown Manhattan, five-eighths of a mile away, by a fleet of ferryboats.

Although it is the largest, Mr. Imperatore's development is not the only one planned for the shoreline. Nine others, from the George Washington Bridge to Jersey City, have been proposed by developers and government agencies.

But because his is across from midtown and because of its emphasis on providing a ferryboat link across the river, Mr. Imperatore said he expected the project to be a ''centerpiece'' on the riverfront.

''I think it's time to bring the west side of the river into the 20th and 21st centuries,'' he said.

Mr. Imperatore, who owns the APA Transport Corporation, a trucking business in nearby North Bergen, paid $7.7 million for the site, which is crisscrossed by abandoned rail lines, scarred by dilapidated piers and accessible only by a handful of steep, winding, little-used streets.

Despite its condition, the site is potentially precious real estate. Mr. Imperatore owns and plans to develop 351 acres, a two-mile ribbon of waterfront half in Weehawken and half in West New York. It is parallel to the area in Manhattan between 35th and 74th Streets.

The property, which also includes a separate, 55-acre site owned by Hartz Mountain Industries of Secaucus, makes up 40 percent of the area of Weehawken.

''Any development that big will have a profound, irreversible impact,'' Richard Turner, the Town Manager and a member of the Planning Board, said. ''So we're moving slowly.''

After 14 months of hearings, officials have yet to adopt zoning changes on the site, which is designated for industrial use, to allow a dense cityscape.

Although most of the 13,500 residents believe some kind of waterfront development is needed, the prospect of four office buildings rising above the Palidades is not being warmly re ceived. ''There must be a thousand ways to develop that property, all of them profitable, without building above the Palisades,'' said James Dette, a civil engineer who lives a half-block from Boulevard East.

Mr. Dette, who has challenged the plan at Planning Board meetings, said he was worried that the project would only be used by those who live and work there and that ''***working***- ***class*** Weehawken folks would be kept from the riverfront.''

Mrs. Elsasser, president of the Weehawken Environment Committee, said, ''Those towers would be a monstrous mistake.''

Chances appear good the project will be approved, because Weehawken, suferring ecomomic problems so severe that it nearly went bankrupt in 1981, may decide it needs large-scale development to cure its fiscal ills.

Loss of 2 Employers

The problems have largely resulted from the loss of two large employers and taxpayers, the Penn Central Railroad and Seatrain Lines Inc. Both had owned large parts of the waterfront but were forced to sell the land as part of their bankruptcy proceedings.

''This is a case where what's good for the developer is good for the town,'' Mayor Stanley D. Iacono said. Without large-scale development, he said, ''we'll be in very serious economic straits.''

A series of ill-conceived and sometimes fraudulent development plans before Mr. Imperatore came on the scene have made Mr. Iacono and other officials all the more determined to see a major project succeed.

One of the plans involved Mr. Iacono's predecessor, Wally P. Lindsley, who was Mayor from 1979 to 1982. Mr. Lindsley was convicted last December of conspiring to extort money from developers who were promoting a riverfront chicken-processing plant.

Other developments that have been promoted and dropped have included a small airport and a refinery.

''Before now, the proposals have been a series of gimmicks,'' Mr. Turner said. ''But nobody questions Imperatore's motives.''

'Exercise in Democracy'

Mr. Imperatore has knocked on doors, spoken to civic groups, visited the homes of outspoken critics and conducted something akin to a campaign for political office.

''It's an exercise in democracy,'' he said. ''I've got to educate people to see what I see in this project.''

A native of West New York, Mr. Imperatore's trucking business has given him a fortune he estimates at close to $200 million.

Although he has not invested in or managed large real-estate development projects, he said his interest in the tract derived largely from his spending his life near the site.

''I used to play on the Weehawken cliff as a boy,'' he recalled. ''My vision of a new city here may have come from that far back.''

Mr. Imperatore, who bought the property from Penn Central in 1981, said he has spent $7 million on architectural and engineering studies and cleaning up the site.

If the project is built, he estimated he would have to assemble financing for $500 million in improvements, including roads, sewers and parking areas.

**Graphic**

map of New Jersey (page B5); photo of abandoned pier

**End of Document**



[***A Very Different Shade of Green;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3VK3-34T0-007F-G256-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***30 Years Later, Don't Confuse Namath's Jets With Today's Team***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3VK3-34T0-007F-G256-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 17, 1999, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1999 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Sports Desk

**Section:** Section 8; ; Section 8; Page 13; Column 2; Sports Desk ; Column 2;

**Length:** 1196 words

**Byline:** By ROBERT LIPSYTE

By ROBERT LIPSYTE

**Body**

Oh, what a time it was. The Jets' coach called his underdog team "green and growing," and clearly wished he were still coaching the opposition, which had dumped him. The National Football League commissioner grudgingly gave the news media permission to use the nickname "Super Bowl," although that was not the official title. The third annual A.F.L.-N.F.L. World Championship Game's lightning rod, the long-haired quarterback, was generally considered controversial because of his prediction of victory, not to mention his reputation for drinking and sex, sometimes the night before a game.

In their most recent Super Bowl appearance, 30 years ago in Miami, the Jets adjusted the course of Jock Pop history and accelerated the ultimate crossover of sports into entertainment. You can thank or spank those Jets for such recent phenomena as the $3 million home run ball, the promotion of last night's heavyweight fight between Mike Tyson's "inner demons" and an "outer demon" named Botha, and the orgy of hagiography around Michael Jordan's retirement.

Today, a team that went from green and growing to "gang green" and worse need only step over the Broncos to go back to Miami. But even if these Jets win the Super Bowl (we can officially call it that now) two weeks from today, it is unlikely that they will become icons for the next 30 years. There are no connections other than costume to those Jets. Times changed.

Thirty years ago, in the turbulent gut of the Vietnam War, the N.F.L., in an official news release, modestly referred to itself as "vicarious warfare nurtured by the technology that is this land's hallmark." In 1969, the year he quit linebacking for the St. Louis Cardinals, Dave Meggysey, now an N.F.L. players union official, said, "Politics and pro football are the most grotesque extremes in the theatric of a dying empire." No wonder everyone wanted to watch big guys beat up on each other.

The world's best-known athlete then was Muhammad Ali, banned from competition because he had stood up for his religious principles. No athlete since has challenged the establishment so frontally. The commissioner of the National Basketball Association, Walter Kennedy, flipped a coin and one Lew Alcindor went to Milwaukee to begin the modern hoops era. In its centennial year, that agrarian pastime, baseball, was declared passe. (Cal Ripken turned 9 in 1969, Mark McGwire 6.)

Saint Vince Lombardi was still alive, and although he had called Joe Namath "the perfect quarterback," he expressed revulsion at "some of the things he stands for." This probably included Broadway Joe's price tag, the now amusing figure of $400,000. Sonny Werblin, the entertainment mogul who was a major Jets owner, used the fat contract to promote Namath's celebrity and glamour, the quarterback as rock star, a new concept.

Namath, a ***working-class*** role model whose loyalty to team and family seemed every bit as traditional as those of the Baltimore Colts' quarterbacks, Johnny Unitas and Earl Morrall, was nevertheless portrayed as a rebel to hype the image of the upstart American Football League, which had muscled its way into a merger with the N.F.L.

While Michael Jordan's impact on his game, on sports marketing, television and mass culture, is incomparable, without Namath there might not have been as well developed a television-fueled industry for him to air out. As dull as the games often are, the Super Bowl still generates the most expensive commercial minutes on TV. It is a national secular holy day.

Back then, it was only a game and the Jets' coach was a stumpy guy with a limp. (A fan had pulled on his leg as the Jets carried Weeb Ewbank off the field after winning the American Football League title.) In Miami, when someone said, "There's the mike, Weeb," and he said, "Mike who?" only Weeb guffawed. Can you imagine the news media not laughing at everything remotely funny that Bill Parcells might say? Weeb spent most of that week being nostalgic about his old Colts, and the great Unitas.

Meanwhile, Namath was lounging around the hotel pool, chit-chatting amiably with anyone who came up, reporter or vacationing nonfan. Such access these days is a fantasy. Reporters are not even allowed to talk with Parcells's assistants, lest they become well-known enough to steal his Cadillac ads.

Several nights before the game, double scotch in hand, Namath guaranteed victory, major headlines even in post-Ali time. When he delivered, he was no longer a celebrity, he was a hero.

But unlike Jordan (or even O. J. Simpson, a rookie later in 1969), Namath was never bankable. He was too real. Michael is cool, discreet, dependable in ways that make the suits comfortable. Namath cried on television when Commissioner Pete Rozelle demanded he give up his interest in a bar because some of its customers were organized crime suspects. You could never be sure that Namath's version of truth and beauty would not damage the campaign for a cereal or soft drink. Only pantyhose seemed safe enough.

Billie Jean King, Ali and Bill Bradley were the athletes who brought nonfans into the tent in that era, but each was too idiosyncratic in style, personality and politics to keep people there for other athletes and games. But the Super Bowl would come back every year, often with another sexy and promotable quarterback like Terry Bradshaw, Joe Montana or John Elway. Corporations woke to the currency of sports and invested so heavily that sports will never vanish. In a celebrity culture, athletes are gold because they do something real, in live time. And they are usually replaceable before they become a corporate problem, as embarrassment or major shareholder.

Jordan may become a problem to companies who have overinvested in him. Despite the sometimes sickening elegies of the last few days, it is not likely that he will be Air Jordan forever. There will be new players to quicken our pulses, better-looking male clothing and scent models, more interesting product endorsers. Michael's biggest attraction off the court was his incredible talent on it -- how could such a great player also be so smooth, so handsome, so smart? There are plenty of nonplayers who are so smooth, so handsome and so smart.

Namath seemed to have less of a stomach for business than Jordan does, and while he was a better movie and stage actor he pretty much limped out of sight. His workouts with booze and babes became more passe than baseball, even to him.

One could wish more of Namath around these days. Genuinely genial and funny, he always took his work more seriously than he took himself. Keyshawn Johnson is the closest to a Jets superstar, but he seems not to have yet developed an ingratiating cool or an interesting edge. Maybe, with drink in hand, he will guarantee victory. And hang out at the pool. Right. Coach Parcells would be amused by that.

Even if there is no connection other than the old green between today's team and the winners of Super Bowl III, there are wondrous omens for New York fans. A few months after the Jets won, the Mets began a glorious season that ended in their first World Series victory. And soon after that, the Knicks were on their way to an N.B.A. championship.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Namath guaranteed a victory in 1969, and the Jets proved him correct in Miami. Will the 1999 Jets make it to Miami, too? Super Bowl III scrapbook: The Jets' best team, to date, featured (clockwise, from lower right) Coach Weeb Ewbank and quarterback Joe Namath; a strong running game with Matt Snell (41) scoring a touchdown; Namath's quick release; Snell grinding out yards in the 16-7 victory over the Colts, and a team effort for a huge upset. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY BARTON SILVERMAN)

**Load-Date:** January 17, 1999

**End of Document**



[***An Old Haunt Re-emerges on Raritan Bay - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4F3W-4TM0-TW8F-G35W-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 26, 2004 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

**Correction Appended**



Copyright 2004 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 11; Column 1; Real Estate Desk; Pg. 7; LIVING IN/Laurence Harbor, N.J.

**Length:** 1363 words

**Byline:** By JERRY CHESLOW

**Body**

TRACY MISELLA was determined to own a home but considered a water view an impossible dream. Then, in May, Ms. Misella, 31, an executive with the Hertz Corporation, discovered the former bungalow colony of Laurence Harbor on Raritan Bay. A two-square-mile enclave in Old Bridge Township, Laurence Harbor comprises mainly compact two- and three-bedroom winterized bungalows built in the 20's and 30's on 25- or 50-by-100-foot lots, and is one of the most affordable neighborhoods in New Jersey's booming Middlesex County.

''Both the area and my house are diamonds in the rough,'' said Ms. Misella, who paid $142,500 for a former bungalow --real estate agents call them ranches -- that required updating on Monroe Street overlooking the bay.

Dennis Kessler, a broker at the Century 21 Charles Smith Agency in neighboring Sayreville, said the price was less than half the $300,000 average selling price of single-family homes in Middlesex County. Since buying the house, Ms. Misella has redone her floors, changed her kitchen hardware and rerouted her sump pump plumbing. ''During the week, I dress in business attire; on weekends, I get down and dirty and work on my house,'' she said.

Renovations, teardowns and second-story additions are in progress all over ''the Harbor,'' a fact Mayor James T. Phillips attributes to the high prices elsewhere in the county and to the $6 million county-financed reconstruction of its waterfront.

Now named Old Bridge Waterfront Park, the 47-acre site along the northbound side of New Jersey Highway 35 includes a beach, a playground, picnic areas, a half-mile of boardwalk, benches, a police substation, showers and three fishing jetties where striped bass, bluefish, flounder and fluke are caught in abundance. Before the beach renovations began six years ago, the area was a weather-beaten wasteland of dumped appliances and tires, and included a sometimes-rowdy pub.

Annually on Sept. 11, the Laurence Harbor Volunteer First Aid Squad organizes a candlelight vigil on the beach, which overlooks Staten Island, Brooklyn and Lower Manhattan. When the World Trade Center collapsed in 2001, many Old Bridge residents watched from the beachfront, which was then in its early stages of reconstruction.

On the Fourth of July, residents also gather on the beach to watch a string of waterfront fireworks displays in towns along the Jersey Shore and in New York City.

Laurence Harbor is named for Laurence Lamb, a turn-of-the-20th-century entrepreneur who established a 400-acre shorefront golf and country club on the site. Among those who frequented Mr. Lamb's establishment were Clark Gable, Guy Lombardo, the Prince of Wales and the Vanderbilts, who came to party and eat chingarora oysters, for which Raritan Bay was then famous.

According to Alvia Martin, a local historian who grew up in Old Bridge Township, the area was also used during Prohibition by rum runners who would lower their cargo of bootleg liquor overboard into the bay to be hauled ashore by local fishermen.

In 1928, the golf club was sold to developers, who parceled it into 25-by-100-foot lots for the construction of a bungalow colony resort. A boardwalk, complete with a dance hall, casino, band shell, concession stands and a merry-go-round that played only one song, ''Let's Remember Pearl Harbor,'' provided entertainment, hot dogs and ice cream during Ms. Martin's childhood in the 1940's.

''Hurricanes tore up the boardwalk,'' Ms. Martin recalled. ''Barbara in 1953, Carol and Edna in '54 and Donna in '60 reduced the boardwalk and its buildings to lumber.''

At the same time, the Garden State Parkway was under construction to bypass congested Route 35 and improve access to more southern destinations along the Jersey Shore. Laurence Harbor's beach languished until the mid-1990's, when local officials appealed to the county to finance the renovation.

Today, 700-square-foot, two-bedroom bungalows start at about $145,000 for fixer-uppers and rise to about $190,000 if they are updated, on the water or on the double lots of 50 by 100 feet, Mr. Kessler said. By adding a second story to an existing bungalow, owners can increase its value to $250,000. By knocking the house down and rebuilding, which is common along Shoreland Circle and other streets that front on Raritan Bay, owners can raise the value of their properties into the mid-$300,000 range.

Christopher Ryan, the owner of the Ryan Realty Group in Old Bridge, believes that the narrow lot sizes and the fact that most of the homes are on the western side of Route 35, rather than the bay side, have kept Laurence Harbor a starter home community.

Laurence Harbor starts at the Morgan Bridge, a drawbridge that separates Sayreville from Old Bridge and allows boats into marinas along Morgan Creek, and stretches southward for about a mile along Route 35. Larry C. Johnson, manager of Vikings Marina at the mouth of the creek, says that he has a five-year waiting list for his 165 mainly powerboat slips, which go for $95 per boat foot for the summer.

''A few years ago, it was a million-dollar view that nobody wanted,'' Mr. Johnson said. ''You couldn't give houses away for $70,000. Now, they are sold to relatives or friends before brokers hear about them.''

Even though it straddles the highway, Laurence Harbor retains its small-town ambience. It has three churches, a mosque and no supermarkets, leaving residents to do their food shopping in Cliffwood, about a mile to the south.

The main business district is the intersection of Route 35 and Laurence Parkway, the location of a pharmacy, a branch of the Old Bridge Public Library, a municipally operated teen center, a go-go bar, six municipal basketball courts, a Dunkin' Donuts and Lisa's Pizza, an Italian restaurant that is packed on weekends because of its reputation for good, inexpensive food.

Mayor Phillips, born and raised in Laurence Harbor, draws the western boundary at Meeker Avenue, where the bungalows end, saying: ''Laurence Harbor is a state of mind. It's always been a closely knit, God-fearing, ***working class*** community of affordable houses. I like to think it will always remain a family-oriented place where people know their neighbors and the streets are filled with children.''

Mr. Kessler draws the boundary a quarter mile farther west to the Garden State Parkway, which parallels Route 35. This brings the 400-unit Bridgepointe town house condominium complex, nearing completion off Laurence Parkway, into the neighborhood. Currently, eight units in Bridgepointe are listed for sale, ranging from $329,900 for a two-bedroom, two-bath town house up to $379,999 for a three-bedroom, two-and-a-half-bath unit.

The local children attend Old Bridge's Memorial Elementary School, where class sizes average 21.5, compared with a state elementary school average of 19.3. On statewide achievement tests, Memorial students scored above the state averages in verbal skills and underperformed in mathematics.

For Grades 6-8, the students go on to the Carl Sandburg Middle School, where classes average 27. Classes in the two-campus 2,900-student Old Bridge High School average 25.1. The school offers 14 advanced placement courses in the sciences, English, mathematics, history, government, statistics, French and Spanish. On last year's SAT reasoning test, Old Bridge High School students scored combined verbal and mathematics averages of 1,005, which was slightly below the state average of 1,018.

While Dr. Nicole L. Okun, the superintendent of schools, acknowledges that classrooms at the secondary level are tight, she also points out that the district is now completing additions to the Memorial Elementary School and to the Old Bridge High School. Starting next year, the high school, which is now split between east and west campuses that are two miles apart, will be unified onto the east campus.

The Carl Sandburg School, which currently shares the east campus, will move to the high school's west campus building. The arrangement is intended to make the school system more efficient, but is unlikely to relieve the overcrowding. ''We are not looking for a dramatic reduction in class size,'' Dr. Okun said.

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

**Correction**

The ''Living In ...'' article on Dec. 26, about Laurence Harbor, N.J., misspelled the surname of a woman who had bought a bungalow there and was renovating it. She is Tracy Masella, not Misella.

**Correction-Date:** January 9, 2005

**Graphic**

Photos: SIGNS OF PROGRESS -- The small-town ambience remains in Laurence Harbor, N.J., even as a reconstruction of the waterfront and relatively low housing prices have created a real estate boomlet.

On the Market: LEE LEE LANE -- This town house, at No. 10 in the Bridgepointe complex, has three bedrooms, two-and-a-half baths, and is listed at $379,900. (732)441-7300.

BAYVIEW DRIVE -- This house, at No. 278, has one bedroom and one bath, a detached garage and a water view, and is listed at $209,900. (732)721-9000.

SHORELAND CIRCLE -- This house, at No. 361, has two bedrooms and one bath, and is listed at $163,999. (732)607-7686. (Photographs by Timothy Ivy for The New York Times)Chart: ''GAZETTEER''POPULATION: 3,500AREA: 2 square milesMEDIAN HOUSEHOLD INCOME: $50,000MEDIAN PRICE OF A ONE-FAMILY HOUSE: $210,000TAXES ON MEDIAN HOUSE: $2,640MEDIAN PRICE A YEAR AGO: $180,000MEDIAN PRICE FIVE YEARS AGO: $110,000MEDIAN PRICE OF THREE-BEDROOM CONDOMINIUM: $330,000SCHOOL SPENDING PER PUPIL: $10,155ZIP CODE: 08879DISTANCE FROM MIDTOWN MANHATTAN: 36 milesCOMMUTING TIME TO MIDTOWN: 50 minutes via New Jersey Transit train from neighboring South Amboy

or 50 minutes by bus from the Cheesequake rest area near Exit 120 of the Garden State Parkway.Map of New Jersey highlighting Laurence Harbor.

**Load-Date:** December 26, 2004

**End of Document**



[***Champion Boxer and Builder Aim to Help Latinos***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4M3Y-1KX0-TW8F-G2H0-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 14, 2006 Saturday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2006 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section C; Column 2; Business/Financial Desk; Pg. 1; Fighting For Housing

**Length:** 1659 words

**Byline:** By JAMES FLANIGAN

**Dateline:** LOS ANGELES, Oct. 13

**Body**

Oscar de la Hoya and John Long are unlikely business partners: one a championship boxer who is the son of Mexican immigrants, the other a successful but relatively obscure real estate mogul who came to the United States from China as a boy.

But the muscular fighter and the slightly built property investor both grew up in ***working-class*** neighborhoods in Los Angeles, and that common bond brought them together. In 2005, they formed Golden Boy Partners with a shared $100 million investment and a mission, Mr. de la Hoya said, to ''revitalize Latino neighborhoods by building nice homes that are affordable for people who work in the area, teachers, nurses, fire and police.''

Indeed, judging from the experience of others, investment in urban areas instead of upscale suburbs is not only profitable but a new fashion in enterprise for prominent athletes. These days, they are not just lending their names but forming true partnerships to capitalize on often overlooked projects.

Earvin (Magic) Johnson, the basketball star, has been a pioneer in inner-city business for more than a decade, with stakes in movie theaters, coffee shops and restaurants, a mortgage company and Canyon-Johnson Urban Funds, a real estate venture. ''Redeveloping these urban neighborhoods provides business opportunities and jobs,'' he has said. His company recently turned an old Chicago police headquarters into condominiums and retail units in the heart of the city.

Active athletes are getting into the game. Keyshawn Capital Development, a venture of Carolina Panthers wide receiver Keyshawn Johnson, is a partner with the developer Chris Hammond in two shopping center projects in South Los Angeles. And Shaquille O'Neal of the Miami Heat has formed a real estate company to participate in a huge development of 1,100 housing units in downtown Miami.

A shift in emphasis has occurred over time from viewing inner cities and minorities who live there as candidates for public assistance to seeing potential for investment and entrepreneurship. The Milken Institute, in Santa Monica, Calif., has been studying what it calls ''emerging domestic markets'' for a decade and its researchers have found that minority businesses (Latino and Asian predominantly) ''are growing even faster than the population in terms of new companies and revenues.''

Of those businesses, real estate is attracting more capital because in urban neighborhoods today ''it is a real business with real returns,'' said Betsy Zeidman, director of the Center for Emerging Domestic Markets at the Milken Institute.

Among the largest companies currently engaged in inner city home building is CityView, a firm organized by Henry Cisneros, who was secretary of Housing and Urban Development in the Clinton administration and mayor of San Antonio before that. CityView is working with a $500 million revolving fund from the California Public Employees' Retirement System, the country's largest public pension fund, and it has built 4,000 homes in California and major cities across the nation, including Chicago, Detroit and Denver.

Mr. Cisneros's company reports annual returns on investment of 20 percent and more for the pension fund.

CityView gears the cost of its houses to a price that equals one and a half times the median income for the local community, Mr. Cisneros explained. ''I call it work force housing,'' he said, ''because it is meant for the moderate-income working people that are the heart of every community.''

''But that is also its strength,'' he said, ''because there is always an active market for such housing while luxury housing is subject to boom and bust with the rise and fall of the economy.''

And beyond those considerations, Mr. Cisneros looks at a more important underpinning for urban housing markets: population growth. The United States population is projected by census experts to grow by 36 percent in the next four decades to 410 million, from 300 million today. And growth among urban ''minorities'' will be faster than average -- including, Mr. Cisneros said, ''a rise of 63 million in the Latino population.''

Mr. de la Hoya, 33, a nine-time world boxing champion in six weight classes, grew up in East Los Angeles in a neighborhood he describes as ''nice enough, although nobody owned their own home -- everybody rented.'' Two decades ago, mortgages were hard to find in low-income neighborhoods.

But times are changing because of the growth of the Latino community in the Los Angeles area, and the increasing attention from investors and bankers wanting to serve the so-called minority majority, the largest single ethnic group in kaleidoscopic Southern California.

Mr. de la Hoya, nicknamed the Golden Boy, is notably unmarked for someone who has fought 265 amateur and professional bouts -- and knocked out more than 170 opponents. He is more than a sports idol in Los Angeles. A successful investor in business and real estate, he owns the downtown Los Angeles building that houses Golden Boy Promotions, his boxing-match promotion company, and Golden Boy Enterprises, through which he has invested in eight Spanish-language newspapers among other ventures. The value of his businesses so far, including the building, is about $70 million, according to estimates by real estate and sports analysts.

Mr. Long amassed his fortune from commercial real estate. When he came to the United States from China in 1954, Asian people still could not legally own property in California; the state Legislature repealed the Alien Land Law two years later. Mr. Long, then 7, was of a merchant family that owned grocery stores in old Canton, now Guangzhou. But the Communist government took over the stores after coming to power, so the family moved to America.

Mr. Long grew up in a poor neighborhood in South Los Angeles, but went on to study economics at U.C.L.A. and then earn a master of business administration degree at Harvard Business School. ''I didn't know what I really wanted to do, but coming from my background I wanted to be in business of some sort,'' Mr. Long said.

The business he chose was real estate.

In 1971, he went to work for Kaufman & Broad, a home builder (now KB Homes) and in 1978, he formed his own company, Highridge Partners, with four associates and began investing in commercial real estate. His strategy was to carefully select properties he deemed undervalued. ''We wanted to be owners,'' Mr. Long recalled. ''We would identify assets, negotiate a purchase, lease it out, develop it from soup to nuts and sell it.''

Property ownership has been profitable. For over 28 years, he and his associates have owned more than $6 billion worth of real estate in California and Texas and say they have multiplied their initial investment more than 1,000 times.

And now, Mr. Long, whom business acquaintances cite as ''a really tough negotiator,'' is making a new kind of selection. He is investing in urban real estate, specifically in growing Latino communities. His Highridge group has sold most of its properties to focus on Golden Boy Partners. ''In this partnership,'' Mr. Long said, ''we are creating an investment vision in Latino society.''

Golden Boy Partners has six projects in various stages of preparation and is closest to breaking ground to build 107 town houses on the site of a shuttered beer distribution warehouse in South Gate, an industrial city of about 100,000, 12 miles from downtown Los Angeles. The town houses will be sold at up to $400,000 apiece, which might seem high any place but the Los Angeles area.

''Homes across the street from the site sell for $500,000,'' said Mr. de la Hoya, interviewed along with Mr. Long at his suite of offices and conference rooms in downtown Los Angeles, decorated partly in mahogany paneling and partly in posters for boxing matches.

Golden Boy Partners will provide assistance by introducing buyers to mortgage lenders but the business will be done at market rates, Mr. de la Hoya said. ''We have talked to all the mortgage companies and they are eager.''

The emphasis on market rates is characteristic of these ventures in urban real estate, which both men describe as part business, part philanthropy -- profit-making but purposeful. ''Obviously, you go into business to make money but at the same time we want to help families,'' Mr. de la Hoya said.

''What Oscar is saying,'' Mr. Long chimed in, ''is we are making profit and also taking into account the needs of the people and the community.''

Mr. de la Hoya's stature guarantees respectful attention from city councils and permitting boards in Southern California's welter of medium-size cities. And with $100 million in initial equity, Golden Boy Partners can borrow four times that, providing up to $500 million to invest. The company is also looking into building major retail operations in Huntington Park, a city of 65,000 in Los Angeles County that is already a beehive of small shops catering to Latino families.

Mr. Long is not only investing in urban development but has also created a center for real estate -- what he calls ''this $20 trillion industry'' -- at U.C.L.A. It is a center intended to look ahead. ''The choice of the next generation will be urban,'' Mr. Long said. ''They won't want to commute. We need to study real estate in relation to the environment and to the legal system and to the choices people will have to make.''

Underlining the point, Mr. de la Hoya said, ''Young people getting married in the Latino culture want to live near family.'' In addition to his business activities, Mr. de la Hoya, who won a bout in Las Vegas in May, insists he is not retired but could fight again in 2007. That would require two months seclusion for rigorous training, he said, which would take him away from business and from yet another activity he has begun -- writing a book. ''I want to write about the contribution of Latinos to the future of America,'' he said.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: John Long, left, and Oscar de la Hoya at a warehouse in South Gate, Calif., where they plan a development. (Photo by Jamie Rector for The New York Times)(pg. C4)

(Photo by Joe Cavaretta/Associated Press)

(Photo by Marc Serota/Reuters)

(Photo by Chris Livingston/European Pressphoto Agency)(pg. C1)

**Load-Date:** October 14, 2006

**End of Document**



[***FAR-RIGHT PARTY GAINS IN FRENCH VOTE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-J9T0-0008-N4DF-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 19, 1984, Tuesday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1984 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Page 3, Column 1; Foreign Desk

**Length:** 1065 words

**Byline:** By E. J. DIONNE Jr.

**Dateline:** PARIS, June 18

**Body**

The results of the European Parliament elections in France, political leaders said today, were a major boost for the extreme right-wing National Front Party and a stunning defeat for the French Communist Party.

Over all, the elections were also a blow to the French Socialist Party and President Francois Mitterrand, who saw his leftist majority reduced to less than 40 percent of the electorate.

''Mr. Mitterrand,'' said Pierre Mehaignerie, a leader of the main center- right opposition, ''is the big loser in this vote.''

Mr. Mitterrand is widely expected to shake up his Cabinet and name a new Prime Minister to replace Pierre Mauroy. The main question seems to be whether Mr. Mitterrand will eliminate the four Communist ministers and sub- ministers in his Government - or whether the Communists themselves, faced with further electoral decline, will choose to quit.

Some commentators and political leaders said the defeat suffered by Mr. Mitterrand's Communist coalition partners represented a kind of success for the French President's long-term political strategy. Mr. Mitterrand has sought for years to reduce the influence of the Communist Party and have his Socialist Party replace it as the major force on the left.

Communist Support Plummets

In the balloting Sunday, the Communist share of the vote was reduced to just over 11 percent, the party's lowest score in a national election in more than half a century. The vote meant the Communists had lost nearly half their support in the five years since the last election for the European Parliament, the 434-seat assembly of the European Economic Community.

The Communists' predicament was underlined by the fact that the National Front, once regarded as a gathering of ineffectual extreme rightists, received virtually as many votes as the highly organized Communists: 2.204 million for the National Front against 2.260 million for the Communists.

Nearly final results gave the main center-right opposition slate, led by Simone Veil, the clear lead with 42.9 percent of the votes cast. The Socialists ran second with 20.8 percent, followed by the Communists at 11.3 percent and the National Front, led by Jean-Marie Le Pen, with 11 percent.

Ten other lists, including a variety of centrist, ecological and extreme left groupings, ran far behind. Among them, these various parties polled 14 percent of the votes cast, another sign of voter disaffection with the Government and, to a lesser extent, with the traditional opposition.

Only about 57 percent of France's eligible voters went to the polls. This was a poor turnout by local standards and was interpreted here as both as a reflection of popular indifference to the institutions of the European Economic Community and a protest by many voters who normally vote for the left but chose instead to stay home.

A Call for Elections

The leaders of the traditional moderate and conservative opposition today tended to emphasize the poor showing by the governing parties and the large vote secured by Mrs. Veil's list.

Some opposition politicians, such as Michel Debre, called on Mr. Mitterrand to call new elections for the National Assembly, something Mr. Mitterrand is neither required nor likely to do. ''The people have rejected the coalition in power,'' Mr. Debre said.

Assembly elections are not required by law here until 1986, and Mr. Mitterrand is virtually certain not to call the voters to the polls until then, or at least until his party has a far better chance of winning than it seems to now.

But it was Mr. Le Pen's performance that drew the most extensive commentary. The normally sedate Agence France-Presse headlined a story: ''The only real winner in the European elections: Jean-Marie Le Pen.''

Mr. Le Pen lashed out at immigration from North African countries, unemployment, abortion, homosexuality and high crime rates. A millionaire who once served in the Foreign Legion, he used the slogan ''The French First'' to emphasize his anti-immigrant theme. ''The voters know that Le Pen says out loud what everyone else thinks on the quiet,'' he said recently.

A Vote of Protest

In an interview today, Mr. Le Pen said his election success was ''a protest vote generally.''

''It's against the left for following a policy of revolutionary socialism,'' he said, ''and against what is called the traditional right for following a policy of creeping socialism.''

Both the Socialists and the mainstream center-right blamed each other for Mr. Le Pen's performance.

Mrs. Veil, a popular politician who served as a minister in the Government of former President Valery Giscard d'Estaing, said the extreme right did not exist before Mr. Mitterrand took power. She said Mr. Le Pen's vote was the product of ''exasperation, the fed-up attitude before the Government's policies.''

Lionel Jospin, who led the Socialist ticket, accused the mainstream conservatives of ''nourishing the extreme right.'' He and other Socialist leaders said conservatives had made Mr. Le Pen's themes on immigration and crime more acceptable by making both issues in recent elections.

Mr. Le Pen's performance was also interpreted by many here as more of a protest vote in an election that conferred no real power. An exit poll conducted for a French television network showed that only about half of those who voted for Mr. Le Pen would stick with his party in a regular legislative election.

Traditional Right Sources

And although Mr. Le Pen made some inroads in ***working-class*** Socialist and Communist bastions, and in some areas of high unemployment, the polls and election results showed that his vote was largely drawn from the traditional right. Mr. Le Pen also tended to do better among the well-to-do and the small shopkeepers who are the usual base for conservative politics.

The Communists' losses were broad, extending to their strongholds in the Paris suburbs, where the turnout was low. Many commentators saw the Communist electorate as confused by the party's seemingly contradictory policy of staying within Mr. Mitterrand's Government but at the same time criticizing many of its policies.

Pierre Juquin, a member of the Communist Party's Politburo, said the party ''had suffered a new and grave retreat'' in its support.

''Let's be frank,'' Mr. Juquin said on television today, when asked if the French Communists were doomed to an inevitable decline. ''We have fallen back a lot, and in successive stages.''

**End of Document**



[***A Museum Merger: The Modern Meets The Ultramodern***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3VPG-GK00-007F-G12B-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

February 2, 1999, Tuesday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1999 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** The Arts/Cultural Desk

**Section:** Section A; ; Section A; Page 1; Column 2; The Arts/Cultural Desk ; Column 2;

**Length:** 1188 words

**Byline:** By CAROL VOGEL

By CAROL VOGEL

**Body**

In an effort to stay as up to the minute as its name, the 70-year-old Museum of Modern Art has reached an agreement to merge with the cutting-edge P.S. 1 Center for Contemporary Art in Long Island City, Queens.

The merger is a marriage between resources and innovation. It will give the Modern a far greater involvement with art of the moment, which it has long been accused of slighting in favor of the earlier movements it helped place in the 20th-Century canon. It will also give it a presence in another borough, help it reach a younger audience and give it access to additional exhibition space at a time when it will have to shut parts of its building on West 53d Street in Manhattan for a major expansion.

For P.S. 1, the 28-year-old showcase for contemporary work that has helped attract a number of artists to its neighborhood, the union will provide access to the Modern's vast collection and deep pockets and to marketing resources that will likely boost its visibility.

"The opportunities are unprecedented," said Glenn D. Lowry, director of the Modern, adding that its future "lies in its commitment to contemporary art."

The deal also promises to be a boost for ***working-class*** Long Island City, where the Modern is also buying a nearby building for storage, offices and workshops. Despite their strikingly different pedigrees and settings -- the Modern's on 53d Street off Fifth Avenue and P.S. 1's on Jackson Avenue four blocks from the Queens-Midtown Tunnel, the two institutions are only 10 minutes or two subway stops apart on the E F lines, which connect the two boroughs.

New York City, which owns the P.S. 1 building, endorsed the merger. The move was praised yesterday by Mayor Rudolph W. Giuliani. The Romanesque Revival building was a public school until it was closed by the Board of Education in 1976. The center, which has made an international reputation for mounting avant-garde exhibitions, has been in the building since then. The center grew out of the Institute for Art and Urban Resources, which began in 1971, dedicated to turning abandoned buildings in the city into artists' studios and exhibition spaces. Besides P.S. 1, it also runs the Clocktower Gallery in a municipal building at Leonard Street and Broadway in lower Manhattan, which will also be absorbed into the Modern.

While P.S. 1 and the Modern say they will maintain their artistic independence, they are considering changing P.S. 1's name to MOMA P.S. 1. (Several other ideas have been bandied about, including, perhaps in jest, calling P.S. 1 the Ultra Modern.) The two institutions will integrate their development, education, marketing, financial planning and membership departments.

Just how much financial support the Modern plans to invest in P.S. 1 is unclear, in part because the details of the merger will be ironed out over the next 60 days. While one trustee estimated that the Modern's direct investment would not be more than about $100,000 a year, its greater aid will likely come in fund-raising help and cross-marketing efforts in which, for example, both institutions could be featured in joint mailings.

Alanna Heiss, P.S. 1's founding director will remain its head, but she will report to Mr. Lowry. Ms. Heiss will also become a deputy director of the Modern. Meanwhile, Mr. Lowry said, several of the Modern's trustees will serve on P.S. 1's board. He likened the relationship to that between a university and one of its constituent schools.

Ms. Heiss said she was concerned about her center's long-run prospects following a successful $8.5 million renovation two years ago. "I started worrying about our stability long term," she said. "We've always been able to borrow works when we need them. But to have access to MOMA's collection and its curatorial expertise is a tremendous resource for us." The financial support will also be important, she said.

While the Modern charges $8 admission, entrance to P.S. 1 is free. Whether that will change has yet to be determined.

The Modern, which was founded in 1929 by Abby Aldrich Rockefeller, wife of the financier John D. Rockefeller Jr.; Mary Quinn Sullivan, and Lillie P. Bliss, attracts more than 1.6 million visitors a year. It has an endowment of about $300 million, a world-class collection of more than 100,000 works of contemporary and modern art and objects, and a reputation for organizing blockbuster exhibitions of legendary artists like Picasso, Bonnard and Pollock.

The museum is also poised for its biggest expansion. Three years ago it bought the neighboring Dorset Hotel and two adjacent brownstones with the intention of doubling its total space and including flexible galleries for showing contemporary art, something it has lacked. The P.S. 1 space could be used for the Modern's shows when parts of the museum are closed during construction, which is scheduled to begin in early 2001.

In November the Modern announced that it had begun a $650 million capital campaign; more than half of that has been raised. It is believed to be the largest fund-raising effort by any museum in the country and possibly by any American cultural institution.

P.S. 1, on the other hand, has 150,000 square feet of exhibition space, an annual attendance of just over 100,000 visitors and no permanent collection aside from several installation works, including James Terrell's "Meeting." Yet it is a magnet for contemporary art, with its generous sculpture court and shows in the last year of artists like John Coplans, Jack Smith and Jackie Winsor, who are well known in the art world but little known to the public. Its reopening and many of its shows -- it 68 last year -- draw thousands of people from all over the world.

Mr. Lowry said the idea for the merger began last fall when he started talking to Ms. Heiss about collaborating on possible projects. P.S. 1 appealed to him because of Long Island City's proximity to the Modern without being in Manhattan.

Combined with the warehouse building the museum is buying in the neighborhood, Mr. Lowry said, "We are creating a cultural corridor through the subway," citing other Queens institutions, like the Isamu Noguchi Garden Museum in Long Island City and the American Museum of the Moving Image in Astoria.

"P.S. 1 is a major institution in its own right," said Claire Shulman, the Queens Borough President. "It will now become a major, major institution bringing a kind of sophistication we welcome."

As owner of the P.S. 1 building, the city paid 85 percent of its renovation costs, with the rest coming from private donors. The city also contributes one-third to one-half of P.S. 1's total annual operating budget of $1.5 million to $2 million, and it will continue to do so. Schuyler Chapin, the New York City Commissioner of Cultural Affairs, said the city also planned to help P.S. 1 complete some work that still needed to be done, such as repairs to windows.

In forging this new link, the Modern is in some ways following the lead of the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, which has had a branch in SoHo for seven years and is exploring the possibility of building a new museum along the Hudson River in the West Village.

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

**Graphic**

Photo: The P.S. 1 Center for Contemporary Art, which has built an international reputation for mounting avant-garde exhibitions, has been housed since 1976 in a former school building in Long Island City, Queens. (Michael Moran)(pg. B6)

Map of Manhattan showing location of the Museum of Modern Art: P.S. 1 is merging with the Museum of Modern Art. (pg. B6)

**Load-Date:** February 2, 1999

**End of Document**



[***Ecatepec Journal;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3VKX-X9H0-007F-G4J8-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***A Rebel Creed, Stifled by the Pope, Flickers Still - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3VKX-X9H0-007F-G4J8-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

**Correction Appended**



Copyright 1999 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Foreign Desk

**Section:** Section A; ; Section A; Page 4; Column 3; Foreign Desk ; Column 3;

**Length:** 1231 words

**Byline:** By SAM DILLON

By SAM DILLON

**Dateline:** ECATEPEC, Mexico, Jan. 19

**Body**

The priests of Our Lady of Fatima parish have few resources, so they can offer friendship and faith but little else to the glue-sniffing teen-agers, jobless fathers and battered young women of this sprawling shantytown.

"Life here is intolerable for those who don't have the liberating power of religion," said the Rev. Salvador Vasquez, who walks the dirt streets visiting bedridden parishioners who lie coughing from the industrial smoke blanketing this settlement north of Mexico City. "We teach how Christ liberates mankind from sin."

Twenty years ago, when Pope John Paul II made his first trip to Mexico, priests across Latin America were preaching another kind of liberation -- liberation theology, a revolutionary creed that held military dictatorships and capitalist exploitation responsible for the region's poverty and injustice. It was so powerful a message that it helped set off the revolutions that shook countries like Nicaragua.

But when the Pope returns to Mexico this week, liberation theology is not on the agenda because its suppression has been a central campaign of his 20-year papacy. Fighting one of the most bitter religious battles of modern times, the Vatican has closed seminaries, censored church texts and discredited hundreds of Latin American church leaders who taught the insurgent interpretation of Christianity.

The church conservatives have asserted that liberation theology boils down Christ's spiritual teachings to a crude sociological and often socialist critique of the contemporary world, and in some places incites the poor to class warfare.

One symbol of the conservatives' triumph is Norberto Cardinal Rivera Carrera, who as Mexico's 56-year-old Primate will serve as host to the Pope when he arrives in this country on Friday. The Pope promoted Cardinal Rivera to head the Mexican church in 1995 after he shut down a seminary specializing in liberation theology and dispersed its students and professors.

"The Pope's attacks have greatly weakened Latin America's church of the poor," said the Rev. Ernesto Cardenal, the Jesuit priest and former Sandinista Culture Minister whose public scolding by the Pope during a 1983 visit to Nicaragua dramatized John Paul's opposition to liberation theology. "There's been an enormous decline," he said in an interview.

But as church historians review the tumultuous rise and decline of liberation theology, they are finding that although only a handful of bishops still espouse it, it has nonetheless left a powerful legacy. Many of the human rights groups, poll-watching groups and other civic organizations that are the backbone of Latin American democracy today are led by Christians who a decade ago learned to read and think critically in the thousands of parish-level study groups that were the theology's basic expression.

And since ministering to the poor remains at the center of church life across Latin America, at least some priests in slums like Ecatepec still look to the texts of liberation theology, if somewhat furtively, for guidance as they struggle to define what Christianity means for the region's most desperate.

For centuries, conservative bishops gave their blessing to the landowners and generals who ruled Latin America with feudal repression. But that changed in the 1960's, when Pope John XXIII admonished the church to concentrate its ministry on the poor, and a 1968 church conference at Medellin, Colombia, urged bishops and priests to battle "institutionalized violence."

In the 1970's thousands of poor parishes reorganized themselves into small groups of believers, known as grass-roots Christian communities, that met in homes to read the Bible and analyze exploitation and injustice in their societies. With most of Latin American in the grip of military dictators, the church became an outlet for free expression.

In Nicaragua poor Christians flocked into the rebel militias set up by the Sandinista guerrillas to fight the dictator Anastasio Somoza Debayle, and in El Salvador, a right-wing gunman assassinated Archbishop Oscar Arnulfo Romero in 1980 to silence his revolutionary teachings.

The liberation church was growing fast when Pope John Paul II began his tenure in 1978 and, in January 1979, traveled to Mexico for a meeting of regional bishops that brought fervent debate over these teachings. Initially, the Pope seemed ambivalent, but his attitude soon turned to open hostility. Many scholars believe that the Pope equated liberation theology with the Communism he abhorred in his native Poland.

After members of Nicaragua's grass-roots churches drowned out his homily with Sandinista slogans during his 1983 visit to Managua, the Pope mounted a full-scale counterrevolution. The Vatican punished prominent liberation theologians like the Rev. Leonardo Boff of Brazil, promoted conservative bishops like Miguel Obando y Bravo of Nicaragua to head their national churches, and closed dozens of radical seminaries.

The decline in Mexico has been typical of other Latin countries; with the recent deaths of several aging prelates who helped pioneer liberation theology here, only two of Mexico's 117 bishops are now closely identified with the radical church and many seminarians and young priests are largely unfamiliar with its texts.

"Liberation theology is today a bit like the teachings of St. Augustine," said Jean Meyer, author of a classic history of Mexican Catholicism. "The texts are on the shelf, but nobody's very interested in them."

But a historical re-evaluation has begun. Jose de Jesus Legorreta, a professor at the Jesuit-run Universidad Iberoamericana in Mexico City who has written a recent history of the grass-roots Christian communities, concluded that they offered a rich education for thousands of poor Christians, a forum in which illiterate slum-dwellers learned not only to read but also to analyze their world.

"The Christian communities' largest achievement lies in the changes they wrought on those who participated in them," Mr. Legorreta said. "People grew."

Many of the communities live on, out of the glare of the press now, led mainly by middle-aged ***working-class*** housewives like Rosa Maria Sanchez. A decade ago she began to take part in a radical grass-roots Christian group in her Mexico City parish and has since helped establish a parish medical program and organize a human rights watchdog group. During several of Mexico's recent elections she has fought ballot fraud as a poll-watcher.

"We thought life was just growing up, eating, reproducing and dying," Mrs. Sanchez said. "Now we live hard every day. You know what? Women who attend our Christian groups stop watching soap operas!"

Twenty miles across Mexico City, the Rev. Leonardo Barragan Solis, 30, works in Ecatepec's slums alongside Father Vasquez. Three years ago, the local bishop forced the young priest to withdraw from a seminary found to have assigned liberation theology texts.

But the other day, after Father Barragan trudged through a warren of crumbling shanties bringing Christian hope to despondent parishioners, he returned to his parish desk to study an 800-page volume of liberation theology.

"These texts present the historic Christ who broke bread with the poor, but fail to emphasize the Christ of the Spirit -- and Jesus' message wasn't just sociology," he said.

"But we can't ignore these works," he said, "because they teach us to minister to the poor."

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

**Correction**

An article yesterday about Roman Catholicism in Latin America referred incorrectly to the Rev. Ernesto Cardenal, a former Sandinista Culture Minister whose public scolding by Pope John Paul II during a 1983 visit to Nicaragua dramatized the Pope's opposition to liberation theology. Father Cardenal is not a member of the Jesuit order.

**Correction-Date:** January 22, 1999, Friday

**Graphic**

Photo: In a shantytown in Ecatepec, the Rev. Leonardo Barragan Solis, with back to the camera, talks with the bedridden Martin Rosas Barrientos. (Wesley Bocxe/Newsmakers, for The New York Times)

Map of Mexico showing location of Ecatepec: Some priests in slums like Ecatepec still study liberation theology.

**Load-Date:** January 21, 1999

**End of Document**



[***BOXING;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-TKY0-0024-J3YT-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***A Title, and Pride, at Stake for Chavez***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-TKY0-0024-J3YT-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 9, 1993, Thursday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1993 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Sports Desk

**Section:** Section B;; Section B; Page 13; Column 2; Sports Desk; Column 2;; Biography

**Length:** 1059 words

**Byline:** Julio Cesar Chavez

By TIM GOLDEN,

By TIM GOLDEN,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** MEXICO CITY, Sept. 8

**Body**

In the cantinas and garages that anchor the gritty, ***working-class*** neighborhood here called Tepito, the talk is all of Mexican guts and battered gringos, of past and future glory.

For all of the hype about a Mexican fighting an American on Friday night in the Alamodome in San Antonio, no one here seems to be remembering the Alamo much. But ask them about Julio Cesar Chavez, Pernell Whitaker and the symbolic precedent, and the men of Tepito are of a single mind: history will repeat itself.

"The Americans have always dominated us in everything," said Jose Luis Villagran, a 25-year-old clerk in an auto parts store. "But we can win with Julio Cesar. He has a very Mexican heart."

It is much the same elsewhere in the country as its superlightweight and spiritual champion -- a slight man with small, hard fists and a smiling, steel jaw -- prepares to defend the national honor against yet another voluble American.

Trade Is Trade; Sports Is Sports

As Mexico has embraced a new partnership with the United States under President Carlos Salinas de Gortari, fastening its economic hopes to the North American Free Trade Agreement, the Government has worked with some success to push aside the prickly, defensive nationalism with which Mexicans have long looked northward.

This morning, though, the inky sports tabloids that hang like shingles from kiosks around Mexico City suggested that trade was trade and sports was sports. Anyone wondering about the pride at stake needed only to hear from Chavez.

"I'll never go down on points," the fighter was quoted as saying. "If he knocks me out, I'll retire."

For the Chavez camp, the intended conquest on Friday night will be more than the welterweight champion Pernell Whitaker, who is as elusive as any of the 87 men whom Chavez has fought and beaten, 75 by knockout. The fight will be the third in which Chavez will be putting on weight in search of another championship.

The other goal will be for the five-time world champion, a man of low-key charisma and little English, to hammer his way to a larger American audience and the sort of international star status that a fighter often called the best pound for pound in the world might expect.

"This is to get to another level," said Daniel Castro, the 45-year-old former high school math teacher and track coach who has trained Chavez for the last seven years. "We want to break into the whole American market."

The thought of it seems to have seized Chavez's promoter, Don King, by the nose.

Let the Hype Begin

The fight has been marketed and publicized like none of Chavez's before, with public workouts from Mexico to Los Angeles to New York. The event seems to have outhyped even "the Grand Slam of Boxing," the four-fight card on which Chavez whipped Greg Haugen in February before 110,000 extremely partisan fans in Mexico City's Estadio Azteca. (And that promotion was enough to start King learning Spanglish.)

In a conversation last month in Toluca, a city just west of the Mexican capital where he has gone for years to train in the crisp, thin air, Chavez bubbled with good humor at the prospect of beating up another fighter who lays claim to his unofficial pound-for-pound title. But he seemed somewhat defensive at the notion shared by his trainer and others that his international fame had not yet caught up to his stature as a boxer.

"I am satisfied with what I've done in boxing," he said. "I think the American public knows me better than Whitaker. I sell more tickets than he does. This is just one more fight for me."

In Mexico, product endorsements and other secondary markets for his fame have multiplied with each fight. In Mexico, he promotes everything from potato chips to supermarkets and banks. And he seems to wonder: isn't that enough?

As he thought about it while preparing for an afternoon sparring session, he even seemed tired of the fame, of the people who surround him wherever he goes in Mexico, of all the people who wait outside his home in the northwestern city of Culiacan as they might wait for a priest or a mafia don.

"How could I enjoy that?" he asked. "I don't have privacy. I don't have anything.

"Tons of people come to ask me for things, to ask me for money. I help a lot of people. But I can't help everybody. I don't mind when people who really need you come. But some of them -- it bothers you."

'A Real Ugly Style'

Still weeks before the fight, he even seemed a bit tired already of Pernell Whitaker and the King-orchestrated selling of their fight.

"I don't like to watch him fight," he said of Whitaker. "He's got a real ugly style."

Sure, he was in the best shape of his life, Chavez said. After 10 years of telling his wife, Amalia, that the next year will be his last, he said he was sure he has a couple of good years left in his career.

But there was a note of fatigue in his voice.

"I really don't like to do all the promotion so much," he said in an interview last month at his camp in Toluca. "I am a happy person. But I don't like to act like a clown. Boxing is something serious."

In the musty amateur gyms that dot Tepito, it is something almost religious.

"The gringos have always beaten us in everything else, but not in boxing," said Cesar Bazan Perez, an 18-year-old who hung onto the ropes of a ring at the Deportivo Tepito, a gym where pink and blue squiggles of neon on the wall illuminate a shrine to the Mexico's patron saint, the Virgin of Guadalupe. "This is Mexico against the United States. Like a good Mexican, I think Julio Cesar is going to win."

Chavez, of course, said he was sure of that.

"I know he is a fighter who is very difficult to connect with," he said of Whitaker. "He can be dangerous in the first few rounds. But I don't think he can knock me out."

Always More Rivals

Was Chavez already thinking ahead to a rematch with Meldrick Taylor, the one fighter who, in 1990, came within seconds of beating him?

"Every time you turn around there are more rivals," he said. "There's always going to be another one."

But who would be next?

Well, next would be a fight in Mexico, he said, describing the habitual Chavez warm-up bout that led Haugen to complain unwisely before their fight that the Mexican had padded his undefeated record against "Tijuana taxi drivers."

"I don't know exactly who I will fight," Chavez said. "They will pick someone."

He smiled the steel-jawed smile. "Some taxi driver."

**Graphic**

Photo: For Julio Cesar Chavez, a victory tomorrow would bring the international fame that a fighter often called the best pound for pound in the world might expect. (Keith Dannemiller for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** September 9, 1993

**End of Document**



[***Tennis and Queens: Uneasy Partnership***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-W1F0-0024-J1HS-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 29, 1993, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1993 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk

**Section:** Section 1;; Section 1; Page 31; Column 1; Metropolitan Desk; Column 1;

**Length:** 1194 words

**Byline:** By LARRY OLMSTEAD

By LARRY OLMSTEAD

**Body**

When tennis officials first proposed a $172 million expansion of the site of the United States Open, they hoped the deal would sail through with the efficiency of a Steffi Graf straight-sets triumph.

Indeed, the proposal to add 25 acres to the site of the National Tennis Center in Flushing Meadows-Corona Park was embraced by city officials, including the chief negotiator of the accord, who called it "the best municipal sports deal in the country."

But instead, the deal has become the focal point for a complex, peculiarly New York debate. It has involved international sports priorities, aviation concerns, money, class, neighborhood grievances and now, city politics.

In City Council's Court

The issue is now in front of the City Council, which has to decide whether to approve what some community leaders in Queens have called a land grab and a sweetheart deal for the United States Tennis Association, which runs and maintains the city-owned tennis center. A vote should come in the next few weeks, perhaps even before the end of this year's Open, which begins tomorrow.

The deal has gained an even higher profile in recent weeks, as Rudolph W. Giuliani, the mayoral candidate, has picked up the controversy, and as questions have been raised about the role of a City Hall staff member, Ellen Baer, in arranging the tennis center deal.

Ms. Baer, chief of staff to First Deputy Mayor Norman Steisel, is under fire in connection with the awarding of a Parking Violations Bureau contract to a company involved in an earlier city scandal. City officials insist she played only a peripheral role in the tennis negotiations, but Mr. Giuliani and opponents of the tennis center expansion have criticized Ms. Baer for her personal and professional ties to Sid Davidoff, a lobbyist for the Tennis Association.

A subcommittee of the City Council's Land Use Committee is to vote on the proposal Sept. 7, with a full committee vote possible the next day.

What's In It for Queens

If the plan is approved without revision, a full Council vote could then occur within days; if it is approved with modifications, the Council could vote as early as Sept. 23.

The central tension is between the desire of Mayor David N. Dinkins -- an avid tennis fan -- to keep the Open in New York, and anxieties among some in the largely ***working-class*** neighborhoods surrounding the park about how much they benefit from the center and the tournament. Many find it inaccessible because of the price of tickets and their scarcity.

The debate has reflected the sometimes uneasy relationship between the tennis association and its neighbors. In interviews, Councilman John L. Sabini of Jackson Heights referred to the association's "arrogance"; Councilman Walter L. McCaffrey of Woodside called one of its key requests "obnoxious."

City officials said the Open provides about $112 million a year in economic benefits to the city, along with two weeks of favorable international exposure.

But to some Queens residents, the tournament means increased traffic congestion and more noise from planes that are diverted from normal takeoff patterns at nearby La Guardia Airport so as not to disrupt play.

John Procida of the Bowne Park Civic Association complained that the planes' alternative takeoff route over downtown Flushing was dangerous as well as annoying. "A couple of guys playing tennis doesn't balance people's lives," he said.

In Forest Hills Until 1978

Backers of the plan have called such statements unduly alarmist and have accused opponents of deliberately misrepresenting facts. They say the plan was endorsed by four of the five community boards affected.

The open, the last of the four major Grand Slam tournaments each year, has been played at the tennis center since 1978, when it was relocated from the West Side Tennis Club in Forest Hills.

Even walking space is tight and parking is limited, especially when the Mets are playing at Shea Stadium, to the north. And the park's location under a principal takeoff route from La Guardia Airport has been a major concern for tournament organizers, players and fans.

The tennis association wants to more than double the size of the site, to around 46.5 acres. A 23,500-seat stadium would be built, and two others, including Louis Armstrong Stadium, would be renovated. The new center would have 47 tennis courts, an increase of 8. Eleven would be available free for holders of city parks tennis permits, which cost $50; currently, the public can play without a permit but must pay tennis association rates for court time.

There would be more parking, food stands and restrooms. Officials hope the expansion can be completed in time for the 1996 United States Open.

No Giveaway, Supporter Says

Referring to criticism that the association was benefiting from a land giveaway, David Markin, the tennis association official in charge of the expansion effort, said: "The U.S.T.A. is going to spend between $180 million and $200 million of its own money for a facility the city is going to own. Yeah, it's a giveaway. The U.S.T.A. is doing the giving away."

Under the agreement, the association would pay the city $400,000 a year base rent, up from $280,000, and also pay 1 percent of all revenues over $25 million. The association's revenues this year are projected at $70 million. Using that figure, the extra amount above the base rent would be $450,000 if this year were included. The association would also pay $8 million into a trust fund for the park, and expand its public tennis programs.

The association would be bound to the agreement for 25 years, and could exercise a series of options that would extend the lease to 99 years.

For its part, the city is allowing the tennis association to finance the project through Industrial Development Agency bonds, which provide a tax break. The city has also agreed to spend $11 million for road improvements around the park, which it says are needed anyway.

Penalty for Aircraft Noise

But the most controversial part of the agreement is a provision penalizing the city up to $325,000 if there are excessive flyovers from La Guardia during the Open. The association could also seize up to 6 of the 11 new permit courts and charge for court time as a penalty for too many flyovers. The agreement defines excessive flyovers as 4 during one hour of play or 12 during play in one day. The limits on flyovers are even stricter during the semifinals and finals: two in an hour or six in a day.

In recent years, at the request of city officials, the Federal Aviation Administration has diverted air traffic during the event, and has agreed to do so in the future. But a formal agreement was deemed crucial by the association because aircraft noise in 1989 provoked some players to threaten to boycott the Open.

Mr. Sabini, the Council member, called it "absurd" that the city could be financially penalized for something that was in Federal, not city, jurisdiction.

And some Queens residents were offended, said a city official who insisted on anonymity, thinking that airplane noise "is good enough for me every day, but not good enough for the rich people playing tennis, or the rich people who are watching them."

**Graphic**

Diagram: "GROWING -- The Proposed Expansion of the National Tennis Center," shows major improvemtn for proposed expansion of tennis center. (Source: The United States Tennis Center)

**Load-Date:** August 29, 1993

**End of Document**



[***Adding Charm to Revolution; But Some Say Charles Barron Risks Going Too Far***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:467X-0460-01CN-H1C4-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 10, 2002 Wednesday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2002 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section B; Column 2; Metropolitan Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1399 words

**Byline:**  By DIANE CARDWELL

**Body**

When Mayor Michael R. Bloomberg recently publicized his opposition to parole for a man convicted of killing two police officers in 1971, it also sent a message to Councilman Charles Barron, a self-described black revolutionary who has made bales of hay out of annoying the leaders on both sides of City Hall.

Since taking office in January, Mr. Barron, whose district is predominantly black, a mixture of low-income and ***working class*** residents, has been a constant source of controversy within the Council and on the steps of City Hall, as well as a source of frustration, aides often say, for Mr. Bloomberg and the Council speaker, Gifford Miller.

First came Mr. Barron's calls to replace City Hall's portraits of white historical figures with black icons, calls that were accompanied by his describing Thomas Jefferson, whose statue looms over the Council Chamber, as a pedophile.

Then his spat with the Bloomberg administration over his calling comments made by the mayor about black and Latino public school parents racist led to a ban denying him access to any commissioners. (Mr. Barron says that the prohibition has since been lifted.)

There were other episodes along the way, but the most fractious was a resolution last month calling for clemency for "political prisoners" jailed, unfairly in Mr. Barron's view, in the 1960's and 1970's. Mr. Barron included Anthony Bottom, now known as Jalil Abdul Muntaqim, in the list of prisoners he would like freed, provoking the most rancorous and racially charged exchange of this Council to date. Mr. Bloomberg quickly joined the fray, sending off a letter to parole officials opposing Mr. Bottom's release, his first such foray into the wilds of criminal justice.

That Mr. Barron generally operates with a healthy dose of self-awareness and sly humor has not been lost on his Council colleagues. Even when they disagree with his positions, which is often, they allow that he is charming, savvy and effective.

"I think he's a great advocate on behalf of his community, and I agree with him about certain social service issues -- the need for housing and the need for help for the elderly," said Simcha Felder, a councilman from Brooklyn who has developed an easy friendship with Mr. Barron. "But I have to say that I disagree with everything else."

His genial manner has allowed him to straddle the ground between principled agitator and radical leftist.

A flier Mr. Barron distributed praising his accomplishments in his first 100 days, for example, quotes compliments from from council members, including Mr. Miller: "Charles Barron represents exactly what this new City Council is all about. His vibrancy and energy are true assets. Charles conducts himself as the consummate professional respected by both his colleagues and by the citizens who elected him."

He has made himself a force not to be ignored. As chairman of the Higher Education Committee, he managed to save $10 million of the $12 million in budget cuts to the City University of New York that had been proposed by Mr. Bloomberg. When Mr. Miller's staff mounted an exhibition of historic city photographs, they made sure to include images of black leaders, including the Rev. Martin Luther King Jr., Adam Clayton Powell and Nelson Mandela.

Mr. Miller has worked especially hard trying to persuade Mr. Barron to support revising term limits, even though there appear to be enough votes pledged already to survive a mayoral veto.

Even those who disagree with him get along with him, Mr. Barron said. "They just think I'm crazy politically."

But lately, there have been signs that his charm is wearing thin. Mr. Miller is trying to squelch a hearing on the controversial clemency matter. Colleagues speak of his divisiveness and accuse him of saying outrageous things to get media attention. Others say that he is acting at the behest of extremists who helped him win a close election.

To Mr. Barron's way of thinking, these criticisms are simply the result of ignorance on the part of some of his white colleagues. "I understand their life more than they understand mine," he said, adding that Mr. Miller was "clueless" about the 60's era radical black struggle. In his world, he said, the police and the government are enemies more often than allies, employing violence and illegal surveillance tactics.

As Mr. Barron tells it, his politics were formed by the Black Panthers, whose stance against the power structure, while wearing black pants and leather jackets, appealed to him after growing up poor on the Lower East Side. Driven out of the panthers by internal divisions in the early 1970's, he said, he attended Hunter College, where he met the Rev. Herbert Daughtry and joined his political organization, the National Black United Front.

A resident of East New York for nearly 20 years, Mr. Barron, 51, is credited by supporters with fighting drug trafficking and keeping an incinerator out of the neighborhood. Since being elected to the Council, Mr. Barron said, he has focused on organizing public housing tenants to help them fight eviction, improving public education in his district and starting a local development corporation to encourage neighborhood businesses.

But many of Mr. Barron's fellow council members are beginning to grumble about his effect. Tony Avella, who represents Bayside, Queens, complained that he and a growing group felt that the Council was spending far too much time "on these resolutions and not enough time on the substantive issues before us." While he acknowledged racism as a valid issue, Mr. Avella added, "We have some fundamental disagreements on philosophy, and I don't think we should be taking up this amount of time to pursue his agenda."

Yesterday, for example, Mr. Barron was again at the center of a long, emotional hearing on several resolutions about the Palestinian-Israeli conflict, although as is his style, he made only a few pointed comments and then sat calmly as the ensuing disturbance swirled around him.

But as Mr. Felder -- who represents Midwood, Borough Park and Bensonhurst -- sees it, even if race relations is the most critical issue facing the city, Mr. Barron has reached a crossroads.

"He has to decide if he wants to be considered a loner radical in the Council, or if he wants to be someone that people want to work with constructively," Mr. Felder said.

It is a line along which Mr. Barron is delicately picking his way, as if on cat feet. "I want people to know that I can be a team player but I can take a stance," he said, "so I'm not isolated as 'that radical. Oh, there goes Charles Barron again,' and then they just dismiss you. Don't want to wear out my welcome mat by being obnoxious."

His voice rising and falling rhythmically, he went on: "I'm really here to give my movement, my issues, the people that have elected me, the people of the 60's that did so much to push this city forward, to give them a hearing. I'm here to let people know that they do care about what pictures hang on the wall, that they do care about reparations for slavery, that they do care about the school system."

"That's not to say I'm anti-anybody," he said. "I'm pro-black folk. I didn't come here to be afraid to raise race."

At the same time, Mr. Barron said, he recognizes the benefits of playing well with others. On the budget, for example, he chose to join the majority and vote for it, even though he was adamantly opposed to several of its features.

"I fought hard behind the scenes to do our own budget," he said. "I could have protested, but I didn't think that would be effective. There's a point where I'm going to have to draw a line and say, 'Wait a minute, I'm not down with y'all.' But I didn't feel we were there yet."

Mr. Barron, who frequently jokes about wresting the speakership from Mr. Miller, said he planned to run for Congress eventually or for public advocate ("But I'm afraid that they would eliminate it -- could you imagine if I got in?" he said, chuckling), and then for mayor. He wants to build his own political organization that would run candidates for different seats, "so black people could control our own economy, have more power," he said.

He has thought things through. As the demographics of the city change, by the time he is ready to run, he figures he will need only one percent of the white vote, adding, "So I don't need to worry too much about getting white folk to vote for me."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Charles Barron at a hearing yesterday about the Palestinian-Israeli conflict. He sat calmly after a few pointed comments. (Alan Chin/The New York Times)(pg. B1); Councilman Charles Barron at a meeting of tenants in a recreation center in Brooklyn, where his district lies. (Edwine Seymour for The New York Times)(pg. B4)

**Load-Date:** July 10, 2002

**End of Document**



[***Schools Reopen in Town That Made Them Close***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-W0J0-0024-J08S-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 2, 1993, Thursday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1993 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** National Desk

**Section:** Section A;; Section A; Page 14; Column 5; National Desk; Column 5;

**Length:** 1067 words

**Byline:** By WILLIAM CELIS 3d,

By WILLIAM CELIS 3d,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** KALKASKA, Mich., Sept. 1

**Body**

It is the first day of school here, but to many people in this sprawling piney-woods town it already has the grim feeling of last March, when the school system ran out of money and had to shut down three months early.

In Kalkaska, which got national attention when the schools were closed, students, teachers and parents need no reminder that funds are short again this year. For one thing, there are hardly any school buses in this far-flung, 440-square-mile district.

After the voters turned down a property tax increase two weeks ago -- the fourth such rejection in 12 months -- school officials responded by cutting $1.5 million from a $10.2 million budget for the district's 2,300 students.

The 180-day school year was cut to 175 days. Sports were eliminated at the middle school and curtailed at the high school. And busing was eliminated except for special education students. Today, traffic was heavier than normal at the district's five schools as parents drove their children to school or used car pools.

Grim Standard-Bearer

"It is terrible," said Jan Wilkinson, the mother of three students. "People don't understand how important taxes are to schools. But they don't want to pay anymore."

As Kalkaska struggles to make do, it has become a grim standard-bearer for many of the nation's 15,000 school systems. The start of another school year is forcing schools across the country to make tough decisions on what they can afford to offer as finances grow ever tighter.

Like a vast majority of the nation's public school districts, Kalkaska gets most of its money from property taxes, with homeowners -- many of them retirees -- and businesses very often complaining loudly about the burden.

"It's all a general dissatisfaction with taxes," said Chris Pipho, an analyst with the Education Commission of the States, a research organization based in Denver. "What you have in Kalkaska is a complicated set of events all floating together."

Fiscal Problems Elsewhere

Some public school systems, like Chicago's, may not even open on time because of fiscal problems. The Chicago system's administration offices closed today because school officials did not produce a balanced budget by Sept. 1, as required by state law, and the prospect for classes resuming next Wednesday seems iffy.

In Michigan there is so much dissatisfaction with the costs of public schooling that in July the Legislature and Gov. John Engler decided to do away with property taxes as a way of paying for education. The measure will go into effect in 1994, and what ultimately takes the place of property taxes is unclear.

A spokesman for the Governor said, "We think Kalkaska is a perfect example of why the system needs to be improved."

Residents here could not agree more. Education is the talk of the town in this ***working-class*** seat of Kalkaska County (population 14,000) in northwestern central Michigan.

"I worry about academics," said Regina Rowell, a freshman at Kalkaska High School. "We've cut out busing and sports. I wanted to play volleyball, but the freshman team was cut. If kids don't have something to shoot for, like playing on a team where you have to keep up your grades, then I think a lot of grades are going to slip."

Trish Dumeney, a junior, worries that even if the school year is shortened by only a week, she will not learn all she needs to. "I'm worried about getting all my credits because I need to go to college," she said. "It makes me mad because in most schools you don't have to worry about this."

And parents wonder how much their children lost by missing three months of school last spring.

"I'm sure all the kids, including mine, went back to school rusty," said Mel Cooke, the president of the school board, who has three children in the school system. "In another two weeks we'll find out just how much was forgotten."

55 Students and 33 Textbooks

Although teachers at all grade levels say they will spend more time than customary at the start of the year to fill in the gaps, that will be easier said than done. Jodie McLean, a high school math and computer teacher, says she will not be able to assign any homework in her pre-algebra class because she has 55 students in two classes and just 33 textbooks. And, to conserve cash, no more books will be bought.

"We were all behind the school administration last year when they decided to close schools early," said Ms. McLean. "But I don't think I could go through that again. If this continues, I think a lot of teachers will leave."

She maintains, as do other teachers and parents, that voters have a mistaken notion about how far the average $3,100 the district spends on each student will go toward buying supplies, books and equipment, compared with the state average of $4,800 per student. "I've heard people in town say we have too much money, that kids don't need computers because they didn't have them," she said. "But they do need them."

There is much concern, too, about the effect of budget cuts on sports teams. On Friday, when the varsity football team open its season on the road, its boosters will either dig into their pockets to rent school buses and pay for drivers or they will car-pool the entire team the 50 miles round trip.

Unhappy School Superintendent

Perhaps the least happy person in town is the Superintendent of Schools, Doyle Disbrow. Now in his fifth year as superintendent, he has campaigned for all four failed property tax increases.

"You have to ask voters why they rejected tax increases four times," he said. "It doesn't take much to come up with a lot of reasons, from 'Teachers are overpaid,' to 'It costs too much to bus kids.' The truth is, we are one of the largest districts geographically in the state."

Mothballing the district's 30 buses saves $830,000, the largest chunk of the $1.5 million budget cuts this year. While some parents decided to pay tuition to neighboring school districts rather than make long commutes, Mr. Disbrow said most parents will face round-trip commutes of 14 to 16 miles.

"Maybe the state should pick up the transportation costs because that's taking away from our education," he said, referring to money lost for classroom instruction. He also said that despite all of its financial calamity the district has protected its teaching staff from layoffs and kept its curriculum intact. But if this keeps up, he added, "we might as well have one-room schools with a whole lot of kids."

**Graphic**

Map of Michigan showing location of Kalkaska.

**Load-Date:** September 2, 1993

**End of Document**



[***Jersey Shore Beach Food: Just a Summer Love?***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-W4P0-0024-J15F-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 11, 1993, Wednesday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1993 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Living Desk

**Section:** Section C;; Section C; Page 3; Column 1; Living Desk; Column 1;

**Length:** 1125 words

**Body**

NEW JERSEY may be famous for its tomatoes, but when summer is over, they may not be the food vacationers remember best.

Just as Maine has its lobsters, and New Orleans its jambalaya, the Jersey Shore has its beach food. Certain towns have become famous for certain specialties: Beach Haven for elephant ears, Atlantic City for saltwater taffy, Ocean City for pork roll, Seaside Heights for frozen custard and Long Branch for hot dogs.

Some shore favorites, like saltwater taffy, were invented on the state's boardwalks. Others, like pork roll and frozen custard, were brought to New Jersey resorts by entrepreneurs who summered there. In many cases, their families still run the businesses.

Once Labor Day is past, these specialties are left behind with the surf and sand. But in the darkest days of winter, those who love the Jersey Shore long for the foods that are part of their summer rituals.

Saltwater Taffy

Joseph Fralinger was not the first person to peddle saltwater taffy in Atlantic City, but he was probably the most innovative. When Mr. Fralinger opened a taffy store on the Boardwalk in 1885, he decided to pack the candy in colorful souvenir boxes.

The concept took off, and so each summer thousands of tourists still wander into Fralinger's to buy a pound or two of taffy.

When Mr. Fralinger opened his store, he offered only molasses-flavored taffy. These days, Fralinger's features several dozen flavors, including root beer, peanut butter and teaberry.

"Root-beer taffy doesn't sell so well," said Queenie Formica, a Fralinger's saleswoman who has worked on the Boardwalk for 30 years. "Banana is getting popular, though."

Ruth Freilich of New York, who stopped by after a morning of playing the slot machines, filled a one-pound box with chocolate and vanilla taffy. "Whenever I miss the beach, I start missing saltwater taffy," she said.

Other Boardwalk businesses change hands almost annually, but Fralinger's has remained a family operation since it opened 108 years ago.

"Saltwater taffy is an unusual thing to devote your life to," said Arthur Gager, the company's president and Mr. Fralinger's great-grandson. "You don't find this stuff anywhere but the beach."

Hot Dogs

If Jersey Shore foods can be found elsewhere, chances are they won't taste as good, Anthony Romano says. When Mr. Romano invited his wife-to-be on their first date in 1984, he decided that no restaurant in his native Manhattan would do. So they made the 40-mile trip to Long Branch to Max's, Mr. Romano's favorite hot dog joint.

"Sure, Coney Island is closer to home," Mr. Romano said as he dressed a Max's hot dog with mustard and sauerkraut. "But have you tasted the hot dogs there lately? Nothing compares to this place."

Max's opened on the Long Branch boardwalk in 1928, when the town was a popular vacation spot for ***working-class*** people from New York and Newark. The hot dogs, a mixture of beef and pork, are notable for their crispy exterior, a secret in the grilling at Max's.

But no matter how tasty Max's hot dogs are, customers say the restaurant's main claim to fame is its owner, Celia Maybaum. At 71, Mrs. Maybaum still tends the cash register and bakes four cheesecakes a week for Max's.

On a paneled wall near the entrance hang several dozen tributes. "Thanks for taking such good care of us" is the inscription on a black-and-white shot of Connie Chung and Maury Povich. Nearby hangs a glossy picture of Hulk Hogan, inscribed, "Mrs. Max, you're the greatest!" Mrs. Maybaum's favorite photograph is of Bruce Springsteen, who owns a house in nearby Rumson.

Pork Roll

Slouched behind a counter on the Ocean City boardwalk, Michael Smith sighed in exasperation. A customer had just asked the question he hears too often: "How are you supposed to eat that stuff?"

Mr. Smith, who works at the Taylor Pork Roll stand, said most of his customers are puzzled by the round slices of meat, which resemble grilled bologna. "You can eat it on a roll, with cheese," he explained, a hint of impatience in his voice. "But most of the time, I just eat it plain, with my fingers."

Taylor Pork Roll, which originated in Trenton, was invented by John Taylor in 1856. A sign describes pork roll as "select, strictly fresh pork tenderly cured without the aid of brine or pickle, delicately aged and slowly smoked with hickory."

Taylor Pork Roll stands used to be plentiful on the Jersey Shore. In the first half of the century, they existed in Asbury Park, Atlantic City, Cape May, Ocean City and Wildwood. But the Ocean City store is the only one left, and vacationers who remember pork roll from childhood visits to the shore return faithfully, said Joel Weintraub, the owner.

Mr. Smith said: "The old-timers go crazy over pork roll. They tell us they can't find it anywhere else in the country."

Elephant Ears

At the Crust and Crumb Bakery, Traci Douma sat at the cash register and glowered. The 17-year-old Miss Douma, who has worked at the bakery for three summers, despises elephant ears, which are flaky pastries topped with brown sugar, cinnamon and pecans.

"I used to eat them, but now I don't even like the way they smell," she said. "Some people have them for breakfast. Ugh."

Elephant ears can be found up and down the shore, but people who vacation on Long Beach Island seem to favor the ones sold at Crust and Crumb in Beach Haven. "It's like a potato chip," said Lew Richards, who owns Crust and Crumb with his wife, Anna. "Once you have one, you can't stop eating the things." Over the Fourth of July weekend, Mr. Richards sold 1,000 elephant ears a day at $2.20 apiece.

Rick Hill, a Rockaway, N.J., resident who vacationed on Long Beach Island in July, won't eat elephant ears anywhere else. "I once bought an elephant ear in North Jersey," he said, "and it was like a rock."

Frozen Custard

As thunderclouds gathered over the Seaside Heights boardwalk, Sam Marshall ducked under the awning of Kohr's Frozen Custard and ordered a vanilla-chocolate twist. When the rain began, Mr. Marshall covered his head with a striped beach towel and settled on a bench.

"I can never pass this stuff up when I'm in Seaside," he said between mouthfuls. "It's so thick you almost have to chew it."

Kohr's, which was incorporated in 1923, bills itself as being "the original frozen custard." Elton Kohr, whose father invented a frozen custard machine in York, Pa., said his family brought custard to the Jersey Shore in the 1930's, and other members of the Kohr family own frozen custard businesses in Point Pleasant Beach and Ocean City.

Like Fralinger's, Kohr's started with a single flavor, vanilla. Now vacationers can sample butter pecan and blueberry as well, but vanilla and chocolate remain the most popular. "When people come to the shore, they like tradition," Mr. Kohr said.

**Graphic**

Drawing

**Load-Date:** August 11, 1993

**End of Document**



[***Film Festival '93: An Emphasis On the Epic, as Seen Personally***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-W1W0-0024-J280-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 26, 1993, Thursday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1993 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Cultural Desk

**Section:** Section C;; Section C; Page 13; Column 1; Cultural Desk; Column 1;

**Length:** 1071 words

**Byline:** By WILLIAM GRIMES

By WILLIAM GRIMES

**Body**

The New York Film Festival, now in its 31st year, will lead off on Oct. 1 with Robert Altman's "Short Cuts," a three-hour panorama of life in contemporary Los Angeles that is based on the short stories of Raymond Carver, and close two and a half weeks later with "The Piano," Jane Campion's bizarre love story set in 19th-century New Zealand. The Campion film, to be shown on Oct. 17, shared the Palme d'Or at the Cannes International Film Festival in May with Chen Kaige's "Farewell, My Concubine," which will also be shown here.

The festival comprises 32 films, which will be shown at Alice Tully Hall. About half the films are from the United States, France and Britain. In a departure from past festivals, Eastern Europe and Latin American film makers are barely present, their place usurped by film makers from China, Taiwan and Hong Kong.

The films range in length from Tim Burton's 11-minute animated film "Vincent," to Mr. Altman's 189-minute epic, which is just 9 minutes longer than Ray Miller's "The Wonderful, Horrible Life of Leni Riefenstahl," one of six documentaries in the festival. There are familiar names from past festivals, like Ken Loach, the Taviani brothers, Ms. Campion and Chantal Ackerman, and newcomers like Pierre Yameogo of Burkina Faso.

A Guitry Retrospective

As in past years, the festival will present a retrospective program; this fall the subject will be the French director Sacha Guitry. Seven films by Guitry, who was an important influence on Orson Welles, Alain Resnais and Francois Truffaut, will be shown at the Walter Reade Theater from Oct. 1 through 7. Guitry's best-known film, "The Story of a Cheat," will be shown at Alice Tully Hall as part of the main festival program.

Richard Pena, the chairman of the festival's selection committee and the program director of the Film Society of Lincoln Center, said the festival did not organize its program around any particular theme. "It's a way of seeing world cinema that comes with a vision of where things are now and where they are going," he said.

Nevertheless, Mr. Pena did point to trends and currents that are reflected in the 1993 festival program. "You'll see several films that could be called, for lack of a better term, personal epics," he said. "These are film that take an ambitious look at a broad swath of history but filter it through one person's experience."

Examples include "Farewell, My Concubine," which covers the most recent half-century of Chinese history through the story of two men who meet as apprentices at the Peking Opera, and "The Puppetmaster," set in Taiwan under the Japanese occupation during World War II. "The Night," a Syrian film, looks at the struggle of Arabs in southern Syria to establish a sense of identity in the 1930's and 40's, when the country was under French rule.

Tran Anh Hang, a Vietnamese living in France, lovingly recreates the day-to-day life of a household in Saigon during the late 1950's and early 60's in "The Scent of the Green Papaya."

Trend Toward Emotion

Mr. Pena also said that many of the films in this year's festival reflect a more emotive approach to film making than has been shown in past years. "A number of films really require the kind of personal involvement we tend to associate with the older, classic films, but without the romanticism and sentimentality," he said. " 'Shades of Doubt,' for example, deals with a case of incest and the emotional breakdown of an entire family." The film is the work of the French director Aline Issermann.

The festival will include four British films. Two are bleak portrayals of ***working-class*** life in contemporary Britain: Ken Loach's "Raining Stones," about an unemployed Manchester man who becomes involved with loan sharks, and Mike Leigh's "Naked," about the tenants of a London house. In "The Snapper," a comedy, Stephen Frears picks up the story of the same fictional lower-middle-class Dublin family that was portrayed in Alan Parker's "The Commitments." In "Blue," the director Derek Jarman, who has AIDS, bares his soul in a monologue while standing against a blue screen.

One of the more unusual films in the festival is "It's All True: Based on an Unfinished Film by Orson Welles." The documentary reconstructs a turning point in Welles's creative life, his ill-fated attempt to film a multi-part epic in Brazil in 1942.

At the center of the documentary is 50 minutes of film that scholars thought had been lost by RKO, the studio that sent Welles to Brazil and then pulled the plug on the project. The film that Welles sent back, all of it unedited rushes, was rediscovered in the mid-80's and edited by Richard Wilson, Welles's assistant in Brazil, relying on shooting scripts and other documents, as well as his own recollection of conversations with Welles.

The reconstructed episode from the uncompleted epic tells the story of fisherman from northwest Brazil who traveled by raft to Rio de Janeiro to present a list of grievances to the president. The incident was taken from the newspapers, and Welles used the actual fishermen as actors.

"In formal terms, the film looks very much like what the Italian neo realists would do about six years later," said Mr. Pena. "Here you have Welles, in one of his most fertile creative periods, right after 'The Magnificent Ambersons,' embarking in an entirely new direction."

A Return to Poland

On rare occasions, unsolicited films make the final cut. This year, the festival's jury chose "Birthplace," a Polish documentary about a Polish-born American Jew who returns to his hometown to find out what became of the relatives he left behind when he fled the Nazis.

The oddball in this year's lineup is "Tim Burton's Nightmare Before Christmas," a stop-action animated film directed by Henry Selick and produced by Mr. Burton, the director of the Batman movies and "Edward Scissorhands."

The festival will also include "Ruby in Paradise," the first film by Victor Nunez since "A Flash of Green' in 1985, and "The War Room," a documentary by D. A. Pennebaker that follows the activity at Democratic campaign headquarters during last year's Presidential campaign.

In addition to Mr. Pena, the judges for this year's festival were Wendy Keys, the film society's executive producer for programming; David Ansen, the film critic for Newsweek; Stuart Klawans, the film critic for The Nation, and Joan Juliet Buck, the film critic for Vogue, who is a new member of the committee.

**Graphic**

Photos: From "It's All True: Based on an Unfinished Film by Orson Welles." (The Film Society of Lincoln Center); Sacha Guitry and Marguerite Moreno in Guitry's "Story of a Cheat." (Interama Inc.); Lily Tomlin and Tom Waits in Robert Altman's "Short Cuts." (Joyce Rudolph/Fine Line Features)

**Load-Date:** August 26, 1993

**End of Document**



[***Threats of Violence as Homes for Sex Offenders Cluster in Suffolk***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4M2W-5800-TW8F-G202-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 9, 2006 Monday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2006 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section B; Column 1; Metropolitan Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1573 words

**Byline:** By COREY KILGANNON

**Dateline:** MASTIC, N.Y.

**Body**

Not long after four men moved into the small ranch-style home at 115 Eleanor Avenue this summer, another man is said to have readied a special greeting.

Donald Keegan, a fellow resident of this ***working-class*** Suffolk County town, prepared a concoction of paint thinner and road flares to burn the place and, the police said, kill the occupants, who had all recently served prison time for crimes including rape and sodomy.

The four housemates, ranging in age from 36 to 74, were all registered as Level 3 sex offenders, the highest rating, saved for those the state deems ''most likely to re-offend.'' One had attacked a man in a wheelchair; the others' victims were girls ages 8, 9 and 11.

Mr. Keegan was arrested before the plot could be carried out, but his case has exposed a raw and widespread fear over spreading clusters of sex offenders in Suffolk County's lower-income neighborhoods. In Mastic, opponents say 76 offenders live within a five-mile radius, and in nearby Coram and Gordon Heights, 39 offenders, most having assaulted children, live within a square half-mile, many grouped in the same houses. This is the highest concentration of Level 2 and 3 offenders on Long Island.

As laws across the country have radically restricted where sex offenders can live once released from prison, a growing number of landlords here and elsewhere are marketing their properties to the ex-convicts, who often receive government rent subsidies. While some landlords see a business opportunity or even a moral calling in opening their doors to such a vilified population, many residents say the clusters threaten the safety of their children.

Mr. Keegan, 36, is in the Suffolk County Jail in Riverhead, with bail set at $1 million, and is facing a sentence of up to 25 years on charges of attempted murder and attempted arson. A county maintenance worker, he lives with his wife and their 2-year-old daughter on Patchogue Avenue, whose residents include two convicted child rapists, state records show.

In a jailhouse interview, Mr. Keegan insisted on his innocence but said, ''I would do anything to protect my daughter.''

The situation at 115 Eleanor developed even as the authorities moved to evict the four men, having decided that after-school programs at the community center on the Poospatuck Indian Reservation -- a block from the house -- should have disqualified the site for sex offenders. A new county law took effect in June barring registered offenders from living within a quarter-mile of a school, playground or licensed day care center.

Though two of the four offenders have already moved out of the house, state and local politicians are now scrambling to reduce these clusters; one Suffolk County lawmaker has introduced legislation that would bar the Department of Social Services from putting more than one offender in a single house.

Charles Manolakos, who owns 115 Eleanor Avenue, defended his tenants as ''citizens who have paid their debt and have a right to live there.'' But Joyce Pulliam, who lives across the street, complained that the authorities ''protect the sex offenders more than us.''

''They're letting four and five offenders gather in a single house to create little sex offender clubs to prey on our children,'' said Ms. Pulliam, who has worked strenuously to rally neighbors against the newcomers to her block. ''The police have the manpower to arrest Keegan, but they don't have the manpower to protect us from sex offenders.''

Situated between the high-priced Hamptons and the densely populated, upper-middle-class precincts of Nassau County, this area over the past decade has become a magnet for sex offenders upon their release from prison.

Of some 24,000 registered sex offenders in the state, 825 live in Suffolk County, nearly twice the 452 in neighboring Nassau, whose population is only slightly smaller. Some blame the county's Department of Social Services for referring offenders to landlords who have bought inexpensive houses in neighborhoods with little political clout.

''D.S.S. has seen this building for a long time in these neighborhoods, and they've never done anything to stop it,'' said Laura Ahearn, executive director of Parents for Megan's Law, a national group based on Long Island that works to prevent sexual abuse of children.

But given the number of sex offenders in Suffolk, ''There is no way they could all be placed in neighborhoods without kids,'' said Dennis Nowak, a Social Services spokesman.

Required by state law to help find and finance housing for sex offenders released from prison, the department refers offenders to nonprofit agencies, which connect them with landlords who will accept them -- and the $309 monthly rent stipend allocated by the county -- in homes that meet state and local regulations.

''This is an issue that communities across the country are facing, and there's no easy solution,'' Mr. Nowak said. ''We've become a lightning rod for the issue, but it's much bigger than us.''

The lightning struck in Mastic this summer, when the four men moved into the Eleanor Avenue house, paying $550 each per month. It is next door to a family with seven young children, and across the avenue from a residence for 12 women recovering from drug and alcohol abuse.

''With all these kids on this block and 12 vulnerable women in a house, this is where they allow a house full of sex offenders?'' said one of the women, Denise Mello, 32, a recovering heroin addict.

Soon, parents on the block began keeping their children indoors. Neighbors picketed in front of the house, and members of the Mastic Park Civic Association went door to door distributing fliers with the offenders' names, police photos and criminal records.

At one homeowners' meeting at the local library, a resident, not Mr. Keegan, stood up and said, ''I'll burn the house down,'' recalled the civic association president, John Sicignano. In response, he said, ''Fifty people stood up and started clapping.''

''He definitely expressed it the wrong way, but who knows, if something threatened my kid, maybe I'd react the same way,'' Mr. Sicignano, 49, who runs an aircraft engineering firm, said of Mr. Keegan.

Mr. Manolakos commented ironically: ''This guy was doing what the whole neighborhood wanted to do. He's a local hero.''

Mr. Keegan said that his lawyer had warned him not to talk about the case, and that he was a law-abiding man with no time for mischief.

''I have three jobs,'' said Mr. Keegan, who does private landscaping after his maintenance work with the county. ''I come home exhausted every night and turn on the Discovery Channel.''

Mr. Keegan denied plotting to burn down the house Sept. 9, when he was arrested with road flares on the front seat of his Ford Mustang. The police, acting on a tip, had sent a detective to befriend Mr. Keegan and caught his threats on tape.

Fred Hollman, 36, who served time for first-degree rape of an 11-year-old girl, moved into 115 Eleanor Avenue in June after living briefly in western Suffolk County, but said in an interview in September that he was looking for a new home because of the furor.

''The last place I was staying, in Brentwood, all the neighbors knew about my status and were friends with me,'' he said. ''We all hung out together.'' But, Mr. Hollman added, he has four children and ''wouldn't want them living around sex offenders either.''

Mr. Hollman said he saw Mr. Keegan ''in and out of the neighbors' houses a bunch of times'' before his arrest.

Mr. Manolakos, who co-owns a number of homes on Long Island and rents rooms mostly to mentally disabled tenants, says he plans to fight the mid-September order to remove the sex offenders within 45 days. He argued that the Indian reservation, a 250-resident maze of scruffy suburban streets lined with smoke shops and trailer homes, has no legal bearing on the block, since it operates as its own sovereign territory, outside of many state laws and regulations.

Other landlords defend their right to rent to sex offenders.

''They just want to live their lives,'' said Bernadette Parks, whose mother, Mary Dodson, rents to 27 offenders in 11 houses in a small area in Coram and Gordon Heights nicknamed Dodsonville.

On a single block of Homestead Avenue, Mrs. Dodson owns homes filled with 15 offenders, said Mrs. Parks, who manages the properties. The extended Dodson family, with many young children, lives in the surrounding neighborhood.

''They're being closely watched, and they're more scared than the other folks here,'' said Mrs. Parks, a devout Christian who sees the family's thriving rental operation as a kind of religious mission, and invites the sex offenders to join her grandchildren in tending rabbits, for therapy.

''My grandchildren all play on this block,'' Mrs. Parks said, cradling a bowl of newborn bunnies in her living room. ''That's how much I trust these people. They've been deemed to enter back into society and they'll have to suffer the rest of their lives with being labeled.''

Don't tell that to Chief Harry Wallace, who runs the Poospatuck Indian Reservation. A Dartmouth-educated lawyer with a ponytail, he keeps two sets of business cards on his desk, one for his law practice, the other for his Poospatuck Smoke Shop and Trading Post.

''What these landlords are doing by renting out to sex offenders,'' Chief Wallace said, ''are undermining communities trying to better themselves.''

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Joyce Pulliam, a neighbor, has worked to rally community opposition to the group home for convicted sex offenders behind her at 115 Eleanor Avenue in Mastic, N.Y. (Photo by Gordon M. Grant for The New York Times)(pg. B1)

Donald Keegan of Mastic, N.Y., is in jail, accused of plotting to burn down a home for sex offenders. (pg. B6)Chart/Map: ''Registered Sex Offenders''Address where at least one Level 2 or Level 3 registered sex offender lives.Map of Suffolk County shows the locations of Level 2 or Level 3 registered sex offenders. (Source by New York State Division of Criminal Justice Services)(pg. B6)

**Load-Date:** October 9, 2006

**End of Document**



[***Catholics Try to Reseed St. Louis With $5,000 Offer***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3VN0-VX70-007F-G2F5-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 26, 1999, Tuesday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1999 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** National Desk

**Section:** Section A; ; Section A; Page 10; Column 1; National Desk ; Column 1;

**Length:** 1290 words

**Byline:** By PAM BELLUCK

By PAM BELLUCK

**Dateline:** ST. LOUIS, Jan. 22

**Body**

It was a compelling offer for Dave and Patti Patty-G'sell: $5,000 to put toward buying a house.

And there were only a few strings attached. The house had to be in a St. Louis neighborhood where crime and economic hard times had taken their toll. They had to promise to stay there five years or repay the money. And they had to join the neighborhood Roman Catholic Church and send their children to the neighborhood Catholic school.

In an unusual effort to lure Catholics back to the city, the Archdiocese of St. Louis has begun making the offer to any Catholics outside the city if they settle in one of three racially diverse South Side neighborhoods.

"Unless there is that outreach on our part, this parish is not going to survive," said the Rev. Kenneth Brown, the pastor of St. Margaret of Scotland, one of the three St. Louis parishes that started what priests call the "Catholic homesteading" program a few months ago.

So far, Father Brown, who has been recruiting in suburban churches, has had two takers -- Gary Sebescak, who is single, and the Patty-G'sells, a young couple expecting their first child. In another parish, Holy Family, a family has accepted the offer. The third parish is St. Pius V.

When Pope John Paul II visits St. Louis on Tuesday and Wednesday, he will see a city where officials have spent months repaving streets and planting trees to spruce it up. New lights will adorn the famous Gateway Arch and nuns are baking 131,000 tiny hosts for a gigantic Mass at the Trans World Dome.

So much care has been taken to make the Pope's visit a success that most people believe it could not have been coincidence that an execution of a death-row inmate scheduled to die during the visit was postponed till February by the Missouri Supreme Court. The Pope strongly opposes the death penalty.

An estimated 600,000 people will assemble here to see the Pontiff, a number that organizers like to point out dwarfs the 50,000 fans who flooded the streets when Mark McGwire smashed his record-breaking home run for the St. Louis Cardinals last fall.

But underneath all the gloss and ceremony is another St. Louis. It is a city that has been hemorrhaging people, including many Catholics, to the suburbs for decades, a city beset with many struggling neighborhoods, a city wrestling with the thorny problems of racial strife and floundering public schools.

On this, the Pope's fifth visit to the United States, John Paul will sound broad themes about youth and the future of the church in America. Here in St. Louis, priests say, the future of the church's urban core is inextricably linked to the progress of the city and its ability to handle some of these intractable issues.

Several priests are hoping the Pope, who has had a long association with St. Louis's Archbishop, Justin F. Rigali, will speak, at least obliquely, about the situation in the city. Indeed, one public gesture in the Pope's visit will be the formation by the Archdiocese's ecumenical office and several non-Catholic clergy groups of an interfaith effort to get local congregations involved in rehabilitating housing, tutoring children and providing immunizations in St. Louis's inner city.

Many efforts are already under way. In a burst of civic activism over the last several years, the Catholic Church here has taken it upon itself to try to address some of the struggles of the city's neighborhoods -- and at the same time try to keep its parishes and schools from foundering.

"I think you're getting beyond a problem," said Msgr. Ted L. Wojcicki, the Archdiocese's vicar for pastoral planning. "You're getting to a crisis in terms of the city. In the diocese, we commit tremendous resources to maintaining a presence in the urban areas."

Since 1950, the city of St. Louis has lost more than half of its population, about 400,000 people, largely to the suburbs. The Archdiocese's suburban parishes have boomed, but the church in this city that was founded by French Catholics has seen its ranks dwindle to 70,000 from about 200,000 in that time, and 33 of the church's 85 city parishes have closed for lack of people, Monsignor Wojcicki said.

The Catholic Homesteading program, in which the Archdiocese is investing $375,000 over five years, is only one example of church efforts to revitalize city neighborhoods. Catholic churches have formed organizations, in some cases with the help of non-Catholic churches, to get low-interest loans to help low-income and ***working-class*** families buy homes in the city. Catholic churches have also lobbied city officials to crack down on absentee landlords and recently persuaded the city to double the fine for violations of building codes.

And just last week, Archbishop Rigali took the unusual step of endorsing, in writing, a proposed sales tax increase of two-thirds of a penny that city residents will vote on next month. The increase would pay to continue St. Louis Country's largest busing program, which sends some 13,000 black inner-city students to mostly white suburban schools. Many public school parents and some school administrators favor busing, saying it gives black students a choice of where to be educated and gives city schools an incentive to compete for students.

At a neighborhood level, churches are pressuring owners of abandoned buildings. St. Pius V, on the South Side, persuaded the owner of an abandoned Sears building to sell to a developer who would build 30 homes on the property in the hope of encouraging some of the neighborhood's Vietnamese and Bosnian immigrants to become home owners.

Father Brown at St. Margaret of Scotland is on the board of a new organization that plans to buy rundown properties in his Shaw neighborhood and rehabilitate them or tear them down for new homes. And, in an effort to reach out to his neighborhood's large and relatively poor non-Catholic African-American community, Father Brown has formed a choir that includes the children of these families and plans to hire a black woman as a church outreach worker in the neighborhood.

Mayor Clarence Harmon says he welcomes the church's activism, calling the parishes and their schools "the glue that keeps it all from unraveling."

Some of the church's lobbying efforts have put him in a difficult position, said Mr. Harmon, who is an African-American Catholic. For example, he said, some alderman have worried that cracking down on substandard buildings could leave poor families living in those buildings without affordable housing.

Still, on balance, he is supportive. "I think it's a new kind of evangelism, if you will," Mr. Harmon said.

He said that when he heard about the Catholic Homesteading program, "I shouted words of glee."

So far, the Patty-G'sells, who moved from University City, just west of St. Louis, to be near Ms. Patty-G'sell's job as a school counselor, are happy with their decision.

"At first I wouldn't even consider moving down here," said Mr. Patty-G'sell, who said they paid $94,000 for a four-bedroom brick house. "But I'm learning that it's actually not so bad after all. We had a better welcome here than I think I've had any place I've ever lived."

Father Brown, whose church has 450 families, down from 2,200 in the 1950's, is busy trolling for more buyers. This Sunday, he will take his pitch to St. Charles County, a largely white suburban area that now has more Catholics than the city itself.

"I'll say, 'Let's face it, 99 percent of you people obviously aren't going to be moving to St. Margaret of Scotland,' " Father Brown said. " 'We're not kidding anybody. This is not for the faint of heart. But you have children and you have grandchildren.' They go home and they say, 'You wouldn't believe the fool that came to speak to us,' but their kids might say, 'Hmmm, that's sounds O.K.' "

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

**Graphic**

Photo: Gary Sebescak bought his house with help from the St. Louis Roman Catholic Archdiocese. He stood outside it with the Rev. Kenneth Brown. (Tim Parker for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** January 26, 1999

**End of Document**



[***POP MUSIC;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-8620-0005-G2XB-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Springsteen Looks Back but Keeps Walking On***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-8620-0005-G2XB-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 7, 1995, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1995 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Arts and Leisure Desk

**Section:** Section 2; ; Section 2;  Page 1;  Column 4;  Arts and Leisure Desk ; Column 4;

**Length:** 2395 words

**Byline:** By NEIL STRAUSS

By NEIL STRAUSS

**Body**

"BROOOOOOOCE!" So went the cries of nearly a dozen police officers as Bruce Springsteen walked past the 18th Precinct station house on West 54th Street. As he strolled through midtown Manhattan on a sunny weekday afternoon, no other pedestrians stopped him or yodeled his first name. They just looked at him as he passed by, trying to quietly absorb his presence with their gaze in the jaded way that New Yorkers respond to fame. It was only the police officers who reacted, pulling out their summons pads for Mr. Springsteen to sign and yelling, "You're the best!" as he complied.

"I have a healthy fan base in law enforcement," Mr. Springsteen, 45, said with a staccato laugh as he turned on to Eighth Avenue, beginning one of the few interviews he has granted during his two-decade career, which has recently taken yet another upswing.

Rock musicians and police officers aren't supposed to mix. It's a tradition that goes back to the day the blues musician Robert Johnson went to the crossroads and supposedly made a deal with the Devil. But since Mr. Springsteen emerged from Asbury Park, N. J., in the early 1970's, firing off hit songs like "Born to Run," "Hungry Heart" and, more recently, "Streets of Philadelphia," he has changed the rules of rebellion.

He imbued the daily struggles of those in the ***working class*** with a quotidian heroism, telling them that they mattered and assuring them that there was nothing wrong with trying to realize a dream, even if their attempt failed. "Spend your life waiting for a moment that just don't come," he sings in "Badlands," a 1978 song on his newly released "Greatest Hits" album on Columbia. "Well, don't waste your time waiting."

"A lot of rock-and-roll music was concerned with the outlaw," Mr. Springsteen said. "But I liked the idea of 'High Noon' and the ambivalent sheriff. My characters were people who had something to be gained and lost by stepping in either direction. They were misfits more than outlaws."

Since Mr. Springsteen's heyday in the early and mid-1980's, times have changed -- and so has Mr. Springsteen. In 1989, he divorced his first wife, the model Julianne Phillips, and started dating the woman who would become his second, Patti Scialfa, a member of his backup group, the E Street Band. That same year, he dismissed the band and, in 1990, bought his third home, a $14 million estate in Beverly Hills (he also has a farm near his hometown, Freehold, N. J., and a house in nearby Rumson).

For fans who saw Mr. Springsteen as one of the few rock stars who hadn't forgotten what it was like to be a regular human being, these actions were confusing. The relative lack of enthusiasm with which fans and critics greeted his 1992 albums, "Human Touch" and "Lucky Town," led some to wonder how relevant Mr. Springsteen was in the 90's.

But in the past year, the pendulum has started to swing in Mr. Springsteen's direction again. He received four Grammys and an Oscar for his title song to the movie "Philadelphia," reunited with the E Street Band to record six additional songs for "Greatest Hits" (three of which ended up on the record) and watched the album shoot to No. 1 on the pop charts the week it was released. Its first new hit, a previously unreleased 1982 song called "Murder Incorporated," about the proliferation of guns and the devaluation of human life, sounds even more appropriate today than it did when it was written.

"I BELIEVE THAT THE BASIC IDEAS and the values that I wrote into all those songs on the album are still relevant," Mr. Springsteen said. "When I wrote them, I wanted to write about things that people always have to go through at some point in their lives. My music wasn't going to be about fashion or style. It was going to be about family and struggle and identity questions, spiritual questions: Who am I? Where am I going? How do you live an honest life, and is it possible? How do you make the kinds of connections that keep you from the worst of yourself and bring out the best of yourself? And then there's fun and good times -- how do you find them?"

During that afternoon walk, Mr. Springsteen had his choice of good times: he could find them in Central Park or he could find them in Hannah's Cocktail Lounge, a few blocks from the police station. It took two seconds for Mr. Springsteen to choose the latter. He settled into a table near the window in the front of the small, empty bar, then changed his mind. He wanted a table in the back corner, where no sunlight penetrated. His age didn't show in his ruddy cheeks, tousled dark hair, husky frame and cross-shaped earring. "If anybody could make you dream, it's Bruce Springsteen," says Melissa Etheridge, who models her impassioned performances after Mr. Springsteen's. But on that day, he seemed more ready to shatter dreams than inspire them.

He downed a shot of tequila, took a sip from his beer chaser and talked about his recent metamorphosis. Having children -- Evan James, 4, Jessica Rae, 3, and Sam Ryan, 1 -- pulled him out of his solipsistic world, he said, and not just because he now has to wake up every morning at 8:30 and drive the two oldest to school in his black Ford Explorer.

"I think that before I had kids I was waiting for my life to begin," he said. "It was always, 'When this happens, when that happens.' And all of a sudden one morning I woke up and that feeling was just gone. It felt to me like the beginning of some life that I had worked really hard and waited very long to get to. I was 40 years old when I had kids, and so I was already at the point where the interesting things for me felt like they were going to be over there -- away from bars and running around -- and closer to children and relationships and deeper satisfactions."

On "Greatest Hits," one can hear these changes taking place. It begins with visions of freedom and the open road in "Born to Run," matures with the 35-year-old father in "My Hometown" who knows he's lying to himself when he talks of packing his bags and escaping, and ends with the fatalistic wisdom of "Blood Brothers," a song about the E Street Band. In his slightly hoarse voice he sings, "The hardness of this world slowly grinds your dreams away, making a fool's joke out of the promises we make."

"The songs are not literally autobiographical," he said. "But in some way they're emotionally autobiographical. As they go by, you see your own take on the world and how it's changed since you were a kid. You create a variety of different characters, and the thing they have in common is some emotional thread you've tried to use to make your own way through what can feel like a particularly imponderable existence."

Songs have not always been enough for Mr. Springsteen to help him weave his way through life. One of the biggest steps he ever had to take, he said, was 13 years ago, when he decided to undergo therapy, which he continues sporadically. "I grew up in a ***working-class*** family, where that was frowned upon," he said. "It was very, very difficult for me to ever get to a place where I said I needed some help. I stumbled into some different, very dark times where I simply had no other idea of what to do. It's not necessarily for everybody, but all I can say is, I've accomplished things personally that felt simply impossible previously. The leap of consciousness that it takes to go from playing in your garage to playing in front of 5,000, 6,000, 7,000 people or when you experience any kind of success at all can be very, very demanding."

Mr. Springsteen has made the transition from garage-rocker to arena-rocker better than most rock singers. He doesn't have to try to be sincere; it comes naturally. In the 1970's, at the height of rock-star decadence, Mr. Springsteen set himself apart from his contemporaries by rarely indulging in anything but a sweaty, energetic three- or four-hour show. In the 1990's, it's now in vogue for rockers to resent their large following, but Mr. Springsteen continues to embrace his wholeheartedly. His vision from the beginning was that the band should be a fan's rock group. In fact, "Murder Incorporated" was included on "Greatest Hits" solely because of one fan's persistence.

"For years, there's this guy that's been following me around with a 'Murder Incorporated' sign," Mr. Springsteen said. "I see him in the audience like every five shows. I have never played the song, ever, in concert and would have no intent to do so, and yet this guy follows me around with this sign and flashes it during the entire show. So it was he who I had in mind when we put the song on the album. We said, 'Let's put this on for that guy, whoever he is.' "

In the introduction to a book about Mr. Springsteen, one fan describes his idol in bold capital letters as "real." Mr. Springsteen prefers the word "grounded," but real is what comes to mind when one meets him. Sitting at Hannah's Cocktail Lounge, he came on like a good-natured lumberjack ready to chop down the trees that separate him from his audience. He urged on the conversation with lines like "Let's not stop now" and ordered new beers every time one started to get warm. He seemed ready to talk about each subject for an hour or two -- if only to avoid an awkward silence.

The topic Mr. Springsteen constantly returned to was the E Street Band, which has been with him through his best years. A poet in auto mechanic's clothing, he was first signed to a record label during the tail end of the Nixon years; he and the band were one of the few groups in a politically cynical time that still thought rock could change the world. Mr. Springsteen and the band's fame peaked during the Reagan 1980's, when they gave voice to those grasping for a meaningful life in a system that did not seem to value them. Now that Congressional Republicans are trying to undo 60 years of social reform, perhaps there's no better time for Bruce Springsteen and the E Street Band to return and let those blue-collar voices be heard from again.

"It's very strange that the Republicans are coming back now," Mr. Springsteen said. "Because my idea in the early and mid-1980's was to put forth an alternate vision of the America that was being put forth by the Reagan-era Republicans. They basically tried to co-opt every image that was American, including me. I wanted to stake my own claim to those images, and put forth my own ideas about them. The band drew me in that direction, and that's the direction that I want to work in in the future with them."

Mr. Springsteen's reunion with the E Street Band, whom he hasn't recorded with in 10 years, is not just symbolic. In his view, people perceived his solo work, on albums like "Nebraska," "Tunnel of Love" and "Lucky Town," as very personal and psychological. The E Street Band, he said, is like a bridge connecting him with his fans, broadening the scope of his writing. Equally important, he said the band's easy camaraderie keeps him from slipping into what he called "the abyss of self-destructiveness."

A prolific songwriter but notoriously slow when it comes to releasing records, Mr. Springsteen, nonetheless, wants to finish recording a solo album in the next few weeks and record an album with the band this summer. He hopes to change his relationship with the band. "I simply want to do both things, like what Neil Young does with Crazy Horse," he explained. "He'll go and do a project with different musicians, and then he'll come back and play with Crazy Horse when he has something that feels right for them."

Steve Van Zandt, the guitarist who left the E Street Band in 1984 but has now rejoined it, said that Mr. Springsteen's plan seemed like a good idea. "We talked about it years ago," he said. "I really felt that was the way to go."

In addition to the new songs on the "Greatest Hits" album, Mr. Springsteen also recently completed a song for the Sean Penn film "The Crossing Guard" and wrote for and helped produce a forthcoming album by Joe Grushecky, a Pittsburgh rock musician. The thrill of playing blues guitar with the roots-rock band Blasters at a recent concert of theirs, he said, has led him to start "toying around with the idea of making a record that's centered around loud guitars." He has also been listening to the punk band Social Distortion and Wayne Kramer, the former guitarist with the proto-punk group MC5.

MR. SPRINGSTEEN IS LESS enthusiastic about the Grammy and Academy Awards he recently won for "Streets of Philadelphia." "I didn't win any awards for so long, so I devalued them because it was necessary," he said, guffawing so hard that his shoulders shook. "Those are pretty conservative organizations, and all the actual rock records I've made over the years have been ignored. But I had a nice night at the Oscars, and I was really sort of appreciative, and my mother came and got to see me win instead of lose. In the early 1980's, we did a benefit for the Vietnam Veterans Association, and all the guys gave me a helmet that they had signed. So I think that was the nicest award I've ever received."

Growing older has enabled Mr. Springsteen to look back at his past with perspective and, at times, curiosity. In "Thunder Road," recorded in 1975, the protagonist tries to explain to the woman he is speaking to that she is not too old to escape her dead-end life. "So you're scared and you're thinking that maybe we ain't that young anymore," he tells her.

"I was 24 when I wrote that," Mr. Springsteen said, pausing to laugh at himself. "I listen to that now and think, 'Hey, wait a minute.' It's really strange, that line, and the one in 'Rosalita' -- 'Someday we'll look back on this, and it will all seem funny.' Those were two good ones, you know. I have no idea where I was conceivably coming from at that time."

Mr. Springsteen can make fun of his songs and ambition now. But the truth is, he tried to make music and plan his career so that he would regret nothing: "I didn't want to be rocking on my porch when I was 70 years old going, 'Oh, man, I should have taken a shot at this.' "

When it was pointed out to him that in an interview he did three years ago, he used the same image about sitting on his porch, but that the age he mentioned was 60 instead of 70, he laughed again. "There you go," he said. "The older you get, the younger you are. At 60, I plan to be still doing it. We're moving it up as we go. It will be 80 in another five years."

**Graphic**

Photo: Bruce Springsteen during the filming of a video in Los Angeles -- "My music wasn't going to be about fashion or style," he says. "It was going to be about family and struggle and identity questions." (Neal Preston)(pg. 30)

Drawing (Al Hirschfeld)(pg. 1)

**Load-Date:** May 7, 1995

**End of Document**



[***A Southwest Oasis With Plenty of Pines***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4M27-BBR0-TW8F-G24F-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 6, 2006 Friday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2006 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section F; Column 1; Escapes; Pg. 8; HAVENS Flagstaff, Ariz.

**Length:** 1603 words

**Byline:** By AMY SILVERMAN

**Body**

FOR a long time, Flagstaff was best known as a place you passed through on your way to someplace else. The small city is a stop on Historic Route 66 and is billed as the gateway to the Grand Canyon.

True, Flagstaff is less than an hour from the canyon, even closer to the red rocks of Sedona, and is just about two hours north of downtown Phoenix -- though, at an elevation of 7,000 feet, the pine-covered terrain could hardly be more different from the desert to its south.

Most days more than 100 trains rumble through town. But now Flagstaff, a little college burg where rustic chic is never out of fashion, has itself become a destination, particularly for second-home buyers. Several high-end golf communities are getting the most attention, but for homeowners like Jana Carpenter, a small condominium near the public golf course is just fine.

Ms. Carpenter was born and raised in Chicago, and she still spends most of her time there, in a split-level condo on Lake Michigan; she's the national sales director for UHY Advisors, an accounting firm. Several years ago, Ms. Carpenter swooned over Scottsdale and encouraged her older son to consider applying to a college in Arizona. He wasn't keen about the heat, but Ms. Carpenter had heard there was a school up north, so the college tour took a detour -- to Northern Arizona University in Flagstaff.

''We were in town 10 minutes, and we were in love,'' Ms. Carpenter recalled. In the end, both her sons attended Northern Arizona, and she now owns a one-bedroom condo in Flagstaff, which she visits about six times a year.

Midwesterners like Ms. Carpenter and Californians are among the second-home buyers in Flagstaff, and there has been a surge in purchases out of Las Vegas, said Gregg Landauer, an agent with Century 21. But the majority of second-home owners are from the Phoenix area. Temperatures in Flagstaff are typically 30 degrees cooler than in Phoenix, turning a 105-degree nightmare into a 75-degree dream.

Ron Shurts, a self-employed financier who owns a second home on the golf course at Pine Canyon, a new development where my own parents recently bought a second home, drives up every summer weekend from Scottsdale.

On a Saturday afternoon last summer, Mr. Shurts sat in his dining room, with views of pine trees and bright golf greens disturbed only by the large television set in his living room. A cool breeze blew through open windows and doors.

''The tranquillity of being up here is kind of bizarre,'' he said.

The Scene

Flagstaff is an outdoor destination, but downtown bookstores, coffeehouses and sushi restaurants mix with the admittedly disproportionate number of sporting goods shops. Local residents boast that there are only a couple of chain stores downtown, and the feel is more organic and independent than in other cities.

Although Northern Arizona University just topped out with a record number of students enrolled (more than 20,000), Flagstaff still remains very much a small town. Residents are proud of a new hospital and will also brag that when Barnes & Noble came to town back in 1999, the store was picketed for months. The best restaurant is Josephine's, which serves modern American fare and is tucked into an old house downtown. Its bar attracts local developers, who are the area's celebrities.

Dress is always casual in Flagstaff -- Crocs in summer, hiking boots in winter and a belt if you're feeling elegant. On weekends, bluegrass bands twang in the town square, and on Thursday nights in summer, there are free movies. On New Year's Eve, an enormous pine cone drops at midnight from atop a downtown hotel.

Flagstaff has a population of around 61,000, but Ms. Carpenter, a self-described ''city girl,'' said it didn't feel that small. She likes the diversity of a community that includes university academics, employees from the medical products company W. L. Gore and large numbers of Latinos and American Indians.

Ms. Carpenter said she can take a class in African dance or visit the Lowell Observatory. From downtown, it's a 14-minute drive to the lifts at the Snowbowl ski resort. The most popular park for Frisbee golf is much closer, and many residents can hike through the woods from their back doors.

Pros

Steve Hjelmstrom lives in Laguna Beach, Calif., and runs a manufacturing company in Huntington Beach whose products include vending machines and auto parts. Several years ago, he started to look around for land as an investment. After considering spots in Florida, Oregon and Utah, he came upon Flagstaff. In 2002, he bought 10 residentially zoned acres on the outskirts of town. He and his family were smitten with Flagstaff, and now plan to build a house there.

''If my daughter had her way,'' he said, ''we'd be living there right now.'' She's 12 and has already decided she wants to attend Northern Arizona University. Her father, a mountain biker, is also thrilled with the restaurants, the bike trails, the elevation and the weather. ''It doesn't get too cold,'' he said, ''and it doesn't get too hot.''

High temperatures in summer hover around 80 degrees, with late afternoon thunderstorms. In winter, there is an occasional snowstorm. Residents also approve of the town's efforts to fight sprawl. Because of Lowell Observatory, there are regulations to keep light pollution at a minimum.

Cons

Obsessive skiers might be frustrated with Flagstaff, depending on the year, because abundant snowfall is never a sure thing. There have been efforts to create artificial snow at Snowbowl, but court battles have blocked that plan so far.

Another negative, depending upon your perspective, is air travel. From outside Arizona, it's best to fly to Phoenix and drive the two hours north, though highway traffic is a growing concern. Mr. Shurts avoids weekend traffic by arriving early and staying late. Ms. Carpenter usually rents a car but recently tried a shuttle and said that it wasn't bad. And there are plans to expand the region's airport.

The Real Estate Market

While the market has slowed in recent months, prices are still strong compared with those of the last few years. Joe Haughey, a real estate agent and a member of the city council, said Flagstaff has among the highest housing prices in Arizona. Mr. Hjelmstrom paid $180,000 for his property four years ago; he said its value has more than doubled. Mr. Shurts, who was the first homeowner to move into Pine Canyon, paid $849,900 for his three-bedroom, three-and-a-half-bathroom, 3,000-square-foot home. The Pine Canyon sales office estimated that it is now worth about $1.3 million.

Ms. Carpenter paid $159,000 in 2005 for her condo, which is 700 square feet with a large balcony. The first apartment-to-condominium conversion, the Arbors, is now under way, with studios (486 square feet), one-bedrooms (675 square feet) and two-bedrooms (926 square feet) from $120,000 to $222,000. Mr. Haughey, who is selling properties for the Arbors project, said it is much needed, not only for second-home owners but for ***working-class*** residents. Forest Highlands, an older project similar to Pine Canyon, and Flagstaff Ranch, another new development, are all high-end and have their own golf courses. Pine Canyon homes start at about $950,000, not including a country club membership.

Still, Mr. Haughey said, prices are much lower than in other regions. ''People from California look at Flagstaff,'' he said, ''and say, 'Ooooh, what a deal.' ''

LAY OF THE LAND

POPULATION -- About 61,000.

SIZE -- About 64 square miles.

LOCATION -- At the intersection of Interstates 17 and 40 in northern Arizona, two hours north of Phoenix and three and a half hours southeast of Las Vegas.

WHO'S BUYING -- Residents of Phoenix still make up most of the second-home owners, but real estate agents say growing numbers of Midwesterners, Californians and Nevadans are looking to buy.

GETTING THERE -- Fly into the Phoenix Sky Harbor International Airport and pick up a rental car or take a shuttle from the airport. Be warned: There isn't much public transportation in Flagstaff.

WHILE YOU'RE LOOKING -- The Hotel Monte Vista in the heart of downtown (100 North San Francisco Street, 800-545-3068; www.hotelmontevista.com) offers rooms from $65 to $170 and has a great Thai restaurant. At the Little America Hotel (2515 East Butler Avenue, 800-865-1401; www.littleamerica.com/flagstaff), rates begin at $109 or $139 depending on the season.

THREE FOR SALE

Where Evergreens and Golf Greens Thrive at 7,000 Feet

Information on properties was supplied by the listing companies.

WHAT -- 2-bedroom condominium

HOW MUCH -- $222,500

This 926-square-foot unit has two bathrooms and is a short drive from downtown Flagstaff. It is in a recently renovated apartment-to-condo complex. Agent: Joe Haughey, Common Goal Realty; (928) 214-7100; www.arborsflagstaff.com.

WHAT -- 4-bedroom house

HOW MUCH -- $574,900

This 2,420-square-foot Arts and Crafts-style house was built this year and has a two-car garage, a deck and three bathrooms. The kitchen has granite counters and a breakfast bar. There are two fireplaces and views of the San Francisco Peaks. Agent: Gregg Landauer, Century 21 Metro Alliance; (928) 527-3300; www.century21metroalliance.com.

WHAT -- 3-bedroom house

HOW MUCH -- $1.45 million

This 2,950-square-foot house is on a 16,000-square-foot lot on the golf course at Pine Canyon. It is offered fully furnished and has two master suites, three and a half bathrooms, a stone floor-to-ceiling fireplace and Sub-Zero and Viking appliances. The house was professionally decorated. Agent: Jaime Tapia, Pine Canyon; (866) 779-5700; www.pinecanyon.net.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: AMERICAN CASUAL -- Heritage Square in downtown Flagstaff. A small university city, Flagstaff embodies an unpolished chic. (Photo by Jill Torrance for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** October 6, 2006

**End of Document**



[***The Roots of French Cuisine***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5C8S-T0F1-JBG3-6346-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 25, 2014 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2014 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section TR; Column 0; Travel Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 3167 words

**Byline:** By ANN MAH

Ann Mah is the author of ''Mastering the Art of French Eating.''

**Body**

I've always felt that a map of France reads like a menu. The very names of regions can incite ravenous pangs. Each has a signature dish, from Brittany's butter-crisped crepes, to the generous cuts of pork draped over mounds of tangy sauerkraut in the eastern reaches of Alsace. Provence bursts with a rich soup of Mediterranean fish; the bounty of Languedoc's flat, dry plains comes alive in the warmth of simmering cassoulet.

My love affair with French cuisine began when I moved to Paris for four years and began to explore my new home through food. But the capital's renditions of regional dishes left me as cold as the bouillabaisse I was served at a storied establishment.

''When you move from the countryside and make yourself into a Parisian, one of the first things you ditch is your local dish, because to eat it is to show yourself as provincial,'' said John Baxter, an Australian writer who has been living -- and eating -- in France for 23 years.

And yet, as Mr. Baxter explores in his book, ''The Perfect Meal: In Search of the Lost Tastes of France,'' great French dishes still exist in their original form, most notably at the place of their birth. Whereas Parisian restaurants often rely on frozen and industrially prepared ingredients (a trend so prevalent that the French Parliament recently adopted a law requiring restaurants to clearly label the dishes they prepare from scratch), ''in the provinces, the food is made with local ingredients and it's labor intensive -- all the things that restaurants don't want,'' Mr. Baxter said. ''This is one reason why people should and do eat outside of Paris.''

To understand French cuisine, I realized I had to visit the regions and meet the country chefs, farmers and home cooks who proudly preserve tradition. Last summer, I embarked on a tour of France through five of its signature dishes, a decadent journey that convinced me that the best, most honest food in France is found in the provinces.

In the Mediterranean fishing village of Cassis, I rose early and strolled along the port, watched local chefs and fishermen haggle over the morning catch and dined on the resulting bouillabaisse a few hours later. In the Languedoc, I visited a duck farm and witnessed the late-afternoon gavage -- the controversial force-feeding that enlarges the liver -- before joining a farmer for a glass of rough wine and a few slices of baguette spread with pâté de foie gras de canard.

Travelers have been eating their way around France, at least, since the 1920s, when the French food writer Maurice Edmond Sailland -- known by his pen name, Curnonsky -- published ''La France Gastronomique,'' a multivolume guide to the country's regional cuisine. In the decade that followed, Les Accords de Matignon -- a pet project of the Popular Front, the 1930s leftist political party led by Prime Minister Léon Blum -- guaranteed two weeks' paid vacation to French workers. ***Working-class*** travelers took advantage of the new policy and government-sponsored train tickets, streaming south to resort towns previously the exclusive domain of the bourgeois. Eventually the Guide Michelin replaced Curnonsky as the primary source for travelers, and hungry motorists ignited an interest in regional cuisine that became a French passion.

During my travels, I learned a few things: The best version of any dish is found at home, usually made by a local grandmother. And the term ''best'' is highly subjective; nostalgia, preference, mood and a hundred other elements factor in. In truth, each ''best'' is an intersection of history and place, culture and cuisine. Deep in the French countryside, food forms a connection -- between the people at the table, between the generations who have passed down a recipe, between the terroir and the meal that has sprung from it, between you, the modern diner, and the history that continues to live on the plate.

Brittany: Galettes and Crepes

In the wild northwest of France, the coast is rocky, the oysters small and sweet, and the older generations still slip into Breton, a language with Celtic roots. The local cuisine is borne of both the savage shoreline and interior green pastures: Seafood, butter and cream dominate, but so do paper-thin pancakes -- savory and sweet -- as delicate as fine lace.

Brittany draws a sharp distinction between savory galettes -- made of wholesome, nutty buckwheat flour -- and sweet, tender dessert crepes of beau blé, or white flour. The buckwheat galettes preserve a proud tradition of self-sufficiency. In the 15th century, Duchess Anne of Brittany saved the region from famine -- and ensured its independence -- by introducing crops of blé noir, or buckwheat, a hardy plant that thrived despite the area's poor soil. Though highly nutritious, buckwheat lacks gluten, which limits its uses in the kitchen; ''galettes are one of the few ways to consume it,'' said Youenn Le Gall, a farmer and owner of the Ferme de Kervéguen, a local organic farm that produces the grain. Filled galettes are popular -- especially the complète, stuffed with ham, cheese and a sunny-side-up egg -- but older Bretons prefer to eat them plain, adorned only with a generous swipe of beurre de baratte, the region's salted butter whipped from tangy, fermented cream.

Brittany, which covers a vast expanse, seems to have a creperie in nearly every village, and it's hard to find a bad one. But the far western region of Finistère (''land's end'') is particularly famous for its galettes, notable for their spongy centers and crispy edges. And its capital, Quimper, is home to the cradle of fine crepe eateries, Place au Beurre. Once a bustling outdoor marketplace, the dainty, cobblestone square is now surrounded with creperies like Au Vieux Quimper (20, rue Verdelet; 33-2-98-95-31-34; creperieauvieuxquimper.fr), which features lace-covered windows, hard cider served in bowls, and buckwheat galettes of remarkable delicacy stuffed with fillings like cheese, bacon and mushrooms cooked in cream.

Farther south, in the commune of Pleuven, stands Chez Mimi (24, rue du Moulin du Pont; 33-2-98-54-62-02; creperie-chezmimi.fr), where locals pair buckwheat galettes with the traditional accompaniment of gros lait (a house-made yogurt, thick and creamy), and schoolchildren exclaim over une bonne beurre-sucre, a simple, supple dessert crepe that contrasts the tang of salted butter with the sweet crunch of sugar. At Creperie l'Epi d'Or (19, route de Quimper; 33-2-98-54-88-32; creperielepidor.fr) families tuck into galettes that resemble golden lace, brittle edges softening to a pleasing chew, stuffed with fillings like creamy leeks and ham, or savored plain with a bowl of buttermilk.

Lyon: Quenelle de Brochet

Perched at an epicurean crossroads, Lyon, in the southeastern Rhône-Alpes region, has long rejoiced in the bounty of its surroundings: Provençal produce, Alpine butter and cheese, Bresse poultry, Beaujolais wine and Massif Central beef. But it was the Mères Lyonnaises who officially sealed the city's culinary reputation. When the French economy crashed after World War I, these formidable female cooks shifted their talents from wealthy bourgeois mansions to the city's restaurants and bouchons, using the region's fine ingredients to prepare simple yet perfect meals. As automobile travel grew popular, word of Lyon's exceptional cuisine spread, helped in large part by Curnonsky, who in 1934 declared the city ''the world capital of gastronomy.''

Lyon's classic dining places, bouchons, have existed for centuries. These casual establishments tend to be decorated in motley bric-a-brac; strangers sit elbow-to-elbow and the menu rarely deviates from dishes like tête de veau (poached calf's head) and tablier de sapeur (a sort of chicken-fried tripe). But their most famous menu item is the quenelle de brochet, a football-shaped dumpling, similar to an oversize gnocchi, traditionally served in a coral-pink puddle of the shellfish-infused sauce called nantua.

The dumplings, made of a soft, eggy, buttery choux dough that's been beaten with puréed pike fish, must be poached in advance and puffed in the oven at the last minute. ''Quenelles have been made in Lyon since the 15th or 16th century,'' said Michel Vaivrand, who prepares the excellent ones at Au Petit Vatel (1, rue Pierre Corneille; 33-4-78-52-11-45; au-petit-vatel.fr), a take-away shop he owns with his brother, Frank. ''Pike was once plentiful here in the Rhône river, but it's very bony and hard to eat. Originally, quenelles were a way to stretch and preserve the fish.''

Quenelle quality varies widely: inferior versions tend to be overly dense, while the very finest feature a cloudlike texture. At Café des Fédérations (8, rue du Major Martin; 33-4-78-28-26-00; lesfedeslyon.com), a Lyon bouchon that has existed, as its sign indicates, ''depuis bien longtemps'' -- for a very long time -- the set lunch menu begins with an assortment of appetizers that includes local charcuterie, thinly sliced head cheese in vinaigrette, and lentil salad. The quenelle arrives straight from the oven, magnificently inflated and bobbing in a bubbling pool of creamy langoustine sauce. The friendly bouchon Chez Hugon (12, rue Pizay; 33-4-78-28-10-94; bouchonlyonnais.fr) and its newer offshoot, La Hugonnière (13, rue Neuve; 33-4-78-28-58-79), both offer an airy sponge of a quenelle, peppered with tiny holes. Paired with a creamy, wine-enhanced langoustine sauce, every bite floats off the fork.

Kitchen enthusiasts should head to Plum Lyon cooking school (49, rue des Tables Claudiennes; 33-9-51-72-22-08; [*www.plumlyon.com*](http://www.plumlyon.com)), which teaches students how to make quenelles at home, based on a recipe refined from the owner Lucy Vanel's collection of antique cookbooks. In the homey teaching kitchen, students beat puréed cod into choux dough and learn to form the sticky mixture by shaping it between two spoons, before sitting down in the cozy dining room to enjoy their dumplings with a variety of sauces.

Languedoc-Roussillon and Midi-Pyrénées: Cassoulet

The territory once known as the Languedoc, in the southwest, is a sun-warmed expanse where medieval villages rise in the distance and grapevines sprawl across low hills. (After the French Revolution, the region was divided into administrative départements, and its ancient capital, Toulouse, became part of the Midi-Pyrénées.) The cuisine, rustic and slow-simmered, matches this bucolic landscape, with dishes like duck confit or the region's renowned cassoulet washed down with robust local wine.

Perhaps no French dish has achieved greater mythical status than cassoulet, a hearty concoction of sausages, confit (typically duck), pork and white beans, cooked for hours. According to local legend, the dish was invented in the town of Castelnaudary -- the self-proclaimed ''capital of cassoulet'' -- during the Hundred Years' War. Trapped by the English, the starving villagers pooled their last scraps of meat and beans, simmering everything in a giant caldron; after feasting on the ragout, the French soldiers regained their strength and rallied to chase the English all the way to the Channel.

Today, purists distinguish authentic cassoulet as much by its recipe as its cassole, the earthenware cooking vessel that gives the dish its name. ''The local clay has a special capacity to retain heat and endure drastic changes in temperature without cracking,'' said Jean-Louis Malé, a former grand-maître of La Grande Confrérie du Cassoulet de Castelnaudary, a society formed in 1972 to protect the dish. The deep bowl with sloping sides traditionally sat on the hearth, simmering continuously for hours, or even days, with scraps of food added at different intervals.

That long-simmering is key. ''All the components must harmonize,'' Mr. Malé said. ''Nothing is more catastrophic than a cassoulet made at the last minute.'' Indeed, the best versions are cooked and cooled -- preferably overnight -- at least three times, a slow process that yields beans redolent with the deep flavors of the confit and pork sausage, topped by a thin layer of the dish's natural juice and starches sealed in the oven. (Though cassoulet recipes often call for a topping of breadcrumbs, they are ''never found on the authentic version,'' Mr. Malé said.)

In Toulouse, Le Colombier (14, rue Bayard; 33-5-61-62-40-05; restaurant-lecolombier.com) has cooked the same recipe for over a hundred years, a silken, nutmeg-scented version brimming with house-made sausage and goose confit, served in a warm, brick-walled dining room. At the Hostellerie Etienne (1, chemin St.-Jammes; 33-4-68-60-10-08; [*www.hostellerieetienne.com*](http://www.hostellerieetienne.com)), a modern country inn located in Labastide d'Anjou, a hamlet near Castelnaudary, a waitress delivers the heavy earthenware dish straight from the oven, liquid bubbling gently along the edges. The sausage is rich and peppery, the duck confit shreds under a fork's gentle pressure, and the beans are salty and velvety-plush. Happily (and dangerously), they're served à volonté, or all you can eat.

Bouches-du-Rhône, Provence: Bouillabaisse

Provence famously bursts with abundance: floods of golden olive oil, pincushion-shaped goat cheeses, lavender-scented honey and dishes like ratatouille or soupe au pistou that feature the region's sun-kissed produce. The rocky coast between Marseille and Cassis marries this agricultural bounty with Mediterranean catches to create one of the great classics of French cuisine, bouillabaisse. Like cassoulet, bouillabaisse has humble origins: it began as a plat du pauvre, a humble stew cooked by the fisherman's wife that used up the unsold bits from the day's catch.

''The name comes from two words, bouille'' -- to boil -- ''and baisse'' -- to lower -- ''which refers to the broth as it boiled and reduced,'' said Doudou Daoudi, a waiter who has served the dish at various Cassis fish restaurants since 1964. In 1980, a group of restaurateurs created the Charter of Bouillabaisse to protect the integrity of the dish; the document prescribes the types of fish used -- among them rockfish, red mullet, St-Pierre, monkfish and conger eel -- as well as the ritual of serving it.

''First we present the bouillabaisse and explain the names of the fish,'' Mr. Daoudi said, ''Then we filet them and serve them with boiled potatoes and the soup.'' Croutons spread with rouille -- a garlicky saffron-scented mayonnaise -- add an earthy richness, while a tureen of extra soup is always on hand.

The best bouillabaisse combines sparkling fresh fish; a rich, red soup vibrant with echoes of the sea; and the dish's elegant ceremony. The version at Chez Gilbert (19, quai des Baux; 33-4-42-01-71-36; chezgilbert.net) achieves all three. The fish is gently poached -- the monkfish fillets are particularly tender and sweet -- and the resulting soup is deep and layered, simmered thick with fish skeletons, eel and patience. The waiters hover at a comfortable distance, their ladles poised over a steaming tureen. For a more casual -- and economical -- experience, La Poissonerie, also in Cassis (6, quai Barthélémy; 33-4-42-01-71-56) dishes up a rustic version served on the premises of an old fish shop. The fish is sliced into steaks, not fillets, and the broth is unusually light and delicate. The cheerful service and outdoor terrace create a convivial atmosphere. In Marseille, Chez Fonfon (140, rue du Vallon des Auffes; 33-4-91-52-14-38; [*www.chez-fonfon.com*](http://www.chez-fonfon.com)) offers a classic bouillabaisse -- with perfectly deboned fillets and a refined soup -- served in a polished, if slightly cold, dining room overlooking the adorably toylike port of Vallon des Auffes.

Alsace: Choucroute Garnie

Nestled between the Vosges Mountains and the Black Forest, Alsace combines two cultures into one all its own, with its bilingual street signs in French and Alsatian (a language similar to Swiss German), medieval half-timbered houses and vineyards that produce long-necked bottles of riesling and gewürztraminer. In fact, the region has changed hands between France and Germany four times since 1870, with each new leader eager to erase the last. The cuisine reflects this cultural seesaw with soft salt-studded pretzels and yeasty cakes, a crème-fraîche-and-bacon-topped pizza called tarte flambée (in French) or flammeküeche (in Alsatian), and the region's signature dish, choucroute garnie.

The dish is farm fare, honest and satisfying: an array of cured pork -- plump sausages, ham, slab bacon, knacks and more -- accompanied by a tangy pile of slow-cooked sauerkraut, boiled potatoes and a dab of mustard. Its main component, fermented cabbage, has been part of the local diet since the 17th century -- the word ''choucroute'' is a combination of French and German that translates as ''cabbage cabbage'' -- a reliable source of vitamin C during bitter winters. A generation ago, many Alsatian families stored a stone vat of fermenting cabbage in the basement; today, most choucroute is factory-produced and sold precooked, ready to reheat and serve. Traditional Alsatian home cooks and chefs, however, wouldn't dream of using anything but raw, lacto-fermented sauerkraut, and each has his or her own secret on how to simmer it into a tender, lightly tart, aromatic accompaniment to the region's sausages and other cured pork.

Where to go depends on whether you are more interested in the sauerkraut or its meaty garnishes. If the answer is the latter, head to Porcus (6, place du Temple Neuf; 33-3-88-23-19-38; porcus.fr), a combination butcher shop and restaurant in Strasbourg. Though its cabbage is, unfortunately, factory-cooked and overly acidic, the accompanying artisanal sausages are a voluptuous parade of smoky, spicy, succulent links, crowned by the establishment's snappy, award-winning knack, or hot dog, served in a bright and modern second-floor dining room.

Sauerkraut aficionados will adore Au Pont du Corbeau, also in Strasbourg (21, quai St.-Nicolas; 33-3-88-35-60-68), a cozily dim winstub where the lunchtime choucroute garnie features a pile of house-simmered cabbage -- lightly tangy and aromatic with wine and subtle spices -- modestly draped with slices of smoked and salted pork belly, and a bright, peppery sausage. Housed in a traditional Alsatian farmhouse in the village of Stutzheim, not far outside of Strasbourg, Le Marronnier (18 Route de Saverne; 33-3-88-69-84-30; restaurantlemarronnier.fr) welcomes lively crowds of locals. Like them, I began with a crisp-edged, bacon-strewn tarte flambée, cooked in the kitchen's wood-burning oven, before tucking into the generous choucroute garnie, piled high with seven different cuts of pork and sausage.

I sat for a while after this lavish meal -- the final one of my tour -- attempting to digest both the food and experience. I had thought of French food as a singular cuisine, but had come to understand that it was actually a broad spectrum of dishes, each one representing a region. Each place was fiercely proud of its local history, culture and accent -- and united by the determination to preserve it.

[*http://www.nytimes.com/2014/05/25/travel/tasting-france-through-5-signature-dishes.html*](http://www.nytimes.com/2014/05/25/travel/tasting-france-through-5-signature-dishes.html)

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: QUENELLE DE BROCHET FROM LYON (PHOTOGRAPH BY PHILIPPE SCHULLER)

CHOUCROUTE GARNIE FROM ALSACE (PHOTOGRAPH BY PASCAL BASTIEN)

BOUILLABAISSE FROM BOUCHESDU- RHÔNE, PROVENCE (PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANCE KEYSER)

GALETTES AND CREPES FROM BRITTANY (PHOTOGRAPH BY ALEX CRETEY-SYSTERMANS)

CASSOULET FROM LANGUEDOCROUSSILLON AND MIDI-PYRÉNÉES (PHOTOGRAPH BY JULIEN GOLDSTEIN) (TR1)

SETTING THE TABLE: Above, from left, the owner of Au Vieux Quimper preparing a crepe

the view from St.-Félix-Lauragais, which is in Midi-Pyrénées

the Opera district in Lyon

the Port of Cassis

and plates of choucroute garnie from Le Pont du Corbeau in Strasbourg. From left, a crepe with vanilla ice cream, hot chocolate sauce and roasted almonds at Au Vieux Quimper

Frank Vaivrant, the owner of Au Petite Vatel, preparing a sheet of quenelles for the showcase

Doudou Daoudi, a waiter at Chez Gilbert in Cassis, explaining the finer points of bouillabaisse to customers

Eric Rousselot cooking the cassoulet in the restaurant at Hostellerie Etienne in Labastide d'Anjou

a classic version of bouillabaisse at Chez Fonfon in Marseille

and plates of choucroute garnie at Le Marronnier in Stutzheim, a village outside of Strasbourg. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANCE KEYSER

JULIEN GOLDSTEIN

PHILIPPE SCHULLER

PASCAL BASTIEN

ALEX CRETEY-SYSTERMANS) (TR6-TR7) MAPS (TR6-TR7)

**Load-Date:** May 25, 2014

**End of Document**



[***A Performance Artist***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:465S-X7C0-01CN-H2TT-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 30, 2002 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2002 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 7; Column 1; Book Review Desk; Pg. 16

**Length:** 1401 words

**Byline:**  By Caleb Crain; Caleb Crain is the author of "American Sympathy: Men, Friendship, and Literature in the New Nation."

**Body**

CHARLES DICKENS

By Jane Smiley.

212 pp. New York:

Lipper/Viking. $19.95.

IN "David Copperfield," there is a character named Mr. Dick who has been attempting to write a life of "the lord chancellor, or the Lord Somebody or other" for more than a decade. Progress has been impeded, however, by the head of Charles I, some of whose troubles were accidentally put into Mr. Dick's head in such a way that the sovereign's keeps popping up in Mr. Dick's manuscript. "The harder he worked at it," David Copperfield reports, "the oftener that unlucky head of King Charles the First got into it."

In her brief life of Dickens, Jane Smiley alludes to Mr. Dick's predicament with appreciative recognition, well aware that every writer has a head of King Charles to contend with. She calls it "perhaps the most perfect image in literature of how a writer comes back and back again to the same concerns in spite of, or because of, how hard he tries to avoid them." As Dickens's image ingeniously suggests, in the ungoverned haunting of a writer's prose there often lurks an act of rebellion. It is hard to write about Lord Somebody or other at length without being visited by the urge to take a whack at him.

Smiley knows this, too, and she begins her book with a vow to keep the head of Charles Dickens undislodged. "Writers and artists are often portrayed as carriers of their own works, rather like carriers of disease, who communicate them to the world at large unconsciously," she observes in her preface. "My own experience as a writer and a reader is quite different. Writing is an act of artistic and moral agency, where choices are made that the author understands, full of implications and revelations that the author also understands."

Smiley's "Charles Dickens" is a writer's writer's life. A novelist herself, she understands that the writing of fiction involves a performance not unlike acting. A shy person might succeed at it, as he could not with acting, but a sleepwalking or essentially clumsy person will fail. It is easy to overlook how theatrical novels are, because they are usually written with no one watching. A self-editing writer is like a film director with a budget so ample he can throw away hundreds of takes in pursuit of the perfect scene. But at least once his actors must give the performance he is looking for, and Smiley recognizes that the moment of improvisation is as crucial as the capturing of it. Since he wrote and published in monthly installments, Dickens came much closer to performing in real time than do novelists today. His lifelong passion for the stage was natural, she suggests, because he was not very distant in his style of creation from Shakespeare. She relates the story of young Mamie Dickens, unobserved, watching her father at work: between bouts of pantomime, face-making in a mirror and talking to himself in a low voice, he wrote furiously.

In her portrait of Dickens the writer, Smiley succeeds in presenting him as a conscious artisan. She points out the steps he took to enlarge his palette by exploring violent emotions and by disregarding the proprieties that would have kept ***working-class*** speech patterns out of print. She follows his attempts to build novels around a theme ("Martin Chuzzlewit" around selfishness, "Dombey and Son" around pride) and to experiment with different ways of linking characters (through a lawsuit in "Bleak House," through a circle of gossip in "Our Mutual Friend").

In an earlier era, synoptic essays on Dickens were troubled by the King Charles's head of socialism. Both George Orwell and Edmund Wilson considered Dickens morally rebellious but politically obtuse. They were at pains to locate his class origins precisely, and both likened his unhappiness on his first trip to America to the disillusionment of a European leftist after a tour of the Soviet Union. Smiley lays this ghost by pointing to Dickens's extensive charity work, arguing that he transcended class and positing that a novelist "is naturally unsympathetic to a collective solution, while always more or less in favor of a connective solution."

Occasionally Smiley's description of a novel is vague, as in: " 'Nicholas Nickleby' is a lively and entertaining reading experience and, in the context of Dickens's other works, has several features of interest." In other words, she isn't crazy about it. Even with novels she does like, Smiley has a weakness for place-holding adjectives like "interesting" and "Dickensy" ("Great Expectations" "is totally Dickensy, yet shorter than the real Dickensy novels"). In two cases she describes a work as faithful to his state of mind while he was writing it, without being more specific -- a dodge that reminds me of the equivocal reply my grandmother used to make, after Alzheimer's had set in, when asked how she was: "Fine, if you don't care what you say."

I suspect that Smiley goes bland when it takes an effort for her to be respectful. In her portrait of Dickens the man, she is less cautious. His art may have been a series of conscious choices, but his life was full of mistakes and compulsions, and Smiley gives herself permission to know a little more than Dickens did about divorce, celebrity and the typical shape of novelist's career.

For anyone who grew up on Dickens, it's heartbreaking to read about his personal failings. As a child I felt relieved when David Copperfield's first wife, Dora, finally died, then puzzled that Dickens had led me to such a morbid feeling. In fact, Dickens was unhappy with his wife, Catherine. He liked her younger sister Mary better, and he reacted to Mary's death at the age of 17 with extravagant grief. His writing of "Oliver Twist" was interrupted for a month, and Mary eventually became the model for Dora Copperfield.

Despite the appreciation shown for her sister's demise, Catherine declined to imitate it. Instead she bore Dickens 10 children and grew fat and depressed. After more than two decades of marriage, Dickens separated from Catherine with scorn, cruelty and an embarrassing public letter of self-justification and quarreled with everyone who sympathized with her. He had become fascinated with the actress Ellen Ternan; his involvement with her continued until his death, in such secrecy that in a century and a half scholars have not been able to find out whether she bore him a child or even whether they consummated their romance.

Smiley believes that because we live in a "divorce culture" today, the emotional dynamics of the split are more intelligible to us than they were to Dickens. But a mystery remains, and in an attempt to reconcile the life to the art, Smiley is led into speculations of the sort she intended to avoid, about Dickens's novels as self-administered psychotherapy and the novelist's attraction to emotional extremes for purposes of research. They are mild and intriguing speculations, but the topic of divorce haunts Smiley like the head of King Charles -- or rather, the head of Anne Boleyn.

When Dickens sent David Copperfield to work in his stepfather's warehouse, he may have neutralized his childhood memory of pasting labels on bottles in a blacking factory while his parents were in debtor's prison. Dickens's years with Ternan, however, did not bring him peace. Smiley believes that his understanding of women deepened in his last three novels, but that he withdrew from his friends and instead pursued emotional connection through dramatic readings from his novels. Smiley puts a brave face on this period and views Dickens as a pioneer of celebrity lifestyle: "In the last years of Dickens's life, he seems to have embraced a freer, more individualistic pattern . . . actively seeking the sorts of relationships that are primary in our century -- one-to-one intimacies on the one hand, joined with star-to-audience performances on the other." (Edmund Wilson was less sanguine: "In the desperation of his later life, he gave in to the old ham and let him rip.") Dickens's favorite scene and most successful crowd pleaser was the burglar Sikes's murder of his mistress, Nancy, taken from "Oliver Twist." It was brutal, magnetic and physically exhausting, and after Dickens's death, everyone close to him believed that his insistence on performing it had killed him. But as Smiley observes, it is because Dickens was as free and passionate with the dark as with the light that we class him with Shakespeare.

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

**Graphic**

Drawing (Dusan Petricic7

**Load-Date:** June 30, 2002

**End of Document**



[***IN PERSON;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3VHK-W680-007F-G30N-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Cleansing and Writing***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3VHK-W680-007F-G30N-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 10, 1999, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1999 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** New Jersey Weekly Desk

**Section:** Section 14NJ; ; Section 14NJ; Page 4; Column 1; New Jersey Weekly Desk ; Column 1; ; Biography

**Length:** 1195 words

**Byline:** Louis LaRusso 2d

By ALVIN KLEIN

By ALVIN KLEIN

**Body**

FIRST, you gorge on Haagen-Dazs: one whole pint of vanilla, one of chocolate. It feeds the craving for rebellion, but it does not satisfy the need to rage.

That's how the playwright Louis LaRusso 2d dealt with "the devastating moment when the doctor shows you X-rays of a metastasized tumor," he said. "You're prepared to feel in your heart that you're dead. And I did."

A real-life drama of life and death started for Mr. LaRusso in March 1997 when "a urologist in Union City checked me into St. Mary's Hospital in Hoboken for surgery to scrape a tumor the size of a peach off my bladder," he said. "And they butchered me pretty good in the process."

With those X-rays in hand, he went to Memorial Sloan-Kettering Hospital in Manhattan a month later. "How come the doctor didn't tell you the tumor spread outside the bladder?" he was asked.

Real-life dialogue went something like this:

THE PLAYWRIGHT -- He told me I was clean.

THE ONCOLOGIST -- He couldn't have missed this!

Mr. LaRusso invents dialogue. Twenty-five of his plays chronicle ***working-class*** life in Hoboken. "Beginnings" begins when his grandparents arrive in 1900 from Italy to the house where he now lives. The 26th play, "Endings," is not yet written.

And even though "Now Is Forever," set in Hoboken in 1917, includes the line "There's something comforting about being around people deader than myself," he has yet to write a play about his journey to hell and back, about how the living dead can awaken, about his discovery that the meaning of life is life. Now, he is battling for his -- and winning.

"When I feel more certain, I'll write a play about what I've been through; it could be an incredible benefit to a lot of people who are misled by a cancer diagnosis," he said last week just before a reception celebrating the hanging of his caricature on the wall at Sardi's restaurant in Manhattan.

April 6, 1997, the day he checked out of Sloan-Kettering after three days of chemotherapy, was the beginning of Mr. LaRusso's battle for his life. "I never believed that invasiveness with things that kill could make you live," he said. "In my simplicity, I just couldn't buy it. I was supposed to check back in for three days every three weeks -- for four-and-a-half months."

He didn't. "I was so sick and weak I couldn't do anything. When I started to recuperate from chemo and get my faculties back, I felt angry and helpless. I searched for conclusions for myself, for alternatives to their scare tactics."

"A network of people who love me" helped. Among them was Alicia Buttons, a publicity agent who is married to the actor Red Buttons, who recommended doctors in Los Angeles and Germany. "She was told she had a few weeks to live after her cancer spread," Mr. LaRusso said. "That was 25 years ago." Bonny Dore, a television producer in Los Angeles, "checked the Sloan-Kettering data bank," he said, "and told me the rate of survival for the bladder cancer I had was less than 8 percent. 'And those people are younger; you're 61,' she told me."

"What have I got to lose?" Mr. LaRusso recalled thinking. "I'm already dead." Now, he visits a doctor in California periodically. His impulse for comfort food with cream and sugar has been pre-empted by soy concentrate. He follows a spartan macrobiotic diet and a daily regimen of 200 homeopathic supplements -- pills with food, "in-between pills" without food, powders and mineral cocktails, as well as three enemas a day.

"I'm detoxing," he said. "Everything I do is cleansing. This is the way to live. Chemo is the way to die. I still have cancer. But I've gotten stronger and healthier."

He speed-walks along the Hudson River three miles a day. He takes lunch at Hoboken Farmboy on Washington Street: 2 ounces wheatgrass juice, 16 ounces carrot juice mixed with broccoli and beets, a bowl of soup with brown rice or an "un-turkey sandwich."

At Sardi's, dipping into his Ziploc bag filled with supplements containing enzymes and amino acids, Mr. LaRusso drank chamomile tea, flavored with licorice tea "to give it zip." Rugged, trim and looking fit, the 63-year-old playwright was taken for a man in his early 50's by many guests at the reception. Railing against the drug companies, the American Medical Association and the Federal Food and Drug Administration, he said: "Cancer is the second largest industry in America. It runs rampant in a nation that sanctions our early death."

Mr. LaRusso's "holistic way of life," meant to rebuild the immune system, costs him more than $4,000 a month from his savings -- "and not a penny of insurance will cover it," he said. "If you want to die, your insurance will take care of it. If you want to live and it's working, they will not give you one cent."

MR. LaRUSSO'S mother was born in the row house, built circa 1860, where he lives. He started writing plays after she died in 1969. Twice married and divorced, he had been living -- drifting is his word -- in Boston, where he owned a recording studio, wrote documentaries and was "partying pretty good."

His mother's death "made me face the urgency of my life," he said. "I knew I had to come back and write. You don't get rid of writing. You fence with it for a few years so you can tell yourself you're normal."

He recalls the kindergarten teacher at Public School No. 8 in Hoboken "asking us to bring something Christmasy to class." Others took pine cones; he took a poem. It was published in The Jersey Observer, the local newspaper of the day. "Imagine the pressure of being a published poet at 5," he said.

After David E. Rue Junior High School, he attended Demarest High School, where he was a preordained dropout. "I was a jock, a tough kid," he said. "And writing poetry didn't make sense. I was a terrible student, an oddball. English teachers mocked my poetry, but I was obsessed with it."

He did, however, graduate from the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in 1958. "To believe I had the right to be a playwright was pure audacity," he said. Three of his plays -- "Knockout," "Lamppost Reunion" and "Wheelbarrow Closers" -- were produced on Broadway in the 1970's. His most recent work, "Sweatshop" (Hoboken, 1958) ran Off Broadway for six weeks this season. His next play, "The Black Marble Shoeshine Stand" (Hoboken, 1908) takes place in the Lackawanna Terminal.

Mr. LaRusso lived in Los Angeles from 1983 to 1995. "I had loads of offers to write screenplays, and I got caught up in it," he said. "It's a ludicrous process, but it's justified by your bank account. I had a suite of offices. I drove a Mercedes. I had a home in West Hollywood. And I was pretending to have a good time. I thought I was bicoastal, but I wasn't coming home."

"Art is a dirty word in L.A. I asked myself, 'What am I doing here?' When I told my accountant I wanted to go home to Hoboken, he said I could afford to if I didn't live too extravagantly." Of two dozen commissioned screenplays, for which he earned $250,000 to $300,000 each, three were filmed: "The Closer" (from one of his plays), "Beyond the Reef" and "Hell Hunters."

Home again, Mr. LaRusso is living "on a program I wouldn't wish on anyone," he said. "No one should do this unless they're going to die if they don't."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Louis LaRusso 2d at his home in Hoboken, amid some of his theatrical memorabilia and components of his regimen of dietary supplements. (Photographs by Chris Maynard for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** January 10, 1999

**End of Document**



[***A CHANGE OF PACE FOR FARRAH FAWCETT***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-JNN0-0008-N2VP-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 14, 1984, Monday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1984 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section C; Page 13, Column 1; Cultural Desk

**Length:** 1008 words

**Byline:** By STEPHEN FARBER

**Dateline:** LOS ANGELES, May 13

**Body**

The green paint on the house is peeling; the lawn consists of little but patches of dried brown weeds; the fence that once surrounded the back yard lies broken on the ground. This house in Pacoima - a depressed ***working***- ***class*** neighborhood north of Los Angeles - is obviously a long way from Farrah Fawcett's usual habitats.

But in the new movie she is shooting for NBC-TV, ''The Burning Bed,'' Miss Fawcett plays a part totally unlike the glamorous roles for which she is best known. Based on a book by Faith McNulty, the film is a dramatization of the true story of Francine Hughes, a battered wife who finally killed her brutal former husband, went on trial and was acquitted by reason of temporary insanity.

Article on filming NBC-TV movie The Burning Bed, which is based on true story of Francine Hughes, battered wife who finally kills her brutal former husband, went on trial, and was acquitted by reason of temporary insanity; illustration of actress Farrah Fawcett (M)

One of the show's executive producers, Jon Avnet, says, ''When we bought the book, we knew that Farrah was interested in playing the part, and we talked to her about it. We told her it would mean working with no makeup, going completely against her image, and she was willing.'' The show's director, Robert Greenwald (whose most recent movie for television was ''In the Custody of Strangers,'' which dealt with the juvenile- justice system and starred Jane Alexander and Martin Sheen), adds, ''Farrah has pushed herself to the limits. She's wanted to make this as gritty as possible.''

The first order of business was to tarnish her physical beauty, and she has gamely gone along with the plan. Much of the job of reshaping Farrah Fawcett's face fell to the makeup artist Fred Blau, who has known the actress since he worked on her first film, ''Myra Breckinridge,'' in 1970. ''Her features are absolutely perfect,'' Mr. Blau notes. ''To disfigure her face is difficult for me. It's like putting your foot through a Rembrandt.''

'It's Starting to Get to Me'

Among his techniques have been blackening the actress's eyes; creating bruises on her cheeks, neck and arms, and adding a false, crooked tooth to her mouth ''to take away from her Pepsodent smile,'' in Mr. Blau's words. ''This is not as severe as the makeup on De Niro in 'Raging Bull,' but it's similar,'' he says.

The makeup is only the first step in a more complete transformation that the actress hopes to achieve. Filming a climactic fight scene with her husband (played by Paul Le Mat), Miss Fawcett looks gaunt and bedraggled, and she approaches the confrontation with unmistakable intensity. In between shots, Miss Fawcett pauses for a moment and comments, ''This is the scene that leads up to her killing her husband. I know where it's going, and it's starting to get to me. I'm feeling very sad.''

The film crew has taken over a house in Pacoima that is probably not unlike the house in Michigan where the actual story took place. Mr. Greenwald felt it was important to shoot in a real house rather than on a studio set because, as he says, ''working in these cramped surroundings with 40 technicians adds to the sense of claustrophobia that I wanted.''

There have been some unexpected disadvantages to filming on location, however. The company did not learn until shooting had already begun that the next-door neighbors kept 10 peacocks in their back yard, and the squawking of the birds started to interfere with the sound recording. Eventually the producers came up with an unorthodox solution; they spiked the peacocks' feed with alcohol, and the birds dozed off.

Mr. Greenwald had seen Miss Fawcett when she was starring in ''Extremities'' Off Broadway - another grueling role in which she played a woman who retaliates against a rapist - and he believed that she had the dramatic ability to tackle this demanding part. To prepare for the role, Miss Fawcett and the director visited several shelters for battered wives and sat in on group therapy sessions with the victims. Mr. Le Mat also attended similar meetings with men who had been the assailants in these relationships. ''Hardly a day goes by when we don't refer to something we observed in those sessions,'' Mr. Greenwald reports. ''They helped all of us to understand the dynamics of these relationships.''

2 Weeks of Rehearsals

Before beginning to shoot, Mr. Greenwald insisted on two weeks of rehearsals with Miss Fawcett and Mr. Le Mat - far longer than the usual rehearsal time for a television movie. Once shooting began, Mr. Greenwald used some unconventional techniques to build emotional intensity, and Miss Fawcett cooperated. For a scene in which Francine's husband locks her in a closet, Mr. Greenwald locked Miss Fawcett in a closet for half an hour before beginning to shoot the scene. When she was filming the courtroom scenes, Miss Fawcett sat in the same hard-backed chair for four hours at a time, and Mr. Greenwald feels that the strain and exhaustion she felt strengthened her performance.

''The Burning Bed'' tells the story of Francine Hughes, a mother of four children who lived intermittently with her husband for 14 years, including after a divorce. In 1977, after enduring a series of vicious beatings, she set him afire while he slept. It is scheduled to air next October during National Domestic Violence Week.

Mr. Greenwald hopes that the film will illuminate rather than exploit the problem it addresses. He says: ''I tell the actors that we're looking at the dark side of the myth of our culture. I don't think this is just the story of a miserable cretin beating his wife. I hope people will recognize aspects of their own relationships, what can happen whenever there is a power imbalance and when women feel they have limited options and little or no self-esteem.''

Mr. Greenwald concedes that some of his colleagues were dubious when they learned that Miss Fawcett would be attempting such a dramatic change of pace from some of her cotton-candy roles. But he has ignored the skeptics, admitting, ''I like challenges.''

**Graphic**

photo of Farrah Fawcett

**End of Document**



[***MUSIC; A Latin Dance Music Sings the Blues***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:462T-H580-01CN-H2RG-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 16, 2002 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2002 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 2; Column 2; Arts and Leisure Desk; Pg. 33

**Length:** 1368 words

**Byline:**  By SETH KUGEL

**Body**

YOU may not have heard of bachata, but if you live in New York, Boston or any American city with a large Dominican population, you're bound to have heard it. Its twangy guitar, bolerolike beat and Spanish lyrics rife with desperation -- once a soundtrack for Dominican neighborhoods -- are attracting a wider audience.

Bachata, an offshoot of Cuban bolero and other Latin guitar music, emerged in the 1960's in the Dominican Republic. Derided as a music of the lower classes, chiefly because of its bawdy lyrics, it was played at parties and seedy bar-brothels. But by the 1990's bachata bands had softened the sound and cleaned up some of the sexually explicit lyrics. In the last few years, bachata has attracted not only a growing audience among Hispanic listeners but also the attention of the mainstream recording industry.

Record sales are hard to gauge because most bachata albums are sold in mom and pop stores, and those figures are not compiled by Soundscan. But bachata albums are beginning to show up at chain record stores, and the major labels are taking note.

Last month, bachatas, as the songs are known, consistently held two or three spots on the top-20 list of La Mega (WSKQ-FM 97.9), a New York station with a large Latin audience. The hit "Te Quiero Igual que Ayer" ("I Love You as Much as Yesterday") by the duo Monchy and Alexandra reached No. 1. Their album "Confesiones . . ." on J&N Records, one of the largest producers of bachata recordings, is distributed by Sony Discos, the conglomerate's Latin music subsidiary.

Bachata artists are now getting top billing at Latin clubs and are showing up on mainstream stages. Monchy and Alexandra recently performed at Madison Square Garden as part of a Latin music festival. In February, Zacarias Ferreira, winner of the Dominican Republic's top bachata prize in 2000 and 2001, performed at S.O.B.'s in SoHo, a leading club for Latin music. That show was seen as a breakthrough by many of the music's followers. "To play for the crowd that goes there is another door opening up for bachata," Mr. Ferreira said.

Yvelisse Torres, 38, a travel agent who lives on the Lower East Side of Manhattan, says she usually attends the Dominican clubs in uptown Manhattan or Queens. Her trip to S.O.B.'s to hear Mr. Ferreira was her first. "The great thing about bachata is the message," she said. "It's romantic. It always has something new to say about relationships."

True, but usually something melancholy: the most prevalent theme is lamentation for a lost lover. That sentiment is what gave rise to another name for bachata: musica de amargue, or music of bitterness. Ruddy Hernandez, a D.J. who is host of a bachata show on WXDJ-FM (95.7) in Miami, goes further, calling it "music to slit your wrists to."

Deborah Pacini Hernandez, a professor of anthropology at Tufts University who is the author of the 1995 book "Bachata: A Social History of a Dominican Popular Music" (Temple University Press), says bachata was originally the term for rural parties at which guitar music was popular. Some early bachatas gave voice to struggles of the lower classes, but others specialized in vulgar double-entendre. Blas Duran's "El Huevero" ("The Egg Man") is only superficially about a man selling eggs to support his wife; huevos is Spanish slang for testicles.

In 1991, the revered Dominican musician Juan Luis Guerra brought bachata international attention -- along with newfound respect at home -- with the stylized, poetic songs on his album "Bachata Rosa." The songs added synthesizers and removed the rough edges from the lyrics but did not avoid double-entendre entirely, most famously in the hit "Burbujas de Amor" ("Bubbles of Love"). The album won the Grammy for a tropical recording, and its success helped break the taboo in the Dominican Republic against middle-class fans listening to the music in public. This paved the way the next year for Antony Santos's song "Voy Pa'lla" ("I'm on My Way"), which became the first traditional bachata to saturate mainstream airwaves in the Dominican Republic.

Acceptance in New York, where immigration from the Dominican Republic was peaking, still lagged. By the mid-90's, "maybe one out of our whole 300-record library was bachata," said Jorge Mier, program director at La Mega. "It was more popular on the street, but eventually radio picked up on it. It was too big to ignore."

Even today, some Latin music fans see bachata as crude and simplistic, and even La Mega rarely refers to it in promotional spots. But its growing popularity is undeniable. "It really has become part of the troika," said Ms. Pacini Hernandez, referring to bachata's place alongside salsa and merengue. It has experienced an unlikely boom in heavily Cuban Miami. When Mr. Hernandez's bachata show on WXDJ garnered a 9.1 share in the fall 2001 Arbitron ratings period, beating every other show on the station, executives promptly doubled its length to two hours.

The genre has even started making inroads into the lucrative Mexican-American market. Take Monchy and Alexandra's hit "Hoja en Blanco" ("Blank Page"), in which a migrant returns to his hometown to find his love has married someone else. KOVE-FM (106.5) in Houston played it 468 times in six months, according to Broadcasting Data Systems, a company that monitors radio play.

"Something really special happened with that song," said Arnulfo Ramirez, program director for Hispanic Broadcasting Corporation in Houston, which owns KOVE. Even bachata dancing, he said, caught on among Houston's Mexican and Central American clubgoers.

"The fact that it's guitar-based and its lyrics are mostly about longing and loss resonates with ***working-class*** music that is popular in Central America and Mexico, whereas the brassier merengue and salsa do not," said Ms. Pacini Hernandez.

Bachata has remained largely true to its roots even as it reaches a new audience, said Paul Austerlitz, an ethnomusicologist at Brown University. "It's significant that even when it entered the mainstream, it didn't change that much," he said.

The Latin mainstream, that is. Even as salsa lessons have become universally popular, rare is the non-Latino who would think to ask for bachata instruction. Oddly enough, the basic movements in bachata -- three steps and a hop, no turns -- are relatively simple compared with the more flashy salsa and the intricate turns of merengue.

Like many bachateros, Mr. Ferreira has country roots that fit right into the down-home image of bachata. He long ago moved from his native Tamboril to the Dominican capital of Santo Domingo, though he says he has not forgotten his origins. "I love farming," he said, "but I wanted to be a musician. I've been in the city for 10 years now, and I have never dreamed about walking through the city. I always dream of walking through the fields."

But bachata is beginning to change, seeking an urban edge. The cover of Mr. Ferreira's most recent album, "Adios," shows him standing on a New York street, striking a pose evocative of hip-hop. The video for the title track was filmed in Manhattan and Brooklyn, and he will be touring the Northeast next month. Still, the music remains traditional bachata.

A young, New York group called Aventura has adopted a more contemporary look. Instead of the gaudy outfits worn by traditional bachateros, its members wear T-shirts and jeans. Last year the group released the album "Generation Next," which included the song "Cuando Volveras" ("When Will You Come Back"), which was one of the first bachatas in English to be played widely on radio. The group's next album will include more English songs and others with a hip-hop beat layered over the basic bachata rhythm.

As bachata adapts to mainstream tastes, there are even signs that the guy might occasionally get the girl. In his recent hit "No Speaki Spanish," Davicito Paredes sings about an unlikely encounter with a beautiful blond woman in the New York subway. Though he does not speak English and she does not speak Spanish, the pair hit it off and almost immediately start kissing.

"I understand nothing," he sings. "But I love you, gringa!" One song of blind optimism won't make up for decades of heartbreak, but it's a start.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Zacarias Ferreira performing at S.O.B.'s in Manhattan. (Rahav Segev for The New York Times)(pg. 38); Dancing in the bachata style to the music of Zacarias Ferreira at S.O.B.'s in SoHo. Many bachata fans saw his appearance there, in February, as a breakthrough. (Rahav Segev for The New York Times)(pg. 33)

**Load-Date:** June 16, 2002

**End of Document**



[***A National Housing Innovator Leads City's Effort for the Poor***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4KYW-HB00-TW8F-G2HT-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 25, 2006 Monday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2006 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section B; Column 1; Metropolitan Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1639 words

**Byline:** By JANNY SCOTT

**Body**

On a sweltering morning in August, Shaun Donovan, the commissioner of the New York City Department of Housing Preservation and Development, left his office in Lower Manhattan and headed for an abandoned landfill in Brooklyn. He was on his way to an unusual groundbreaking for a vast new development -- a village within the city -- in what had once been one of the most desolate neighborhoods in New York.

The planned project -- 2,200 new homes, streets, stores and a school in East New York -- was the product of an intricate collaboration between a major real estate developer, lenders, church groups and the Bloomberg administration. Its scope was a marker of how far New York had come since the 1980's and 90's, when city administrations found themselves as the default landlords for thousands of buildings taken in tax foreclosure.

The business of generating ***working-class*** housing had changed, too. It had become a complex exercise in creative financing, an arcane science at which Mr. Donovan excels. New York City was becoming a leader in finding new ways to produce lower-priced housing. But, with the city's population growing and land values rising, there is something Sisyphean about Mr. Donovan's job.

''We know that you, who have built back this community, could be squeezed out,'' he told the residents who had gathered for the groundbreaking that morning, taking refuge from the suffocating heat in St. Paul Community Baptist Church. ''We want to be sure that the renaissance of this community is not something that happens to you, but something that happens for you.''

Mr. Donovan, 40, holds the unenviable job of trying to fulfill Mayor Michael R. Bloomberg's multibillion-dollar promise to create or preserve 165,000 units of low- and moderate-income housing by 2013. He took on the assignment, in 2004, at an inauspicious moment: Land values were climbing, construction costs rising, the inventory of city-owned property drying up, landlords opting out of state and federal programs that had kept rents low.

Two and a half years later, Mr. Donovan is seen nationally as a pioneer in finding new ways to create and preserve low-cost housing. Paradoxically, he has tried to do it by capitalizing on the strength of the real estate market itself.

''I would never believe that the private sector, left to its own devices, is the best possible solution,'' Mr. Donovan said recently. ''I'm in government because of the role of government in setting rules and working in partnership with the private sector. On the other hand, there's no way you could ever get to a scale that can really affect the housing problems in this country without working with the market.''

''There are lots of folks more skeptical of the market and working with the market than we are,'' he added. ''There are groups that would argue that we should only work with nonprofits. I believe we should work with both. Because at some fundamental level, I believe in competition. I believe that by having a broader pool available, having for-profits in the mix, we may get a lower price or be able to manage it more efficiently.''

He is credited with helping win over the administration to the idea of inclusionary zoning, under which developers agree to set aside a part of their projects for lower-income people in return for being allowed to build at greater density. The administration's embrace of that idea helped win public support for the rezoning of several large, formerly industrial areas expected to produce 8,500 new low-cost units during the next 10 years.

Mr. Donovan was the force behind the creation of the $200 million New York Acquisition Fund, an unusual collaboration between the city, seven major foundations and financial institutions. The fund, to help small local developers and nonprofit groups compete for land in the private market, is expected to serve as a catalyst for the production and preservation of 30,000 low-cost apartments during the next decade.

Mr. Donovan has also worked unusually close with the federal Department of Housing and Urban Development, which oversees 800 HUD-assisted apartment buildings in the city, some of which have slid into foreclosure.

HUD policy is to sell such properties to the highest bidder, but Mr. Donovan, who worked at HUD during the Clinton administration, has found ways of steering them instead into local nonprofit, and sometimes tenant, hands.

''Shaun is one of the best and the brightest thinkers on housing issues in the country,'' said William C. Apgar, a senior scholar at the Joint Center for Housing Studies at Harvard and a former assistant secretary at HUD who was Mr. Donovan's boss for a part of his tenure. ''He has the capacity to see the possibilities, to throw away all the old models, to not get stuck in rules that really are more flexible than your imagination allows them to be.''

The city, under the program, has started 47,000 housing units.

Michael Bodaken, executive director of the National Housing Trust, a nonprofit based in Washington, said: ''I use the New York fund they created as an example all the time to urge other cities to create this acquisition-like fund with foundation money, city money, bank money. I don't know of any other city leveraging its own funds and foundation funds with bank money to try to save existing housing. It's path-breaking.''

Not everyone agrees with the focus of housing policy under Mayor Bloomberg. Howard Husock, a vice president of the Manhattan Institute and the author of ''America's Trillion Dollar Housing Mistake: The Failure of American Housing Policy'' (Ivan R. Dee, 2003), would like to see the administration also focus on ''freeing up'' the market by phasing out the rent regulation system and reusing public housing sites.

Michael McKee, treasurer of the Tenants Political Action Committee, wants the administration to do the opposite -- to work to strengthen rent regulations in order to stop the attrition of low-cost apartments. Though he called Mr. Donovan ''the best housing commissioner the city has had since I became an organizer 36 years ago,'' he said the administration should be working to take control of the rent laws from the state.

Others like Brad Lander, director of the Pratt Center for Community Development, also said that the Bloomberg administration could do more to slow the loss of low-cost units. ''I don't think you can really solve New York City's affordability crisis only with new production and money and land,'' Mr. Lander said. ''Keeping existing units affordable, both subsidized ones and regulated ones, is critical. That's not part of the Bloomberg administration's housing vision; they haven't advocated against rent regulations but they are decidedly cold to efforts to strengthen them.''

But even those who differ with the administration's approach describe Mr. Donovan as unusually qualified, -- with master's degrees in architecture and public administration from Harvard, and who, by age 38, had been acting commissioner of the Federal Housing Administration, had run the affordable housing program at Prudential and had written case studies for the Kennedy School of Government at Harvard.

Mr. Donovan -- described as a ''malignant optimist'' by his sister, Justine Donovan, who is a psychiatrist -- became interested in urban policy, poverty and design at a young age.

Raised in Manhattan, Mr. Donovan said he was ''a math and science person'' who ran track, built model cars and contemplated car design as a career. He got hooked on housing as a graduate student at the Kennedy School, he said, and emerged as what he calls a public sector junkie.

Mr. Donovan's agency, described as the largest municipal developer of affordable housing in the country, has a $1 billion budget and 2,700 employees, from rumpled bureaucrats to Blackberry-brandishing up-and-comers. There is a new emphasis these days on strategic planning and on being customer friendly at a time when the market leaves developers lucrative alternatives to working with the city.

To spend a day trailing Mr. Donovan is to venture into a mind-boggling landscape of tax credits, operating deficits, cross subsidizations, income bands, soft costs, 202 refinancings, conforming loans. Mr. Husock, who lectures at the Kennedy School, said he sees Mr. Donovan as master of an art that developed in the wake of the federal government's withdrawal from building low-income housing.

''You had a generation of students who were trained in how to cobble together deals -- where the city puts in the land, they get a soft second mortgage from the state, they use low-income housing tax credits,'' he said. ''That's the milieu Shaun Donovan came of age in. He's really good at that stuff. If you are a specialist in housing policy at the graduate level today, it's all about creative financing.''

For the East New York project, called the Nehemiah Spring Creek Houses at Gateway Estates, the Related Companies, the most active developer in the city, bought city-owned land to build a 625,000-square-foot retail center. The city will use money from that sale to help pay for streets, sidewalks and sewers. Financing for the first phase of home building will come from a loan from the Community Preservation Corporation, a major lender, and from the church organizations. The city is subsidizing the cost of the single-family homes.

''This is something you would never have had the opportunity to do 20 years ago,'' Mr. Donovan said before the groundbreaking ceremony in August. ''This is one of the signal shifts in our strategy -- how you think of ways to harness the marketplace and channel that to keep housing affordable.'' But, he added, ''You're always trying to work within the bounds of what the market is going to do. It's clearly a huge challenge: Can you keep up?''

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

**Graphic**

Photo: Shaun Donovan, left, commissioner of the Department of Housing Preservation and Development, and Ron Moelis, a developer, visiting a construction site in Brooklyn. (Photo by Rene Clement for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** September 25, 2006

**End of Document**



[***Books of The Times;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-W0K0-0024-J0BF-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***The Real Dirt About a Rock Hit of Ill Repute***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-W0K0-0024-J0BF-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 2, 1993, Thursday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1993 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Cultural Desk

**Section:** Section C;; Section C; Page 16; Column 1; Cultural Desk; Column 1;; Review

**Length:** 1149 words

**Byline:** By MARGO JEFFERSON

By MARGO JEFFERSON

**Body**

Louie Louie

The History and Mythology of the World's Most Famous Rock 'n' Roll Song

By Dave Marsh

Illustrated. 245 pages. Hyperion. $19.95.

Pop culture must provide for the dumbest as well as the smartest of its fans, which makes loving it easy but explaining it hard. Nothing illustrates this better than American music and, as Dave Marsh's "Louie Louie: The History and Mythology of the World's Most Famous Rock 'n' Roll Song" shows, no music illustrates this better than rock. It is the biggest, the rudest and the youngest (just reaching 40), and everything in it is made from scraps of something else. Scraps of music, naturally: blues riffs, hillbilly twangs, Broadway ballads, Latin beats and jazz band jitterbugging. But scraps of style and attitude too: hipster nonchalance, beatnik arrogance, nerd angst, slut defiance and that ineffable blend of glory, misery, titillation and sweaty desperation that is and ever shall be Teen Spirit.

Corporate moguls like to code rock by age, class and race, as though its genres were warring states or competing species. But there isn't a form of rock that doesn't violate these boundaries. The rap videos of Digital Underground are stuffed with antics straight out of Milton Berle and Sid Caesar. The high-pitched rasp of W. Axl Rose cannot be sundered from that of the young Tina Turner. A passion for Al Jolson will always mark the singing of Jackie Wilson, Jerry Lee Lewis and -- via Liza Minnelli -- Freddie Mercury. That's what makes rock fun, that's what makes it cultural history and that is how "Louie Louie" made its way from being just another black vinyl ex-hit to being the object of an F.B.I. probe, the source of rampant sex fantasies and one of the most recorded songs in recent history: the property of fraternities, punkers, reggae meisters, John Belushi, Frank Zappa, Otis Redding, the Fat Boys, Julie London, Mongo Santamaria and Barry White.

"Louie Louie's" story began in 1956, at a dance hall in Anaheim, Calif., where a journeyman black musician named Richard Berry sat back and listened to a Filipino band play an instrumental with "a great bass and piano intro" that went duh duh duh. duh duh. The song was "El Loco Cha Cha," by Rene Touzet, and in Berry's hands it turned into "Louie Louie," a rhythm-and-blues chalypso about a Jamaican sailor lamenting the sweetheart he left behind.

By 1957 "Louie Louie" had made its way to the Pacific Northwest, where it became the anthem of those black and white Washington State rockers who were the older brothers of Jimi Hendrix and the fathers of Pearl Jam and Nirvana. They were also America's postwar version of the vaudeville and honky-tonk troupers who helped make popular culture. Mr. Marsh is terrific on them: practicing "in garages in their little ***working-class*** neighborhoods of single-family one-story frame bungalows"; playing "in hamburger stand parking lots and on the rooftops of drive-in theater concession stands"; learning their instruments or not quite learning them but playing anyway "to preppy high school kids and greaseballs in car clubs, to servicemen barely ready to shave and workers spoiling for a new kind of honky-tonk, every weekend and all through the week once school let out."

Ron Holden and the Playboys taught "Louie Louie" to Rockin' Robin Roberts and the Wailers. The Wailers' record, with its now infamous cry, "Let's give it to 'em right now!," was taken up by Paul Revere and the Raiders and by the Kingsmen, semi-amateurs from Oregon who were fighting their way through the cultural miasma of the Kingston Trio and the Brothers Four. The Kingsmen's version became a hit in 1963 when a Boston D.J. broadcast it as his choice for the Worst Record of the Week.

By January 1964 it was No. 2 on the Billboard chart, surpassed at first by the Singing Nun's "Dominque," and later by Bobby Vinton's "There, I've Said It Again." Since the words were hard to decipher, every high school and college student in the land claimed to know the true ones, which were invariably and frenetically dirty. (Mr. Marsh supplies several versions of these, as a good folklorist should.) The Governor of Indiana denounced the song, and the F.B.I. studied it extensively. It was a farcical preview of the Dan Quayle-Murphy Brown feud and of recent attempts to ban rap songs by N.W.A. and Ice-T.

The F.B.I. finally abandoned "Louie" in a 250-page report that called it "rockin' roll" and found it "unintelligible at any speed." The Who refurbished it in "I Can't Explain," and Jimi Hendrix dismembered it in the opening chords of "Purple Haze." "Louie" was briefly the official song of the Leukemia Society of America, and nearly became the state song of Washington. The Kingsmen slid back into obscurity. Rockin' Robin Roberts died in a car crash. Richard Berry played rhythm-and-blues by rote in small California clubs and visualized himself "falling dead playing a B-flat chord and telling my horn player: 'Don't let me die in this dirty place. Drag me outside where the moon or the sun can shine on me' " -- until the day in 1986 when he was able to reacquire the highly profitable rights to his song.

Mr. Marsh is a good narrator and a good-time democrat who revels in the music's lowlife origins. For my taste, he is too attached to the belief that you make a song rock by stiffening its rhythm and attacking each beat: you can make it rock that way, but if you like a nice steady roll as well, you can loosen the rhythm and tease the beat. Mr. Marsh cannot resist the portentous climax either, as when "Louie" becomes "a stupid song, a brilliant song, an R&B oldie, a punk rock classic, a wine cooler commercial, an urban legend, a sacred text, a song with roots, a glimpse of the future, the song that defines our purpose, the very voice of barbarism."

If you began to experience resistance between "sacred text" and "voice of barbarism" you are not alone. Rock prides itself on being about excess, and its writers like rapt invocations and strings of comparisons that might start with Ogun, the Yoruban god of war, and end with Adorno, the Frankfurt School philosopher. I am all for cultural crossreferences, but why not arrange them as you would a song, making sure that the words, the tune and the rhythms fit? The prose of Thoreau just does not suit "Louie Louie." When he quotes Melville he is more to the point: Man, said Melville, "bolts down all events, all creeds . . . all hard things visible and invisible, never mind how knobby, as an ostrich of potent digestion gobbles down bullets and gun flints."

But in the end it is Mr. Marsh, reporter and chronicler, we want, devouring rock's facts and fancies, capturing the trashy gimcrack charm of those 50's hits, ("Stranded in the Jungle," "Roll With Me, Henry," "Riot in Cell Block No. 9," "Have Love, Will Travel"); letting the fans and the D.J.'s and the aging, bemused rockers speak of, for and by themselves.

**Graphic**

Photos: Richard Berry's "Louie Louie," written in 1956, has become a musical legend and one of the most-recorded rock songs. (Eric Predoehl)

**Load-Date:** September 2, 1993

**End of Document**



[***PUBLISHING: GOVERNOR WRITES CAMPAIGN BOOK***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-K8R0-0008-N1WF-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 16, 1984, Friday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1984 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section C; Page 22, Column 1; Cultural Desk

**Length:** 1016 words

**Byline:** By EDWIN McDOWELL

**Body**

ABOUT a month before its Feb. 13 publication date, Mayor Koch's political autobiography, ''Mayor,'' was already widely discussed, debated and deplored in the nation's newspapers. By Feb. 19 it was a best seller, and the initial printing by Simon & Schuster of 30,000 copies has since grown to 180,000 copies after eight printings. The book is currently the No. 1 nonfiction best seller in America.

By contrast, Governor Cuomo's book about his successful gubernatorial campaign is scheduled for publication May 29, and very few people outside of the author's immediate circle even know it - in part because of the different nature of the authors and in part because of differences in publishing methods.

Edwin McDowell article on New York State Governor Cuomo's book Diaries of Mario M Cuomo, about his successful gubernatorial campaign; Random House to publish book on May 29; portrait of Cuomo (M)

The Governor's book is entitled ''Diaries of Mario M. Cuomo.'' Last July, Mr. Cuomo signed to do the book for Random House. The manuscript was delivered about the beginning of the year. It was signed up by Jason Epstein, Random House editorial director, who had published Mr. Cuomo's earlier book, ''Forest Hills Diary: The Crisis of Low-Income Housing,'' in the early 1970's.

''It is a delightful piece of work, one of the most thoughtful pieces of writing ever committed by a political figure,'' Mr. Epstein said. ''He is a highly articulate, deeply introspective man, writing about public life in a way that's enormously revealing without being invidious.''

So the decision was made early on to publish in a low-key manner. Meanwhile, Random House officials said, the noise, hoopla and controversy surrounding the Koch book reinforced their decision to avoid what one official described as ''that kind of circus.''

It was decided, therefore, to go directly from manuscript to finished book, bypassing the usual galley- pages stage, rather than risk having the galleys fall into the hands of the press, as happened in the case of ''Mayor.''

Simon & Schuster insists that it did not leak the Koch galleys. ''There are leaks and leaks, and I've done leaks, but this wasn't one we planned,'' said Julia Knickerbocker, a Simon & Schuster vice president.

The books were not even available in most stores when stories appeared in the press in January, she added.

Finished copies of Governor Cuomo's book were expected by the third week in April, but that timetable has been delayed slightly by the need to re-photograph the book jacket. However, the moment finished books are ready, Random House said it will place them on sale and offer them for review without attempting to enforce the original publication date.

''We don't want any leaks, and we want to release it across the board,'' said Carol Schneider, Random House publicity director. To insure against leaks, Random House decided not to offer the book to the book clubs or to magazines. Excerpts from the diaries are expected to appear in a two-part profile of Mr. Cuomo scheduled soon in The New Yorker and written by Ken Auletta. But Random House officials stress that Mr. Auletta only had access to the original Cuomo journals.

Mr. Koch's book is filled with the Mayor's razor-sharp comments on friends and foes, and with the author's version of his many memorable political battles. By contrast, the Governor's book is said to be singularly devoid of namecalling and vituperation. Mrs. Schneider said that it is likely to be considered newsworthy more because of its contrast to the Mayor's book than because of any inherent news value.

''There is not an invidious moment in it,'' Mr. Epstein said. ''There are occasions when he's disappointed or annoyed, but he always tries to see this in a larger context - never personally.''

What shines through, Mr. Epstein said, is the Governor's deep religious faith. ''He was profoundly influenced as a young man by the experiences of his church,'' he said. ''For argument's sake, he can be described as a liberal Catholic. He learned about right and wrong from the priests and nuns who brought him up in his ***working-class*** neighborhood in Queens, and there's a great deal of reflection in the book about that. What emerges is a portrait of a decent man, a man almost too decent for public life.''

Random House will not reveal the exact press run for the book, but Mr. Epstein did say, ''We're not treating it as if it were already a best seller, we're printing about what Simon & Schuster printed the first time for the Koch book.'' Jury Says Barbara Howar Must Return Book Advance

A State Supreme Court jury in Manhattan decided Wednesday that Barbara Howar, the novelist and network television reporter, must repay $50,000 that Random House advanced her in 1979 for a proposed novel. Random House, which had earlier published Miss Howar's novel ''Making Ends Meet,'' bought the book on the basis of a three-page outline, but later judged the completed manuscript to be unacceptable. The author then asked to be released from her contract, after which she signed with Simon & Schuster, which paid her a $100,000 advance for the novel, to be published by its subsidiary, Linden Press. Linden Press later rejected Miss Howar's finished manuscript and Simon & Schuster is suing to recover $175,000 it had paid her.

Gayle Yeomans, Miss Howar's lawyer, said that her client disputes Simon & Schuster's contention that the manuscript is unsatisfactory, and further asserts that it was accepted prior to the publisher's attempted termination of the agreement.

Authors traditionally have been required to return advances if publishers reject their finished manuscript, or if the author sells it elsewhere. But several times in recent months, the courts have ruled that authors were entitled to keep advances because publishers did not provide adequate editorial help. Miss Howar contended that Random House had acted in bad faith by not providing such help, but the publisher denied that contention, and the jury unanimously found in Random House's favor. Miss Yeomans said that her client is considering filing an appeal.

**Graphic**

photo of Governor Cuomo

**End of Document**



[***TV NOTES;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-JXF0-0008-N2TK-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***THE DUAL NEWS ROLES OF HODDING CARTER 3D***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-JXF0-0008-N2TK-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 21, 1984, Saturday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1984 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 1; Page 38, Column 5; Cultural Desk

**Length:** 1121 words

**Byline:** By PETER KERR

**Body**

Hodding Carter 3d, the anchor of ''Inside Story,'' a public-television program that scrutinizes the news media, received payments for appearing on an ABC News program at the same time that he was working on ''Inside Story'' segments about ABC News.

The practice broke no rules of the Public Broadcast Service, the nonprofit organization that distributes the program, and Mr. Carter said the payments did not influence his reporting about ABC News. But the situation put Mr. Carter in a position that most reporters usually try to avoid: accepting money from an institution that he was covering as a journalist.

Mr. Carter's relationship with ABC News attracted particular attention this week as he filled in for Ted Koppell as the anchor of ''Nightline,'' the ABC late-night news program. Since 1981, according to ABC, he has appeared 35 times as a commentator on ''This Week With David Brinkley,'' a Sunday news discussion program. According to sources familiar with the Brinkley program, Mr. Carter was paid $1,000 for each appearance as a commentator. He was also paid for his stint on ''Nightline'' this week.

Article notes that Hodding Carter 3d, anchor of 'Inside Story,' a public-television program that scrutinizes news media, received payments for appearing on ABC News program at same time that he was working on 'Inside Story' segments about ABC News (M)

As the anchor on PBS's ''Inside Story,'' a program that often examines the journalistic and ethical standards of news organizations, Mr. Carter has done several stories that involved ABC. Most recently, an ''Inside Story'' report broadcast on March 2 criticized the ABC news- magazine program ''20/20'' for its coverage of the nuclear-power industry. On Feb. 3, ''Inside Story'' focused a generally positive story on Peter Jennings, the anchor of ABC's ''World News Tonight.''

''This issue really doesn't trouble me,'' Mr. Carter said in an interview this week. ''By the standards of journalistic purity I have crossed these lines all of my life.''

Mr. Carter said that when he was the editor and associate publisher of The Delta Democrat-Times in Greenville, Miss., in the 1960's, he also was active in the civil-rights movement, making him both a participant and a chronicler of some of the most important stories of the decade. Since leaving his position as Assistant Secretary of State for Public Affairs in the Carter Administration and joining ''Inside Story,'' Mr. Carter said, he has also been paid for writing a regular column in The Wall Street Journal and for speaking engagements. The important question, Mr. Carter said, was whether his journalistic work was fair and accurate.

''I have more times than I can count argued against this Caesar's wife approach,'' Mr. Carter said. ''It is a phony issue.''

But several people both in and outside the world of television news said they were disturbed by Mr. Carter's position.

''The problem is, it gives the appearance of conflict of interest,'' said H. Eugene Goodwin, a professor of journalism at Pennsylvania State University and the author of ''Groping for Ethics in Journalism,'' which was published last December. ''There are people who can handle wearing both hats,'' Mr. Goodwin said. ''But working for a news source or a network that you are supposed to be covering seems out of line.''

Gene Mater, a senior vice president of CBS News, said that no journalist working for his organization would be permitted to receive payments from an organization that he was covering. ''His PBS broadcast is serving as a watchdog of the press,'' Mr. Mater said. ''An employee who takes such a public position loses, at a minimum, the appearance of objectivity.''

However, Reuven Frank, the president of NBC News, said that Mr. Carter was a freelance journalist who should be allowed more freedom in seeking employment than full-time employees of television news organizations or newspapers. Mr. Carter works on ''Inside Story'' for 20 weeks of the year. The program has been on the air for four seasons.

George Watson, a vice president of ABC News, said that any appearance of a conflict of interest disturbed him, but he added that Mr. Carter had been critical of ABC in his report on ''20/20.'' ''We have not felt,'' he said, ''that Hodding has done us any favors.''

The senior vice president for programming at PBS, Suzanne S. Weil, said that Mr. Carter's relationship with ABC caused no problems for her organization. But Ned Schnurman, the senior executive producer of ''Inside Story,'' said that he had made a mistake by not including a disclosure of the payments Mr. Carter received from ABC in the program about Mr. Jennings. ''We always said that if we did a series that was critical of the press, sometime we would slip up ourselves,'' Mr. Schnurman said. ''This is one of those times.''

Homosexual in ComedyBroadcast television has from time to time acknowledged homosexuality on prime-time entertainment series, even to the point of permitting the title character of ''Love Sydney,'' played by Tony Randall on NBC-TV last season, to appear to be, if not actually homosexual, not quite a practicing heterosexual.

This summer, however, a cable- television program will introduce a program that makes homosexuality central to the show's concept. ''Brothers'' is a comedy featuring three ***working-class*** brothers, one of whom admits in the first episode that he is a homosexual. The show will start appearing weekly on Showtime, the pay- cable channel service that has five million subscribers in the United States. The program was created by David Lloyd, Ed Weinberger and Stan Daniels, all veterans of the ''Mary Tyler Moore'' show.

Gains for CBN

As more television viewers discover the liberalized standards for cable-television fare - including, in some cases, erotic and pornographic programming - one cable network that seems to be benefitting is CBN, a service that provides a schedule of ''all family entertainment,'' composed primarily of repeats of old network fare.

According to the latest available Nielsen ratings, CBN audiences grew by 63 percent between February 1983 and February 1984, said Ronald Harris, the network's director of marketing. CBN is operated by the Christian Broadcasting Network, a nonprofit religious organization with headquarters in Virginia Beach, Va. CBN is now seen on more than 4,400 cable systems in the nation.

''We counterprogram networks,'' Mr. Harris said. ''When they are running news, we run comedies; when they are running movies, we run game shows.''

The network's schedule includes 1950's and 60's programs such as ''The Jack Benny Show'' and ''The Rifleman,'' as well as some religious programs. CBN was added last January to the channels carried on Manhattan Cable TV.

**End of Document**



[***Spies in the Battle for the Environment***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-W420-0024-J05T-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 15, 1993, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1993 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk

**Section:** Section 1;; Section 1; Page 37; Column 1; Metropolitan Desk; Column 1;

**Length:** 1095 words

**Byline:** By MICHEL MARRIOTT

By MICHEL MARRIOTT

**Body**

Seated in the steamy front seat of a van without air-conditioning, two men peered through a pair of binoculars into the wilds of the Bronx frontier marked by trucking depots and factories, vacant lots, high grass, narrow streets and -- to the men's chagrin -- piles upon piles of illegally dumped refuse.

For years, the East River fringes of Hunts Point have been one of many haunts for Joe Montalto and Edward F. Lassen, members of a dwindling breed of stealthy, armed garbage men known as the New York City Sanitation Police.

Dressed more like truck drivers than police officers, Mr. Montalto and Mr. Lassen lurk Monday through Friday in some of the city's most infamous dumping spots in their territory, which covers all 43,000 acres of the Bronx and Manhattan.

A Simple Mission

Their mission is simple, but often daunting and occasionally tinged with danger: Catch illegal dumpers in the act, apprehend them and write summonses that carry fines of up to $5,000. In most cases, they also impound vehicles used in illegal dumping in case a violator will not or cannot pay the fines.

Often mistaken for undercover city police, the men also say they keep their .38-caliber police revolvers handy because they never know when a harmless-looking dumper may turn out to be someone more menacing. From the time the sanitation police force was established in 1937, no officer has been wounded in the line of duty, sanitation officials said.

Every year thousands of tons of garbage, from heaps of automobile tires to reeking mounds of rotting fruit rinds, are illegally left in New York streets and vacant lots, city sanitation officials said.

Much of it is dumped by haulers who fatten their profit margins by charging to pick up refuse and then dumping it in vacant lots, by small contractors looking for an easy way to rid themselves of building waste and by residents not willing to wait for sanitation workers to pick up household bulk, like old furniture, said Anne Canty, a spokeswoman for the Sanitation Department.

A Cat-and-Mouse Game

Because of cuts in the sanitation budget, there are now only 19 sanitation police officers, down from 79 in 1991, Ms. Canty said.

Consequently, say many sanitation police officers, the authorities are forced to play a cat-and-mouse game with illegal dumpers when the cat has been reduced to skin and bones. For instance, the number of vehicles impounded in illegal dumping dropped to 663 last year, from 1,474 in 1990.

Nevertheless, said Mr. Lassen, the beefier member of the team, he is proud of the work he and his partner do to stem a crime that can transform poor and ***working-class*** neighborhoods overnight into landscapes of the broken, smashed and decayed.

"I think we do a damn good job considering the manpower," Mr. Lassen said recently as he and his partner eased their Ford van down to what appeared to be a dead-end street in Hunts Point. It was actually a street blocked by a mound of discarded automobile parts, tires, sofa pillows and a chunk of a kitchen sink.

"They clean it quite a bit," he said of his colleagues who ride sanitation trucks. "But it's a losing battle."

"It's just a shame we can't catch these guys," Mr. Montalto, 49, said under his breath as he walked slowly around another pile, freshly discarded stacks of wooden skids.

"I've got a general idea where they come from," said Mr. Lassen, 52, who is retiring this week after 21 years with the department.

Watching and Waiting

Backing the van between a nearby wall and a parked tractor-trailer, Mr. Montalto and Mr. Lassen sat like two middle-aged fishermen, swapping tales about the dumpers who got away and those who didn't. All the while, the men watched and waited for anything suspicious to stir in the near distance.

Much of their job involves waiting and watching, said Mr. Montalto and Mr. Lassen. They said it is getting more difficult to make a difference in the war with illegal dumpers.

Last year, the Sanitation Department removed at least 133,000 tons of refuse dumped in city-owned lots, Ms. Canty said. Part of the problem was highlighted last week when the Bronx Borough President, Fernando Ferrer, filed a suit against the city to get city agencies to clean and repair Bronx roadways.

"We have a tremendous dumping problem in our precinct, especially in Hunts Point," said Capt. Harvey Katowitz, the commander of the 41st Precinct in the Bronx. "We have a lot of vacant property that's used as dumping grounds. But there is also a tremendous amount of cooperation between us and the sanitation police."

The sanitation police also receive help from people who spot illegal dumping and call the authorities at (212) 219-8090. If the dumper is fined the Sanitation Department splits any fines collected with the caller, said Ms. Canty.

On most days, city police officers pass Mr. Montalto's and Mr. Lassen's unmarked van, waving or stopping to discuss notes and observations about a new pile of garbage. The regular faces seen hovering over illegal dumps sites scavenging for anything usable -- pieces of a discarded radio, a car door, a kitchen appliance -- also wave and smile as Mr. Montalto and Mr. Lassen cruise by.

"People know us around here," Mr. Montalto said, smiling back to a homeless man, who with his girlfriend lives in an old van and regularly combs the garbage heaps of Hunts Point's back streets for something they can use or sell.

Nabbed With the Peelings

Just before dusk, the storytelling ended abruptly when Mr. Montalto and Mr. Lassen noticed a battered 1972 Dodge van edging along the vacant lots near Manida Street and Viele Avenue.

A young man leaped from the rear of the truck. Looking both ways, he apparently did not see the sanitation police van sandwiched between the warehouse wall and truck about 50 yards away. In seconds, the man heaved large plastic bags packed with what later turned out to be orange peelings, into the lot.

Mr. Montalto and Mr. Lassen quickly moved their van behind the Dodge van and its startled driver and passengers, loudly demanding that the van pull over.

The sanitation police, with badges drawn, caught three Hispanic men who peddle fruit for a living. None of them spoke very much English and Mr. Montalto and Mr. Lassen spoke very little Spanish. With the help of a bilingual officer at the 41st Precinct station house, the matter was sorted out hours later.

The sanitation police wrote a summons for the owner of the van and seized his van.

The peddlers walked home with a new dread of the sanitation police and a box of unsold fruit.

"All in all," said Mr. Lassen, "It wasn't such a bad day."

**Graphic**

Photo: Because of staff reductions, New York City Sanitation Police officers are forced to play a cat-and-mouse game with illegal dumpers. Officers Joe Montalto and William Alvira staked out a spot on Manida Street in the Bronx where they saw Gabriel Ash, right, discarding building materials. (G. Paul Burnett/The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** August 15, 1993

**End of Document**



[***In Jersey City, Teachers Strike and Parents Cope***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3V5S-MFX0-007F-G4WM-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 25, 1998, Wednesday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1998 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk

**Section:** Section B; ; Section B; Page 1; Column 2; Metropolitan Desk ; Column 2;

**Length:** 1155 words

**Byline:** By MARIA NEWMAN

By MARIA NEWMAN

**Dateline:** JERSEY CITY, Nov. 24

**Body**

Arlene Pacheco and her two children walked past Public School 9 on Brunswick Avenue here, where teachers were marching in a circle and carrying signs that said, "Dignity, not Dollars." It was 9 A.M. and her children were not in school.

"Mommy, what are they doing?" her 4-year-old daughter, Aja, asked. "It's a strike, honey," her mother said.

Her 5-year-old son, Xavier, who is in kindergarten at P.S. 42 and was holding her hand, said he knew what a strike was: "A strike is when a kid can't go to school anymore."

For Xavier and many of the district's 32,000 other children, that is exactly what a teachers' strike, now in its fourth day, has meant. District officials said that 65 to 70 percent of its students were absent from school today, about the same as yesterday.

The parents of those students have had to scramble to care for them.

Some are missing work to stay home, sometimes at the risk of losing those jobs. Some are hiring baby sitters they can barely afford, or are enlisting neighbors and relatives to help out during a strike with no end in sight.

"It really is affecting all of us," Ms. Pacheco said. "A lot of parents are not able to go to work, or they have to find a baby sitter at the last minute. And the kids are not getting an education."

But in spite of the hardship, Ms. Pacheco, like many parents, was on the teachers' side. "Yes, I am supporting them, very much," she said.

Jersey City is a school district of ***working-class*** parents, where many teachers have been in the system so long they are now teaching the children of their old students. Many parents feel a loyalty to the teachers. And while low test scores and other failings prompted the state to take over the schools here a decade ago, teachers and school officials say there has been some improvement in test scores in recent years.

"I think the teachers do a hell of a job," said Juan Bonilla, whose son attends P.S. 34, and who shouted his support to the striking teachers he passed on Brunswick Avenue. "I think they ought to give them everything they want."

The district has canceled classes in all of the city's five high schools since the strike's second day, and the elementary schools, which have prekindergarten to eighth grade, have been on a half-day schedule, which has also inconvenienced parents, who have had to rework their schedules to pick children up earlier.

Representatives from the district and the Jersey City Teachers Association, which represents 2,500 teachers and 1,000 support workers, met from 8 P.M. Monday until 2:30 A.M. today, and made some progress in talks on a new three-year contract, said JoAnn Kenny, executive assistant to Superintendent Richard DiPatri. The talks resumed tonight.

In Hudson County Superior Court today, Judge Martin L. Greenberg ordered the teachers to return to work on Monday morning or lose their jobs. The judge also ruled that starting this week the union would face a fine of $100,000 for each day of the strike, or $200,000 thus far. But he rejected the district's plea that teachers be fined two days' pay for every day they remained on strike and that union leaders be fined $1,000 a day each.

At a rally today in Lincoln Park attended by 3,500 teachers from Jersey City and elsewhere around the state, two Jersey City school board members took the stage and said they supported the strike.

"It is not a battle between this Board of Education and the teachers, it is a battle between the teachers and the state," said Susan Mack, a board member who also has a child in the public schools.

She and Franklin L. Williams, the other board member at the rally, said they were frustrated because the board has had no role in contract negotiations since the state takeover in 1989. After her speech, Ms. Mack said she believed the main issue driving the strike was not money. "I do not think these teachers would risk jail and would stay away from the kids they're devoted to, unless there was something rotten in the schools," she said.

Instead, Ms. Mack said that she agreed with the teachers that the main problem was the management style of Dr. DiPatri, the state-appointed superintendent.

Many parents are choosing not to send their children to school because they do not believe much learning is going on. Others, like Ms. Pacheco, said that the chaos and near-riots at some schools on Thursday, the first day of the strike, made them decide their children would be safer at home than at school. Both fears can be traced to the fact that district officials found fewer than 200 substitute teachers to supervise the district's 32,000 students in 39 schools.

"I saw police and I saw the rioting," Ms. Pacheco said, recalling the scene on Thursday morning, when she walked her son to P.S. 42. "I was afraid to leave my son. The kids were running up and down the streets. It was chaos. The police had blocked Montgomery Street. We saw an ambulance. There was a fire truck. The Sheriff's Department was here. I said: 'Forget it. He's not going to school.' "

To keep him home, Ms. Pacheco has had to be absent from her job as a sales clerk at a store in Newport Mall.

"As a result of this, I may lose my job," she said. "But maybe because I've been a good employee, they'll let me come back when this is all over."

While most parents interviewed sided with the teachers, some were not sympathetic.

"They're getting paid how much?" asked Mercedes Colon, as she left her 7-year-old son at P.S. 9 before she rushed off to her job as a home health attendant. "I wish I made half as much as they do."

Mrs. Colon said that because of the trouble in the schools the first two days of the strike, she kept her son out of school, and took him with her one day to her job tending to old people in their homes.

"But imagine, those are sick people, so how can I keep taking him?" she said. "I tried hard to find somebody to help me out, but so far I haven't."

Another parent, Lourdes Tusell, said she had just not shown up to her job as a maintenance worker in the county courthouse because she did not want her children attending classes at P.S. 1.

"My children come first," Ms. Tusell said. "If I sent them to school right now, they would probably get hurt. I don't care if the school takes me to court over this, but I'm not sending my children to school if they are at risk. There are five of them, and I don't have the money to pay anyone to take care of them."

Efrain Rivera's daughter, who attends Dickinson High School, was also at home. "They ought to be paid more money," he said of the teachers. "They deserve a lot more. They have a lot to put up with."

Mr. Rivera said he was able to stay home with his daughter because had been absent from work anyway with an injured back.

His neighbor Zulma Martinez sent three of her children to school, at P.S. 17, on Friday. "It was a mess in there," she said, shaking her head. "They had everybody in the auditorium. There were no teachers. No supervision. No lunch."

**Graphic**

Photos: Efrain Rivera, left, and Lourdes Tusell, right, have kept their children home, but Zulma Martinez sent three of hers to school on Friday. (Angel Franco/The New York Times); Esther Bell, left, and Debra Melvin were among 3,500 teachers from Jersey City and elsewhere who rallied last night at Lincoln Park in Jersey City. (Nicole Bengiveno/The New York Times)(pg. B5); ARLENE PACHEO with her daughter aja and her son Xavier, as they walked past Public School 9 in Jersey City, where teachers were in the fourth day of a strike. (Angel Franco/The New York Times)(pg. B1)

**Load-Date:** November 25, 1998

**End of Document**



[***New & Noteworthy***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-KHY0-0008-N1MR-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

February 19, 1984, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1984 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 7; Page 30, Column 1; Book Review Desk; review

**Length:** 1070 words

**Body**

WOMAN AND THE DEMON: The Life of a Victorian Myth, by Nina Auerbach. (Harvard University Press, $6.95.)

In a ''daring and important,'' beautifully written book of cultural criticism, Nina Auerbach uses poems, paintings, popular and serious fiction, biographies, essays and psychological studies to reconstruct a dominant but inexplicit Victorian myth - the myth of woman as demonic, polymorphous, vital, dangerous and transcendent. Our critic, George Levine, found her argument ''outrageous, provocative and convincing.''

A DRY WHITE SEASON, by Andre Brink. (Penguin, $6.95.) The author of ''A Chain of Voices'' centered his 1979 novel on Ben Du Toit, a respected white family man who teaches school in suburban Johannesburg and becomes an isolated pariah after he tries to help find a black school janitor's missing son. ''Through Ben's harrowing experience as an ordinary, essentially moral Afrikaaner . . . the brutal inflexibility of the system is exposed and indelibly imprinted on the reader,'' Mel Watkins said in his review. Mr. Brink's 1978 novel,

RUMORS OF RAIN, is available too (Penguin, $6.95).

PHILOSOPHY IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY, by A. J. Ayer. (Vintage, $7.95.) A. J. Ayer, Wykeham Professor of Logic at Oxford from 1959 to 1978, conceived this book as a sequel to Bertrand Russell's ''History of Philosophy.'' In prose ''at once plain and elegant,'' he focuses on several continuing philosophical debates, presenting careful, extended accounts of the two schools whose achievements he values most - American pragmatism and the analytic movement - and of ''philosophies very much at odds with his own,'' as Alasdair MacIntyre noted in his review.

BEAST IN VIEW, by Margaret Millar. (International Polygonics/Academy Chicago, $5.) Winner of a 1956 Edgar, ''Beast in View'' is both ''a pure terror-suspense-mystery story, complete with murder, detective and a surprise twist,'' our reviewer, Anthony Boucher, said, and ''a study in abnormal psychology, so admirably written with such complete realization of every character that the most bitter antagonist of mystery fiction may be forced to acknowledge it as a work of art.'' The protagonist is a rich, reclusive young woman.

INSIDE: Seeing Beneath the Surface, by Jan Adkins. (Walker, $4.95.) A pencil, an apple pie, a tree, an airplane, a city street and a sandwich are among things Jan Adkins examines the insides of in his 1975 work for readers 7 to 11. In her review Louise Armstrong said that ''this is one very fine book. It teaches, not preaches, seeing with the inner eye and - by extension - imagination and empathy.'' Paperback editions of Mr. Adkins's

TOOLCHEST, a primer of woodcraft, and

SYM

BOLS: A Silent Language are also available from Walker, at $4.95 each.

WAR GAMES, by James Park Sloan. (Avon, $3.50.) James Park Sloan's first novel is narrated by a 20-year- old Harvard dropout who wants the Army to send him to Vietnam so he can write a great war novel, although he's not sure whether it should be about how war makes men of timid souls or about how it humanizes tough guys. What combat duty in Vietnam does to him, it turns out, is considerably more bizarre. Mr. Sloan's antiwar story was first published in 1971.

ON THE BLACK HILL, by Bruce Chatwin. (Penguin, $5.95.) Like Bruce Chatwin's highly praised travel book, ''In Patagonia,'' this novel ''chronicles the lives of odd folk living in relative isolation'' and paints a landscape ''at least as animate and moody as its inhabitants.'' But ''in its imaginative reach, (it) is very much a work of fiction.'' Our critic, Robert Towers, saw it as part of a valued tradition ''of writing about homely, country things with an enraptured attention that causes them to glow with an almost visionary light.''

DIVINE HORSEMEN: The Living Gods of Haiti, by Maya Deren. (McPherson & Company/Documentext, New Paltz, N.Y., $10.) Maya Deren went to Haiti to photograph *vodun* dancing, remained to participate and eventually produced this extensive, intimate illustrated account of Haitian rites. In his 1953 review, Seldon Rodman observed that ''Divine Horsemen'' is ''visually accurate in its reporting'' and that ''sharp insights abound.'' A hard-cover edition is available for $20.

THE FRANCOEUR NOVELS: The Family, The Woods,

The Country, by David Plante. (Dutton/Obelisk, $10.95.) The protagonist of these novels, set mainly in the French-Canadian ***working-class*** milieu of Rhode Island, is David Francoeur. ''The Woods'' explores ''the boundary between (his) ruthlessly insignificant everyday existence and the vast landscape of his inner apathy,'' Edith Milton said in a review that called it brilliantly original. ''The Family'' and ''The Country'' examine the sociology of Daniel's world and the psychology of the people he shares it with.

AMONG FRIENDS, by M. F. K. Fisher. (North Point, $10.) In a memoir first published in 1971, M. F. K. Fisher recalls growing up in a California town full of Quakers, where ''I was often teased, indirectly for being a non-Quaker and directly for being of foreign descent, by the peers who walked amiably every morning to school with me . . . and then often turned vicious on the way home.'' Primarily a family story, ''Among Friends'' depicts parents, other relatives, friends and neighbors as it recreates life in an ''inner 'ghetto.' ''

RITUAL MURDER, by S. T. Haymon. (Pinnacle, $2.50.) When the mutilated body of a choirboy is found in their cathedral, the people of Angleby are reminded of a 12th-century murder that was blamed on the Jews, the town is suddenly fraught with tension, and the British Detective-Inspector, Benjamin Jurnet, has another case to solve. Newgate Callendar called S. T. Haymon ''a lovely writer with something of the poet in her'' and characterized ''Ritual Murder'' as a sensitive account with an ending that's ''a real shocker.''

THE ONLY LIVING WITNESS, by Stephen G. Michaud and Hugh Aynesworth. (NAL/Signet, $3.95.) Stephen G. Michaud, then with Business Week, and Hugh Aynesworth, then with ABC-TV's ''20/20,'' decided to write about the mass murderer Ted Bundy in 1978 and found, during long interviews, that he would offer ''educated guesses'' about the kind of person who might have committed the crimes he'd been convicted of - so long as he was not asked to admit or imply that he had committed them. Our reviewer, Tom Chaffin, commended the authors for refusing to romanticize the much-publicized Mr. Bundy.B

**Graphic**

photo of woman

**End of Document**



[***TELEVISION/RADIO; Marriage Under Glass: A 10-Year Look Begins***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:462T-H580-01CN-H2RJ-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 16, 2002 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2002 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 2; Column 1; Arts and Leisure Desk; Pg. 30

**Length:** 1378 words

**Byline:**  By STEVE VINEBERG

**Body**

THE 10-year lease A&E has taken on Michael Apted's new documentary series, "Married in America," is built into its concept. Mr. Apted interviewed nine couples last fall, in the months leading up to their weddings, for a two-hour film that has its premiere tomorrow night. He will revisit them every year or two during the next 10 to observe how their lives together have changed.

Though the idea of exploring family interactions over time was pioneered in 1973 on "An American Family," the decade-long span of "Married in America" makes it almost unique among television documentaries. But this kind of project isn't unfamiliar to Mr. Apted, as fans of his "7 Up" movies know.

"7 Up," produced for the British news program "The World in Action" in 1964, chronicled the thoughts and feelings of a group of 7-year-old Londoners across a range of classes. Mr. Apted, straight out of college and a trainee at Granada Television, was put to work locating likely subjects. "7 Up" was originally planned as a one-shot deal, but it blossomed into a remarkable open-ended series that returned to the lives of these boys and girls every seven years, and with "14 Up," Mr. Apted took over the roles of interviewer and director. (The project is continuing; he is set to film the seventh installment, "49 Up," in 2005.)

The only previous example of this kind of journalism on American television is Phil Joanou's adaptation of the "7 Up" series, "7 Up in America," which Mr. Apted produced for Showtime and which has so far produced two documentaries, in 1991 and 1998.

Mr. Apted's filmography is as unorthodox as the time-capsule documentaries he invented. It's not unknown for a documentarian to dabble in fiction film (Frederick Wiseman has), or for a commercial filmmaker to make the occasional documentary (Louis Malle directed several brilliant ones). But Mr. Apted's career is truly divided between the two. The "7 Up" pictures and other nonfiction projects like "Moving the Mountain" (about the Tiananmen Square demonstrations) and "Me & Isaac Newton" alternate with movies like "Coal Miner's Daughter," "Gorillas in the Mist" and the James Bond thriller "The World Is Not Enough." In 1992 he released a documentary, "Incident at Oglala," and a commercial feature, "Thunderheart," on the same subject, the 1975 shoot-out between Native Americans and F.B.I. agents on the Pine Ridge reservation in South Dakota.

"Married in America" comes at a particularly prolific moment for the 61-year-old Mr. Apted: two dramas he directed, the World War II tale "Enigma" with Kate Winslet and the thriller "Enough" with Jennifer Lopez, opened in this country in the last two months, and he's about to begin work on a film about the Rolling Stones' coming 40th-anniversary tour.

"I work this way for a multitude of reasons," he said by phone from Los Angeles, where he now makes his home. "I enjoy the different challenges that both kinds of movies offer, and documentary allows me to get out of Hollywood and nose around into people's lives. And in an opportunistic way, the documentaries give me a calling card. A lot of the commercial movies I've gotten came about because they called for a documentary feeling."

And if his documentary work has sometimes influenced the naturalistic style of his Hollywood movies -- most evidently, perhaps, in the tenderly shaped mining-town sequences of "Coal Miner's Daughter" -- he believes that it works the other way, too. "What I learn from dramatic movies is structure, the putting together of characters," he says.

Character is always Mr. Apted's main concern as a moviemaker. The narrative mechanisms of his dramatic films often lack conviction; it's the human element that makes some of them memorable. Look down a list of his movies, and it's easy to conjure up the faces of Vanessa Redgrave and Dustin Hoffman in "Agatha," Sigourney Weaver in "Gorillas in the Mist," Kate Winslet in "Enigma" and many others.

In the hot-house intimacies of reality television, the subjects, usually thrown together in an entirely manufactured situation, tend to mouth all the banalities they've picked up from their own television watching. But the people in "Married in America," like those in the "7 Up" series, are as continually surprising as true dramatic creations.

"The subject matter of my documentaries has to do with ordinary life rather than melodrama," Mr. Apted said. "I want the ordinariness of these people to make them accessible, and yet there's drama in their lives -- the drama of getting through the day."

Certainly his selection of the nine couples, from hundreds that were interviewed, suggests an instinct for the drama in everyday existence. Three are racially mixed. One young man is marrying the first woman he has been involved with since the mother of his two children died in a car accident. One couple is lesbian. One pair returns from their honeymoon in mid-September to a bizarre contrast: an apartment full of wedding gifts and a view of ground zero, two blocks away.

The match that viewers are likely to find most affecting is between Carol and Chuck, two refugees from several disastrous marriages apiece who met at an Alcoholics Anonymous meeting after Chuck had served time for rape. The most hard-bitten of Mr. Apted's subjects, Carol and Chuck (last names are not used in the show, to protect the couples' privacy) are also the most down to earth, and their struggle to clear away the debris of their respective pasts so that they can start fresh makes us optimistic for them. It's the most powerful metaphor in the film for the tension in any relationship between the odds against success and the hope that it can beat those odds.

"What drew me to the topic was the politics of marriage," Mr. Apted said. "During election time especially you hear all this emphasis on family values -- how America is built on them, how important they are -- and on the other hand you're presented with terrifying divorce rates. But I tried to choose couples I thought at least had a shot at marriage. I saw some tapes of couples whose relationships looked like train wrecks about to happen, and if I included couples who seemed airheaded about the whole thing, that wouldn't help my project."

Choosing the couples was a tricky process in other ways as well. "I didn't want to ask them questions that were directly on the subject of marriage," he said. "I've learned from my mistakes that subjects can sound great the first time out, and then when you come to film them, they lose that freshness and energy. I needed to know enough about their story without hearing what they'd say for the first and only time on film. It was a bit of a gamble."

Chuck and Carol and the lesbians, Kelly and Toni, are the couples Mr. Apted himself found the most touching -- "people who seem to have the most at stake, who are under the most pressure, up against it, on the margins of society."

"But though they may be the most moving now," he added, "I've learned from the 'Up' films to watch out for which people have the most movement in their lives. People don't move too much on the margins of society, where they don't have as much room; it's the middle-ground couples who have the biggest journey to make. But I'm trying not to make generalizations. For example, I noticed that the women I interviewed were making most of the decisions, which fitted into my preconception that America is a matriarchal society. But then I thought I'd better be careful -- this is the wedding phase, when women are in charge. This is their moment."

Mr. Apted's resolve to stay open to surprise is a large part of what makes him a superlative documentary filmmaker. The "7 Up" series, which began as an examination of class, underwent a dramatic shift in direction in "35 Up" when a couple of the upper-class subjects elected to drop out of the study. The distance between those who remained and the middle- and ***working-class*** subjects was suddenly telescoped by common concerns: aging parents, children growing into adulthood, the difficulties of maintaining marriages. In the case of "Married in America," the focus will remain constant, but the issues are sure to alter as these couples stride into an unknown future.

Married in America

A&E, tomorrow night at 9, 8 Central.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Michael Apted, who pioneered the time-capsule style of documentary with the "7 Up" series, filming "Married in America."; Three of the "Married in America" couples: Chris and Vanessa, left, Cheryl and Neal, above, and Carol and Chuck, right. (Photographs by New Line Television/A&E)

**Load-Date:** June 16, 2002

**End of Document**



[***ANTIQUES;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3V4P-XG90-007F-G2R6-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Folk Art As Fine Art***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3V4P-XG90-007F-G2R6-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 20, 1998, Friday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1998 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Leisure/Weekend Desk

**Section:** Section E; ; Section E; Part 2; Page 45; Column 1; Leisure/Weekend Desk ; Part 2; ; Column 1;

**Length:** 1250 words

**Byline:** By Wendy Moonan

By Wendy Moonan

**Body**

Before movies and television, Americans knew how to entertain themselves. One way was through folk art, an engrossing pastime for the maker and a continuing delight for the viewer.

Folk art can also be appreciated as fine art, particularly at the Fall Antiques Show, running today through Sunday at the Seventh Regiment Armory on Park Avenue at 67th Street. In connection with the fair, the Museum of American Folk Art has organized a loan exhibition of folk art treasures privately purchased at the show over the past 20 years.

Several veteran folk art dealers, including Kelter-Malce, Peter Tillou, Steven Score, America Hurrah and Ricco/Maresca, will be at the fair. There's also some new blood, with new participants presenting different kinds of folk art.

One new dealer is Clifford A. Wallach of New York City, who is bringing examples of "tramp art," household objects covered with thousands of bits of carved wood that have been lovingly glued on. His wares have great charm, and range from heart-shaped picture frames given as tokens of affection to everyday, utilitarian items like sewing boxes that have been festooned with pyramids and virtuoso squares of wood.

"Tramp art was not an American invention," said Mr. Wallach, who has specialized in it for 12 years and is the author of "Tramp Art: One Notch at a Time" (Wallach-Irons, 1998). "Originally called chip carving, it was pervasive around the world." He speculated that tramp art originated in Europe and came to the United States with German and Scandinavian immigrants in the 1800's.

It took off in this country in the 1860's, when cigar smoking became fashionable. Cigar boxes were made of fine woods like mahogany and cedar, and whittlers loved them.

"The boxes were easy to carve because they were made of good wood," Mr. Wallach said, adding, "All the carver needed was a knife -- and some imagination."

Most of the artists were anonymous, Mr. Wallach said, "***working-class***, frugal, often inveterate whittlers, tinkerers, inventors, sometimes artisans by profession, and discontent to be idle."

He recalled one man's reminiscence about his grandfather, who he said would sit before the fire, carving with his pocketknife as he talked to the women of the house while they did their sewing. "They often called tramp art 'men's quilting,' " Mr. Wallach said. "It was time-consuming and labor-intensive."

Some pieces commemorate an event, like a wedding, in their maker's life. Others deal with history; Mr. Wallach has a row of framed portraits of Presidents. Items like these cost a few hundred dollars each, while his "masterpiece," a blue wall cabinet whose sides are totally covered with stacked-wood pyramids, costs $38,000. Made about 1880, it has intricate sunflowers on its doors and a crest decorated with wooden semicircles that look like early Frank Stella paintings.

Once seen as plebeian, tramp art is beginning to be taken seriously. The Abby Aldrich Rockefeller Center for Folk Art in Williamsburg, Va., is planning a tramp art exhibition in 2000. Richard Miller, a former curator at the center, writes in the introduction to Mr. Wallach's book, "Seemingly common, everyday objects are revealing themselves to be neither particularly common nor everyday."

Darwin's Antiques of Pine Street in Philadelphia is another new exhibitor at the fair. William Woody, Darwin's owner, said he sells intensely personal folk art.

"I like Darwinian things," Mr. Woody said, like "natural history specimens and relics of the Grand Tour."

He recently sold an enormous ship anchor to the Port of History Museum in Philadelphia. The anchor was made as a gift for a ship captain who retired in 1862.

"It was chipped-carved wood to imitate wrought iron," Mr. Woody explained. "All the places the captain had sailed were marked on the anchor, from Cape Horn to the Cape of Good Hope."

Mr. Woody, who served in the Navy, said it reminded him of "when ships were wood and men were iron."

Mr. Woody once studied architecture and is attracted to large architectural elements. At the fair, he is selling a fine 1830 wooden mantelpiece from Boston that was decorated with smoke.

"They held the candle next to freshly painted wood, so the smoke would curl up and make it look like marble," he explained. "In those days, people wanted to be entertained by their surroundings."

A Dauphine's Commode

On Tuesday, Christie's New York will auction the fine French and English furniture collection of Martin Zimet, the chairman of French & Company, an art and antiques gallery in Manhattan that he bought in 1968. The pieces, many with royal provenances, go on view today.

Mr. Zimet said he was selling the collection because his son Henry, now president of the firm, wanted to stick to Old Master paintings.

Several of the pieces are grand and ornate, impressive both visually and historically. Probably the most beautiful is the Louis XV black lacquer commode made and signed by BVRB, Bernard II Van Risenburgh, one of the most important cabinetmakers of the Rococo era. The piece dates from circa 1744. Christie's experts were apparently the first to look at the back and discover its royal inventory number.

Alistair Clarke, the head of Christie's department of European furniture, said the commode was made for the Versailles bedroom of the Dauphine, the Infanta Maria-Teresa-Rafaella, who was the daughter of Philip V of Spain and married Louis XV's eldest son in 1745.

The commode, feminine in appearance, is covered with prized 17th-century Japanese lacquer panels inlaid with mother-of-pearl, gold and silver leaf. "Such panels were amazingly rare in the 18th century," Mr. Clarke said. "Others went to Louis XV or Madame de Pompadour."

The panels depict a group of court ladies gathered in a manicured landscape, surrounded by exquisite little pavilions and exotic birds and butterflies. The scenes are framed with delicate gilded ormolu mounts. You can practically see the chisel marks on the sculpted shells, flowers and trailing foliage.

The workmanship is exquisite. Tony Victoria, the Manhattan dealer who specializes in French antiques, said, "You can't do much better than that commode."

Mr. Zimet bought the royal commode around 1980 from the Paris dealer Jacques Perrin. It is a tour de force with an estimate to match: $4 to $6 million.

Mr. Zimet is also selling two pairs of George III amaranth, tulipwood and ebonized marquetry armchairs. Designed by John Linnell, the English cabinetmaker, each of the first pair of chairs has an oval back with a pierced splat in the form of a Neo-Classical urn filled with blooming lilies and daisies. In design they are reminiscent of the work of Robert Adam, 66 of whose designs from the Sir John Soane Museum in London are on view at the Octagon House museum in Washington through Jan. 3. (Estimate: $250,000 to $400,000.)

"The common thread in this auction is that each lot is very strong on its own," Mr. Zimet said. "There are no wishy-washy pieces."

Movie Posters

Skinner, the Boston auction house, is selling 343 movie posters tomorrow. The many classics include a poster for Billy Wilder's "Some Like It Hot," with a winking Marilyn Monroe, and Tony Curtis and Jack Lemmon in drag (estimate: $1,200 to $1,800); the poster for the 1962 film "The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance" with (it reads) "James Stewart and John Wayne together for the first time" (estimate: $600 to $900), and a poster for MGM's 1956 release "High Society" with photos of Bing Crosby, Grace Kelly and Frank Sinatra (estimate: $700 to $900).

**Graphic**

Photo: A Louis XV lacquer commode to be offered on Tuesday at Christie's. (Christie's)

**Load-Date:** November 20, 1998

**End of Document**



[***BOBBIES LOSING THEIR PLACE IN LONDONERS' HEARTS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-HFX0-0008-Y2PH-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 22, 1983, Thursday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1983 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Page 2, Column 3; Foreign Desk

**Length:** 1051 words

**Byline:** By R. W. APPLE Jr.

**Dateline:** LONDON, Dec. 21

**Body**

For the Metropolitan Police Department - universally known as Scotland Yard because its first headquarters was on a short street where, in the 12th century, Scottish kings stayed while in London - this has been a hectic month.

On Nov. 26 a gang of thieves broke into a warehouse near Heathrow Airport and stole more than $40 million in gold bullion and other valuables. It was the biggest robbery in British history, and it remains unsolved, although three people have been arrested and charged with having had a role in the robbery. Then last Saturday the Irish Republican Army detonated a car bomb outside the Harrods department store, killing five people and wounding 90.

Article on decline in rapport between Londoners and Metropolitan Police Department and factors for it; efforts of new commissioner, Sir Kenneth Newman, to rectify situation noted; photo (M)

But the threats posed by big-time thieves and by terrorists, however serious, are no more worrying to the heads of Scotland Yard than the long-term sociological and political changes that are threatening, by their own admission, to undermine the rapport, once the envy of the world, between the London public and its policemen.

Richard Wells, a deputy assistant commissioner, conceded in an interview on Tuesday that there was little that his men and women - even with 700 extra police officers thrown onto the streets - could do to prevent a determined terrorist from repeating the outrage of last weekend. More than two million vehicles enter the center of the city every day, he said, and no significant fraction can possibly be searched.

Crime Prevention Difficult

''We ask all of the seven million people of London to be our eyes and ears,'' he continued, ''and all our best leads come from the public. But crime prevention is difficult in this country, because it is hard to get most people to notice what is going on around them. As a nation, we have a unique capacity to stand six in a crowded lift without talking to each other.''

Mr. Wells and his boss, Sir Kenneth Newman, the new commissioner, are more optimistic about their chances of combating such long-term problems as racism, deteriorating community relations and corruption. Sir Kenneth, a former police chief in Northern Ireland, took over about a year ago and immediately began an all-out campaign, replete with news conferences, management changes and retraining programs, designed to put the bobby on the beat back in touch with those he protects.

Sir Kenneth has done things none of his predecessors have done. When he visits police stations, for example, he talks to rank-and-file members of the force alone, without the presence of their senior officers. He has encouraged the formation of neighborhood committees to evaluate police performance, unlike his counterparts in many American cities, on the ground that the more people are involved with police problems, the more public understanding there will be.

The problems are spelled out in a 1,100-page report submitted last month by the Institute of Policy Studies, which found that the 27,000-member force was riddled with sexism, that it often used excessive force and that its relations with blacks were appalling. It noted that of 150,000 burglaries last year, only 8 percent were solved.

Dapper and Articulate

Mr. Wells, a calm, dapper, articulate man who occasionally drops a Latin phrase into his conversation, made no effort to conceal his concern with what he called ''the wedge that has been driven between the community and its police.'' The first thing he said about the wedge was that the police themselves bore some of the responsibility for it, because many ordinary policemen had come to see themselves as an elite, apart from the public, and because the public had been discouraged from thinking of the local station house as a place to seek help.

''That and other things,'' Mr. Wells said, ''have created a them-and-us attitude, and the police can only function effectively if the public thinks of us as being on their side, not the other side.''

The increasing incidence of public disorder - riots, demonstrations and the like - has forced the police in some instances to adopt uniforms, equipments and weapons that are at odds with the traditional image of the unarmed bobby in his sober uniform. On television the London police are often seen with guns, wearing helmets and carrying shields, massed against large numbers of adversaries.

''Again,'' said Mr. Wells, ''you get the notion of a third force, which is the last kind of picture that we want the public to have.''

Most British policemen remain unarmed; in London fewer than 7 percent have received comprehensive training in the use of firearms, and only half of those actually carry weapons. Departmental surveys show that most constables do not want to carry them, despite the dangers posed by criminals who are turning more and more to violence.

Firearms a Curiosity

But an occasional police error, such as the mistaken shooting last year of an innocent man named Steven Waldorf, in a case of mistaken identity, inevitably causes public outrage. Britain remains a society where firearms are a nefarious curiosity, not a commonplace.

Perhaps the most intractable problem faced by Sir Kenneth is the resentment among blacks, particularly those of West Indian stock, toward police tactics. The police themselves acknowledge that brutality and prejudice are too common, especially in those areas that are 40 percent black or more, such as Brixton in south London.

Only 232 members of the force are black, less than 1 percent, and one senior official said that Scotland Yard had made ''a horrible mistake'' in not starting earlier to recruit black officers, before resentments built up. The first black joined the force in the 1960's, and it has been an uphill battle to persuade more to sign on.

For all of their problems, however, the Metropolitan Police retain strong support from the public. Especially in ***working-class*** neighborhoods, it is still the police who are called on in case of a death in the family or a cat up a tree.

It was the death of a policeman and a policewoman in the Harrods attack, rather than the deaths of three bystanders, that seemed most to outrage British opinion, as if their deaths represented a direct threat to society.

**Graphic**

Photo of London policemen

**End of Document**



[***DEMOCRATS CONCUR ON LINESOF ATTACK***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-KPT0-0008-N45C-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 31, 1984, Tuesday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1984 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Page 16, Column 4; National Desk

**Length:** 1140 words

**Byline:** By HOWELL RAINES

**Body**

Political

Memo

WASHINGTON, Jan. 30 - As President Reagan opens his campaign for re-election, the Democratic Party's leaders and its Presidential candidates are laying out with striking clarity their main line of attack against Mr. Reagan for the coming year. They plan to depict him as a leader who has betrayed the interests of the average citizens who put him in office.

This theme was sounded in response to Mr. Reagan's declaration of candidacy and his State of the Union Message by Speaker of the House Thomas P. O'Neill Jr., by former Vice President Walter F. Mondale, the front-running Democratic Presidential candidate, and by the other Presidential candidates across the party's ideological spectrum. Liberal and conservatives alike joined in denouncing Mr. Reagan for ''abuses of power and privilege,'' for ''doing the bidding of the big corporations,'' and, in Mr. Mondale's words, ''serving wealthy and powerful special interests.''

Howell Raines (Political Memo) column on plans by Democratic Party leaders to counter Pres Ronald Reagan's re-election campaign; notes Democrats plan to depict Reagan as leader who has betrayed interests of average American citizens who elected him in 1980; liberals and conservatives have joined in denouncing Reagan for 'abuses of power and privilege' (M)Success and Vulnerability

These attacks point up both Mr. Reagan's main success as a politician and his electoral vulnerability as a President seeking re-election.

As a politician, he defined a new ''populist conservatism'' that drew many middle-income and ***working class*** voters into the Republican column.

But as President, he has compiled a record that his critics regard as contrary to the economic interests and foreign policy impulses of many people who voted for him in 1980. This is the seed of the Democrats' common intention to make him answer for that record.

So the main debate, and the main drama, of the 1984 election have been joined. Can Mr. Reagan hold together a voting coalition that, on the evidence of the public opinion polls, has been polarized by his policies? No prediction seems possible without some consideration of the unusual qualities and advantages that Mr. Reagan brings to his candidacy.

Contest Shadowed by History

More than most re-election campaigns, this one seems shadowed by history. By tradition, incumbent Presidents do well. Since 1900, only four incumbents, William Howard Taft, Herbert Hoover, Gerald R. Ford and Jimmy Carter, failed in attempts to succeed themselves.

Moreover, this campaign year bears similarity to that in which Mr. Reagan's early political role model, Franklin D. Roosevelt, first sought re-election. The election of 1936 brought out the sharpest partisan differences and the deepest class divisions of any election of the century up to that time. Then as now, the split was over economic fairness and the role of Government.

In 1984, the incumbent's ideology is reversed, with Mr. Reagan arguing positions opposite to those of Roosevelt. But it also seems fair to observe that the partisan differences are once again as sharp as those of 1936 and that Mr. Reagan, the campaigner, brings to this divisive contest political skills that compare favorably with Roosevelt's.

This latter factor lies at the heart of the Republican optimism. It also accounts for the spirit of resignation felt by many Democratic elected officials around the country. In the South and some New England states, in particular, many such officials Democrats regard Mr. Reagan as close to a shoo-in.

He Is Not Embarrassed

Even his detractors acknowledge that Mr. Reagan is a large-scale figure on the political stage at a time when some very ardent Democrats confess that their party's potential nominees appear smaller than life. Morever, Mr. Reagan often seems impervious to criticism. He has shown a remarkably unembarrassed capacity for nipping political trouble in the bud, as with the reference to environmental protection that emerged in his State of the Union speech.

Luck has been a hallmark of Mr. Reagan's political career. The decline in unemployment and inflation have de-fused the Democrat's major domestic issue just in time for the campaign. The polls show that Mr. Reagan faces public unrest on foreign policy issues, such as nuclear arms control and the presence of American marines in Lebanon. But the Democrats cannot count on those issues to weaken Mr. Reagan as the hostage situation in Iran damaged Mr. Carter.

''Carter couldn't control events in Iran,'' said a former Carter Administration official. ''Reagan can control Lebanon. He can end it with a stroke of the pen. I expect him to get them out of there and call it victory.''

Even against this backdrop of advantages, some Democrats see opportunities to defeat Mr. Reagan. Except for those who are trying to block Mr. Mondale's nomination, many with such beliefs place a high value on an early resolution of the nomination contest.

Bond Worried About Time

''I think the chances of beating Reagan are slim in any case,'' said State Senator Julian Bond of Georgia. ''The longer the nomination is undecided the greater Reagan's chances of winning.''

A quick end to the nomination struggle would curtail the constant and potentially undermining criticism of Mr. Mondale by the other Democrats, as a man of less than Presidential stature. More important, it would allow time to organize and focus anti-Reagan sentiment.

For, although Mr. Reagan is known as the ''great communicator,'' the public opinion polls support Mr. O'Neill's notion that he is also a great ''divider.'' The 1982 elections showed that many women, blacks, union members and environmentalists are eager for a chance to vote against Mr. Reagan.

Gap on Political Support

By finding these voters early and building the organization needed to turn them out on Nov. 6, the Democrats might take advantage of a chink in Mr. Reagan's political armor: Public opinion polls show a consistent gap between his personal popularity and his level of political support.

For example, the latest New York Times/CBS News Poll found that 72 percent of registered voters regarded him as a strong leader and 61 percent approved his handling of his job. Yet, in a head-to-head contest matchup against Mr. Mondale, Mr. Reagan's support fell to 48 percent.

That was still well ahead of Mr. Mondale's 32 percent in the same matchup. Nonetheless, the figures suggest that Mr. Reagan's may have trouble converting popularity into votes.

That is why the Democrats are speaking with one voice in reminding Americans that a vote for Mr. Reagan is not simply an endorsement of an engaging public personality. It is a vote for a record, as well.

Barring a foreign affairs calamity or a speedy economic collapse, inciting contempt for the Reagan record seems the Democrats' best hope, and maybe their only one.

**End of Document**



[***TURF;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3V60-MJX0-007F-G54Y-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***A Village Evolving Searches Its Soul***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3V60-MJX0-007F-G54Y-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 26, 1998, Thursday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1998 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** House & Home/Style Desk

**Section:** Section F; ; Section F; Page 1; Column 1; House & Home/Style Desk ; Column 1;

**Length:** 1252 words

**Byline:** By TRACIE ROZHON

By TRACIE ROZHON

**Dateline:** TUXEDO, N.Y.

**Body**

IT is difficult to reconcile the watercolor renderings of pert Dutch-roofed houses and sprawling Tudor apartment complexes with the rocky forest that rings the very private enclave of Tuxedo Park. But if developers and town officials have their way -- and it appears they are close -- Tuxedo, with its population of 3,000, may quadruple in size over the next decade or two. Bulldozers and blasting caps will arrive in the next few years, and this sleepy town -- with its scattering of vacant shop fronts -- will get the development it has dreamed of and dreaded for the last 20 years.

In Tuxedo, 40 miles northwest of Manhattan, two private developers are planning several thousand units of housing, including shingle-style cottages by the architect Robert A. M. Stern. The town and its inhabitants -- those of the gated Tuxedo Park, as well as homeowners of more modest means in the rest of the township -- are struggling to bring order to the new subdivisions, which they worry will clog the main route through town, overcrowd schools and overburden the sewers. But few of the townspeople vow to stop the developers cold.

"It's their land," said Mary Yrizarry, chairwoman of the Tuxedo Conservation and Taxpayers Association, alluding to the developers of both Tuxedo Reserve (a partnership that includes the Related Companies in Manhattan) and the corporation known as Sterling Forest L.L.C. Together, they own about 4,500 bucolic acres. Their formal applications to build are stacked in the basement of the Tuxedo town hall.

"Hey, people who own property have certain rights," said Susan Goodfellow, the Mayor of Tuxedo Park, an incorporated village of 325 families within the larger township of Tuxedo. "You work with them."

That is what Tuxedo is trying to do. By Dec. 22, the town will produce its latest master plan for growth. Kenneth R. Magar, the Town Supervisor, said the plan will call for a population increase to "between 10,000 and 12,000 people." While the possible quadrupling of population "might shock some people," Ms. Goodfellow said, "it's better than the 28,000" called for in an earlier master plan.

The proposed developments, including 1,620 units planned for Sterling Forest, about three miles north of the town center, show clustered housing -- around a new village green in the Stern version, around two golf courses in the other -- leaving broad swaths of undeveloped land. While many residents praise the concept of small lots near town greens, now endorsed by a national planning movement known as New Urbanism, they want the developers to pay for whatever problems they cause. The Tuxedo Reserve developers say they will "mitigate" -- developer-speak for pay to make amends -- any damage, but haven't always specified how.

Ms. Yrizarry commended the developers' pledge to protect "the most sensitive area -- a beautiful little lake in a protected valley." But there is the question of the steep slopes. "I don't see how they can help blasting," she said. Town officials agree.

The urge to develop around enclaves like Tuxedo Park -- one of the country's first subdivisions when it was conceived in 1886 as a retreat for wealthy deer hunters -- is part of a trend to graft development onto towns, rather than around suburban shopping centers. After years of building subdivisions on cheap land in the middle of nowhere, or around a vast mall, developers have finally got the message: build a better village (near an existing village with cachet), and people will flock to it.

Since Forest Hills Gardens was created in Queens in 1915 as ***working-class*** housing and was promptly snapped up by wealthy homeowners, Americans have shown a yearning for stucco-and-half-timbered village life -- especially next door to a railroad station. Their wishes were largely ignored for decades.

Enter Mr. Stern, master of nostalgic villas and shingled bungalows.

An earlier version of the Tuxedo Reserve development, which called for 2,400 units, received a preliminary approval from the town in 1991. But this year, a newly elected town board demanded far fewer apartments and town houses -- and fewer units overall.

The developers responded last year by bringing in Mr. Stern and lowering the density to 1,747 units, while increasing open space from 66 to 77 percent. There are plans to donate land for a school, to build housing for the elderly and to sponsor small-town retailing. (One cheerful rendering shows a butcher shop and a store selling cider, across from a cafe.) Mr. Stern hopes his plan will relieve what he calls "a general sense of pessimism" in the town.

No one questions that for a decade the town has stopped growing. The pharmacy moved out five years ago; the hospital folded in 1995. An antiques shop moved out last week.

This week, Mr. Magar said the Tuxedo Reserve developers had agreed to lower the number of units to 1,383. If they reduced that number to 1,300, the Town Supervisor said, he would endorse the plan, and he said an informal poll of the town board showed that it would pass.

The other developer in the wings, Sterling Forest L.L.C., plans to build its 1,620 housing units farther away from the center of Tuxedo, on 2,250 acres held back from 15,800 acres of Sterling Forest that were deeded to New York State in February. But the Sterling Forest development, for those older than 55, is less controversial. "Housing for older people is perceived to be tax-positive: they don't have kids in the schools, and they don't use up a lot of town services, like police," Mr. Magar said.

In his Tuxedo Reserve plan, Mr. Stern, now the dean of the Yale School of Architecture, has created different-size lots with $140,000 two-bedroom apartments and $700,000 "estate size" homes. The designs would be regulated by guidelines issued by the developers.

After reviewing the Tuxedo Reserve brochures and press releases, Tony Hiss, whose book "The Experience of Place" explores the ways communities are coping with urban sprawl, said the developers' stated goals -- to bring jobs and businesses, to increase the tax base and to improve the quality of life -- "generated a lot of questions."

Although the developers have increased the percentage of open space, Mr. Hiss called the new figure "really quite low." In Carmel, Calif., he said, a new planned development on land-grant property preserves 90 percent of the open space.

"I would ask whether there is a permanent fund to care for the forest and wildlife," he said. "How will the developers mitigate the impact on traffic? If the new town does attract further development, what would be its effect? And if it will attract new jobs, will they be permanent?"

The developers argue that their revision -- not yet public but summarized for this reporter -- addresses many of these concerns and that others -- like what to do about traffic -- are still to be worked out. They term the percentage of open space high. "In most master-planned communities, it's the opposite -- two-thirds to three-quarters is developed," said Glen M. Vetromile, who is managing the project for the Related Companies. The people of Tuxedo, he added, "are doing a lot of soul-searching right now about what they want to be."

They will continue to search. A hearing on the new plan is expected in February, Mr. Magar said. Construction, which could start late next year, will more likely begin in 2000, he said.

Meanwhile, the groups plan to keep monitoring the projects.

"We won't give up," Ms. Yrizarry vowed, "until the last road goes in and the last house is put up."

**Graphic**

Photos: TUXEDO JUNCTION -- How should a new subdivision, nostalgically depicted above in a rendering by Robert A. M. Stern, be carved out of the quiet hills around Tuxedo, N.Y.? (Robert A. M. Stern Architects; Fred R. Conrad/The New York Times)(pg. F1); WATCHDOG -- Mary Yrizarry, who lives in a Tuxedo house she inherited from her parents, wants to revise development plans. THEN AND NOW -- The Tuxedo cottages, above, recall another era; the proposed town houses, right, are Robert A. M. Stern designs. (Photographs by Fred R. Conrad/The New York Times)(pg.F11)

Drawing (Robert A. M. Stern Architects)(pg. F11)

**Load-Date:** November 26, 1998

**End of Document**



[***A Recovery, Such as It Is, Is Here***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:45YT-5G40-01CN-H2F3-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 2, 2002 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2002 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 14LI; Column 3; Long Island Weekly Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1422 words

**Byline:**  By IRA BRESKIN

**Body**

RECENT statistics suggest that the economic downturn on Long Island, a soft landing if ever there was one, is slowly heading out to sea. But analysts are generally predicting more months of doldrums before the local economy picks up any real speed.

"The Long Island economy has managed to avoid the brunt of the recent recession exacerbated by 9/11," said Irwin Kellner, a professor of economics at Hofstra University and chief economist at North Fork Bank.

Long Island had a net increase of 8,400 jobs for the 12 months ended April 30. In comparison, Long Island created an average of about 6,700 new positions in 2001 and 27,900 in 2000, said Gary Huth, the State Labor Department's analyst in Hicksville. Concurrently, the unemployment rate has fallen. In April, the last month for which statistics are available, the Long Island jobless rate was 3.8 percent, down from a peak of 4.6 percent in February.

The Island is doing even better in relative terms. The national unemployment rate in April was 6 percent, the highest in almost eight years. New York City's unemployment stood at 7.7 percent.

But even if the Island is stronger than most places, its performance remains anemic when compared with the stellar gains it posted just a year ago. The Island's recent modest payroll gain pales against the 14,000 jobs it added during the first quarter in 2001 and the 26,800 added the year before. And April's 3.8 percent local jobless rate was uncomfortably higher than the 2.6 percent posted in April 2001.

"Our feeling is that things are not that rosy," said Diane Cahill, the director of the Long Island Federation of Labor's Workforce Development Center, a job-training agency in Farmingdale.

Pearl Kamer, the chief economist for the Long Island Association, the leading local business group, said that even now, "this economy is slowing down, when measured in a historic context." But she concurred with Dr. Kellner that the Island's economy "appears to have escaped much of the fallout of the national recession."

"What helped us in this recession was the diversity of our economy." she said, referring to Long Island's success in the past decade in replacing thousands of high-paying, highly cyclical defense-related jobs with comparable-paying ones in service industries.

Matthew Crosson, the L.I.A. president, said the 27,000 Long Islanders now employed in defense-related jobs represent only 2.2 percent of the 1.2 million local work force, down from 7.3 percent a decade ago.

Long Island is essentially using these newly created service-industry positions as a shock absorber to soften the impact of the jobs and income lost by residents who worked locally and in New York City, Dr. Kamer said. Nassau County was hurt more by the World Trade Center attack because it has more city-bound commuters than Suffolk County, she added.

While there is no accurate accounting for the income drain on Long Island tied directly to the World Trade Center attack, that loss was meaningful to a local economy that was already slowing down, said Steven Cochrane, director of regional economic analysis for economy.com, an economic research company in West Chester, Pa.

The modest decline in business experienced this year by the Long Island Rail Road -- in terms of commuter ridership, or the number of monthly or weekly commutation passes sold, and total revenue -- reflects the trend. Through April, commuter ridership declined by 5 percent and and total revenue by 2.8 percent, compared with the same four months in 2001, the railroad said. And both declines were slightly steeper than the L.I.R.R. predicted when formulating its 2002 budget.

In the manufacturing sector, the experience of Formed Plastics, a small, privately held maker of specialty products in Carle Place, seems typical.

"We're not seeing many new projects or new designs going forward," said Patrick Long, the company's president.

Much of his business, he said, was from customers finally restocking after drawing down inventory that accumulated in the wake of the World Trade Center attack.

"A lot of people don't have much confidence in the economy," he said.

But other local industries, including information technology and travel and tourism, appear to be slowly emerging from a prolonged slumber that dates to the onset of the recession in early 2001.

Ed Avizur, the president of A.B. Computer Systems in Melville, said several customers decided recently to proceed with projects stalled since mid-2001.

"It is not like 2000 yet, but it's getting better," Mr. Avizur added.

But companies that cut technology staff following the onset of soft demand that predated the Sept. 11 attack have not rushed to fill vacant positions. The A.B. Computer unit that places programmers in temporary assignments regularly gets about 25 unsolicited resumes each week. That's more than five times the number received about 18 months ago, before the high-tech bubble burst, Mr. Avizur said.

Executives in the local travel and tourism industry, one of region's biggest economic contributors, predict a strong second half, said Michael Hollander, the president of the Long Island Convention and Visitors Bureau in Hauppauge.

He said industry revenue this year would increase by about 4 percent over 2001.

The rosier predictions for this summer come in part because of -- not despite -- the World Trade Center attack. Mr. Hollander said the soft economy and recent concerns about airplane security and safety should make vacations to more expensive and more distant locations less attractive, thus increasing the appeal of Long Island for the 20 million potential tourists living within 300 miles of the Island.

Still, industry revenues for the first half will be off by 5 percent to 8 percent from year-ago levels, Mr. Hollander predicted. The decline would be worse if not for the $100 million boost to the tourism industry from the United States Open golf tournament that's scheduled to be played next week at Bethpage State Park, and from the Belmont Stakes on Saturday, when attendance is expected to be up 20 percent because the Triple Crown will be at stake.

Some economic indicators have sailed along with hardly a hint that the go-go 90's are gone-gone. Undaunted Long Island consumers increased sales tax revenues by 4.4 percent during the 12 months ended April 30, according to Dr. Kellner. He said the comparable figure from 2001 was a 5.1 percent increase.

The median selling price of a single-family home on Long Island soared to $293,000 in April, a 26.2 percent increase from a year earlier, according to the Long Island Board of Realtors.

Stated another way, housing prices have effectively doubled since 1995, Dr. Kellner said.

The downside: a lack of affordable housing, especially for ***working-class*** families.

Long Island commercial property managers are faring much better in this recession than the major one from 1988 to 1992 because they curbed speculative overbuilding, Dr. Kamer said.

Only about 2 percent of the total square footage in Nassau County was available for sublease during the first quarter, and the 183,000 square feet under construction "is not excess supply, even in this soft economy," she said.

Office vacancy during the first quarter stood at a manageable 9.3 percent in Nassau County and 14.2 percent in Suffolk, according to Cushman & Wakefield data.

That translates into office rental rates averaging a respectable $28.85 per square foot in Nassau and $26.39 in Suffolk, Cushman & Wakefield said.

Also giving the the local economy a boost has been $2 billion in rate cuts provided by the Long Island Power Authority since 1998. The stimulus came in the form of a one-time rebate and an average $21 per month in savings for each of the 800,000 households LIPA serves. The lower power costs are the equivalent of an ongoing 2 percent bonus, Dr. Kellner said.

But it has not been enough to kick the local economy out of low gear. Dr. Kellner predicted that Long Island would increase total employment 0.8 percent this year and 1.5 percent next year. "Whatever the number, the total is well below historic standards," he said.

Dr. Kamer offered a similarly lukewarm general outlook. "A relatively tepid U.S. economic rebound during the remainder of this year is likely to limit regional employment and income growth," she wrote recently.

Mr. Cochrane of economy.com predicted a slow takeoff for Long Island, with total employment rising by 0.6 percent in 2002 and 1.1 percent in 2003, with personal income growth of 1.5 percent this year and 3.7 percent in 2003.

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

**Graphic**

Graphs track unemployment rate and county sales tax reciepts for Nassau and Suffolk counties since Jan. 2001. (pg. 8)

**Load-Date:** June 2, 2002

**End of Document**



[***ONCE UPON A SUMMERTIME IN BELLPORT***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-KNY0-0008-N2GR-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

February 5, 1984, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1984 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 11LI; Page 22, Column 1; Long Island Weekly Desk

**Length:** 1053 words

**Byline:** By PATRICIA O'FLANAGAN; Patricia O'Flanagan Corley lives in Selden.

**Body**

WITH Bellport catapulted into national prominence not long ago by way of the fireworks disaster, much has been reported of its wide- ranging housing developments, its predominantly ***working-class*** population. Nowhere, however, has its once glamorous past won mention.

I know of that past. My nose was pressed against its sparkling windows. I come trailing the withered leaves, keening the lost echoes.

Bellport in the mid-1940's served as choice summer sanctuary and playground for what is called the well-to- do. Parvenus, most of them. Not to be confused with the Hamptons summer people of the period, where blue blood and old money were overall distinguishing characteristics.

Though the great natural beauty of the East End was never Bellport's, it held an understated lure of its own, for all that. Stretches of field and wetland were bountiful. The bay had a narrow sandy beach with little patches of sea grass and wild rose randomly bedecking it. We swam there, and rowed, and fished. On occasion, we went gliding off in a rich friend's sailboat.

Our family was a bit of an oddity in that it hailed from raffish Queens (as opposed to a Locust Valley, a Rockville Centre), where my father's medical office connected with the living quarters. The modest summer house we rented for the season had the requisite far-flung lawns, though they were regrettably devoid of tennis court, swimming pool, stable and boathouse.

The houses of the Bellport privileged were not architectural splendors, but tended simply toward a palatial, well-appointed look. A staff of three or four servants would be in charge of them, with the aid often of a Filipino houseboy. In those days, Filipino houseboys amounted to a top status symbol. Word had it that the war was responsible. Apparently fleeing their islands before the occupation, these young men landed on American shores and went about cornering the houseboy job market.

I remember the air humming, as summer air will. Beneath all the diverse sounds lay this hum of expectancy, as if something incredibly thrilling were set to happen any second. At early twilight near the water, or cycling past the long, winding, gravel driveways, you might hear it in distant voices rising and falling, with tinkling glasses accompanyng them, and tunes like ''Tangerine'' or ''Green Eyes'' being played by a hired band.

All the parties in preparation! I cherished the heartening sounds of them, and the special light of Long Island summer evenings with the smell of the sea pervading. Words from W.H. Auden describe the feeling: '' like a child coming upon the sound of adult laughter, and starting to be happy.''

The lawns of these summer houses seemed to roll on for miles, and they were invariably dappled in sunlight and shade, and fragrant with delicate flowers. Dense high hedges kept things properly secluded. It reminded you of Scott Fitzgerald's West Egg a little, even as you knew that the mansions and carefree opulence of an East Hampton suited West Egg infinitely more than anything nice little Bellport had to offer.

Could one of us have dreamed then that all of it would pass with unseemly haste? That the engaging families and their summers were to vanish within the decade? That real estate developers lay coiled in wait, ready to dart out and uproot what had been there, chopping graceful lawns into circumscribed acres, building assembly-line houses?

The teen-agers of those departed households would throw frequent, very casual parties, with charades and dancing to the music of record players predominating. For the fun of it, some boy might submerge a beach chair in a swimming pool, prompting others to join him in retrieving it. No one objected. The harmless pranks of the young were viewed indulgently by friends and townspeople alike.

Shooting out a traffic light on the way home from a party, for instance, amused the local constabulary more than anyting else: ''Hey, those summer kids are something, aren't they?'' Besides, what traffic of any significance was there to worry about?

The older brothers and sisters in these households favored colleges like Yale and Vassar or the military schools. The brother of a friend of mine was an Annapolis midshipman, who naturally, as befit his age and rank, avoided all contact with his siblings' social circles. I'd frequently see him sailing his boat with effortless precision, his stance purposeful like some stalwert Viking taking stock of freshly besieged coastlines, the sun gleaming on his noble, blond head.

I had succeeded in keeping my crush on him secret from the world. This was, after all, a full-grown man of 19, and bound to find such news hilarious or annoying or both.

Once, around dusk, his sisters and several friends were gathered at the boathouse, and he chose to saunter over. I watched him staring at the water, at the waves lightly lapping against the dock. Was he, perhaps, listening to our idle chatter? He turned around suddenly and faced me. Me of all people!

I heard him calling out: ''What's this I hear about you being an atheist?''

Everyone had stopped talking. Utter silence reigned. There he stood, staring fixedly at me, wanting a reply. A blush was suffusing my face. I thought at least the deepening shadows must be hiding the sight.

''But I'm not,'' I managed to say. ''Just because I like Darwin, some nitwit might think that - ''

My noble Viking mulled this over. Then, gaze unwavering, he observed: ''I know I could never date a girl who didn't believe in the soul.''

I went numb. Imagine, he'd been thinking of me in that way! Whether as girl to date, or not to date, it amounted to the same thing. I, who had just turned 15, and hardly as pretty as he was used to.

Things on the dock were getting noisy again. Someone pointed out the evening star. The Viking disappeared into his boathouse while I glowed with rapture the rest of the night. He'd been thinking of me *in that way.*

Years later, I came to see myself as a kind of Gatsby. A female, teen- aged, woefully one-dimensional Gatsby where even the verbal badinage went unrequited. And Midgie's lofty big brother - the Daisy of the piece.

Not that Bellport was without its West Egg aura quite apart from all this, heaven knows.

Oh, why do the news reports stay unaware of the magical Bellport of yore? Can't they hint at least that it once existed?

**Graphic**

photos of Bellport

**End of Document**



[***In Orwell's Footsteps***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:59VG-G071-JBG3-63CP-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 17, 2013 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2013 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section M2; Column 0; T: Travel Magazine; Pg. 118; T MAGAZINE

**Length:** 2960 words

**Byline:** By LAWRENCE OSBORNE

**Body**

In Myanmar, a long-isolated nation now opening up to the world after decades of brutal military rule, one still finds romantic echoes of the former British colony that inspired the young author to pen his first novel, 'Burmese Days.'

Wandering around Yangon, the former capital city of Myanmar, always makes me think of George Orwell. Yangon's old British buildings have the look of Gothic ruins gone astray in a tropical forest that cannot accommodate their scale. They rise up under a monsoon moon, massive and darkened and ill placed -- the High Court a Queen Anne-style brick castle with a gloomy clock tower, like a London railway station reproduced here by some demented committee. Seen after midnight, they recall the state prisons and labyrinths of ''1984,'' a novel that, like many of the works by a onetime Burma resident then known as Eric Blair, was once nominally banned here. Times, though, have changed: at the first Irrawaddy Literary Festival earlier this year, copies of Orwell books were handed out to participants, and the organizers of Britain's Orwell Prize came to the country to celebrate their man's Burmese past. Blair would have been amused.

It is strange to think of a young and unknown Orwell, who was born in India to a father who worked as an overseer of the colonial opium business, perhaps pacing around the ghostly Sule Pagoda 90 years ago and taking in this same view that I often enjoy when walking around the Maha Bandula park late at night. Back then, I suppose, on empty Sule Pagoda Road next to the park, gangs of boys did not play soccer under streetlamps, their naked backs glistening with sweat. The streets were probably swept free of garbage, and the dogs that swarm through them today would have been taken care of in brutal fashion. It was a different city, a famously wilder, greener place.

During a monsoon week, I lay in the Strand Hotel in proper British style, reading Orwell again, with a plan to find traces of his Burma in the cities of Yangon, Bagan and Mandalay -- areas that are swiftly being renovated by the state to make Myanmar, long closed to the outside world, a mainstream tourist attraction.

The Strand, right on the river, is still a gateway to Yangon's British past, with its high tea of mout lin mayar (rice-flour cakes) and dumplings stuffed with jaggery, its army of butlers and its high and noble bar. I read ''Burmese Days'' with my 3 p.m. Earl Grey and scones, followed by a scented cheroot cigar -- rain pounding the windows -- and was surprised to find that it is the rare Orwell work in which a landscape is as powerfully depicted as the characters.

Published in 1934, ''Burmese Days'' was Orwell's first novel, and although it reveals the insidious effect that his stint as a policeman in various small Burmese towns had had upon him (most famously recorded in his essay ''Shooting an Elephant''), it also demonstrates his sensitivity to an underlying way of life -- the rhythms of the Irrawaddy, the culture's supernatural undercurrents, the grace and secrecy and stoicism of a ''native'' population that had no voice. It also contains surely the best description of a traditional slapstick zat pwe dance performance ever committed to paper, down to the young dancer moving the two halves of her derriÃ¨re to a complex rhythm.

The hero of ''Burmese Days,'' the young John Flory, has many traits in common with the quiet, withdrawn 20-something bookworm Eric Blair. Both protagonist and author had to co-exist with an array of exasperated and maddening colonial types. Of course, Flory, after being rejected by a shallow English socialite, ends up killing himself with a pistol, while Blair enjoyed a happier future, returning to England to become George Orwell. But the two share a host of irritations, rages and sadnesses, and I suspect a dark love of the Burmese forests. (There is a wonderful scene, in fact, during the first monsoon rains, in which Flory wanders naked into the forest and lets the downpour heal his heat rashes.)

''Your whole life is a life of lies,'' the narrator rebukes himself. ''Year after year you sit in Kipling-haunted little Clubs, whisky to right of you, Pink'un to left of you, listening and eagerly agreeing while Colonel Bodger develops his theory that these bloody Nationalists should be boiled in oil.''

What was the real extent of Burma's spell over Orwell's mind? It was explored in depth by Emma Larkin in her book ''Finding George Orwell in Burma,'' in which she makes a sinisterly compelling argument. Orwell's great trilogy of novels (''Burmese Days,'' ''Animal Farm'' and ''1984â€³), she contends, presciently track the development of Burma -- a colonial society transformed, through independence and the socialist military coup in 1962, into a version of ''Animal Farm,'' and then ''1984.'' Fortunately, the evolution continues with recent reforms and the 2010 release from house arrest of Aung San Suu Kyi, the famous dissident and now opposition leader.

Orwell was posted to the Irrawaddy Delta in 1924 and spent his days doing crime-scene forensics and surveillance work, a job that gave him an invaluable insight into how police states work. But the monotonous, disorienting plains may also have shaped him in darker ways. Burma was one of the most violent parts of the British Raj. Dacoits, or armed gangs, roamed its waterways, visiting terror on the populace.

As I wandered every night through the heart of Burma's old colonial city -- known in Orwell's day as Rangoon -- down the length of Merchant Road and the wide avenues dripping with interwoven trees, I sensed how that long-dead society with its secret police and its neurotic surveillance bureaucracy had given rise directly both to the authoritarian government of today and Orwell's masterpiece of yesterday.

But the verdant capital, to which officials like Orwell longed to return after lengthy stints in the jungle, remains alluring. ''Oh, the joy of those Rangoon trips!'' as Flory puts it in ''Burmese Days.'' ''The rush to Smart and Mookerdum's bookshop for the new novels out from England, the dinner at Anderson's with beefsteaks and butter that had travelled eight thousand miles on ice, the glorious drinking-bout!''

I couldn't find Anderson's and its beefsteaks -- it has long disappeared, or perhaps it has been renamed. Still, the British buildings remain, with their curious resemblance to the fictional London slums described in the opening pages of ''1984,'' ''sordid colonies of wooden dwellings like chicken houses'' -- except that they are also monumental, lovely and haunted. Often painted aquamarine and dark liver-red, garnished with creeping moss and ferns, and adorned with dripping laundry, they are the ruins of an older city that is still alive -- accidentally beautiful things preserved by failure.

Around the corner from the Strand, I often passed a pale gray columned classical European building, flying a state flag out front and bearing the Orwellian label Bureau of Special Investigations. A man was asleep on the porch, his head resting on a tray of cauliflowers.

One night, I made a time-consuming trek to find a Muslim shrine I had always wanted to visit, the tomb of the last Mughal Emperor Bahadur Shah Zafar, which today lies on a deserted back street not far from the Shwedagon Pagoda. Zafar was exiled by the British to Rangoon in 1858 after the failed Sepoy Rebellion and died there four years later. The shrine that now houses his remains is spare and unvisited, and a lone guardian comes to the locked metal gates to admit the curious. Standing there in pouring rain, at the edge of an unlit alley, I wondered at the way my own people had busily gone about terminating dynasties -- and histories -- that might threaten their own new order. The guardian showed me around, and then we stood under the pasty portrait of Zafar himself pinned to the outside wall. ''First visitor this month,'' he said sadly, but with an ineffable defiance.

How quickly memory is effaced. The work of empire, indeed, is the work of memory effacement. On another night I went to have dinner at the home of a 90-year-old British Army veteran named Tancy McDonald. A retired minister of the Anglican church who was married to a Burmese woman for many years, he lives in a neighborhood near the airport called Insein, quiet as a rural hamlet in the jungle, and over tea and jaggery he remembered with perfect clarity the society Orwell had described in his book -- the world of the ''pukka sahib,'' or the aloof, impeccably gentlemanly British administrator. Like Orwell's mother, Tancy's British father owned a rubber plantation in the south, and it's possible they knew each other.

''The Burmese always had to call every British person 'Sir,' '' he recalled. ''It was appalling. But then again, I also remember Rangoon as a beautiful place -- a population of 400,000, clean, orderly. You can't imagine how nice it was. The mistake we made after the war was to get rid of the British administration. It was a disaster. India and Malaysia didn't make that mistake.''

''How about the changing of the country's name?''

''Actually, I prefer Myanmar to Burma. It's more authentic.''

''But it's a variation of the same word,'' I objected. ''Both are valid.''

There was a canny smile in return.

Tancy remembered the war. The British were virtually unarmed, and the Japanese entered Rangoon easily. Separated from his artillery unit, Tancy simply walked to India with three friends, where he joined a new unit. He was happy to fight for the British.

He asked me if I'd be taking the ''road to Mandalay,'' so named, of course, after Kipling's rousing poem.

''It's a bit of clichÃ©,'' I said.

On the road to Mandalay,Where the flyin'-fishes play,An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crost the Bay!

Kipling is a tough and formidable poet, but like Orwell, I cannot stand his failed attempt to render ***working-class*** soldier patois. In fact, Orwell both loathed and admired Kipling, the ''good bad poet,'' as he called him. And yet, the intense vibration that the very word ''Mandalay'' sets up in the English-speaking mind is a remarkable thing. Didn't Frank Sinatra do a version of Kipling's ditty?

''Maybe it's all a clichÃ©, as you say,'' Tancy replied. ''But Mandalay is still Mandalay. At least they didn't change the name. It's filled with businessmen now -- you might find it somewhat unromantic.''

In Kipling's and indeed Orwell's time, one traveled from Rangoon to Mandalay by paddle steamer on the Irrawaddy, a journey of several days. Via the new recently completed express road, it takes about nine hours. On the way, one can stop to visit the nation's new capital city of Nay Pyi Taw, which was created out of nothing beginning in 2004 to replace Yangon.

The Indian journalist Siddharth Varadarajan noted on a visit to Myanmar's capital that it is ''the ultimate insurance against regime change, a masterpiece of urban planning designed to defeat any putative 'colour revolution' -- not by tanks or water cannons, but by geography and cartography.'' The whole thing is lit up at night like a wedding with no guests. It's a utopia with no guiding principle, and a capital city with no diplomats, since they refuse to leave the comforts and karaoke clubs of Yangon. And yet it is filled with imperial longings and references. The name means ''Abode of Kings'': an attempt, then, to start yet another new history.

Before continuing on to Mandalay, I headed east to Bagan, where I stayed a couple of nights at a new resort called the Aureum Palace, which has been opened inside the archaeological zone, among more than 2,000 temples ranging from the 11th to the 13th centuries. There can be no more astute positioning of a contemporary resort, something the Chinese honeymooners in the temple-view pool surely appreciated.

Restored as a ''Burmese Angkor Wat,'' Bagan is an inevitable stop on the tourist circuit. Where Nay Pyi Taw is a postmodern utopia, Bagan is a modern vision of an ancient one. Its thousands of pagodas spread across a parklike plain have been restored in strange and inauthentic ways, a gaudy mix of the 12th century and the 21st. It's beautiful, moving and only half convincing.

''Then where does the past exist . . . ?'' Winston's interrogator, O'Brien, inquired in ''1984,'' still a good question.

The most interesting of the great Bagan pagodas is the forbiddingly massive Dhammayangyi, built by King Narathu around 1170 to atone for the sin of murdering both his brother and his father, Alaungsithu. Its interior is windowless and gloomy, the inner sanctuary walled off for centuries as if its contents had been a state secret that even succeeding generations would not be allowed to see. According to popular legend, the evil king demanded that the stones be mortared together so finely that a blade could not pass between them, decreeing that any workman who failed to do so would be relieved of his arm immediately. As I wandered around the half-lit galleries admiring the frescoes of elephants, a young girl in yellow thanaka face paint approached, holding a cellophaned book for sale to tourists: ''Burmese Days.'' She led me to the slotted stones where the arm severing is thought to have happened and made me place one of my arms in the groove. It fit perfectly. She then said that Narathu was assassinated ''by Indians,'' making a chopping motion on her own tiny arm.

''How do you know?'' I asked.

''Whisper, whisper.''

''Is it true?''

''Buy Orwell, one dolla.''

I drove to Mandalay on the road that winds alongside the Irrawaddy. It's a long, lulling drive through lowland paddies and bamboo thatch villages. In the distance, I could make out the great brooding river flashing between low hills and scattered gold pagodas, where flocks of goats wandered with boys in bamboo cloche hats.

The outskirts of Mandalay came upon me gradually, strangely anachronistic: chimneys of little factories puffing black smoke, like the piecemeal industrial landscapes of the 19th century; wide waterways of hyacinth and sugar palms, still more gold pagodas, white-horned cows everywhere, men hacking at logs, and horses tethered under kapoks.

''Mandalay is rather a disagreeable town -- '' complained the narrator of ''Burmese Days,'' ''it is dusty and intolerably hot, and it is said to have five main products all beginning with P, namely, pagodas, pariahs, pigs, priests and prostitutes.''

The pagodas are still here, if the other four ''products'' are less in evidence (though the latter might be more familiar to the aforementioned businessmen). Mandalay is one of the few places in Myanmar where a foreigner can ride a motorbike, and on mine I went through the town's chaotic temple neighborhoods, past the teak U Bein bridge at dusk, where the monks sit along the lakefront on weathered terraces. I visited the jetty at the end of a long, tree-shaded road, where the boat leaves for Inwa, the old ruined capital that was destroyed by an earthquake in 1839.

From my hotel, the Sedona, at the edge of the vast moat that surrounds the Mandalay Palace, I could walk the mile to the East Gate -- the only one that foreigners are allowed to use. Above this gate hangs a shrill sign courtesy of the army, which is called the Tatmadaw in Burmese: TATMADAW AND THE PEOPLE, COOPERATE AND CRUSH ALL THOSE HARMING THE UNION. Ironic to think that Orwell did his police training less than a mile away.

The Palace itself possesses something of the moated grandeur of the Forbidden City in Beijing, with its teak-roofed towers rising above the gates. It is mostly a military base now, off-limits to visitors, but that was the case under the British as well. The wooden palace, where Burma's last two kings, Mindon and his son Thibaw, ruled in the quarter century before the arrival of the British, is a modern reconstruction of the 1859 original, which was burned down during World War II.

To walk the now bare-bones rooms of the ''Famed Royal Emerald Palace'' during the rains, when they are empty, is haunting indeed, what with their dark red wooden columns and their life-size models of the two kings and their consorts sitting on replica thrones. One sees Thibaw's dainty royal bed surrounded by four glass-encrusted columns, and vitrines full of imperial regalia, including the ruby-covered royal sandals. A whole arcane, intricate world of ritual reduced to a single glass case of dusty relics.

Where does the past live, then, as Winston was asked? Nearby, in the Kuthodaw Pagoda, is the so-called world's largest book, its inscribed stone tablets housed in 729 whitewashed stupas arranged in lines, each tablet bearing a page of the Buddhist canon. Walking through the star-flower trees between the stupas, among families enjoying open-air picnics, one is bound to think yet again of Orwell, who would have known this place well.

The British maintained a garrison here until 1890, and they are thought to have stripped all the gold lettering from the texts (as well as stealing 6,000 bronze bells). But a physical stone book of such size is far less easy to ban than mere paperback copies of ''1984,'' or for that matter the paper books that had disappeared from Orwell's imaginary future. The tablets might have been either an inspiration or a warning to the young police officer who wandered here almost a century ago, or perhaps they left no impression on him at all. In the end Burma was utterly alien to Orwell. He described the place, sometimes lovingly, but ultimately its warmth and beauty eluded him. Perhaps he could not see his way past the colonial machinery in which he was implicated. Out of its oppressive heat, cruelty and beauty, however, he made not one great novel but three.

This is a more complete version of the story than the one that appeared in print.

[*http://tmagazine.blogs.nytimes.com/2013/11/15/in-myanmar-retracing-george-orwells-steps/*](http://tmagazine.blogs.nytimes.com/2013/11/15/in-myanmar-retracing-george-orwells-steps/)

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: Vantage Point: The picturesque Popa Taungkalat Buddhist monastery sits atop an outcrop of Mount Popa, an active volcano southeast of Bagan in central Myanmar.

Written In Stone: The 729 stupas at Kuthodaw Pagoda in Mandalay each house a marble slab inscribed with Buddhist scriptures and are collectively referred to as the world's largest book. Opposite: the High Court building in Yangon (left), a vestige of the city's colonial past.

Swept Aside: A moat surrounds Mandalay Palace, the dwelling place of Burma's last monarchy. Opposite: colorful brooms sit outside the ancient Shwedagon Pagoda in Yangon, where Buddhist worshipers gather in prayer.

Golden Oldie: Visitors gather outside the towering, gilded Shwedagon Pagoda. An exact replica of the pagoda was built in Nay Pyi Taw, which has been Myanmar's capital since 2006.

In Plain Sight: Temples dot the landscape in the ancient city of Bagan. Opposite: the Myanmar Port Authority (left) sits across from the former British tax office in downtown Yangon. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD MOSSE)

**Load-Date:** November 24, 2013

**End of Document**



[***Some Democrats Believe the Party Should Get Religion***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4DTH-NW50-TW8F-G203-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 17, 2004 Wednesday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2004 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Column 1; National Desk; Pg. 20

**Length:** 1594 words

**Byline:** By DAVID D. KIRKPATRICK

**Body**

Bested by a Republican campaign emphasizing Christian faith, some Democrats are scrambling to shake off their secular image, stepping up efforts to organize the ''religious left'' and debating changes to how they approach the cultural flashpoints of same-sex marriage and abortion.

Some call the election a warning. ''You can't have everybody who goes to church vote Republican; you just can't,'' Al From, founder of the Democratic Leadership Council, said last week at a forum on the election.

Religious traditionalists including Dr. Richard Land, president of the Ethics and Religious Liberty Commission of the conservative Southern Baptist Convention, and Jim Wallis of the liberal evangelical group Sojourners say Democratic officials are calling them for advice on reaching conservative Christians. And they and some other theologically orthodox supporters of Mr. Bush say it may not take much for Democrats to make inroads among their constituency, if the party demonstrates a greater friendliness to religious beliefs and even modestly softens its support for abortion rights.

''It would not be hard,'' said the Rev. Richard John Neuhaus, editor of the journal First Things and a conservative Catholic who has advised Mr. Bush on how to handle the issue of abortion.

But Democrats disagree about how to establish the party's spiritual credentials. Some play down the need for changes, saying poorly framed surveys of voters leaving polls are overstating the impact of conservative Christian voters. Others argue that Democrats need to rephrase their positions in more moral and religious language. And an emboldened group of Democratic partisans and sympathetic religious leaders warn that Mr. Bush has beaten Democrats to the middle on social issues like abortion that resonate with religious traditionalists, arguing that the party should publicly welcome opponents of abortion into its ranks and perhaps even bend in its opposition to certain abortion restrictions.

In an interview, Mr. From pointed out that Republicans invited officials who disagreed with the party's position on abortion rights, like Gov. Arnold Schwarzenegger of California and Rudolph W. Giuliani, the former mayor of New York, to speak at their national convention. Democrats should do likewise, he argued.

''I want to win some people who are pro-life, because they probably agree with us on a lot of other things,'' Mr. From said.

Even that, however, would shock some Democrats. No prominent opponent of abortion has come anywhere near the podium of a Democratic convention since 1992, when abortion rights groups blocked a speech on the subject by Robert P. Casey, the governor of Pennsylvania and an observant Catholic.

''Our platform and the grass-roots strength of the party is pro-choice,'' said Elizabeth Cavendish, interim president of Naral Pro-Choice America. The party needs more religious language, Ms. Cavendish said, but not new positions.

Many Democrats agree. Citing statistics showing that the incidence of abortion fell under President Bill Clinton and rose under President Bush, they argue that the party can reach religious voters without flinching from its current stance on abortion rights by shifting the debate from the legality to the frequency of the procedure -- a reprise of Mr. Clinton's formulation that abortion should be ''safe, legal and rare.''

''We would like to see fewer abortions and we want our children to learn good values,'' said Representative Rosa DeLauro, Democrat of Connecticut, a Catholic who has led her party's efforts to reach religious voters and was chairwoman of its 2004 platform committee.

Democrats need to make the case that health care, jobs and sex education can reduce the number of abortion procedures, even without making them illegal, Ms. DeLauro said. At the same time, she said, they need to emphasize the religious imperatives behind ''pushing for real health care reform, reluctance before war and alternatives to abortion, such as adoption,'' as she put it in a letter to Cardinal Theodore E. McCarrick of Washington signed by dozens of Catholics in Congress in the spring.

''An overwhelming number of Democrats are people of faith,'' Ms. DeLauro said. ''We need to be more explicit and more public about our convictions and our beliefs.''

Democratic partisans are also stepping up efforts begun in the last months of the campaign to rally the churches and religious groups already inclined to take their side. Weekly campaign-season conference calls of progressive Christian leaders have become a forum to plot strategy and coordinate actions, just as they say conservatives have done.

When Mr. Bush named the White House counsel, Alberto R. Gonzales, as his choice for attorney general, for example, liberal members of the Christian clergy immediately convened to plan a statement criticizing Mr. Gonzales for writing memorandums that appeared to support the use of torture, said Tom Perriello of Res Publica, a group that helps organize the calls.

Mr. Perriello said many of the religious leaders involved were also pushing the Democrats to be more assertive in fighting poverty and promoting ''social justice'' but also to soften their stance on abortion. ''There is an interest in finding a middle way,'' he said. ''It predates the election year, but there is a little more willingness to listen to it now.''

In the election's aftermath, some Democrats also say their party needs to do more than talk about religion to win more churchgoer votes. They argue that Mr. Bush outflanked Senator John Kerry with carefully drawn positions on abortion and same-sex marriage. Even as Mr. Bush supported an amendment to the Constitution to ban same-sex marriage, he also emphasized tolerance, breaking with his most conservative Christian supporters to repeatedly say he favored allowing states to recognize same-sex couples in other ways, like civil unions.

Mr. Kerry's official position differed only on the need for amending the Constitution, but he seldom brought up the subject. Although few Democrats are ready to give in on the proposed federal amendment, many Democrats and liberal Christians say privately that they may need to distance themselves more forcefully from the idea of same-sex marriage, standing instead near Mr. Bush in support of civil unions.

''Let's not call it marriage,'' said Mr. Wallis of Sojourners, who addressed religious outreach lunch at the Democratic convention this year. ''The culture is not ready for that. The principle is legal protection for same-sex couples. It would take the issue away and that issue wouldn't win or lose elections anymore.''

But it is Mr. Bush's careful stance on abortion that has generated the most soul searching. Although he ended federal financing for international groups that provide abortions, he has never explicitly committed to opposing the main abortion rights court precedents. Instead, he refers to the less explicit notion of a ''culture of life.'' And he counts as a major achievement the ban on the type of procedure its opponents call partial-birth abortion, which passed with bipartisan support.

''He lets himself take credit for a hard-line stance on abortion that he has never really endorsed,'' Mr. Wallis said, arguing that Democrats could ''change the whole landscape'' by moderating their own position.

Representative Tim Ryan, Democrat of Ohio, argued that in the pivotal Midwest the appearance of inflexibility on abortion rights was a heavy burden on Democratic candidates. Like most Democrats, Mr. Ryan said he supported the court precedents establishing abortion rights, but he argued that the party should relax its opposition to the partial-birth abortion ban, parental notification laws and the bill making it a second crime to harm a fetus when harming a pregnant woman.

''In middle America, how do you argue that killing a pregnant woman is not a double homicide?'' he said.

It might take only a few alterations for Democrats to start gaining traction with orthodox Christians, Father Neuhaus of First Things said.

''To be perfectly cynical about it,'' Father Neuhaus said, ''what would a leading Democrat, even a Hillary Clinton, have to do? She could come out against partial-birth abortion, she could come out for parental notification. She could begin to represent herself as moderately pro-choice, maybe even with some linguistic sleight of hand, moderately pro-life.''

Pollsters say Democrats might well find fertile ground among theological conservatives, if the party could get around those divisive social issues and its secular reputation.

Many conservative Christians who vote Republican because of their views on abortion and same-sex marriage are ***working class*** or middle class, and they often hold liberal views on economics, social welfare and the environment, said John Green, a political scientist at the University of Akron who conducts polls on religion and politics. But to reach religious voters, Mr. Green said, the Democrats ''have their work cut out for them.''

Some Democrats worry that the party might bend too far to please religious voters. Representative Jerrold Nadler of New York, a Democrat and a Jew, argued that there was no evidence that more people voted ''based on faith'' this year than four years ago. If Mr. Bush renews his popular calls for federal financing of social services that hired on the basis of religion, Mr. Nadler contended, Democrats still need to oppose it. ''If you use federal funding, you can't discriminate,'' he said. ''We can't compromise on that.''

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

**Graphic**

Photo: Al From, founder of the Democratic Leadership Council. (Photo by Gregory Smith/Associated Press)

**Load-Date:** November 17, 2004

**End of Document**



[***THE TALK OF BARCELONA;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-KWY0-0008-N1WG-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***IN CATALONIA, SCORN FOR MADRID, RESPECT FOR MONEY***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-KWY0-0008-N1WG-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 11, 1984, Wednesday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1984 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Page 2, Column 3; Foreign Desk

**Length:** 1036 words

**Byline:** By JOHN DARNTON

**Dateline:** BARCELONA, Spain

**Body**

The quarrel between Madrid and Barcelona runs deeper than New York-Washington. It predates Fort Worth-Dallas, is more heartfelt than Los Angeles-San Francisco. It goes something like this: ''Barcelona has an opera house.'' ''Madrid has the Prado.''

''In Barcelona, daily life is richer.''

''In Madrid, the night life is livelier.''

''Where did Picasso choose to live?''

''But who got Guernica?''

''El Bar,ca is a better soccer team.''

''But Real Madrid beats them.''

''Barcelona is more . . . more European.''

End of argument.

This elegant and sophisticated city has always felt a touch of disdain toward its younger cousin, the Castilian capital, seat of the monarchy and central Government.

Columbus Points the Way It prefers to look elsewhere, say to Paris, for inspiration and guidance on what clothes to wear or what cuisine to put on the table. Record shops put albums of Leo Ferre, the French chansonnier, in front of those of Julio Iglesias.

Barcelona's spirit is stubborn, as hard as the rocks of the castle on the mountain of Montjuich, built by its citizens rising up in revolt against Philip IV in 1640. Its vision is expansive and commercial, following the counsel of Columbus's statue, atop a pedestral on the waterfront, whose outstretched finger points toward the riches beyond the sea.

Since Francisco Franco's death in 1975, Catalans have regained their language and wrested a measure of home rule. They have sidestepped the more violent expressions of ''nationalism'' - that the word ''nationalism'' is always used in describing the aspirations of Spain's regions shows how deep the feelings run - that are tearing apart the Basque region.

Separatist feelings perhaps exist to some degree, but they are covered over with a layer of pride and pragmatism that finds an outlet in the traditional Catalan enterprise, making money.

''Besides, all our terrorists end up getting caught,'' said Alfons Quinta, a journalist who now heads the new Catalan television station.

Indeed, the newspapers of the day carried a report about the arrest of five men for demanding ''revolutionary taxes,'' sums paid by banks and businesses to avoid bombings or kidnappings by terrorists. This is an everyday affair in the Basque country, but not here in Catalonia. The police were quick to let out the word that the men were not terrorists at all, simply people out of work who had turned to extortion.

Reviving the Language

Jordi Pujol, president of the autonomous regional government called the Generalitat, finds that the Catalan nationalism that revived a few years ago when the dictatorship expired is now ''working in another form.''

''There's a concern for the recuperation of the language, a construction of institutions,'' he said, sitting on a couch in his vaulted office inside a 15th-century palace with Gothic staircases and orange grove courtyards, itself a symbol of Catalan pride.

''It's less spectacular and harder to see, but I believe the national reality is stronger now than it was some years ago.''

As might be expected in a region that is an industrial center, producing about a quarter of the country's gross national product with one-sixth of its population, the bite of the economic crisis is keenly felt. Unemployment averages 22 percent throughout the four Catalan provinces and reaches 30 percent in some places.

Thousands of workers who came up from Andalusia, following the route of their ancestors on the train from the south known as the transmiseriano, now find themselves out of work. Called immigrants, they live as best they can in the poor section of town, the notorious Barrio Chino.

Las Ramblas, the vast and lively walkway that cuts through town, a monument to the Catalans' passion for the leisurely stroll called the paseo, is not quite what it was when Somerset Maugham dubbed it the most engaging street in the world.

Beware of the Thieves

There are still outdoor newsstands, one after another, each as big as a bookstore. There are still the large flower stalls, splashes of color that take your breath away. And still the birdcages piled one on top of another, ducks at the bottom and parakeets at the top, upon which pigeons love to roost, vaunting their freedom.

But a bit of seediness has crept in, peep shows and sex shops at the bottom, near Columbus's statue, and fast-food stores up above, where old men talk politics long past dusk.

Some of the talk these days is about the prostitutes who line the street down the way and also about crime. Crime has got so bad that people in a nearby barrio have written warnings on the walls, telling tourists to beware of thieves.

''I've been robbed five times,'' said Lali Badosa, a young artist. ''Twice with a knife. Once was during a bank robbery. A man held a gun three inches from my nose. It's getting downright dangerous.''

In Spain the New Year is ushered in with 12 grapes, each one swallowed at the stroke of midnight to its own chime. Since the new year belongs to George Orwell, people have in his homage been recalling ''Homage to Catalonia.''

Barcelona is not as he described it in December 1936, when ''the ***working class*** was in the saddle.'' Then, he wrote, the buildings were draped with red and black flags of the Anarchists, nobody wore suits, tipping was forbidden by law, waiters looked you in the eye and even shoeshine boys had been collectivized, their boxes painted red and black.

But there are still traces of the movement around here and there. Graffiti scrawled on walls calls the ruling Socialists ''lackeys of capitalism.'' Posters are up, depicting what seems to be a man smothering in a sea of pink, mocking their accomplishments. Postcards flood the market with horrific graphics, under epigrams such as ''There are men who without a tie are nobody,'' or ''How can you say prisons are necessary, you who have never been a prisoner.''

All this is the work of a turbulent, fractious, but still alive National Confederation of Labor, the once formidible army of Spanish anarcho-syndicalists that numbered two million in 1936. The band of Bakunin and Kropotkin loyalists is small but hopeful. ''We're regrouping,'' said an activist at a table piled high with literature advising, ''Smash the state - let fun be your career.''

**Graphic**

photo of Barcelona

**End of Document**



[***A Fervent 'No' To Assimilation In New America***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-WF40-0024-J28C-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 29, 1993, Tuesday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1993 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** National Desk

**Section:** Section A;; Section A; Page 10; Column 1; National Desk; Column 1;

**Length:** 1169 words

**Byline:** By DEBORAH SONTAG

By DEBORAH SONTAG

**Body**

For Guilienne Audelin, a 15-year-old Haitian-American who attends a predominantly black high school in Miami, assimilation is a dirty word. It means joining the ranks of the disaffected in her inner-city neighborhood, she said, and being stamped as a "dummy" by a broader American society that she believes does not see beyond color. It means abandoning her immigrant parents' dreams for her future, and she simply refuses to do that.

"Nothing could stop me from trying to have a better life than we have now," she said.

The first broad study of the children of immigrants in 50 years debunks a longstanding assumption about the American immigrant experience: that assimilation is the only path to success for immigrants' children.

Today's immigrants, like Guilienne's parents, are most likely to settle in inner-city neighborhoods, where assimilation often means joining a world that is antagonistic to the American mainstream. But, according to the new study by Johns Hopkins University, many prove successful by remaining in their insular ethnic communities and shutting out the apathy around them.

"This situation stands the cultural blueprint for the advancement of immigrant groups in American society on its head," said Alejandro Portes, the Johns Hopkins sociology professor who directed the study.

But the findings do not indicate that immigrants' children, like Guilienne, are growing up "un-American," attuned solely to the language and culture of their parents' homeland. In fact, the study found, most of them, while bilingual, prefer English to their parents' native language and speak it fluently, better than their parents' tongue. And most also hold on to the strong aspiration of social mobility through education that propelled earlier immigrants into the melting pot of American society.

Staying the Course

Guilienne (pronounced ghee-HYEN), for instance, is not daunted by the fact that her parents, a garbage collector and a nurse's assistant, have only eighth-grade educations. Neither are her dreams marred by the widespread poverty in her Little Haiti neighborhood, which many of her peers will not escape. Unlike some other Haitian-Americans, she has chosen to ignore the peer pressure to be cool, bored and indifferent, preferring to remain true to the immigrant values of her hard-working parents.

"I will stay in school as many years as they tell me I have to in order to become a judge," Guilienne said.

Nonetheless, she and today's other children of immigrants are far different from the earlier 20th-century immigrants' children, who felt they had to reject the Old World to get ahead in the New. Today's children are predominantly Hispanic, Asian and Caribbean, facing racial barriers that did not exist for their European predecessors and economic barriers that threaten to condemn them to a swelling underclass.

Fifty years ago, the children of European immigrants were joining an expanding American industrial work force; today's second-generation Americans find their prospects for advancement in the ***working class*** limited.

The number of immigrants' children in the United States peaked in 1940 at roughly 28 million, but that number is expected to be surpassed any year now. In 1990, there were about 24.8 million immigrants' children, of whom about 7.7. million were born to immigrants who arrived after 1960.

Questioning Schoolchildren

Professor Portes, whose research was largely financed by the Mellon Foundation, collaborated with Florida International University in Miami and the University of California at San Diego to complete his study of immigrants' children. It is the first such study since Irving Child's work, "Italian or American? The Second Generation in Conflict," in 1943. Teams of interviewers questioned 5,000 children of immigrants in the eighth and ninth grades, primarily in Miami and San Diego, on subjects like language use, discrimination and patriotism.

Predictably, the answers reflected significant differences between nationalities and between Miami, where Hispanic immigrants increasingly dominate the political and business life, and San Diego, where anti-immigrant sentiment is considered high and power remains largely with a white elite.

For instance, 45 percent of the Miami children reported experiencing discrimination, as against 64 percent in San Diego. And in Miami, the 45 percent broke down to 66 percent for Haitian-American children, but only 29 percent for the Cuban-Americans attending predominantly Cuban-American private schools.

"We'd go into a high school where most of the immigrant children were black, and ask if they'd ever encountered discrimination, and you'd hear this loud, 'Pssh!', like, 'What a stupid question,' " said Lisandro Perez, a Florida International sociologist. "Then we'd go into a private Cuban school in Miami, and the concept of discrimination was so alien that students practically didn't understand the question."

Miguel Salvat, for instance, a 14-year-old Cuban-American, said he had never experienced prejudice and firmly believed that everyone in America has the same opportunities regardless of race or ethnicity.

But, in the same city, Guilienne said she often encountered discrimination. "In America, they won't accept you for who you are," she said. "They look at the color of your skin, how you are dressed and how you look."

Speaking English

Although Miami is among the most bilingual cities in the country, 99 percent of the children interviewed there said they spoke English well or very well. And contrary to what many advocates of English-only and English-first laws might expect, 94 percent of the Cuban-American students said they preferred English to Spanish.

In San Diego, 90 percent of the immigrants' children said that they spoke English well, but 9 percent said they spoke it poorly. Among the latter especially were Mexican-Americans, with 14 percent saying they spoke English poorly, Vietnamese-Americans (19 percent) and Laotian-Americans (23 percent). About 65 percent of all children said they preferred English to their parents' native language.

The longer the children have lived in the United States, the better their English. "All the children are well on their way to being fluent English speakers, even, one could argue, on the way to monolingualism," Professor Portes said. "It is the parents' language, not English, that is endangered."

About 70 percent of Haitian-American and Filipino-American children barely speak their parents' native language, the study found. (Guilienne said she spoke Creole fluently but preferred "proper English.") On the other hand, it found that about 70 percent of the children of Spanish-speaking immigrants speak Spanish fluently.

Most of the children interviewed, particularly those in California, were reluctant to call themselves Americans. And few accepted the pan-ethnic labels Hispanic and Asian. Like Guilienne and Miguel, they preferred Cuban or Cuban-American, Haitian or Haitian-American, and so on.

"I am proud of my blood," Guilienne said.

**Graphic**

Photos: The longstanding assumption about the American immigrant experience that assimilation is the only path to success is questioned in a new study. For Guilienne Audelin, left, assimilation means being stamped as a "dummy" by a broader American society that she believes does not see beyond color. To Miguel Salvat, however, "whites and non-whites have the same opportunities in America." (Photographs by Phillippe Diederich for The New York Times)

Graph: "At a Glance: Children of Immigrants" shows percentages of children whose parents are immigrants.

**Load-Date:** June 29, 1993

**End of Document**



[***VENEZUELAN WORKERS FIND THE WELL HAS RUN DRY***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-HGG0-0008-Y3R2-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 19, 1983, Monday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1983 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Page 2, Column 3; Foreign Desk

**Length:** 1028 words

**Byline:** By JAMES LeMOYNE

**Dateline:** CARACAS, Venezuela, Dec. 16

**Body**

In a ***working-class*** neighborhood of Maracay, an industrial center 50 miles west of this capital, Libardo Solorzano's dream has bumped to a stop.

Maracay once hummed with business. Now over 20 percent of the city's workers have lost their jobs in the fifth year of the worst economic recession Venezuela has suffered since the 1930's.

Mr. Solorzano, 20 years old, is an electrician, but he has almost given up trying to find work after three months of walking the streets. He makes do by living with his aunt, Paula Moreno, and her seven children in El Carmen, a neighborhood of small stucco and tile tenements in the middle of Maracay. The entire family survives on the $500 a month Paula's sister earns as a barmaid.

Article on economic scene in Venezuela, which is in fifth year of its worst recession since '30's; impact of high unemployment noted; situationin Maracay described; photos (M)

Few of the inhabitants of El Carmen are among the poorest of Venezuela's 15.6 million citizens. With humble but well-built homes, running water, electricity and often a television and refrigerator, they enjoy a standard of living far above the mud-hut and swollen- belly poverty seen elsewhere in Latin America.

'There's No Work Anywhere'

But until now, these people have represented the cutting edge of Venezuela's economic promise. And their growing disillusion is the loss of the belief in progress that made the country the most affluent in Latin America.

''Finding a job here, well, that's hard,'' Mr. Solorzano said as children played in the late-afternoon sun. ''There's no work anywhere.''

Similar tales of lost jobs and shrinking opportunities fill the neighborhood of La Vega, whose houses sprawl up the canyons above the skyscrapers and freeways of Caracas.

Jose Barrios, 36, lost his job as a mechanic at General Motors four months ago when the company moved its Caracas plant to another city. More fortunate than many of his peers, Mr. Barrios received $5,200 in severance pay, but he now worries that the money will run out next year and no job will come to replace the one he has lost.

Political slogans cover the walls of nearby buildings and campaign posters from Venezuela's just-concluded presidential elections flap in the wind. But Mr. Barrios seems to doubt that their promises can come true. ''I don't know how this will end,'' he said.

An estimated 15 to 17 percent of Venezuela's nearly six million workers are out of work. Next year unemployment could climb to over 20 percent, putting more than a million workers on the streets.

Every year, Datos, an independent polling organization here, has sought to gauge the optimism that was formerly a Venezuelan national trait. Its poll asks Venezuelans whether they think they are better off than they were a year ago.

In 1978, 34 percent of the 3,000 surveyed nationally said their lives had improved and 29 percent said they had declined. The rest had no opinion. This year only 7 percent thought their lives were better. Sixty-one percent said their lives were worse.

A Birthright No More

A steady job and money in the pocket were once considered a Venezuelan birthright. A founding member of the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries and a major exporter of oil to the United States, Venezuela has a per- capita income of $4,700 and its record of 25 years of unbroken democratic government is matched in Latin America only by that of Costa Rica.

In the late 1970's petrodollars poured into an endless series of Government projects and commerce boomed. Now the landscape is littered with the concrete skeletons of unfinished Government projects and half the country's factories are idle.

The economic crisis, touched off by Government overspending and falling oil prices, has made the departing Government of President Luis Herrera Campins the most unpopular many Venezuelans can remember. The discontent helped Jaime Lusinchi, the opposition Democratic Action party candidate, win the recent presidential election by the biggest majority since democracy was restored in 1958 after 10 years of military rule.

Mr. Lusinchi now has a mandate to end the decline and put people back to work, but Venezuelan economists predict rising inflation, little or no economic growth and continued high unemployment in the year ahead.

'This Is a Time Bomb'

''I think this is a time bomb,'' Pedro Palma, a leading economist and financial consultant, said in an interview. ''This level of unemployment can't be sustained forever.''

The Herrera administration kept down the ranks of the jobless by increasing the state bureaucracy from 800,000 to 1.2 million employees. But Mr. Lusinchi will not be able to hand out public jobs so easily in a time of austerity. Venezuela's capital-intensive oil industry cannot provide the needed number of jobs either and its agricultural development program is in disarray. The President-elect must now not only try to re-employ the jobless, but also find work for the estimated 200,000 new workers who enter the labor force each year.

Mr. Lusinchi has promised a ''social pact'' between government, business and labor to get the country on its feet. His advisers say this might include low-cost housing projects to create jobs and a ''social wage'' for workers, including cafeterias, free transportation and child care.

But even more than new programs, Mr. Lusinchi will rely on his Democratic Action party's dominant influence in Venezuela's labor movement, commanded by the Confederation of Venezuelan Workers, to keep the lid on labor unrest.

For now strikes are rare and labor is divided by the differing party affiliations in each separate group making up the confederation. Democratic Action union leaders insist that the Government has at least a year of grace to begin relieving the crisis. Socialist union leaders maintain strikes are the best weapon and should be used now.

The Cabinet ministers chosen by Mr. Lusinchi are only too aware that they must meet the high expectations raised by his victory or face serious labor unrest. ''We know we have a great responsibility,'' Eugenio Soler, a close adviser to Mr. Lusinchi said. ''It's really up to us now to see that things get better.''

**Graphic**

photo fo Barrios family at home in La Vega neighborhood of Caracas

**End of Document**



[***Killing What Slavery Could Not***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-WHC0-0024-J03W-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 20, 1993, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1993 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Book Review Desk

**Section:** Section 7;; Section 7; Page 27; Column 1; Book Review Desk; Column 1;; Review

**Length:** 1137 words

**Byline:** By Arlie Russell Hochschild;

Arlie Russell Hochschild, the author of "The Second Shift," a book about two-job families, teaches sociology at the University of California, Berkeley.

By Arlie Russell Hochschild;  Arlie Russell Hochschild, the author of "The Second Shift," a book about two-job families, teaches sociology at the University of California, Berkeley.

**Body**

CLIMBING JACOB'S LADDER

The Enduring Legacy of

African-American Families.

By Andrew Billingsley.

446 pp. New York:

Simon & Schuster.

$27.50.

IN 1890, according to United States Census studies, 80 percent of all black families with children were headed by married couples. In 1960, the proportion was 78 percent. But after 1960, it declined steeply: 1970, 64 percent; 1980, 48 percent; and by 1990, it had plummeted to 39 percent. (In 1990, the corresponding figure for whites had fallen to 81 percent.)

What makes "Climbing Jacob's Ladder: The Enduring Legacy of African-American Families" so welcome is the calming way Andrew Billingsley, the chairman of the family studies department at the University of Maryland and the author of "Black Families in White America," guides us past simple, often heated interpretations of such data. He combines an unflinching look at current troubles in the black family with an appreciation of its abiding strengths. The balance between these two viewpoints is the hidden gift of this book.

Since Daniel Patrick Moynihan published "The Negro Family: The Case for National Action" in 1965, much of the academic discourse on the subject has crackled with attack and defense. During the Reagan-Bush years, those who tried to illuminate the relation between economy and culture, the context and interior of family life, generally held opposing views. Either they were "conservatives" who forgot the context -- the economy, racism, class divisions among blacks -- and focused on cultural deficiencies in the poor black community. Or they were "liberals" who focused on the context and ignored culture. "Climbing Jacob's Ladder" bridges the gap between these two positions and moves the debate in the direction of inquiry.

Mr. Billingsley begins by setting the modern black family in a historical context. He describes the family in West African society, under slavery, during Reconstruction and Jim Crow. He traces black migration to Northern cities, and documents the de-industrialization that has eroded the cores of these cities and the black families within them. It is ironic, he reflects, "that the traditional family system that slavery could not destroy during 200 years may be dismantled in a few short years by the modern industrial transition."

Drawing from the University of Chicago sociologist William Julius Wilson's research, Mr. Billingsley argues that the decline of black marriage is largely due to the impact of job loss experienced by black men, especially in the ***working class***. Between 1955 and 1980, employment for black men aged 20 to 24 declined from 78 percent to 55 percent. This decline, he says, is "a major reason for the downturn in their marriage rates and the upturn in unmarried parenthood."

Some of his data confirm this economic interpretation, and some of them don't. For example, the black two-parent family declined in the 1970's and early 1980's when the economy was in recession. But the two-parent family did not decline during the Great Depression of the 1930's. Furthermore, marriage rates fell in the 1960's when the economy was expanding and black income and college enrollments were rising. Mr. Billingsley argues that black men who lost jobs in the 1970's and 1980's often broke up their marriages. Other data suggest that so did black men with jobs, to a lesser degree but also at a rising rate.

Economic trends are important, but they're not the whole story; we are left wondering how culture fits in and not really told. The timing -- the 1960's -- might suggest that the sexual revolution and social upheavals that destabilized white families did the same to blacks, though Mr. Billingsley doesn't say so. His discussion of cultural context is more descriptive than analytic.

More generally, Mr. Billingsley makes the reasonable argument that the strength of the family depends on the strength of the support it receives from the institutions around it -- the church, businesses, the military. But the chapters he devotes to each become a series of tails that wag the dog. And he doesn't make a persuasive case that a decline in these institutions causes a decline in black marriage. So while I like his initial approach -- setting out reams of data, including dozens of tables -- I am left with more questions about the black family.

The moving stories he tells, drawn from personal experience and research, show how black families reach out to help -- taking in needy relatives or children who need raising. Black families formally and informally adopt more children than white parents of comparable means, he says. He writes of the Rev. Otis Moss of Cleveland, whose mother died when he was very young. A few years later, his father died in a car accident. "While young Otis was standing viewing the wreckage, a woman completely unrelated to him took him by the arm and said, 'Come home with me' " -- and she raised him. The author notes that this is a "not uncommon form of African-American family life."

Kent Amos, a successful businessman and a Vietnam veteran, "quietly designed an after-school program" for his son and his friends in their home in 1981. Within six years, there were 50 boys helping with chores, homework and dinner. Nearly 10 years later, 36 of them were in or had graduated from college. "Most of the others were employed or in school," Mr. Billingsley writes. "Only a few had been lost to the streets."

THE best chapter of the book is based on his own research on the black church. In it, Mr. Billingsley describes the Third Shiloh Missionary Baptist Church in a poor neighborhood of New Orleans. In 1988, drug traffickers boldly set up two crack houses across from the church, he says, and began stealing the church's typewriters and the public address system. Instead of moving away, Shiloh used its building fund to buy the crack houses, tore them down and built apartments, employing parishioners to do the job. The church plans to use the rent to pay for a tutoring program.

Other churches described in the book set up AIDS education workshops and foster grandparent programs. Male parishioners in one Los Angeles church put six crack houses out of business by patrolling the streets in front of them, 50 to 200 strong, every weekend. Not every affluent black man is Kent Amos, and not every black church is like Third Shiloh. Still, Mr. Billingsley gives us a glimpse of inspiring people we hear far too little about.

In "Climbing Jacob's Ladder," Andrew Billingsley calls for developing a strategy to prevent family problems from occurring in the first place, a strategy backed by government, with nonprofit and private support. Guiding it, I hope, will be research that neither avoids the context of culture nor addresses it in tone-deaf ways, but research that looks outward to economy and society, and inward to the heart.

**Load-Date:** July 7, 1993

**End of Document**



[***SPAIN'S COMMUNISTS: WEAK AND WRENCHED APARTC***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-HHD0-0008-Y4PH-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 17, 1983, Saturday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1983 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 1; Page 2, Column 3; Foreign Desk

**Length:** 1066 words

**Byline:** By JOHN DARNTON

**Dateline:** MADRID, Dec. 16

**Body**

The Spanish Communist Party, which rose to fame as a fighting force in the Civil War and then to legend as an underground resistance in the Franco dictatorship, is facing its most severe crisis since it was legalized in 1977.

After years of disputes, splits and purges, the dwindling party is now flirting with an open rupture that is unfolding in public at a national party congress that opened here Wednesday.

The dispute pits Santiago Carrillo, the brilliant, acerbic 68-year-old party warhorse who resigned as secretary general a year ago, against his protege and replacement as party leader, Gerard Iglesias, a 38-year-old former miner from Asturias who is as dapper as a movie star.

The implications go beyond domestic politics, since the Spanish Communists have been, along with the Italians, the major exponents of Eurocommunism in Western Europe, a doctrine that in theory upholds democratic elections and emphasizes independence from Moscow. Whether that line will be pursued, and how vigorously, may be decided at the congress, which continues through Sunday.

Article examines status of Spain's Communist Party; holds that after years of disputes, splits and purges dwindling party is now flirting with open rupture; photo (M)A Clash Between Ideologies

The clash between the ''Carrillistas'' and the ''Gerardistas'' is between generations, personalities and ideologies. But it is also a power struggle that turns upon the question of how the party is to restore its influence and prestige in national politics and survive as a challenge to the ruling Socialists.

So deep do the divisions run that when North Korean honorary delegates stepped off the plane a few days ago they were bewildered to find not one but two reception committees.

Since it emerged as a legal entity in the young democracy, the party has seen its membership drop from about 240,000 to 80,000. Its slide was confirmed by the October elections last year, when its share of the vote slipped from 10.8 percent in 1979 to 3.8 percent, causing it to lose all but 4 of the 23 seats it had held in Parliament.

The lost votes went to the Socialists. Unlike French or Italian workers, the Spanish ***working class*** has traditionally been Socialist or anarchist rather than Communist. Still, the drop in votes was too much to be ignored.

In the aftermath, Mr. Carrillo, a Civil War veteran who led the party for more than 20 years, resigned. He continued as a spokesman for the party in Parliament, a position that kept him in the public eye, and soon fell out with Mr. Iglesias over the personal issue of who was in charge. ''He wanted me to be his puppet,'' Mr. Iglesias once said.

Sees U.S. as the 'Enemy of Peace'

Mr. Carrillo was regarded as a prime architect of Eurocommunism but has shifted over the last year to a somewhat more orthodox, pro-Moscow position. He has criticized the Socialists for what he sees as conservative economic policies, close cooperation with the Reagan Administration and reluctance to hold a public referendum on withdrawal from the Atlantic military alliance.

While still asserting that he advocates independence from ''both power blocs,'' Mr. Carrillo now insists, as he said in a speech Thursday, that ''the greatest enemy of peace today is the United States.'' This is a stance that is agreeable to many, mainly older party militants. Many of them blame Eurocommunism for the decline in the party's fortunes and say they believe the party should be restored to a purer, if smaller, vanguard for the masses.

Mr. Iglesias, on the other hand, belongs to a group that has made clear it believes that much of the party's problems stem from Mr. Carrillo's autocratic leadership. He advocates bolstering its membership by widening its appeal and bringing back ''the renovators,'' intellectuals and activists purged by Mr. Carrillo in 1981 for advocating deeper democracy and greater liberalization within the party structure.

He has espoused the Eurocommunism of his former mentor, defending it - in the view of some, half-heartedly - in a two-and-a-half hour speech Wednesday. He said that the term, if not the concept, had been much abused but that it had nonetheless taken hold in society and its abandonment ''would be exploited by our adversaries'' who would depict it as a renunciation of democracy and pluralism.

Mr. Iglesias's speech did not include condemnations of Soviet actions in Afghanistan and Poland, which had been standard fare, but was sprinkled liberally with denunciations of the United States for everything from the invasion of Grenada to deployment of nuclear missiles in Europe.

With Mr. Iglesias appearing to move to the left, and Mr. Carrillo still mouthing the basic precepts of Eurocommunism, there was not all that much difference between them. The oddity, a newspaper pointed out, is that they are ''both speaking the same language.''

Fighting Tooth and Nail

Carrying on battles that have split all the regional conferences leading up to the 11th national party congress, the two men and their supporters are fighting tooth and nail to line up support among the 809 delegates whose votes on Sunday will choose the policy-making central committee. The committee will then select the secretary general, reinstating Mr. Iglesias, swinging to a candidate backed by Mr. Carrillo or compromising on a neutral figure.

So far Mr. Carrillo has lost in the voting on important procedural matters. He was denied the opportunity to reply in length to Mr. Iglesias's policy speech, and late Thursday night his side lost a test of strength when the speech was formally approved, although the vote was narrow, 386 to 376 with 25 abstentions.

Both sides proclaim the need for unity and avow that they will not walk out if they lose. But the danger of an open rupture or at least a divided party for the foreseeable future was indicated by the voting among the important delegations, with Madrid and Valencia supporting Mr. Carrillo and Andalusia and Catalonia backing Mr. Iglesias, and by the cheers and jeers that accompany critical tallies.

Furthermore, a longtime party official, Ignacio Gallego, has already quit his position on the central committee and vowed to set up a new, distinctly pro-Moscow party. Dolores Ibarruri, the Civil War legend known as ''La Pasionaria,'' who holds a post of honor, composed a letter appealing for a united party following Marxist principles but open to change.

**Graphic**

photo of Spanish leaders

**End of Document**



[***THE 1998 CAMPAIGN: THE SOUTH;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3TXJ-2VD0-007F-G1GJ-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***3 G.O.P. Candidates for Governor Face Trouble***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3TXJ-2VD0-007F-G1GJ-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 22, 1998, Thursday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1998 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** National Desk

**Section:** Section A; ; Section A; Page 22; Column 1; National Desk ; Column 1;

**Length:** 1243 words

**Byline:** By KEVIN SACK

By KEVIN SACK

**Dateline:** MOBILE, Ala., Oct. 21

**Body**

Part of the political legend of Fob James Jr., the pugnacious Republican Governor of Alabama, is that he likes to play from behind.

"Fob is a strong finisher," said Roger McConnell, the state Republican chairman.

"He's just a fourth-quarter player," said Tom Blackerby, chairman of Conservative Christians of Alabama.

So as the clock ticks down in Mr. James's campaign for re-election, his allies are trying to convince voters -- and themselves -- that his predicament simply reflects the natural order of things. But even as the James camp brushes off poll after poll showing him trailing Lieut. Gov. Don Siegelman, other Republicans are getting nervous, and some sound downright defeatist.

"I'd be real surprised if he can pull this one out," said a prominent Republican strategist in Alabama, who spoke on the condition of anonymity.

Less than two weeks before the Nov. 3 election, Mr. James is not alone. In one of the surprises of this fluid election year, Republican candidates for governor are in tight races in three conservative Southern states that have voted increasingly Republican in recent years.

In South Carolina, polls have shown that the incumbent Republican, Gov. David M. Beasley, holds the thinnest of leads over his Democratic challenger, Jim Hodges, the former minority leader of the state House. And in Georgia, where Republican leaders have asserted that this will be the year they break the Democrats' 126-year lock on the Governor's office, Guy W. Millner, a Republican businessman, is running just ahead of Roy E. Barnes, a longtime Democratic legislator.

To some extent, the races hinge on local issues and dynamics, including the quality of the candidates. And the Republicans could win in all three states. But several authorities on Southern politics said today that the closeness of the races demonstrated that Southern Democrats were learning the lessons taught by their two most successful mentors, Gov. Zell Miller of Georgia and Gov. James B. Hunt Jr. of North Carolina.

The message, said Wayne Flynt, a historian at Auburn University in Alabama, is that there may still be enough core Democrats and swing voters in the South, including blacks and ***working-class*** whites, to reward Democrats who focus on issues like education, jobs and the economy.

"If the issues are all about social concerns, like abortion and school prayer and vouchers, Republicans win," Mr. Flynt said. "But Democrats can still succeed if they can make the case that they are the party of the common people, and that the Republicans are the party of big business and the wealthy."

Nowhere is that theory being tested more than in the Alabama race. In the last two years, Mr. James has earned a national reputation for his fervent support of school prayer and state autonomy from Federal control. But even diehard Republicans acknowledge that he has allowed Mr. Siegelman, a Democrat, to control the discourse of this campaign with a proposal for a lottery to finance education.

Four public polls taken in the first two weeks of October showed Mr. James behind by 5 to 13 percentage points. He has raised significantly less money than Mr. Siegelman and started his advertising campaign more than a month later. And Governor James has barely nicked Mr. Siegelman on what Republicans have perceived to be his most glaring liabilities, that he is too liberal for Alabama and too beholden to trial lawyers. National Republican officials consider Mr. James the most vulnerable of the 18 Republican governors seeking re-election.

In Alabama, Republican strategists are grumbling that Mr. James seems to not want his job that much, and that his seeming dispassion could hurt fellow Republicans in important races for the legislature and state Supreme Court. "There's a feeling that he's a drag on the ticket," the strategist said.

There is enough of an impression of inertia in the James campaign that its chairman, Mayor Emory Folmar of Montgomery, felt the need to energize the troops with a tough speech at a rally on Sunday.

"I haven't seen the fight in this campaign I'd like to see," Mr. Folmar was quoted in news accounts. He urged James supporters to resort to "some scratching, biting and clawing" in depicting Mr. Siegelman as a liberal.

But Mr. James has a history of making late dashes to victory, often with help from Christian conservatives whose enthusiasm does not always register in polls. In 1994, Mr. James trailed Gov. Jim Folsom by 10 percentage points in the polls with less than a week to go and came back to win by 1 percentage point. In the Republican primary this summer, he was forced into a runoff and was thought to be in peril but won by a convincing 12 percentage points.

In his race against Mr. Siegelman, Mr. James's most significant problem is the Democrat's popular lottery proposal, which would provide an estimated $150 million a year for merit-based college scholarships, pre-kindergarten programs and computers. A disciplined, if scripted, campaigner with an experienced staff, Mr. Siegelman has promoted the lottery relentlessly on the trail, in his advertising and in debates like the one here on Tuesday.

"I have proposed an education plan that will change education in this state forever," he said in that debate. "I say yes to a lottery. Fob James says no."

With the lottery a big success in two of Alabama's neighboring states, the Siegelman plan has placed Mr. James on the defensive. The Governor has responded with a three-pronged rebuttal. He has proposed a far less ambitious plan for college scholarships that would be financed with existing state money. He has argued that Mr. Siegelman will need to raise taxes to pay for his proposals, even with the lottery. And he has warned that the lottery would lead to other forms of legalized gambling.

In the last two weeks, Mr. James has run television advertisements that question Mr. Siegelman's integrity by showing his nose growing like an animated Pinocchio. One depicts a cockfight as the narrator asks, "Why should we believe Siegelman when he says that later he won't let his gambling friends sneak other games of chance into Alabama behind his lottery?"

James aides said that the campaign's polling suggests that the advertisements have narrowed the gap significantly in recent days. But it may be too late to reach swing voters like Brenda J. Crain, of Mobile, who owns a used car lot with her husband. Although she voted for Mr. James four years ago, Ms. Crain, 49, said she would vote for Mr. Siegelman this year because she agreed that Alabama should have a lottery to pay for education and because she had been embarrassed by some of Mr. James's pronouncements, like his contention that the Bill of Rights does not apply to the states.

"I'm normally a Republican so this is a hard choice," she said while shopping at the Bel Air Mall on Tuesday. "I don't think Fob James is a bad person but he's just a little more of a backwards type, and Alabama could use a better image. And with the lottery, people are going to gamble whether it's here or in Florida or Mississippi. The tax money should stay here in Alabama."

Natalie M. Davis, a political scientist at Birmingham Southern College, said that the lottery had become a wedge issue for Democrats. "We often think of wedge issues as abortion, prayer, that kind of thing," said Ms. Davis, a Democrat. "But what has happened here is that Siegelman has used the lottery to pull apart a predictable Republican constituency."

**Graphic**

Photo: Gov. Fob James Jr. of Alabama, right, and his challenger, Lieut. Gov. Don Siegelman, shook hands before debating on Tuesday in Mobile. Several polls show Mr. James trailing Mr. Siegelman. (G. M. Andrews/The Mobile Register)

**Load-Date:** October 22, 1998

**End of Document**



[***Call It an Awakening***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-N380-0017-514N-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 29, 1987, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1987 The New York Times Company

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

**Length:** 3619 words

**Byline:** By MORRIS DICKSTEIN; Morris Dickstein teaches English at Queens College and is working on a book about American culture in the 1930's.

**Body**

I HAD just finished interviewing Henry Roth, the author of ''Call It Sleep,'' when as if by some dramatic design, a large, flat package was delivered to his New York hotel room. It was an advance copy of Mr. Roth's first book in 53 years, ''Shifting Landscape,'' a complete collection of his shorter writings along with many excerpts from letters and interviews, lovingly assembled by his gifted Italian translator, Mario Materassi.

It was a wonderful moment in a singular and enigmatic literary career. Mr. Roth seemed to take it all in stride, as if, by the age of 81, the appearance of a new book were no uncommon event for him. But the book, and my conversation with him, told a different story: five decades of agonizing conflict with crippling writer's block, a career dotted with the signposts of many small victories and defeats, including what he has described as ''an equivalent or approximate nervous breakdown'' at the end of the 1930's, followed by long years of complete silence.

''Call It Sleep,'' a subjective, almost poetic novel about growing up on the Lower East Side in the early years of the century, was published in 1934 when Mr. Roth was only 28. Influenced by James Joyce and T. S. Eliot, the novel was modernist in method, biblical in cadence, yet intensely personal in its re-creation of family life and street life in the old Jewish ghetto. The book appeared at the height of the Depression when documentary realism, not Proustian recollection, was the latest literary fashion. Speaking of the novel, the Communist journal The New Masses said, ''It is a pity that so many young writers drawn from the proletariat can make no better use of their ***working class*** experience than as material for introspective and febrile novels.'' Though the book was fiercely defended and favorably reviewed by its admirers, Mr. Roth's publisher went bankrupt and he and his novel were soon totally forgotten until the book was revived to great acclaim and impressive sales in the 1960's.

Henry Roth's appearance today is a study in contrasts. His large, impressive head, crowned by stray tufts of gray hair, rests on a stocky yet fragile-looking frame stiffened by arthritis. His hands speak of years of hard manual labor, and his quietly modulated voice radiates dignity and reserve. Mr. Roth's tall, elegant, gray-haired wife, Muriel, a composer, rarely leaves his side, and she gently cut off our interview when she felt he might be tired. He wouldn't stand out in a group of elderly Jewish pensioners, but he speaks gravely - often in the third person - about the bizarre turns of his life.

HENRY ROTH is his own severest critic. When we first spoke on the phone he worried that his new book might be ''oversold, overinflated.'' He found it ''a very meager output for 50-some odd years.'' Searching always for the exact word, he spoke of the book (''Shifting Landscape: A Composite, 1925-1987,'' Jewish Publication Society, $19.95) as if it were someone else's case study or dossier: ''It impressed me quite objectively with the rather tragic thread - a trace went through it, I don't know whether it's frustration, a block, or what have you. It's a man fighting or serving his destiny. It had that overtone of a person too obdurate to give up.'' Ruefully, he added, ''I wasn't satisfied. I should have had more wisdom, but I didn't, and the book seems to reflect that kind of tragic struggle.''

During a depressed period of complete withdrawal from writing during the 1940's, Mr. Roth worked as a skilled tool-maker and an attendant in a mental hospital, and then, in the 50's and 60's, as a waterfowl farmer in Maine - raising and dressing ducks and geese - returning only gradually to wrest hard-earned sentences from the grasp of his private dybbuk. Meanwhile, his wife worked 17 years as a schoolteacher while caring for their two sons. Since 1968 the Roths have lived in a mobile home in Albuquerque, N.M., even farther from the literary world than Maine. Yet, living in this relative obscurity, he began publishing stories and articles with increasing frequency. ''Shifting Landscape'' covers this whole terrain, and includes several pieces that till now have appeared only in Italian translation.

In retrospect, Mr. Roth's long-lasting block seems less remarkable than his refusal to yield to it, although he tells us that he once referred to himself as ''this dead author,'' and even burned his journals and the manuscripts of several aborted novels in the 1940's. His first writing in 14 years - in 1954 - was a how-to-do-it article on cheap, homemade farm equipment, written for a trade journal, The Magazine for Ducks and Geese. Two years later ''Call It Sleep'' was praised in print by several critics, none of whom knew whether the book's author was still alive.

A chance encounter with Mr. Roth's sister in the late 50's led one critic, Harold Ribalow, to Mr. Roth's doorstep in Maine in the late 50's, and to the resurrection of ''Call It Sleep'' by a small press in 1960. Picked up by Avon and reissued in paperback in 1964, it went on to sell more than a million copies, permanently disrupting the anonymity of a man who could not write yet could not give up on writing, and who readily describes himself even today as neurotic, obsessive and bullheaded.

Mr. Roth's new literary fame made life on the farm impossible. Life magazine sent a photographer to take a picture of the best-selling author killing ducks and geese. He refused. ''They were doing it to make me a freak,'' he told an interviewer recently, ''and I'm freakish enough without that!'' The belated success of the book enabled Mr. Roth and his wife to travel, but it also exacerbated the desire to write, as well as what he calls the ''counterdrive not to write,'' which threatened to make life hellish again. A projected novel set in Spain and Mexico never materialized, but in 1966 The New Yorker published ''The Surveyor,'' the story of an American couple in Seville, searching secretly for the site where Jews were burned in public during the Inquisition. It seems clear that Mr. Roth was unconsciously searching for a Judaism - and a writing life - he had left behind many decades earlier.

The turning point in that search, as he now sees it, came the following year during the 1967 Arab-Israeli war, when the Roths were in Mexico. Long ago, almost in another lifetime, Mr. Roth, like many writers who had seen the world break apart in the early years of the Depression, had joined the Communist Party. He was just finishing his novel, and he remembers the woman he lived with, Eda Lou Walton, a poet and English professor nearly 12 years his senior, telling him in anguish, ''You are destroying yourself as an artist.'' Years later, stunned by Khrushchev's revelations about Stalin, Mr. Roth ceased being a party member, but in 1967 he ''still adhered very much to party principles,'' including support for the Arab cause. As the war unfolded in the Middle East, he found himself torn between his political faith, which condemned Israel, and certain buried tribal loyalties that surprised him.

Only four years earlier, Mr. Roth had told the readers of Midstream, a Zionist journal, that Jews in America could serve the world best by assimilating and ''ceasing to be Jews.'' Suddenly, as he deciphered the headlines in the Mexican papers, the survival of the Jews deeply mattered to him. He feared a new Holocaust. Mr. Roth's ideological orthodoxy crumbled. ''It was with an enormous sense of guilt that I had to tear myself away,'' he told me with great emphasis. ''We thought that [Communism] would provide us with the answer.'' But in the end ''it was a sterile move,'' he said. ''It was a disaster.''

FOR the ethnic, ***working-class*** writers of his generation who had gone through ''a transition from a parochial to a cosmopolitan world,'' Mr. Roth said quietly, Communism seemed to offer an analysis of society that would ''provide us with a method, a technique for being able to portray that transition.'' It was a way into the larger world. But it also distanced those writers emotionally from their own sources and their most authentic material. Mr. Roth sees the tragic thread of his truncated career as part of the common fate of a whole literary generation.

''Shifting Landscape'' returns again and again to the quandary of writers who could not reconcile the esthetic attitudes of the 20's with the social consciousness of the 30's, and others who could not reorient their work after World War II from the proletarian naturalism of the Depression to more personal forms of expression. These include writers who died early and neglected (like Nathanael West and F. Scott Fitzgerald), who could not continue (like Mr. Roth and Daniel Fuchs), who failed to develop (James T. Farrell and John Steinbeck), or who simply disappeared, such as the proletarian novelists.

I asked Mr. Roth how much he felt his problems were ingrained in his own makeup and how much they could be traced to the predicament of his generation, the major shifts of sensibility at the beginning and end of the Depression. His answer had weight and cogency like all his comments on his gloomy destiny as a writer, as if he had spent many years brooding on just this question. ''I feel very much that I was caught in the same tide that they were caught in. I couldn't escape it. The way it caught you was at your weakest point. Each one of us succumbed because of a certain weakness in his character.''

Mr. Roth doesn't explain what his own weaknesses were, but he makes it clear that he felt a sense of dependency and passivity, a lack of self-assurance. ''Call It Sleep'' is a classic portrayal of the terrors of childhood, a tenement ''Sons and Lovers'' that sets the sensual warmth of the bond with the mother - and the mother tongue, Yiddish -against the fear and violence associated with the father and the external world. From 1928 to 1938 he lived with Eda Lou Walton, who supported him and encouraged him to write - he dedicated the novel to her. With considerable feeling, he described her to me as ''very warm, and very tender, and most maternal.'' He made an effort to break his dependence on Walton by taking off for the West Coast with a colorful, illiterate ***working-class*** character named Bill Clay. But ''step by step he assumed a domination over me,'' Mr. Roth said with astonishment. ''As I look back at it I'm amazed. He became my guide, my tutor, my mentor'' - exactly what the party itself had already become, the answer to all political and even creative problems.

Mr. Roth now believes the natural successor to ''Call It Sleep'' would have been a continuation of the boy's story into maturity, showing his discovery of a broader culture in the Greenwich Village ferment of the 1920's. But, as he writes in ''Shifting Landscape,'' ''it was never written because Marxism or Communism fell like a giant shunt across his career.'' Instead, he tried writing a proletarian novel centering on Bill Clay - there is one surviving excerpt in ''Shifting Landscape.'' But as Mr. Roth wrote in The New York Times in 1971, the ''portrayal of proletarian virtue'' was not his natural bent. As a writer, he was ''no longer at home.'' His relationship to the world he knew best was ruptured, just as it had been in his childhood by his wrenching departure from the ghetto.

To explain his inability to go on writing, Mr. Roth looks back to his family's move (when he was 8 1/2) from the ''Jewish mini-state'' on the Lower East Side to ''rowdy, heterogeneous Harlem'' -from Ninth Street to 119th Street, where he lost his sense of identity and felt like an alien. When Mr. Roth was recapturing those early years in ''Call It Sleep,'' the book took shape for him with a ''pattern of unity and inevitability,'' a phrase he used more than once in conversation, as if it represents his elusive esthetic ideal. For almost four years when he was writing his novel, he told me, it was really writing him: ''I was no longer in control. It had taken control. I could not do other, no matter what I wanted.''

FROM a psychological viewpoint, Mr. Roth's unswerving devotion to Israel over the last 20 years could be seen as yet another dependency, replacing his long indenture to Marxism. Mr. Roth's references to Israel are always personal rather than political. They mark his own return to Judaism, his voyage home. As Yeats needed his elaborate system to provide him with ''metaphors for poetry,'' Mr. Roth needs a mythology, including a system of self-explanation, to unlock his exceptional creative powers.

''Shifting Landscape'' is not a political document but an engrossing meditation on the creative process. As ''Call It Sleep'' showed long ago, Mr. Roth's imagination is essentially intimate, sensuous and retrospective. Where Marxism promised him a radiant future, yet made his kind of writing impossible, the unexpected return to Judaism has brought him full circle, restored continuity with the world of his childhood and liberated the conjuror's gift for personal recollection.

''Final Dwarf,'' one of the best stories in ''Shifting Landscape,'' chillingly takes up the tense relationship between father and son some 50 years after the conclusion of ''Call It Sleep.'' Mr. Roth never resolved the conflict with his father, whose reaction to reading ''Call It Sleep,'' as the author later recalled, was simply, ''I shouldn't have beat him so much.'' When the old man died in the early 70's - Mr. Roth cannot remember the exact year - he left his son exactly one dollar.

Another piece in the new book integrates portions of journals dating from 1938 and 1939, when Mr. Roth left Eda Lou Walton and met his wife, Muriel, at Yaddo, the artists' colony -journals that fortuitously survived the Maine bonfire. One remarkable memoir, ''Last Respects,'' recalls a 1970 meeting with Margaret Mead, whom he had known in the 1920's, but it is actually Mr. Roth's oblique tribute to Mead's friend, Walton, who had done so much for him as a man and a writer.

All three pieces show what Mr. Roth does best, conveying the unbearable tension that can lie beneath the surface of ordinary relationships. The last two selections will form a part of a memoir-novel called ''Mercy of a Rude Stream'' that Mr. Roth has been writing since 1979. In old age, using a word processor, he has been writing this sequel to ''Call It Sleep'' which he feels he should have written in the 1930's. He has completed four volumes, but because some of them involve people still living he may not release them for publication in his lifetime.

Instead we have this brilliant mosaic constructed by Mr. Materassi, his translator, a book that Mr. Roth, in his self-effacing foreword, describes as ''primarily Mario's, not mine,'' though Mr. Roth wrote or spoke nearly everything in it. It's typical of the ironies of his career that this biographical ''composite'' should come to us by way of Italy, where Mr. Materassi's translation of ''Call It Sleep'' won a major literary prize as the best foreign novel of 1985, and where Mr. Roth was mobbed by newspaper reporters and paparazzi when he came to collect it.

THE collections writers give us instead of their long-awaited novels, books like Norman Mailer's ''Advertisements for Myself'' and Ralph Ellison's ''Shadow and Act,'' have a special kind of poignancy and appeal. They are holding actions, but also acts of propitiation that lay bare the writer's creative conflicts. As in Mr. Mailer's book (which Mr. Materassi once translated into Italian), many of the selections in ''Shifting Landscape'' are less remarkable than the personal prose that surrounds them, which Mr. Materassi has culled ingeniously out of letters and taped conversations.

If Mr. Mailer rescued a sagging career through a bold act of self-promotion, Mr. Roth, anatomizing his own failures, rivets our attention with almost Kafkaesque gestures of self-accusation. Looking back at some long-lost stories that Mr. Materassi has unearthed, Mr. Roth sees only signs of disintegrating talent and loss of control. After one charming sketch, ''Many Mansions,'' Mr. Roth comments, ''what a bit of fluff'': ''The writer,'' he says of himself, ''was no longer capable of treating, of dealing with and transmitting the wonderful narrative signals, so to speak, that the serious novelist would have been sensitized to.'' In the book these lines are followed eerily by his 14-year retreat from writing.

One of Mr. Roth's problems may have been the exalted standard he brought to his work, which contributed to the anxiety and self-consciousness that developed with his block. Unlike many fiction writers today, who seem to spill their lives directly onto the page, Mr. Roth holds to a notion of art that requires that personal history be transmuted into a text that feels unified, self-contained and inevitable. The real beginning of ''Call It Sleep'' came, he told me, when he decided ''to leave the realm of strict fact,'' began treating people and events in his past as ''objects that were just mine to use'' and grasped the overall fictive shape of his early experiences. For all its human immediacy, ''Call It Sleep'' is an intricately textured, literary novel, each of its four sections woven around key symbols and images. Mr. Roth was a Joycean then, but these unifying devices were ''mostly intuitive rather than planned or conscious,'' he said. ''I would continually glimpse elements in it that tied in, and they would gratify me very much, but I wouldn't allow them to interfere with the narrative.''

But when he tried writing about the later stages of his life, ''I no longer saw, in any of the things I tried to do, that kind of unity,'' he remarked. ''I was not able to integrate the new cosmopolitan world into which I was now plunged.'' As a result, every project petered out and eventually went dead for him. He was ''no longer at home,'' and his imagination couldn't encompass the larger stage he had entered. His proletarian novel was an attempt at a wholly American project - no Jews in sight - but its style is forced and unconvincing. Thanks to the Communist Party's puritan standards, he didn't feel free to deal with sex, though it haunts the edges of ''Call It Sleep'' and certainly haunted Mr. Roth himself during this period. ''He yearned for the tainted, the perverse, for the pornographic,'' he wrote in 1971, ''and detested himself as degenerate for doing so.'' ''He had a vested interest in the sordid, the squalid, the depraved. He became immobilized.''

TODAY, rediscovered as a classic in America, lionized in Italy where his book is a best seller, Henry Roth is very much a survivor. An Israeli film maker has taken an option on ''Call It Sleep,'' and recently drove its author around the Lower East Side to search for remnants of a buried world. Cortisone and hip-replacement surgery have helped in his struggle with arthritis, and the computer has helped him get words on paper. Muriel Roth began composing again as her husband began writing, and for the last four years (''since I was 75,'' she said), she has been a serious composer for the first time in several decades.

Whether or not Mr. Roth's current project, ''Mercy of a Rude Stream,'' fulfills its high literary promise, the mere fact of longevity has helped supply a happy turn to the Roths' story. Aside from some of the fine pieces collected in it, ''Shifting Landscape'' can only excite wonderment as an extraordinary record of an author's stubborn determination to rescue his talent from the clutches of neurosis and the vicissitudes of history.

'GO AHEAD - YOU DO IT'

Mario Materassi, the bearded, debonair Italian editor of ''Shifting Landscape,'' is a professor of American literature at the University of Florence.

He first discovered Henry

Roth on a trip to the dentist (''to get drilled,'' he says), when he was a Fulbright fellow at Columbia University in 1961. In the waiting room he saw an issue of Commentary with an essay by Leslie Fiedler on ''Henry Roth's Neglected Masterpiece,'' as well as a short article by Mr. Roth himself, which Mr. Materassi didn't even read because the dentist called him into his office. ''The very next day I found a copy of 'Call It Sleep' at [a bookstore] on Fourth Avenue. For the next three days I hardly ate or slept till I finished the book.'' He immediately wrote Mr. Roth asking for permission to translate the book. (He had already done translations of ''The Good Soldier'' by Ford Madox Ford and Norman Mailer's ''Advertisements for Myself.'') When Mr. Roth agreed, the two men began an unusual friendship that continues to this day. Mr. Materassi's second translation of ''Call It Sleep,'' more than 20 years after the first, won the Premio Nonnino in 1986 and went on to sell 30,000 copies in the first year, making Mr. Roth famous in Italy. The translator speculates that it's ''the concentration on family life and on children'' that has made Mr. Roth's novel so congenial to Italian readers.

Mr. Materassi first urged Mr. Roth to collect his occasional pieces 10 or 12 years ago, but he was stunned - and honored - on a 1985 visit to Mr. Roth in Albuquerque, N.M., when the writer said, ''Go ahead - you do it.'' Many of the letters and interviews that give the book its flavor were elicited by Mr. Materassi himself. Instead of editorial commentary, ''I wanted to let him do it in his own words.'' No stranger to America, Mr. Materassi, 52, taught English at City University of New York and lived on the Upper West Side from 1970 to 1975 until homesickness got the better of him. Besides his work on modern American writers, he avidly collects and writes about Japanese prints, with the help of his Korean-born wife, Millicent.    - M. D.

**Graphic**

Photos of Henry Roth (Chester Higgins Jr.) (pg. 1); Henry and Muriel Roth in New York (NYT/Chester Higgins Jr.) (pg. 33); Mario Materassi (pg. 35)

**End of Document**



[***BLACK LAWYER PRESSING KLAN APPEAL FOR PARADE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-HFM0-0008-Y27F-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 24, 1983, Saturday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1983 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 1; Page 8, Column 1; National Desk

**Length:** 993 words

**Byline:** By WILLIAM E. SCHMIDT

**Dateline:** CHICKASAW, Ala., Dec. 21

**Body**

Twice, local officials told Ray D. Morris and the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan that they would not be allowed to march through downtown Chickasaw.

So when it came time to try again, Mr. Morris, a dock worker who lives in a public housing project here and holds the title of Grand Dragon of the Alabama Klan, went to the American Civil Liberties Union for help. He was, in turn, referred to a lawyer in nearby Mobile. The lawyer, C. Christopher Clanton, is black.

Article on decision by black American Civil Liberties Union lawyer in Alabama C Christopher Canton to represent Ray D Morris and Ku Klux Klan; Morris and Klan have been unsuccessful in obtaining permission to march through downtown Chickasaw, Ala; Clanton now plans to file suit in Federal District Court; illustration (M)

Last week, to the amazement of the officials in this almost all-white, ***working class*** town of 7,400, Mr. Clanton stood up before the Chickasaw City Council to plead the Klan's case.

''It wasn't an easy decision to go ahead with this, and a lot of people advised me not to,'' said Mr. Clanton, a 26-year-old recent law school graduate who describes himself as a civil libertarian. ''But as a matter of principle, how could I say no? For a black man to deny others their civil rights would be a contradiction of all that black people themselves fought for in the 1960's.''

He Recalls Skokie Case

Mr. Clanton said he decided to represent the Klan after recalling a similar situation in Skokie, Ill., in which a lawyer for the American Civil Liberties Union who was a Jew argued for a group of American Nazis, who also had been denied a permit to stage a protest march.

As it turned out, the Chickasaw Council again turned down the Klan. As a result, Mr. Clanton is now planning to file suit in Federal district court, seeking to force Chickasaw to allow the Klan members to exercise what he argues are their basic First Amendment rights of free speech and assembly.

If Mr. Clanton is successful, Mr. Morris hopes to gather 25 to 100 Klan members and supporters on Jan. 7 to march through the city to protest both court-ordered school desegregation and the ban on school prayer.

To residents of southern Alabama, all of this is bewildering.

''You know, down here in the Deep South, we've made a lot of progress over the years on racial matters,'' said J. C. Davis Jr., a local insurance man who has long been Mayor of Chickasaw. ''But I sure never did think I'd live to see the day a black man would be representing the Ku Klux Klan.''

Moreover, Mr. Clanton's intercession comes at a time of rising anger and concern over Klan activities in the Mobile area. Chickasaw is seven miles north of Mobile.

Klansman Was Convicted

On Dec. 10, another Klansman, Henry Francis Hays, was convicted of murder in the killing of Michael Donald, a 19-year-old black, in March 1981. The victim's battered body was left hanging from a tree in Mobile, as if he had been lynched.

According to testimony in the trial, Mr. Hays and an accomplice abducted and killed the man, who was chosen at random from a downtown street, to ''show Klan strength in Alabama.''

As a result of that trial, a variety of local groups and community officials, black and white, have issued public condemnations of the Klan.

Mayor Davis also said the furor raised by the Hays trial had contributed to Chickasaw's determination not to allow the Klan march, even though Mr. Davis argues there are probably only a handful of Klansmen in the city.

''Emotions are high here,'' said Mr. Davis. ''If we allow that parade, some blacks are bound to show. Somone will throw a rock. Someone will bring a gun. You can imagine what could happen.''

The city's refusal to allow the Klan to march also underscores a belief, increasingly common in the region, that racial strife is not good for business.

Economic Protests Used

Last year, a dispute over the hanging deaths of two young black men in the Chickasaw city jail - the police said the two committed suicide - provoked a series of protests and boycotts among Mobile area blacks, aimed at Chickasaw merchants.

''Half our local income comes from sales tax, and when the blacks stopped coming up from Mobile and Prichard to shop here, it really hurt,'' said Mr. Davis. ''Things are just getting back to normal, so the last thing we need is a Klan march to stir things up again.''

There are many here who note that it was not so long ago that the Klan would not have needed permission to march in downtown Chickasaw.

''We used to get more respect, that's for sure,'' said Mr. Morris. ''But then Martin Luther King got shot, and pretty soon everyone was low-rating us and slapping us down. Times sure have changed.''

For his part, Mr. Morris says he does not subscribe to violence against blacks. ''Personally, I don't think Hays killed that man,'' said Mr. Morris. ''But even if he did, just because we got some bad peas in the bunch is no reason to throw us all out.''

Some Difficulty at First

Mr. Morris says he had some difficulty at first accepting the idea that a black would be representing the Klan.

''When the civil liberties people told me about Mr. Clanton, I clicked on it a few times,'' says Mr. Morris, whose brick and cinder-block home here has a Confederate flag standing in the living room alongside his Christmas tree, and Klan posters on the walls. ''But as I see it now, it don't make no difference that he's what he is or that I'm a Klansman. We're both Americans, aren't we?''

The two men are now on a first-name basis, and Mr. Morris this week said he was going to invite blacks to join his protest march next month. ''Black folks are welcome to come join us,'' said Mr. Morris. ''I'll even leave my robes at home.''

Mr. Clanton said: ''The bottom line is that all rights must be protected, no matter how much you might disagree with what is being said or the people who are saying it. Besides, it would be racist for someone to tell me I should not take the case just because I'm black.''

**Graphic**

Photo of C. Christopher Clanton

**End of Document**



[***'Home Edition' Shows the Softer Side of Reality TV***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4DPS-F670-TW8F-G2XF-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 4, 2004 Thursday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2004 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section E; Column 1; The Arts/Cultural Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1454 words

**Byline:** By FELICIA R. LEE

**Dateline:** OAK PARK, Mich., Oct. 30

**Body**

On a quiet street of small houses in this ***working-class*** town near Detroit, 12-year-old Lance Vardon snuggled into the arms of his father, Larry, their hands clasped. That tender moment the other day was no different from many others in the family's bungalow, though the internal and external nooks and crannies of the family's life have been transformed by the ABC show ''Extreme Makeover: Home Edition.''

The changes include the new kitchen's sleek granite counter and six-burner stove and Lance's new playroom (once an unfinished basement), with a thick, blue wall-to-wall carpet and a keyboard to bang out his beloved Elvis and Beethoven. The house as well as the family, including Lance's mother, Judy, and 14-year-old brother, Stefan, are featured in back-to-back one-hour episodes of the ''Extreme Makeover'' series, scheduled to be broadcast at 7 and at 8 on Sunday night.

Lance will not see it. He is blind and autistic. His parents are deaf and mute. Stefan is the only member of the family who is not disabled. So the Vardons are overwhelmed by and grateful for a spiffy makeover that also includes devices to alert them to a ringing telephone or to keep track of Lance, who sometimes wanders off.

''I've learned to trust the house,'' Mrs. Vardon, a 45-year-old homemaker, said using American Sign Language. The parents communicate with each other and Stefan through American Sign Language (an interpreter was used for this interview). Lance reads Braille and speaks just at little. He makes a few signs, and uses more when his parents put their hands in his or he puts his hands in theirs, so he can feel the formation of the letters. The couple, who met as babies at a Detroit-area nursery school for deaf children, have been married for 21 years.

In a genre known for competition and nastiness, dominated by schemers and back-stabbers, ''Extreme Makeover: Home Edition'' has managed to put a new spin on reality TV. It has done so by highlighting the reality faced by people like the Vardons, whose challenges go beyond four walls. And by combining home design, family drama and community outreach in fast-paced episodes, the network has created a hit.

''I think that reality shows that families can watch together are doing better than sleazed-up shows,'' said Steve Sternberg, an executive vice president and director of audience analysis for Magna Global USA, a media-buying company. Reality shows like ''Trading Spaces'' on TLC and even ''Wife Swap'' on ABC have a feel-good, family element to them, Mr. Sternberg said. ''I think the makeover shows are supplanting the relationship reality shows,'' he said.

Over all, the reality era is a return to some of the qualities that made early television so compelling. ''It's heartfelt, it touches a nerve,'' said Tim Brooks, executive vice president of research for Lifetime Television and the co-author of a book about primetime and cable television shows. ''It's the viewers watching themselves on the screen in a way. They can relate to a house that's cluttered, a son with a disability.''

Back in the 50's, Mr. Brooks said, the hot reality shows were not so different from ''Extreme Makeover.'' Ordinary women won household appliances on ''Queen for a Day''; ''Strike It Rich'' helped people down on their luck.

Now in its second season, ''Extreme Makeover'' is the second-highest-rated show on Sunday night among all viewers. Among teenagers this season it is the top-ranked reality program. [On Oct. 31, almost 15 million people watched the makeover of a house in Jamaica, Queens, belonging to a single mother who had been cheated by a contractor two years ago.]

A thousand families apply to ABC each day to have their houses renovated, said Tom Forman, executive producer and creator of the series.

''They were looking to do a home renovation show,'' Mr. Forman recalled of his meetings with ABC executives. ''I said: 'Look, let's find nice people and renovate their houses. We are looking for people who have more than an ugly house -- they've been dealt a lousy hand in life.'''

It doesn't hurt ratings that ''Extreme Makeover'' leads into the new tongue-in-cheek soap opera ''Desperate Housewives'' (the top-rated show on Sunday nights), which features a quartet of sexy suburbanites. Mostly, ''Extreme Makeover'' seems to tap into both the viewing public's penchant for voyeurism and a peculiarly American faith in happy endings.

Viewers watch as an on-screen clock ticks down the seven-day rush to renovate the house, complete with shopping trips for appliances and meetings between the good-looking young design team armed with sketch pads and fabric swatches. The families are shooed off to a one-week vacation (viewers get a peek) while their homes are made over.

Sears, whose products are featured in the show, is the official sponsor. Other vendors donate materials and are mentioned in the credits and on ABC's Web site. The network would not release precise figures, but a spokeswoman said that each project easily costs hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Like the Vardons, the families return home to an ''unveiling'' that includes the design team, dozens of construction volunteers and neighbors enchanted by the klieg lights and the good fortune.

Past episodes have featured a young quadriplegic man in Ventura, Calif., who received an elevator, freeing him from living in the basement of his three-story house. In Garden Grove, Calif., the home of a 6-year-old boy with a rare brittle-bone disease was renovated with soft cork floors and curved corners. Space was created for a motherless family of eight children squeezed into a 1,200-square-foot home in Encinitas, Calif.

Stefan, a high school freshman, used a school essay about his family to help win the makeover competition. That essay said in part: ''I am so used to this life, it's just that sometimes I wish I had a normal family and didn't live this way. But the next day I am so happy that I have a loving family that treats me nice and loves me.''

The other day at his home he added, ''I feel like a regular family, but we've been through a lot.''

To make life easier and safer, the ''Home Makeover'' crew installed lights that indicate when the phone rings and a device that thumps Mrs. Vardon's side of the bed and flashes a light when a window or door is opened. Two quarter-size radio transmitters were sewn into Lance's clothes to make him easier to find if he wanders off. New computers made it easier to communicate by e-mail.

The Vardons vacationed on Mackinac Island in Michigan while their 980-square-foot home was renovated. When they saw the new house, ''I was crying,'' Mr. Vardon , a 46-year-old welder for a car manufacturer, recalled. ''We've got less worry. Before, we had so much worry.''

Through the show, Stefan was awarded a $50,000 college scholarship from William Austin, founder of the Starkey Hearing Foundation in Minnesota, which provides hearing aids to people with limited incomes. On an episode on Sunday, the deaf actress Marlee Matlin makes a guest appearance to conduct a hearing test for Mrs. Vardon, her first in 20 years.

After receiving a hearing aid for each ear, she could hear a bit of her sons' voices and Lance's music for the first time.

''I'm just picking up little things,'' she said. ''I don't hear like a hearing person.'' An animated woman, she sometimes vocalizes a series of muted words when she signs. Her faith and her optimism keep her going, she said. ''I am a Christian but I don't preach against other religions,'' she said. ''I'm just Judy Vardon, and I do feel close to God.'' She squeezes in time to work with elderly people and the parents of disabled children.

Stefan shyly showed off his new home. He is watchful, a football player with a medium build who leaned in to listen carefully to his little brother. (He said: ''He doesn't say, 'I want a cookie.' He'll say, 'Cookie.' Since I've been with him a lot, I know what he needs.'')

Besides his own bedroom in the basement, which features a wall mural of the Australian outback, Stefan seemed most proud of Lance's bedroom. It has special therapeutic sensory panels that blow cool air or are warm to the touch. Lance's playroom was also designed for maximum sensory stimulation, with a ball pit and a tunnel for crawling.

And the backyard now includes a wooden swing set for Lance, a tool shed (with tools) for Mr. Vardon (he fixes the neighbors' cars free) and a heated in-ground pool. It took Lance four years to learn to swim, his mother said, proof that patience pays off.

So does a sense of humor. ''We see no evil, hear no evil and speak no evil, '' Mrs. Vardon said with her hands, her smiling gaze taking in the immaculate new house and so much more.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Lance Vardon on his new swing set from ''Extreme Makeover.'' (Photo by Andrew Sacks for The New York Times)(pg. E1)

Left: Lance Vardon, who is blind and autistic, feels sign language as his father, Larry, forms it. Judy Vardon, right, the mother of the family, in front of their house, which was renovated on ''Extreme Makeover: Home Edition,'' on ABC. The episodes are to be broadcast on Sunday, beginning at 7. (Photographs by Andrew Sacks for The New York Times)(pg. E6)

**Load-Date:** November 4, 2004

**End of Document**



[***The 'Me' of 'Roger and Me' Is Trying Network TV***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-WTC0-0024-J106-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 10, 1993, Monday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1993 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Cultural Desk

**Section:** Section C;; Section C; Page 11; Column 1; Cultural Desk; Column 1;

**Length:** 1119 words

**Byline:** By ELIZABETH KOLBERT

By ELIZABETH KOLBERT

**Body**

There's something about being in front of a camera that makes Americans say the most astonishingly self-revelatory things. But even after years of trying, Michael Moore hasn't figured out exactly what that is.

"I'm still amazed," he says, contemplating the mysteries of the video age with a mischievous smile.

It has been just over three years since Mr. Moore emerged as a celebrity on the strength of his first movie, "Roger and Me," a grimly funny documentary about the decline of Flint, Mich., his hometown. What distinguished "Roger and Me" was the way Mr. Moore managed to get so many of his interview subjects, from local General Motors officials to Bob Eubanks of "The Newlywed Game," to reveal their foibles to the camera.

Now Mr. Moore has proved once again that people will say the darndest things in front of a lens. For the last few months, he has been working on an hourlong show for NBC titled "TV Nation." The show, a spoof of a conventional news-magazine program, explores subjects like the North American Free Trade Agreement and the resettlement of Love Canal, all from Mr. Moore's sardonically leftist perspective. Not many of the people whose interviews were selected for the show manage to make it off camera before saying something self-incriminating.

It Started as a Special

NBC envisioned the show as a special, which could be broadcast as soon as next month. If NBC executives are concerned about the political overtones of "TV Nation," they are not saying so publicly. Indeed, they were so impressed with what they saw of the show, now in the final stages of editing, that they are considering ordering several more installments or even making it into a weekly series. The final word is expected next week, when NBC announces its fall schedule.

Mr. Moore, a college dropout from a ***working-class*** family, a self-taught film maker and self-described political agitator, acknowledges that he finds the notion of his own network television series disconcerting. "If they turned over an hour of TV to us each week," he said, "I would just have to believe we were in some weird dream."

Although Mr. Moore has a reputation for being prickly when challenged, as when some critics assailed the methodology of "Roger and Me," in an interview last week in his mid-Manhattan office he seemed downright mellow, softened perhaps by a string of recent successes. Not only has he just completed "TV Nation," but he also recently obtained the money to make his first feature film. Some of the financing came from Madonna, who, as Mr. Moore notes, grew up just down the highway from him in Pontiac, Mich. The film, tentatively titled "Canadian Bacon," is scheduled to go into production in the fall; it is to star Tom Arnold and feature his wife, Roseanne.

Products of Success

"TV Nation" is the first genuine Hollywood venture for Mr. Moore, who is 38. After the success of "Roger and Me," which grossed $8 million domestically, he received several offers from major studios to write or direct a feature movie but turned them all down. Instead, he married his longtime girlfriend and fellow Flint native, Kathleen Glynn, moved to the Upper West Side of Manhattan, set up a foundation to support independent film makers and started to work on the screenplay for "Canadian Bacon."

In the screenplay, a sort of Michael Crichton meets Evelyn Waugh adventure, the United States, having run short of enemies, decides to invade Canada.

"They have a lock on Zamboni technology that we don't have," Mr. Moore said, explaining the Canadian menace. "We don't really know what they're doing up there."

No studio was interested in producing the screenplay, and it was while he was in Los Angeles trying to raise money to produce the film independently that Mr. Moore stumbled into "TV Nation." An executive at Tri-Star Television, the production company, called him and asked if he had ever thought of doing a television show. Mr. Moore replied that he had some vague ideas, which he then tried to arrange in coherent form while driving around listening to heavy-metal music. The Tri-Star executive introduced him to NBC executives, and within a few weeks, filming had begun.

Low-Key but Effective

Mr. Moore describes "TV Nation" as " '60 Minutes' if it had a sense of humor and a subversive edge." Certainly Mr. Moore is no Mike Wallace; in "TV Nation" he poses in full south-of-the-border regalia, dances a polka and exchanges Twinkies with a former Soviet official. His interviewing technique -- if it can be called that -- is low-key, his dress casual, verging on disheveled. The other "reporters" on the show are equally zany, including Merrill Markoe, the former head writer for "Late Night" with David Letterman.

Still, despite his unorthodox methods, or perhaps because of them, Mr. Moore manages to capture his subjects making all manner of unselfconscious remarks. In the segment on Love Canal, for example, a real estate agent is trying to sell a house hard by the nation's most notorious toxic-waste dump. He assures the prospective buyers that people who live near Love Canal are as healthy as he is. Almost as an afterthought, he then notes that he was treated for cancer three years ago.

In the segment on the free-trade agreement, Mr. Moore interviews a Texas official whose job is persuading American companies to relocate in Mexico. She acknowledges that some people are critical of the low wages that Mexican workers receive but explains that this is not really a cause for concern.

"You have to understand that for the most part they don't own a vehicle to drive, so therefore that eliminates a car payment, it eliminates insurance, it eliminates gasoline and so forth," she says. "And then for the most part they don't own homes, either."

Although Mr. Moore's liberal politics come through loud and clear on "TV Nation," he avoids taking on any major corporations after the fashion of "Roger and Me." He says that the goal of the show is not just to push a particular agenda, but also to show that serious issues, like the environment and free trade, can be handled in an entertaining way. "I think humor is an important means of communication and a political tool," he said. "A lot of people on the left don't realize how effective it is."

Mr. Moore expects "TV Nation" to receive some of the same sort of criticism "Roger and Me" did from people who argued that he interviewed ordinary people only to make fun of them. This, he maintains, is a criticism leveled only by people who do not consider themselves ordinary.

"I see it as kind of a class thing," he said. The people interviewed for "TV Nation," he said, "are us.

"That's why we can do these stories, because we come from the Love Canals of this country."

**Graphic**

Photo: Michael Moore. (Sara Krulwich/The New York Times) (pg. C12)

**Load-Date:** May 10, 1993

**End of Document**



[***A Village Takes Stock as More Retail Moves In***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4DMD-TG60-TW8F-G1RW-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 24, 2004 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2004 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 11; Column 1; Real Estate Desk; Pg. 7; LIVING IN/Port Chester, N.Y.

**Length:** 1376 words

**Byline:** By ELSA BRENNER

**Body**

IN almost all ways but geographic, Port Chester, N.Y., stands far apart from its three well-heeled neighbors. While Rye and Harrison, N.Y., and Greenwich, Conn., are notable for their manicured lawns, leafy streets and quaint downtowns, most of Port Chester looks and feels more like a small city than the Westchester suburb it actually is. And unlike the surrounding communities, with their high per capita incomes, most of Port Chester's residents are ***working-class***, and many are immigrants.

For the last 100 years, Our Lady of the Rosary, a Roman Catholic church that overlooks the village from a perch near the Long Island Sound, has ministered to successive waves of newcomers. ''A small Ellis Island,'' was the way the Rev. Timothy Ploch, a priest at Our Lady of the Rosary, recently described the bustling village with its crowded multifamily houses and densely populated downtown.

In the early and mid 1900's, Port Chester was home to Irish, Polish and Italian immigrants. Many of them found work at local factories like BeechNut LifeSavers, built homes and sent their children to public schools.

Nowadays, immigrants from Mexico, Peru, Guatemala and Ecuador live in those modest wood-frame houses. And because many of Port Chester's factories closed during the 1950's and early 60's, they work instead as electricians, landscapers and small business entrepreneurs in the affluent neighboring towns.

Port Chester's strong Latino presence is most obvious in the downtown business district, where bodegas, beauty salons, bars and ethnic restaurants thrive in commercial buildings dating back to the first half of the previous century. An area of several blocks along North and South Main Streets and sections of Westchester Avenue, home to a variety of ethnic restaurants from take-out to white tablecloth establishments, has become a destination in recent years for diners from Connecticut and Westchester in search of Latin American specialties.

''I've seen the downtown change in many ways since I was a kid growing up here,'' said Charles J. Rosabella, who worked at an ice cream shop in the village in 1960, when he was attending the local high school.

''I still remember some of those original stores,'' said Mr. Rosabella, who now owns Century 21 Rosabella Realty in the village. ''Most of them are long gone, although a handful of the old-timers are still around.''

There is another type of change about to take place in Port Chester, as new construction for several big retailers proceeds, and the longstanding mom-and-pop character of the downtown shifts to the sidelines.

Nowhere can the interface between the old and new in the village be better seen than at the corner of Westchester Avenue and North and South Main Streets, at the center of the business district along the waterfront. There, next to a 140,000-square-foot Costco store that opened several years ago, a 15-screen movie theater, a Super Stop & Shop and other discounters are to open within the year.

Gregg Wasser, a principal with G&S Investors in Old Bethpage, N.Y., the developer for the Waterfront, as the project is called, recently described the village and area around it as a ''region that is under-retailed.''

As villagers look ahead to the opening of the outlets, many are wondering how the changes will affect them. For residents like Rob and Gail Rothweiler, homeowners in Port Chester for the last 15 years, the new construction promises long-awaited economic growth in the village and hopefully an increase in real estate values.

''There's good value here already, and it will probably get even better now,'' said Mr. Rothweiler, a sales executive with AT&T. The Rothweilers own a four-bedroom, three-bath colonial home on a 0.75-acre lot in the village. ''With the new stores, more people will be coming to Port Chester and paying attention to it,'' Mr. Rothweiler said.

But another homeowner, Jesus Condori, predicted the opposite. He worried that the increase in traffic generated by the new stores would depress property values.

Mr. Condori, who immigrated to Port Chester from Arequipa, Peru, in 1989, is an electrician and the owner of a two-family home in the village. Although elected officials have widened and improved roads leading to the Waterfront, traffic still snarls. ''Things could become even more overcrowded,'' Mr. Condori said.

Property values have been on the upswing in Port Chester in recent years. The median sales price for a single-family home in the village at the beginning of October was $535,000, up from $497,000 at the same time last year.

Property values for homes in the village are 19 percent lower than they are for Westchester as a whole. At last count, the current median sales price for a single-family home in the county was $660,000.

For a multifamily home in the village, the median sales price was $550,000, up from $497,500 a year ago.

For condos, the median was $317,500, up from $260,000 in 2003. For co-ops, though, the median sales price in early October was $82,000, down from $97,000 a year ago, possibly because fewer of the more expensive two-bedroom units were sold in that period, Mr. Rosabella said.

He predicted the new retail stores would generate more revenue for Port Chester, ease the tax burden for property owners and eventually attract new residents to the village. ''With the tax rate more stable and new businesses generating more jobs, we'll expect to see an improvement,'' he said.

Despite the optimistic predictions for the future vitality of the residential market, persistent problems in the village could deter some potential property owners.

Joseph Krzeminski, Port Chester's police chief, reported that there is some overcrowding in older multifamily homes owned by absentee landlords and rented out to immigrants, a situation that poses potential fire and health hazards.

Another worry for the police chief is the drunkenness that occurs at night and on weekends in the village, including among some of the undocumented workers.

And then there are unresolved legal matters, including complaints and federal lawsuits, related to eminent domain proceedings that the village instituted to clear property for the waterfront development. At times, stays were issued that halted construction. But for now, the work is continuing, said Liane Watkins, a lawyer in White Plains, who is a special counsel to the village with her father, John Watkins.

In the schools, the increase in the number of Hispanic residents living in the village is documented in enrollment percentages. In 1981, 21.2 percent of the Port Chester-Rye Union Free School District's 2,959 students were Hispanic, 52.4 percent were white, 25.1 percent were black and 1.3 percent were Asian. Last year, 66.2 percent of the district's 2,575 students were Hispanic, 23 percent were white, 9.8 percent were black, and 1 percent were Asian.

Mr. Rothweiler said that he and his wife, who is active with the local parent-teachers organization, send their daughters, who are 8 and 11, to the public schools, because ''the numbers are reflective of what the real world is all about, and our kids are faring well.'' He and his wife both trace their roots to Italian forebears in Port Chester.

The primary concern for Charles D. Coletti, the superintendent of schools, is the large group of students -- 25 percent in the district -- who do not speak English fluently and therefore require classes taught in their native language. ''It's a challenge,'' he said.

The district has four elementary schools for kindergarten through fifth grade, a middle school for Grades 6 though 8, and a high school. With 60 percent of senior class students taking the SAT's last spring, the average score for the verbal section of the tests was 469; for the math section, the average was 476. Statewide average scores on the tests in 2003 were 496 for verbal and 510 for math.

The Rothweilers, who recently sold a Cape Cod house in Port Chester for twice what they paid for it 15 years ago, and bought another home nearby in the mid-$600,000's, said they plan to stay in the village.

Mr. Rothweiler described his neighborhood as ''peaceful and quiet,'' the school system as solid, and Port Chester in general as ''a good place to raise children.''

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

**Graphic**

Photos: 'ELLIS ISLAND' WITH SHOPPING -- Immigrants have long found a home in Port Chester, N.Y., but residents are wondering what new construction, above, will mean for life and property values there.

On the Market: WILLET AVENUE -- This two-family house at 225-227 Willet Avenue has a two-bedroom unit and a four-bedroom unit, and is listed at $749,500. (914)935-9370. WEST GLEN AVENUE -- This three-bedroom, two-bath house at 55 West Glen Avenue is listed at $542,000. (914)935-9370. WESTCHESTER AVENUE -- A one-bedroom, one-bath co-op at 360 Westchester Avenue is listed at $168,000. (914)935-9370. (Photographs by Phil Mansfield for The New York Times)Chart: ''GAZETTEER''POPULATION: 27,867AREA: 2.4 square milesMEDIAN HOUSEHOLD INCOME: $45,381MEDIAN PRICE OF A SINGLE-FAMILY HOUSE: $535,000AVERAGE TAX ON A SINGLE-FAMILY HOUSE: $8,500MEDIAN HOUSE PRICE A YEAR AGO: $497,000SCHOOL SPENDING PER PUPIL: $14,000DISTANCE TO MANHATTAN: 26.9 milesZIP CODE: 10573RUSH-HOUR COMMUTE TO MIDTOWN: 45 minutes on Metro-North RailroadZIP CODE: 10573A SHIP-BUILDING HERITAGE: Before the Revolutionary War, the place now called Port Chester was a hamlet of Rye, and had a fledgling shipbuilding industry. During the war, it was a natural distribution point for local farm produce. Afterward, it became a steamboat stop, the eastern ''port of Westchester,'' with its current name officially adopted in 1837.Map of New York State highlighting Port Chester.

**Load-Date:** October 24, 2004

**End of Document**



[***Is the Pope Catholic?***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:471F-6570-01CN-H509-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 4, 2002 Saturday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2002 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Column 1; Editorial Desk; Pg. 13

**Length:** 1440 words

**Byline:**  By Bill Keller; E-mail: , [*billkeller@nytimes.com*](mailto:billkeller@nytimes.com)

**Body**

Pope John Paul II turns 82 this month, and he looks more mortal by the day. In his photo op with the American cardinals last week, he was so infirm and unintelligible that you wanted to avert your eyes out of pity. But let's not. The uncomfortable and largely unspoken truth is that the current turmoil in the Roman Catholic Church is not just a sad footnote to the life of a beloved figure. This is a crisis of the pope's making.

I do not mean that the pope condones child abuse, although his zeal to combat it ranks right down with that of, say, Cardinal Bernard Law, the pedophile-juggling head of the Boston archdiocese. Despite what you may have read, the pope has not apologized for anything, nor has he acknowledged anything amiss in the hierarchy's decades of dissembling -- or, as he dismissively put it, the way church leaders "are perceived to have acted." The fact that the pope's passing reference to the rape of children as a "crime" was treated as a bolt of divine enlightenment reflects just how eager we are to let him off the hook.

It should be clear by now that this scandal is only incidentally about forcing sex on minors. There is no evidence so far that predator priests are more common than predator teachers or predator doctors or predator journalists. The scandal is the persistent failure of the church hierarchy to comprehend, to care and to protect. The Boy Scouts, not an organization in the vanguard of sexual enlightenment, adopted a clear, firm policy to protect children from molestation 19 years ago. The Catholic bishops and their Vatican handlers, meanwhile, are still parsing the rhetorical fine points of "zero tolerance," which is at best an empty slogan (does anyone favor "10 percent tolerance"?) and at worst a way of abdicating responsibility.

The pope lamented last week that the child abuse scandal is eroding trust in the church. But that is rather backward. American Catholics have reacted so explosively to this sordid affair precisely because they felt so little trust to begin with. The distrust is the legacy of Pope John Paul II.

One paradox of the Polish pope is that while he is rightly revered for helping bring down the godless Communists, he has replicated something very like the old Communist Party in his church. Karol Wojtyla has shaped a hierarchy that is intolerant of dissent, unaccountable to its members, secretive in the extreme and willfully clueless about how people live. The Communists mouthed pieties about "social justice" and the rule of the ***working class*** while creating a corrupt dictatorship of bureaucrats. Russians boiled this down to a cynical adage: We pretend to work, and they pretend to pay us. For American Catholics, the counterpart is: They pretend to lead, and we pretend to follow.

Like the Communist Party circa Leonid Brezhnev, the Vatican exists first and foremost to preserve its own power. This is disheartening for the many good Catholics who hope this crisis will provoke a renaissance in their church. Nobody quite says it this way, but one reason many Catholics see the moment as ripe for reform is that this pope is on his last legs. Soon, the hope goes, a vigorous new leader may emerge.

Maybe so. But like the Communists, John Paul has carefully constructed a Kremlin that will be inhospitable to a reformer. He has strengthened the Vatican equivalent of the party Central Committee, called the Curia, and populated it with reactionaries. He has put a stamp of papal infallibility on the issue of ordaining women, making it more difficult for a successor to come to terms with the issue. He has trained bishops that the path of advancement is obsequious obedience to himself. Alarmed by priests who showed too much populist sympathy for their parishioners, the pope, according to the Notre Dame historian R. Scott Appleby, has turned seminaries into factories of conformity, begetting a generation of inflexible young priests who have no idea how to talk to real-life Catholics.

Next month, after years of resistance, the American church is supposed to begin requiring that theologians teaching in Catholic universities accept a "mandatum" from their bishops, a pledge of allegiance to doctrinal orthodoxy. The American bishops fear this will stifle intellectual discussion, but the pope insists. No glasnost on his watch.

Nor is the pope about to let America's uppity laity exploit the current crisis to claim a greater voice in their own affairs. The American policy on handling sexual abuse is to be dictated by Rome. And while a large majority of Catholics want leaders who mishandled marauding priests to resign, the culpability of bishops is not even on the Vatican's agenda. It now seems clear that the pope declined to let Cardinal Law resign because he feared it might give the laity the idea their opinion mattered. Cardinal Law promptly marched home and quashed efforts by restive Boston Catholics to organize an association of parish councils. How Soviet is that?

What reform might mean in the church is something I leave to Catholics who care more than I do. I am what a friend calls a "collapsed Catholic" -- well beyond lapsed -- and therefore claim no voice in whom the church ordains or how it prays or what it chooses to call a sin.

But the struggle within the church is interesting as part of a larger struggle within the human race, between the forces of tolerance and absolutism. That is a struggle that has given rise to great migrations (including the one that created this country) and great wars (including one we are fighting this moment against a most virulent strain of intolerance).

The Catholic Church has not, over the centuries, been a stronghold of small-c catholic values, which my dictionary defines as "broad in sympathies, tastes, or understanding; liberal." This is, after all, the church that gave us the Crusades and the Inquisition.

That seemed destined to change after the Second Vatican Council of 1962-65, which relaxed the grip of the papal apparat and elevated the importance of individual conscience. The Vatican II spirit of a more open and dynamic church invigorated American Catholic support for civil rights and other liberal causes. But it soon ran smack-dab into the sexual revolution.

Probably no institution run by a fraternity of aging celibates was going to reconcile easily with a movement that embraced the equality of women, abortion on demand and gay rights. It is possible, though, to imagine a leadership that would have given it a try. In fact, Pope Paul VI indicated some interest in adopting a more lenient view of birth control, and he handpicked a committee of prominent Catholics who endorsed the idea almost by acclamation. The pope agonized, and then astonished Catholics by reaffirming the old ban.

"If you want to look for where credibility on human sexuality got lost, it got lost there," said the Catholic University sociologist William D'Antonio.

There is some reason to believe that the man who changed that pope's mind on birth control was the Polish cardinal who would succeed him. Whether or not that is true, once Cardinal Wojtyla ascended to the papacy he adhered to the most austere, doctrinaire view of sexual ethics, and the most hierarchical concept of church governance.

Implored by Catholics to consider, at least, the lifesaving power of condoms in the age of AIDS, John Paul II was unyielding. He actually grouped contraception with genocide in a litany of "intrinsically evil" acts that condemn sinners to hell for eternity. "The vast majority of Catholic married couples, that is, stand on the wrong side of the abyss with Hitler and Pol Pot," as Charles R. Morris observed in his splendid history of American Catholicism.

In America most Catholics ignore the pope on this, as they do on divorce and remarriage, abortion, sex out of wedlock, homosexuality and many other things Rome condemns as violations of natural law. It seems fair to say that a church that was not so estranged from its own members on subjects of sex and gender, a more collegial church, would have handled the issue of child abuse earlier and better.

There is a dwindling population of older Catholic conservatives who say, in effect, the pope's the man, love it or leave it. And there is a growing population of American Catholics who are doing just that -- withdrawing tacitly from Rome while keeping the faith in their own parishes, if they happen to have accommodating clergy, or in their own hearts. Whether the church will reform, or fracture, or continue this continental drift, I have no way of knowing, but I wonder how long faith withstands such a corrosive rain of hypocrisy.

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

**Graphic**

Photo: Drawing (Knickerbocker)

**Load-Date:** October 19, 2002

**End of Document**



[***THE 1998 CAMPAIGN: THE SENATE;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3V01-FFM0-007F-G4BN-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Skipped Votes by D'Amato End the Issue, Schumer Says***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3V01-FFM0-007F-G4BN-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 29, 1998, Thursday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1998 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk

**Section:** Section B; ; Section B; Page 9; Column 1; Metropolitan Desk ; Column 1;

**Length:** 1204 words

**Byline:** By ADAM NAGOURNEY

By ADAM NAGOURNEY

**Dateline:** ELMIRA HEIGHTS, N.Y., Oct. 28

**Body**

Representative Charles E. Schumer denounced Senator Alfonse M. D'Amato today for running a "cynical campaign on what we now see clearly is a phony issue" after Mr. D'Amato acknowledged that he had skipped hundreds of votes as a local official when he first ran for the Senate in 1980.

"The issue of missed votes is now over," Mr. Schumer declared in Manhattan.

But Mr. D'Amato was quick to disagree. After appearing to hold back this morning at a rally along the Hudson River in Yonkers, Mr. D'Amato had returned by the afternoon to the issue of Mr. Schumer's skipping votes in order to run for the Senate with a vengeance as the Senator campaigned for a second day across upstate New York.

While rattling off statistics relating to Mr. Schumer's absentee record this year to illustrate what has been the central thrust of his campaign, the Senator defended himself against the countercharges over his own missed votes, which came 18 years ago when he was a member of the Nassau County Board of Supervisors.

Mr. D'Amato said it was "ludicrous" to compare his attendance record when he first ran for the Senate -- he attended only one out of six meetings of the supervisors' board that fall -- with Congressional votes that Mr. Schumer missed this year. In a sharp effort to move attention away from a disclosure that even the Senator's own supporters described as threatening to his re-election prospects, he raised 18-year-old allegations that Mr. Schumer had used state employees to work on his first campaign for Congress.

The exchanges between Mr. D'Amato and his Democratic challenger came as the two candidates entered a tense final week of a campaign that has clearly been jolted by the disclosure of records that suggested that Mr. D'Amato had, as Presiding Supervisor of the Town of Hempstead in 1980, done the same thing for which he has criticized Mr. Schumer.

Mr. Schumer, who has spent much of the last month responding to questions about votes he missed this year, seemed elated by the turn of events.

"The truth is coming back to haunt him," Mr. Schumer asserted at a Manhattan news conference, where he appeared with James S. Brady, the former White House press secretary who was gravely wounded in the assassination attempt on President Ronald Reagan and has since become the nation's leading advocate for gun control.

"The votes he missed demonstrate that Al D'Amato's whole campaign was a fraud," Mr. Schumer said in his midtown campaign headquarters. "Again, I repeat, it's not that he missed the votes. It's rather that he would use the issue of missed votes, knowing he missed as many as he did, to be the whole centerpiece of his campaign. It's definite proof that New Yorkers can't trust him, and after 18 years, it's time for the hypocrisy to end."

Even Mr. Brady turned one of Mr. D'Amato's campaign lines against him as he endorsed Mr. Schumer -- for the second time this year -- for his efforts on behalf of the gun control legislation that Congress passed in Mr. Brady's honor. "Yesterday, I read where Al D'Amato missed more than 900 votes," Mr. Brady said, reading from a sheet of paper. "I wished he would have missed the votes on the Brady bill and the assault weapons ban."

Mr. D'Amato missed more than 1,000 votes taken on both boards on which he served -- the Hempstead Town Board and the Nassau County Board of Supervisors -- during the 1980 election campaign, according to a count by Newsday.

Mr. D'Amato's campaign staff, and many of his supporters, showed signs of concern about the disclosure throughout the day -- both because the Senator may have now lost the issue on which he had hooked his campaign and because the incident feeds into Mr. Schumer's attempt to portray him as untrustworthy.

Several elected Republican officials who attended Mr. D'Amato's rallies today but who asked not to be identified said they were growing increasingly concerned about Mr. D'Amato's prospects for re-election. One supporter expressed anger at Mr. D'Amato's campaign for making such a fundamental political error: not adequately investigating its candidate's background before raising the allegations about a rival.

Mr. D'Amato, normally eager to talk to reporters, went to great lengths today to avoid discussing the issue as he campaigned across the state with Gov. George E. Pataki. In Yonkers, appearing before a huge contingent of television cameras, the Senator took just one question, and then, again uncharacteristically, read from a statement that he was holding down on the lectern against the wind blowing off the Hudson River behind him.

"I think it's ridiculous," Mr. D'Amato said. "If you're going to compare 18 years ago to Chuck Schumer's missing almost 500 votes in the last 12 months alone, that's ludicrous."

"If you want to talk about 18 years ago," he said, the discussion should instead turn to the investigation of Mr. Schumer's use of State Assembly campaign workers for his first Congressional campaign. Mr. D'Amato described the allegations as "serious violations of the law." No charges were ever brought.

"If you take a look at it," Mr. D'Amato said, "it's rather obvious that Mr. Trust doesn't look so good. If Chuck Schumer wants to talk about what was happening 18 years ago and our conduct, than let's look at it and let's talk about it."

Mr. Schumer, when asked about the investigation, responded by noting that he was never prosecuted for wrongdoing, and then pointed to Mr. D'Amato's own history. "Al D'Amato is the most investigated senator in New York history," he said.

After issuing his statement in Yonkers, Mr. D'Amato left the lectern surrounded by a phalanx of supporters who sought to wall off reporters' questions. "You've got my statement," he called out as he headed to his car.

Later, in a five-minute news conference as his jet lurched into a landing here, he declined to discuss the differences between his actions when he ran for the Senate in 1980 and what Mr. Schumer did now. "I made the statement, and if you want it, I think we have it transcribed. I stand by what I indicated to you and I'm not going to repeat it verbatim."

Mr. D'Amato's aides were more expansive, suggesting two major differences. The first, said Zenia Mucha, Mr. D'Amato's longtime political counselor, is that these votes happened 18 years ago. She suggested that missing a vote on a Board of Supervisors matter was not as serious as missing votes in Congress.

"We're talking about Congressional votes, O.K.?" she said. "Their 18 years in Congress. Examine the record. Examine it."

Today was the second consecutive day that Mr. D'Amato campaigned with Mr. Pataki, who in the latest New York Times/CBS News poll led his Democratic challenger, Peter F. Vallone, by 35 points. Mr. Vallone, the City Council Speaker, spent the day in Rochester, Albany and Troy, where he hit both at Mr. Pataki and at the influence of money in politics. "We may be the last of the middle class, the ***working class***, to be able to aspire to run for office," he told a group of Rensselaer County Democrats tonight.

Mr. Vallone displayed a fighting spirit at the campaign stops, repeatedly quoting Harry S. Truman's admonition that "it's better to go down fighting for your principles than not to have fought at all."

**Graphic**

Photos: Senator Alfonse M. D'Amato spoke yesterday in Yonkers at a campaign rally with Gov. George E. Pataki. (Andrea Mohin/The New York Times); James S. Brady appeared yesterday with Representative Charles E. Schumer to thank him for working to pass the Brady gun control law. (James Estrin/The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** October 29, 1998

**End of Document**



[***The Small but Sure Steps Taken To Turn Their Lives Around***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3XW8-9P90-00RP-K3JC-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 14, 1999, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1999 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Long Island Weekly Desk

**Section:** Section 14LI; ; Section 14LI; Page 16; Column 1; Long Island Weekly Desk ; Column 1;

**Length:** 2713 words

**Byline:** By MARCELLE S. FISCHLER

By MARCELLE S. FISCHLER

**Body**

Never give up. That's the message of five Long Islanders who, despite the odds, turned their lives around and realized their wildest dreams. From a museum president once labeled as lazy and stupid, a successful businesswoman beaten down by an abusive spouse, a college professor who was once a welfare mother and a young woman saddled by unfortunate family circumstances, they prove that obstacles can be overcome at any point in life. Not only have the people we have chosen to spotlight conquered stumbling blocks, met challenges and realized their own self-worth, after changing their lives they have also become role models, inspiring others and making a difference.

Dinosaurs Did It

A few months ago, scientists named a newly discovered species of mosasaur, a marine reptile that lived 100 million years ago, calling it Hassia gittelmani. A cast of the nearly completed mosasaur skeleton, found in a limestone quarry just outside Jerusalem, was half of Steve Gittelman's 50th birthday present.

The other half was Karongasauras gittelmani, a long-necked sauropod discovered by Elizabeth Gomani, a paleontologist in Malawi. In her doctoral dissertation, she named the 25-foot-long dinosaur for Mr. Gittelman, too.

He could not have received a more fitting present. Dinosaurs, after all, turned Mr. Gittelman's life around.

"I was a learning-disabled kid with an overactive imagination, and accordingly I was a poor student," said Mr. Gittelman, president of the Suffolk County Vanderbilt Museum and Planetarium in Centerport and president of MKTG Inc. a market research firm in East Islip. "I used to be the equivalent of the proverbial space cadet. As far as I was concerned, a schoolroom was a box, with a door that you could escape from and a blackboard up front that you couldn't quite stay glued to and a window that you could gaze out of."

But his distraction took the form of a very vivid imagination. While the teachers lectured, he daydreamed about space travel and finding a dinosaur.

Finally one teacher, Frank Perna, told him that if he wasn't going to listen to the lesson, he was going to teach the class. And for the next three hours, Mr. Gittelman regaled his classmates with dinosaur lore. It was his first indication that he didn't deserve the labels that so many teachers had pinned on him.

"Dinosaurs gave me my first sense that I'm not lazy, I'm not stupid," said Mr. Gittelman, an avid collector of dinosaur fossils who has a Ph.D. in ecology from the University of Connecticut.

Years later, he became president of the Dinosaur Society, now defunct, and orchestrated a globe-trotting exhibition, "The Dinosaurs of Jurassic Park." A million dollars raised through that four-year venture was used to support scientists in 70 projects on six continents.

On Long Island, Mr. Gittelman said he was focusing his energies on capturing the imagination of children who learn in nontraditional ways. He is guiding the Vanderbilt's evolution into an interactive museum, creating a new waterfront with a boardwalk and hatcheries for fin fish, oysters and clams. Sorry, no dinosaur eggs. He is also working with educators on expanding unorthodox hands-on educational experiences.

Explaining his difficulties concentrating in school, Mr. Gittelman said: "You can take a bay mare, hook it up to a wagon and get to town. But that wild stallion that you see in the distance has more power than the bay mare. If you can ever harness that wild stallion, you are going to go faster and farther than anybody on a bay mare. But the people with the bay mares are going to make you look dumb while you are chasing that stallion.

"The pain of having a choice between lazy and stupid is so mind-boggling. I dreamed of someday having my personal dignity back and discovering a dinosaur and having it named a Steveosaurus," he said.

His dream almost came true: But "It's not a Steveosaurus. It's a gittelmani."

Her War on Poverty

Barbara Peters never dreamed that she would finish college, let alone earn a Ph.D. in sociology just before her 50th birthday.

Nor did she ever imagine that she would be an authority on women in poverty, or be single and living in the Hamptons, a place she had never even heard of, amid the glitz and glitterati.

Perhaps those delusions of grandeur that a psychiatrist once told her she suffered from were finally coming true.

Dr. Peters, an assistant professor of sociology and women's studies at Southampton College of Long Island University, grew up poor in rural Wisconsin, the oldest of seven children. Her father worked for the railroad and raised chickens; her mother was a cook in an elementary school cafeteria.

By age 24, she was a single mother on welfare with two children. When she told a doctor she wanted to get a college diploma, he told her she should be happy staying on welfare for the rest of her life.

Dr. Peters didn't listen.

Instead, she enrolled her 4-year-old daughter in a Head Start program, became involved in an empowerment group and received leadership training.

Earlier this year she recounted her experiences as a "damned welfare mother" in a book "The Head Start Mother: Low-Income Mothers' Empowerment Through Participation." The book, based on her dissertation, includes interviews with 33 mothers who were with her then and others in the program now.

"When I was on welfare, I used to have fantasies of winning a great sum of money and doing something for women on welfare to help them do great things with their lives. Maybe I won't do it with great sums of money, but maybe the research I do will help low-income mothers."

Beyond research on the broader effects of poverty, Dr. Peters is putting together a coalition of college and community women to identify the needs of low-income, elderly and middle-income women in the Hamptons in order to provide support for one another.

Dr. Peters said she still cannot quite believe she is part of the ivory tower set. And yet, she often feels she no longer fits in where she came from, either. To help others, Dr. Peters started an e-mail discussion group ([***working-class****-list@list.acs*](mailto:working-class-list@list.acs). uwosh.edu) for ***working-class*** academics sharing the same feelings and experiences.

And she advocates acceptance.

"There is a lot that people could learn from those who don't have the best grammar or the best clothes," she said.

A Side Order of Ambition

Mama's, an Italian restaurant in Oakdale, is an unassuming place. It's one of those well-kept neighborhood secrets, a small family business with a pizza counter up front and a comfortable dining room with tablecloths in the back where the regulars return once, sometimes twice a week.

Deborah McGrath worked there for 15 years. She enjoyed the camaraderie of the other waitresses and chatting with the diners as she served them homemade roasted peppers or Seafood Frank (named for the owner) with shrimp, calamari, mussels and clams over linguine marinara. She liked the spending money it gave her. And she cherished the adult conversation and the respite from her four children, now ages 10 to 21.

But it was the last place she expected providence to shine upon her in the shape ofDowling College's president, Victor Meskill. (Dr. Meskill resigned Nov. 1.)

She wanted to go to college, "but my parents really couldn't afford to send me," said Mrs. McGrath, who married straight out of high school. "I didn't have the guidance. I fell through the cracks."

By the time she was 20, she was divorced with a child. She moved back into her parents' Seaford home. After work, leaving her father to baby-sit, Mrs. McGrath enrolled at the State University at Farmingdale, studying floral design and horticulture, slowly amassing 45 credits, sometimes taking only one course a semester.

Then she married again, had another child and moved to Oakdale. Two more babies followed. College didn't fit in the picture. Mama's was nearby and Mrs. McGrath continued waiting tables at night.

Around the block was Dowling College. About 10 years ago, when another waitress retired, Mrs. McGrath was assigned Dr. Meskill's table. While serving him pasta fagioli, she confided her yearning to return to school. He encouraged her to sign up. She hemmed and hawed, protesting that her children were too young. He persisted.

"After a while it was almost embarrassing," she said. " I didn't want to wait on him because he was going to ask me if I signed up yet. It pushed me to do it."

Finally, six years ago, she registered for one course. She loved it. Evenings at the restaurant, Dr. Meskill convinced her to tack on another. The following semester she took two classes. Last spring, Mrs. McGrath completed her last 18 credits, was a full-time student teacher and still waited on tables weekends at Mama's.

"That's what was paying for school," Mrs. McGrath said. "I was in my 40's, and if I didn't speed things up a little bit, by the time I finished I was going to be ready to retire."

Mrs. McGrath's husband, Patrick, a sergeant with the Nassau County Police, pitched in.

"He's home a lot with the kids," she said. "If it wasn't for him, I couldn't do this. He's got the apron, the duster, the vacuum and he's out mowing the lawn," she said.

In May, Mrs. McGrath graduated magna cum laude with a degree in secondary education and art. This fall she is teaching art at Saxton Middle School in the Patchogue-Medford school district. Next semester she plans to return to Dowling to begin working on a master's degree.

Not long ago, another waitress at Mama's asked her to fill in. She declined.

"I miss them," she said. "But I've turned the corner now. I have a career now, a real job."

At Risk, and Taking One

Attitude was always Tamika Stewart's problem. No one really blamed her. A child of poverty, the 22-year-old had been shuttled from motel to apartment to motel again. Six weeks in Westbury, six in Massapequa. One stint in Uniondale, another in Amityville, living on welfare, huddled in two rooms with her mother and six of her eight siblings, children from seven different fathers.

Then, at age 9, without explanation or warning, Ms. Stewart was sent to rural Mississippi to live with the paternal grandmother she didn't know. Some of her siblings went to a group home, others to foster care. Later, she learned her mother was being treated for alcoholism and drug addiction.

"I had to make a huge adjustment," she recalled. "They had a preconceived notion of New York. I was deemed an outcast before I ever got there."

Just before ninth grade, Ms. Stewart's family reunited. She returned to Long Island. Soon after starting Roosevelt High School, she burst into the STAR (Success Through Academic Achievement) classroom and demanded a place in the program, which is run for at-risk youth by the Institute for Student Achievement, based in Manhasset.

In the program, Ms. Stewart said, she found for the first time an extended family of teachers and counselors who cared. The class met every day during lunch and after school, receiving intensive academic enrichment, SAT preparation and counseling. They toured colleges. Trips to the theater, museums and skiing rewarded good behavior. And she learned that without a positive attitude, she simply wasn't going to make it.

"I've always been smart in school," she said. "I did my best in those toughest moments. But if I hadn't walked into STAR that day, I would have been struggling more now. I don't know if I would have been able to cope. The staff really stuck with me."

At 16, Ms. Stewart, unable to get along with her mother, moved into a boarding house and supported herself working as a supermarket cashier after school. And the same day she received a full scholarship to college, she also learned she was seven weeks pregnant.

Pregnancy, her STAR mentors counseled her, was no excuse not to continue her education. And they encouraged her not to take a year off.

"All through life, stumbling blocks are going to be thrown your way," she said. "STAR gave us that positive reinforcement and showed us they are only stumbling blocks."

The Institute, started with 25 children in Roosevelt in 1990 by Gerard and Lilo Leeds, the founders of CMP Publications, seeks to improve the quality of education for children at risk. It now helps 2,000 public school students in seven districts in New York State and Virginia, and claims a 100 percent high school graduation rate, with 96 percent going on to college.

In 1995, Ms. Stewart enrolled in Hofstra University's NOAH (New Opportunities at Hofstra) program as a political science major, placing her baby, Sterling, in his father's care during the week. In May, she graduated, on schedule. Recently, she started a management trainee job with Long Beach Mortgage Company. She moved into an apartment in West Hempstead with Sterling, now 4 1/2.

Ms. Stewart was back at the admissions office at Hofstra University the other day, handing in an application to begin a master's degree program in education at night this winter.

"In my heart, I want to teach," she said, hoping to return to Roosevelt High School to work with other at-risk students. "I feel I have to give back. Kids need mentors."

Parties and Other Plans

"I am the owner of the largest catering hall in America," Rhona Silver declared. "It's almost like, pinch me, it's not real. But it is real."

Ms. Silver, 48, is the owner of the Huntington Townhouse, the three-story, 148,000-square-foot complex in Huntington Station. Twice the size of Nassau Coliseum, the Townhouse has nine kitchens, winding mirrored staircases, crystal chandeliers, waterfalls, a gazebo and three chapels that change window dressing from Judaism to Roman Catholicism at the touch of a button.

As the ultimate party planner, Ms. Silver specializes in making dreams come true. Her success is not only in the catering business, giving 1,500 parties a year -- including weddings, bar mitzvahs, college graduations and corporate functions, with up to 3,000 guests apiece -- but in snagging 20 acres two years ago near the intersection of Route 110 and Jericho Turnpike, one of the Island's busiest and most valuable real estate corners.

But Ms. Silver's story is a fairy tale spun with a dark side, making the happily ever after part that much sweeter.

She grew up in the Bronx, and started helping her parents in the catering business at age 10. After marrying, she moved to Woodmere and leased space as the caterer at Temple Beth El in Cedarhurst.

But she said her marriage was rocky from the start, including physical and verbal abuse. Trying to better herself, and hoping to gain respect, she rocketed through Hofstra Law School in two years. When she tried to study, her husband literally tore up her law books, she said.

Then, nine years ago, after 16 years of marriage, her husband left Ms. Silver and their two children, Rebecca, then 9, and Matthew, then 14, -- but not before emptying every bank account they had, she said.

Her lawyer advised to get on with her life.

Soon, Ms. Silver was leasing space for her glatt kosher operation at three other temples. She threw off-site parties for Benjamin Netanyahu, then the prime minister of Israel, and weddings for wealthy clients at the Plaza and Pierre hotels in Manhattan. She held back the tears until after the parties, closing her office doors to cry.

"I worked day and night," she said. "I took care of my children. I paid back the debt that he overdrafted. My success was attached to me, not so much from the monetary standpoint but from the emotional standpoint. My success showed that he wasn't going to get the better of me."

"I never realized what a tenacious lady I really was," she added.

Recognizing that it would be less costly to buy the Huntington Townhouse than pay the rent at four synagogues, she spent two years trying to buy the catering hall, thwarted time and again and not taken seriously, she said, because she was a woman in a male-dominated industry. She bought the hall in 1997.

This month, Ms. Silver will receive the local chapter award from the National Association of Women Business Owners. At the Huntington Townhouse, she is planning a New Year's Eve party for 2,000, featuring the Beach Boys Family and Friends.

"God has been very good to me, despite all the odds," said Ms. Silver, who includes a "special someone," Elliot Jay Hurdy, among her blessings. "Never give up, that's the key."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Rhoda Silver, who overcame an abusive marriage, owns a catering hall. (Richard Lee for The New York Times)(pg. 17); Clockwise from top left: Deborah McGrath worked as a waitress for 15 years while raising her children, then she achieved her dream of going to college and is now a middle-school teacher; Barbara Peters went from being a single mother on welfare to earning her Ph.D. in sociology; Tamika Stewart, who grew up in poverty, successfully graduated from college and is now a management trainee with a mortgage company; and Steve Gittelman, who had been labeled learning disabled but had a devotion to studying dinosaurs, earned a doctorate in ecology and now has had several dinosaur species named after him. (Photographs by Maxine Hicks for the New York Times, Vic DeLucia/The New York Times (top right) and Aaron Lee Fineman for The New York Times (above right))(pg. 16)

**Load-Date:** November 14, 1999

**End of Document**



[***THE POP LIFE;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3TW1-MNT0-007F-G37B-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Crossing Racial Boundaries, Rap Gains Ground***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3TW1-MNT0-007F-G37B-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 15, 1998, Thursday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1998 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** The Arts/Cultural Desk

**Section:** Section E; ; Section E; Page 1; Column 3; The Arts/Cultural Desk ; Column 3;

**Length:** 1269 words

**Byline:** By NEIL STRAUSS

By NEIL STRAUSS

**Body**

"Glam rock is back!" proclaimed The Guardian of London recently. And the newspaper wasn't alone in its excitement. For months, record label executives and other culture watchers have been making similar pronouncements, and the evidence to back them up is legion: movies like "Velvet Goldmine," musicals like "Hedwig and the Angry Inch," acts like Marilyn Manson and Kiss, topping the pop charts, the signing of half a dozen 80's glam-metal bands at Columbia Records. Even theoretically it makes sense: pop musicians have been gloating that people are tired of alternative rock and its reaction against pomp and stardom, and that audiences want to be entertained by flashy anthemic rock spectacles.

So why is there only one rock album in the Top 10 this week? The glam revolution seems likely to follow swing, ska and electronica, all interesting sliver genres capable of sending just a few bands into the mainstream. In the meantime, all these musical styles are being steamrolled by a juggernaut genre that, despite deaths, prison sentences and internal feuding, just keeps growing: rap.

According to information released yesterday by Soundscan, a company in Hartsdale, N.Y., that monitors music sales, 9 of the top 15 albums on the pop chart are rap (if one includes the album by Lauryn Hill of the Fugees, which mixes rap and rhythm-and-blues). Last week the three top-selling albums in the country were all by rap acts -- Jay-Z, Outkast, A Tribe Called Quest -- followed by Ms. Hill at No. 4.

And in coming weeks, new records by the rapper Ice Cube, various Master P creations, and the Wu-Tang Clan members RZA and Method Man are expected to top the charts. In the meantime, rock stars aren't selling rock albums anymore. Some of the most anticipated albums of the year -- by the Smashing Pumpkins, Hole and Marilyn Manson -- are quickly sliding down the charts after disappointing first-week sales.

"When you look at Seattle, those bands had the momentum to keep rock going, but Kurt Cobain killed himself and Pearl Jam got into political stuff and Soundgarden broke up," said John McClane, a music executive who brought the rap label Death Row to Interscope Records and has made label deals at A&M Records with Ice Cube and the rapper Kurupt. Noting that hip-hop also sustained serious losses, he said the genre still had the wherewithal to recover and move into popular music.

"Rap is an accessible art form," Mr. McClane continued. "In my day, you listened to Aretha Franklin and Jimi Hendrix and you knew you couldn't emulate what they were doing. Now this generation is in awe of things they can do. Kids can emulate rap. And from a marketing point of view, Madison Avenue is using African-Americans to market their products. White kids are getting their beat on what hipness is from black kids again." For the last two years, black popular music has fueled the industry and rap has reigned supreme economically as well as culturally. Nearly three-quarters of rap albums are sold to white fans, according to Soundscan. Before piano, violin or guitar lessons, children are being schooled in hip-hop production: Toy stores have sections full of $10 plastic gadgets that they can use to sample their voices, trigger sound effects or sing along to crude hip-hop beats; in arcades, along with fighting and shooting games, there is a turntable where children can play at being a rap disk jockey.

On the musical front, rap's influence on suburban youth and mainstream music is nothing new. White popular music has been pillaging from black culture since the 1800's, when songwriters streamlined slave songs into popular tunes. Long before Run-D.M.C. and the Beastie Boys brought rap to the suburbs, punk rock musicians gravitated to its countercultural stance.

It is a tradition continued today in events like the Family Values tour organized by the thrash-rock group Korn, which consists of Ice Cube and several white bands, mostly ***working-class***, small-town former heavy metalheads now dabbling in scratching, break dancing, rapping and hip-hop fashion. What seemed to be part of a passing trend, fitting chronologically between heavy metal and alternative rock as a conduit for youthful suburban rebellion, has not faded.

Rap, meanwhile, has increased its hold on popular music. This is partly because its influence has pervaded nearly every musical genre and partly because ever since Vanilla Ice and M. C. Hammer, there has been consumer quality control insuring that the rappers who rise to the top of the charts are also among the best and, in some cases, the most interesting characters in pop music at the moment.

Mark Shimmel, the chief operating officer of LaFace Records in Atlanta, which released the OutKkast album, also credits rap's ascendency to its ability to market through word of mouth.

None of this is by accident. Most of the recent successful black artists -- Puff Daddy, Master P, Jermaine Dupri, Jay-Z and Babyface -- are also entrepreneurs. Most own their labels, plan their marketing and, even in the case of hardcore records, strategize their career for mainstream success. To expand their audiences, Busta Rhymes is recording a version of Black Sabbath's metal classic, "Iron Man," with Ozzy Osbourne, and Puff Daddy has been working with everyone from Jimmy Page to the Foo Fighters. In the face of Top 40 radio's reluctance to play rap songs, Mack 10 recorded a lightweight ballad with Gerald Levert.

"That song was added by stations that have never played any of our records in 13 years," said Bryan Turner, the president of Priority Records, which releases music by Mack 10, Ice Cube and Master P. "It's scientific, almost. Something that comes right from the street has turned into an analyzed strategy on what records you can make that will give you a better chance to get more radio play to give you more sales."

The problem with rock, he said, is that musicians have no control over their work after they turn it in to the record company. "Why aren't there more rockers who own their own music?" he asked. "These rappers are in control of their own destinies."

Though this may seem like a good time to beat the rock-is-dead drum, popular taste is more complex than that. Billboard's chart of the most-played songs on radio is dominated by rock, with no rap songs in the Top 10. The stations that are thriving, which target an older audience than rap does, are actually Top 40 ones, reflecting the singles chart, which is dominated by pop rhythm-and-blues and rock, rather than rap.

Dave Hoeffel, vice president of the Friday Morning Quarterback, a radio trade publication, said radio programmers played less rap for several reasons: most advertisers don't target its audience, the albums don't last long on the charts, and stations tend to avoid genres like metal and rap, which exist "in their own parallel universe."

"The trend is to play the hits," he continued. "Looking at radio ratings, it's tough to ignore that Z-100" -- WHTZ-FM in Manhattan -- "went back to its roots in Top 40 and went through the roof. It's a situation of play the hits, no matter what they are."

The radio audience is passive: listeners are not buying albums by bands heard on the radio to the degree that rap fans will buy albums with good street buzz, which is one reason the phenomenon of one-hit wonders has returned. With a climate like this, some say, rap's dominance on the album charts shows no sign of abating.

"What we're waiting for is the new generation that says, 'Forget all that, I'm making music that I want to make and who cares about radio,' " Mr. Turner said. "That's the next stage in the cycle."

**Graphic**

Photo: Glam-rock is big, but rap rules the charts. John Cameron Mitchell in "Hedwig and the Angry Inch." (Sara Krulwich/The New York Times)(pg. E3)

**Load-Date:** October 15, 1998

**End of Document**



[***BOOKS OF THE TIMES;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-HWX0-0008-Y2NP-00000-00&context=1519360)  
 [***By Robert Manning;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-HWX0-0008-Y2NP-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 11, 1983, Friday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1983 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section C; Page 27, Column 1; Weekend Desk; review

**Length:** 1071 words

**Body**

RUSSIA: Broken Idols, Solemn Dreams.

By David K. Shipler. 404 pages. Times

Books. $17.95. IN the nearly 40 years of uneasy

ritual that has engaged the two

post-World War II superpowers

- wary circlings and angry snortings relieved only occasionally by manifestations of the mating dance - many Americans have comforted themselves with the thought that, deep down inside, the Russians are very much like us. The bad news in this book, as if we needed more bad news about Soviet-American relations, is that the Russians are very, very different from us; the Siberian permafrost will boil over before there is any meeting of minds between us, either governments or peoples.

Perhaps that is a more dire message than David K. Shipler intends to deliver with his diligent, perceptive distillation of what he saw, heard and learned during four years (1975-79) as a New York Times correspondent in the Soviet Union, but it comes roaring in like the surf at almost every turn of the page. Building (with due credit) on such other valuable journalists' reports on post-Stalin Russia, notably those of Robert Kaiser and Hedrick Smith, Mr. Shipler ventures a trip into the Russian psyche, that expanse of some 100 nationalities, ethnicities, tongues and paranoias that Winston Churchill called ''a riddle wrapped in a mystery inside an enigma.'' It is a fascinating yet disturbing journey - fascinating because Mr. Shipler presents real Soviet citizens of almost every level of society, people with whom an American would spontaneously hope to identify; disturbing because many of the most attractive and intelligent of them prove to be caught in lassitude, in fear and in a lamentable dependence on higher authority, despicable as they might find that authority to be.

In the Soviet Union of the late 1970's, when the miasma was beginning to close in again after the brief zephyrs of detente, Mr. Shipler found almost a yearning for the return of Joseph Stalin, or some equally strong, even tyrannical leader to replace the bloblike figures who now govern. ''Stalin is less dead today than he was 20 years ago,'' he is told by one of the several dissidents with whom he was able to converse in the Soviet Union, and later in their places of exile. He found widespread among the Russian people a desperate fear of ''besporyadak,'' which literally means ''without order,'' and in almost every Russian he came to know he found neither acceptance nor comprehension of the Western value of individualism.

All these years after the great revolution, he found, manual labor is looked down upon by the middle class and the elite. So much for all those huge steel or stone statues of gleaming muscular workers in the city and town squares. The communal apartment, once an acquisition to be proud of, is now a mark of shame. In the whole of Soviet society, Mr. Shipler concludes, there are only a few ''real believing Marxists.'' Special privileges abound. Black marketeering is endemic. Status determines the educational and employment opportunities for the young. ''One thing the citizens of the classless society understand is class.''

The forced-labor camps and political exile to Siberia continue as an ever-threatening part of the system. The K.G.B. is still watching, tapping and taping. Official paranoia - the kind of twitching fear that provoked the shooting down of the Korean airliner - is such that only until recently weather maps were forbidden to be printed in newspapers, and textbook publishers are still restrained from showing pictures of bridges (potential military targets). The degree of oppression has, of course, receded since Stalin's time, and the emotion that comes through in Mr. Shipler's Russia is a state of weary resignation. He found no signs that Russians might rise up against the glum stagnation of their lives. Indeed, he came to feel that the citizen does not even blame the system ''for failing to provide meat,'' Mr. Shipler writes, ''but blames himself for not living in Moscow where it's available.''

Moscow is where it's at, ''the center'' where most Soviet citizens with any aspirations want to live. The place to which only those outlanders with luck or pull can hope to move. In his four years, Mr. Shipler made contact with hundreds of Muscovites (as well as many in the outlying republics) - kindergarteners and their teachers, university students, black marketeers, bureaucrats, literary and artistic folks. He found Communists who believe in God and Orthodox priests who do not. Journalists there enjoyed reporting on America's extensive crime problems, while maintaining the criminals in the Soviet Union were occasional exceptions among a law-abiding people.

Not surprisingly, dissidents were far more outgoing than people in positions of power. Mr. Shipler's intercourse with some of them, notably Roy Medvedev, the historian, and Lev Kopelev, who was forced into exile in West Germany, cuts through the gloom. He also came to appreciate the intelligence and courage of Andrei Sakharov, the most distinguished and inspirational of Soviet dissidents, but was startled to discover how Mr. Sakharov and his wife, Yelena Bonner, displayed contempt for ***working-class*** efforts to start a Solidarity-type union movement, as if workers were beneath such idealism.

In fairness to Mr. Shipler's careful reportage, it should be noted that all is not dismal in the Soviet Union. People at all levels (well, at all levels except the highest) still joke, usually at the expense of their leaders and their system. Russians still drink and sing and dance, still display the kind of warmth and conviviality that probably is the cause of our belief that they are much like us. Ah, but think again. Most of them, Mr. Shipler is convinced, *don't* want to be like us. To enjoy something like our material well being, to wear our jeans, to play our hi-fi sets and cassette recorders, to reach for our dinner plates - these things many Russians aspire to almost blatantly.

But to trade their system, their Motherland - including all that is wrong with her - for what they have been taught to see as the corruption, inequality and vapidity of American life? Not at all. As Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn has made clear - and George F. Kennan in his differing way - about the best the two societies can do is to cleanse their respective selves and try to understand each other.

*Robert Manning is editing ''The Vietnam Experience'' book series.*

**Graphic**

photo of David Shipler

**End of Document**



[***Their Life Really Is a Carnival; Sun, Fresh Air and Cotton Candy. What's Not to Like?***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:45N8-9HV0-01CN-H287-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 23, 2002 Tuesday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2002 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section B; Column 2; Metropolitan Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1205 words

**Byline:**  By ALAN FEUER

**Body**

It would take a lot of hunting to find a more urban setting for a carnival than the current headquarters of Tommy's Midway, the small traveling amusement park that can now be found in a parking lot on West 207th Street in the far northeastern reaches of Manhattan.

The tiny outpost of food stands, barker games and mechanical rides is surrounded on all four sides by cyclone fencing and razor wire, and borders the banks of the Harlem River. A subway train yard looms so close behind the zeppole booth that the smell of dough is cut by the tang of rusting steel. From the top of the Rock-a-Plane, a Ferris-wheel-like contraption, riders have a perfect view of the Major Deegan Expressway packed with honking cars.

Throughout April, this midway serves the carnival-starved residents of Upper Manhattan and the Bronx who are not inclined to break the bank for a day at more picturesque spots like Six Flags Great Adventure in New Jersey. It is a ***working-class*** amusement park, where the $1 entry fee ($2 for adults) means there is usually plenty of cash left over for a bag of popcorn, a stab at the water-gun game and a subway ride back home.

"We're here for the people who can't afford to get away," said Madeline Murray, 54, who owns the park with her husband, Tommy Murray, 56. "The midway is still the best cheap entertainment going. Where else can you bring five children, stay five hours and still spend less than $20?"

The Murrays would know. They were born to the business, both their families having operated mobile theme parks in the Bronx. They met on the midway 30 years ago and have been running their own small outfit ever since.

It is a good life, they say, living outdoors in the fresh air and the sunshine, a life that brings you into contact with new towns and new faces and teaches you the value of a dollar bill. The Murrays have three daughters -- two are high school sophomores, the third is 10 years old -- and it was never a question: they are raising them to be carnival girls.

"Any child brought up in this business has a little more," Mrs. Murray said. "At the age of 5, a carnival child knows how to make cotton candy, not just eat it. The first thing you teach them is respect for George." She held up a wrinkled single. "If you show respect for George, he'll show respect for you."

Like most carnival people, the Murrays begin their working year in early spring, and it lasts until Halloween. The uptown parking lot is just the first stop in a seven-month journey that will eventually include 10 or 15 police department socials and charitable church events. Every season, they travel a circuit with well-set boundaries: South Amboy, N.J., to the south; Norwalk, Conn., to the east; Haverstraw, N.Y., in Rockland County, to the north.

They are known as "40 milers" because they never wander far from home, making theirs the commuting carnival life. The children are enrolled in private schools in New York, and everyone is tucked in a familiar bed at the family house in the Woodlawn section of the Bronx.

One thing: do not call the Murrays circus people. They do not like the term. Because of the play of reality and self-perception at work, it would be an error roughly akin to calling Norman Rockwell a paint-by-numbers guy.

"I get it all the time," Mrs. Murray said, rolling her eyes as she sat inside the cotton candy-popcorn booth. " 'Oh, you're circus people? Do you have a home?' We have a beautiful home, in fact. And, yes, we actually eat on a tablecloth with actual forks and knives."

Joe O'Brien is the water-gun guy, and he has been working midways for more than 20 years. He thinks it is ridiculous that carnival people are considered oddballs and transients.

"Hey listen, I own a home, a pool and a basketball hoop in my backyard," Mr. O'Brien, 42, said. "I pay my rent and stuffed animal bills just like the next guy. I live like anybody else in the world."

Mr. O'Brien's water-gun game cost him upward of $140,000, he said, which is ample proof that the carnival life does not come cheap. The Gravitron, which produces nausea by spinning its riders round and round, costs $200,000, Mr. Murray said. Even kiddie rides like the Tea Cup or the Racing Car can cost $60,000 to $70,000 apiece.

The expenses add up quickly. Gas for the generator is $500 a week. Rent on the parking lot is $10,000 a month. Then there are repairs, permits and payroll for the staff. Insurance alone is $100,000 a year.

"You can still make a living, but the living's not like it used to be," said Mr. Murray, a big, chesty, red-faced, white-haired man, who until last year had a second job driving a truck for a heating oil company. "Years ago, it was 25 cents a ride. Now, it's $2.25. And there was more profit in that quarter than there is today in the two dollars and change."

Even the price of olive oil and flour has skyrocketed, said Pete Tarpani, proprietor of Pete's Zeppoles, meaning that he has to charge more now for his little deep-fried balls of dough.

"The old-timers, they made the money," Mr. Tarpani, 54, said. "I'll never get rich in this business, but with any luck, I will get by."

Getting by is more difficult when your carnival is tucked into a grim industrial corner of the city across the street from a scrap metal yard and beneath the constant traffic on the University Heights bridge. But Mr. Murray and Mr. Tarpani, born optimists, say the location is fine.

Mr. Murray (confident, gazing at bridge): "There happens to be very good visibility here."

Mr. Tarpani (agreeing, nodding at the traffic): "That's right, look how many cars go by."

An amusement park before the power is turned on is a quiet place with a disheartening aura. One day last week, Mr. Murray strode down the midway at 5 p.m., barking orders. He looked like a general commanding the troops. He was preparing to bring his carnival to life.

"Man the Swinger!" he shouted. "Go to the Zipper! Get to the Flying Saucer! Top of the Slide! Come on!"

There was a cough, the purr of a motor and a plume of thick black smoke. The generator sputtered on. Suddenly, the arms of the Flying Saucer rose. The bulbs in the Fun Slide started blinking. Ever so slowly, the Rock-a-Plane began to rock.

It was an hour before anyone arrived.

Mr. Tarpani swears that two Sundays ago, when the weather was particularly nice, 1,000 people jammed into the park. But there was no evidence of a crowd on two nights last week or on another night the week before that. The midway buzzed with reasons for the scanty turnout: it's only April; people work late in the neighborhood; it's been too hot; it's been too cold.

The first person through the door last Wednesday was a spot welder named Aurelio Martinez, with his wife, Narisa, and three young children. The two boys ran to the cotton candy booth while the little girl hid behind her mother's leg.

"I saw this place on the No. 12 bus coming across the bridge," Mr. Martinez said. Unfortunately, Mr. Murray was not around to hear his theory proved correct.

For 30 minutes, the Martinez family was the only family in the park. Mr. Martinez did not go on the rides.

Instead, he watched his children hooting and hollering aboard the Rock-a-Plane. It was empty enough at Tommy's Midway that each had a long, private ride.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Juan Clemente, above at left, running the Cat Game, as young carnivalgoers tried their luck as they sought prizes at Tommy's Midway. (Ozier Muhammad/The New York Times)(pg. B8); Tommy's Midway, in a parking lot on West 207th Street in Inwood, in the far northeastern reaches of Manhattan.; Tommy Murray, an owner of a small traveling carnival, barked out orders in preparation for the next stop, Rutherford, N.J. (Photographs by Ozier Muhammad/The New York Times)(pg. B1)

**Load-Date:** April 23, 2002

**End of Document**



[***WINTER IN THE SUN;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3TY6-5X00-007F-G2G9-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Catching Carnival Fever***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3TY6-5X00-007F-G2G9-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 25, 1998, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1998 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Travel Desk

**Section:** Section 5; ; Section 5; Page 12; Column 3; Travel Desk ; Column 3;

**Length:** 1227 words

**Byline:** By PETER WATROUS;

PETER WATROUS reports on music for The Times.

By PETER WATROUS;  PETER WATROUS reports on music for The Times.

**Body**

CULTURES get carnivals that reflect them, and Martinique's careful, deliberate carnival, with its strains of political satire and its eruptions of beautifully lyrical vulgarity, has the island's number. Martinique is worldly on its surface, but under that sheen lies all sorts of fun.

Most of the public display takes place downtown in the island's capital city, Fort-de-France. The five-day festival lasts one day longer than most other Lenten carnivals, ending late in the evening on Ash Wednesday. The floats and drum groups march around the city's green square, La Savane, along the harbor front, along the town's main boulevard, down the canal that separates downtown from the ***working-class*** neighborhoods that produce most of the carnival drumming, and back along the harbor front. The walk takes 10 minutes, and in that 10 minutes one moves through centuries of Caribbean history, past gingerbread houses, women laden with ornate, gorgeous Creole gold jewelry, people of African, Chinese, Indian and European descent and combinations thereof.

The festivities this year began at sunrise in the poor neighborhood of the Bo Kannal, with a traditional Creole breakfast (green bananas, codfish, avocado and smoked herring salad) and one of Martinique's great drum groups, Tambou Bo Kannal. They end five days later with the burning of Vaval, the carnival's king -- almost always portrayed in a large float as a crooked politician -- on a small beach on the harbor, the sun going down as cruise ships line up to enter the harbor.

Carnival in Martinique is casual and refined, and onlookers can watch or join in and follow the small floats or the absolutely precise drum groups. You can wander into the stream of the parade, then stop for a croissant and coffee -- it's a French island, after all -- do some people watching, then head to the river again. This is an outwardly polite society, and there is no bumping, or thick crowds or obviously inebriated revelers. This carnival is great for children.

The first two days demand nothing; they're mostly pageantry suitable for younger children. But the rest of the days are more ribald, with themes that most people embrace, dressing accordingly. Monday is a day for burlesque weddings (cross dressing is a must), Tuesday is red-devil day, Ash Wednesday is a day of mourning for carnival, so people wear black and white clothes.

Out in the country another carnival rules. The smaller towns send their floats or drum groups to play in the largest nearby town. The floats have more character, and humor, and the feeling at Riviere Salee, for example, 35 minutes down the road from Fort-de-France, is more playful and more political; this year's floats celebrated the 150th anniversary of the emancipation of the slaves in Martinique.

If you dig a little deeper, you'll find some of the best festival music in the Caribbean, and if you work at it a bit, access into one of the last places where an older Creole culture still exists.

At La Fontane, an elegant restaurant in a planter's home, on the green hills that mark off the boundaries of Fort-de-France, a band of older musicians plays waltzes and beguines, using a clarinet as a lead instrument. The complicated dances are performed by elders -- the men in starched white suits, the women dressed in long white outfits with elaborate madras headdresses drenched in gold; the various knots in the headdresses indicate their marital status. The food is Creole and French, with conch and fish fritters and ragouts of squash. It's New Orleans during the last century.

For a different type of formality, the best bands in a music-rich country all play during carnival, and they usually play in some sort of outdoor setting. Up the coast a bit from Fort-de-France, the Marouba hotel has large tents set up next to the beach. This year, the hit of carnival was "En la Casa de tu Mama," part in Spanish and part in Creole -- imagine what happens in your mother's house -- and thousands of young Martinicans, many back from jobs or studying in France, all seemingly knowing each other, were there to hear the music. Taxi Kreol', a modern Caribbean dance band, with horns and guitars and choreography, had the place hopping until four in the morning, with people going from the bar and the food tables to the music and back; the food and liquor are free, after you've paid the $27 admission.

Then, several sweaty hours and plenty of exuberantly rude carnival songs later, the crowd left. Suddenly, from a distance, the drums started, and the cascading sounds of a Martinican drum choir -- in this case Plastic System Band -- rolled through the place. The drum choir marched through the tent and hotel grounds, with the people following, dancing and singing to the music; it all ended after the sun came up.

And there's more. Down south, in Ste.-Anne, a seaside town with perfect stone bungalows covered in flowers and an immaculate square, a large Guadeloupean drum orchestra, with chants sung over the roiling drums, played for free to a large audience relaxing in the sweet humidity. Out in the rural suburbs of Fort-de-France, Lamentin, a special carnival version of the Guadeloupean superstar Zouk group Kassav was playing in a huge shed.

Sometime after 3 in the morning, out came Matjilpa, a drum group with its own records and a dance group. It's surreal, after dancing all night, to see highly choreographed, wildly athletic young girls moving to the rolling extravagance of a drum group. Then, as the light of dawn makes its way through the early morning mist, as the people drift away, walking through the empty fields to their cars, all that is left is the sound of joy, as expressed through the drum.

Finding the sounds and sights

Here is a sampling of music festivals around the islands.

Aruba's Carnival, which runs from Jan. 7 to Feb. 16, includes a calypso contest (Jan. 26 to 28), along with traditional parades with marching bands and floats; the 45th Grand Carnival Parade takes place on Feb. 14. Information: (800) 862-7822.

The Barbados Jazz Festival, on Jan. 13 to 17, will feature Kenny G and Earth, Wind and Fire, among others. (888) 227-2236.

Curacao holds its Tumba Festival on Jan. 25 to 29, toward the end of carnival, with the best bands on the island competing. (Tumba, unique to Curacao, is based on African tambu rhythms.) (800) 270-3350.

The Creole Music Festival, in Dominica, Oct. 30 to Nov. 1, features some of the best Creole groups from all over the world. This year bands include Tambo Combo from Haiti, Aurelus Malbele et Loketo from Congo and Buckwheat Zydeco from Louisiana. (767) 448-4833.

Jamaica's Jazz Festival, Nov. 6 to 8, will include American pop acts like Kool and the Gang, Chaka Khan and Brian McKnight, along with light jazz stars like George Duke and Dianne Reeves. The island's Reggae Sunsplash Festival takes place Nov. 3 to 7. (800) 233-4582.

Martinique's 13th Biennial Guitar Festival takes place Dec. 5 to 13, with performers from the Caribbean, Africa, Europe, the United States and Canada. (212) 838-6887.

The St. Lucia Jazz Festival on May 10 to 16 mixes serious jazz musicians, including Elvin Jones, Ravi Coltrane and Loston Harris, with pop singers like Patti LaBelle and the world music star Ladysmith Black Mambazo. Outside of Cuba's jazz festival, it's the best Caribbean jazz and pop event. (800) 456-3984.   PETER WATROUS

**Graphic**

Photos: Red Devil Day during carnival in Fort-de-France. BELOW LEFT AND RIGHT Wedding Day participant and a carnival troupe. (Photographs by Marcelo J. Duek)(pg. 12); A carnival band, in period dress, in Fort-de-France. (Marcelo J. Duek)(pg.30)

**Load-Date:** October 25, 1998

**End of Document**



[***FILM;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3TWN-WDW0-007F-G49S-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Using Farce to Break the Dark Spell of Fascism***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3TWN-WDW0-007F-G49S-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 18, 1998, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1998 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Arts and Leisure Desk

**Section:** Section 2; ; Section 2; Page 28; Column 1; Arts and Leisure Desk ; Column 1;

**Length:** 1269 words

**Byline:** By EDWARD ROTHSTEIN

By EDWARD ROTHSTEIN

**Body**

FASCIST humor may be an oxymoron. Fascism, after all, is a serious matter. It submerges the whims and freedoms of the individual to the uniform demands of the state. It treats its authority as natural law and any opposition as mortal sin.

Humor is just the opposite. It thrives on offense, plays on vulnerabilities and absurdities, inverts authority and mocks nature; it is surreptitious, sly, iconoclastic. Humor may be, in its essence, anti-fascistic: It takes what is most self-important, most unyielding and most unforgiving, and dissolves it into absurdity. Fascism meets its match in farce.

That is the approach, delicately taken, of the new Italian film "Life is Beautiful," the winner of the grand jury prize at the 1998 Cannes International Film Festival. Its director and co-writer, Roberto Benigni, also stars in the film as an irrepressible Jewish bookseller in the 1940's determined to shield his 5-year-old son Giosue from the horrors of an extermination camp by pretending that it is all a game being staged for the boy's amusement.

A bit bizarre, perhaps, not to mention risky -- turning something so evil into something so trivial. But down to his own jangling skeleton and rubbery sinews, Mr. Benigni's character Guido embodies an inversion of fascist ideals. He is impossibly voluble, a manic fantasist, an acrobat, an ironist. When he poses as a fascist official and has to demonstrate the superiority of the Italian race to a roomful of children, he strips to his underwear, grandly praising the nobility and proportions of his scrawny physique.

Throughout this comic fable, which opens Friday, he undermines natural law (the very heart of fascist rhetoric): a key falls from the sky, a beautiful woman falls into his arms. And, for his son's benefit, he "translates" the threats barked out by a German prison guard into rules of a childhood game: no one is allowed to ask for a snack or cry out for mommy.

These are efforts at a kind of enchantment, attempts to magically undo the fascistic order -- a trademark theme in farce about fascism. For doesn't fascism itself seem like a form of hypnotic enchantment, binding a nation to join in its singular horrors? This dark secret was caught early, in 1929, by Thomas Mann, in his short story "Mario and the Magician." In an Italian summer resort, a hunchbacked hypnotist lures a woman to slavishly follow him, convinces a ***working-class*** man to give him an amorous kiss and demonstrates, in his ominous words, "that there are powers stronger than reason or virtue, and not always so magnanimously ready to relinquish their prey!"

How can such enchantment be undone? Partly with other spells, some recalling the innocence of childhood. Mr. Benigni's character hypnotically waves his hand and tries to will objects and persons into place -- a gesture no more absurd than the triumph of the will being enacted all around him. When the Theatre de Complicite brought its staged version of Bruno Schulz's "Street of Crocodiles" to the Lincoln Center Festival in the summer, the image of the character sorting through books banned by the Nazis gave way to a fantastical universe of childhood memories, a world in which men walked on walls, turned into birds and became infants seeking comfort from impending doom.

Enchantment in a rawer form occurs in the Italian director Lina Wertmuller's "Seven Beauties" (1976). The vain, bumbling hatchet murderer (played by Giancarlo Giannini), who has been imprisoned in a concentration camp, is brought to the private den of the grossly corpulent concentration camp commandant (Shirley Stoler). He sings her praises, declaring his love, hoping it will win him freedom: "Who are you?" he asks, "An enchantress? A magician? Because you have put a spell on me." Sex with her, he secretly hopes, might set him free, but as he stares at her tree-trunk thighs he can barely work the necessary magic.

But humor may be the most powerful of counter-spells. The risk, though, is that in the midst of dissolving fascism in farce, it also dissolves the suffering of its victims. Mr. Benigni, in a recent telephone interview from Italy, named Charlie Chaplin's "Great Dictator" as an important influence. In that 1940 film, characters resembling Mussolini and Hitler get into a petulant food fight; Hynkel (Hitler) has two sidekicks named Garbitsch and Herring, and Hitler's plans for world domination are lampooned in the now-classic ballet with an inflated globe, set to Wagnerian musical strains. Meanwhile the Jews in a ghetto become aware of at least part of Hynkel's great plan: "Get rid of the Jews first, then the brunettes."

But Chaplin also said that if he had known the extent of the German horrors, he would never have made the film. In his heavily accented English, Mr. Benigni acknowledged a similar concern. "I quote this a lot of times," he said. "I worried about this a lot. Yes, of course. This is my first thought. Nobody can make a gag about Nazis; because humor must be detached, and here it can't be."

Of course, one radical approach, taken by Mel Brooks in "The Producers," is to charge ahead, treating even the anticipated offense as an object of humor. His Broadway impresario (Zero Mostel) yearns to offend his opening night audience, hoping for a theatrical flop. He courts tastelessness: he will turn Nazism into campy farce. But when the musical becomes a comic hit, crowned by the big production number, "Springtime for Hitler," it is not just fascism that is dissolved into farce but solemn pieties about fascism.

Mr. Benigni obviously did not want to go so far. But his character is also detached from both his surroundings and the intimations of fascist dominance in his town of Arezzo. At first he is unaffected by the disturbing signs, and later he is intent on seeming to be in order to protect his son. He is almost nonchalant about a sign in a store window, "No Jews or dogs." He tries to turn it into a jest for his son, shielding him from its cruelty; he mentions a hardware store he once saw with a sign reading, "No kangaroos or Chinese," and proposes a sign on his own bookshop, "No spiders or Visigoths."

THIS is how the movie works its double-edged spell: in trying to treat fascism itself as a game for a child, Mr. Benigni's character ends up revealing both its nightmarishness and its grotesque absurdity. The magic doesn't always work: there are times when Mr. Benigni's fable makes the camps so much less horrific than they really were that one begins to question the fable's premise. But the character's efforts to preserve his son's innocence, down to his final mocking goose-step, are heart-rending. Mr. Benigni said he had in mind the classic clown's ability to illuminate tragedy by touching the "majesty of truth."

This style of death-haunted clowning may even be part of the Italian theatrical tradition (something that Mann seemed to know in his tale as well). It is there in Fellini's 1974 "Amarcord" -- a film Mr. Benigni mentioned -- in which fascism has the aura of a circus, dominated by "the big, big face of Mussolini." It is also there in the Italian commedia dell' arte, in which the buffoon often faces death. The Italian clown Toto was immensely popular during the fascist period, Mr. Benigni pointed out. "Physically, he was like a skeleton," he said. In the midst of his clowning "everything was full of death; behind the laugh there was death."

And behind fascism there might be a laugh. "My pop planned something like this for me, too, when I was little," Mr. Benigni's character tells his son as they are being transported to the camps on their surprise outing. Ha.

**Graphic**

Photo: Roberto Benigni with Giorgio Cantarini, left, and Nicoletta Braschi in "Life is Beautiful," a prize winner at Cannes. (Sergio Strizzi/Miramax Films)

**Load-Date:** October 18, 1998

**End of Document**



[***The Comforts of Home, Often Newly Renovated***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4DJY-0VD0-TW8F-G3CK-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 17, 2004 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2004 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 11; Column 1; Real Estate Desk; Pg. 7; LIVING IN/North Merrick, N.Y.

**Length:** 1360 words

**Byline:** By STACY ALBIN

**Body**

MARGARET SOUKERAS said that the first time she saw her seven-room Cape on Rhode Avenue in North Merrick, on Long Island, she immediately felt at home. The style of the house was exactly the same as the one in Valley Stream where she lived for most of her childhood. She said that home-sweet-home feeling just added to all the other pluses -- the convenience of the neighborhood to the parkways and the beach and the mint condition of the house.

Best of all, the house had two features on the Soukerases' must-have list: a pool and a freshwater pond for goldfish outside the back door. Mrs. Soukeras, 34, who works in the registrar's office at Adelphi University, and her husband, Dean, 32, who owns a computer parts business in Manhattan, had been house hunting for three months when they found their current home. ''We wanted something that felt good to us,'' Mrs. Soukeras said.

Over the last 10 years, North Merrick has evolved into a patchwork of new, renovated and older homes, said Louise Pitlake, a broker for Prudential Douglas Elliman Real Estate. These are not the same Capes and colonials that were built in the neighborhood in the 1940's and 1950's, she said.

The evolution is quite visual, especially in the northeast section, which is known as the Campgrounds. That section dates back to the late 1800's, when Methodist Church settlers lived in tents and held meetings where the narrow streets converge. Later, small houses were built, with some having only one room, Ms. Pitlake said. Only a few of those small houses still exist.

Within the last decade, those dwellings became a real find for developers, especially after housing prices in nearby neighborhoods like Merrick Woods began to climb, said James Pooley, the owner of Select-A-Home/Island South Realty. Developers then began buying up the small dwellings at bargain rates, knocking them down and building colonials and Capes with all the modern amenities, he said.

The movement spread throughout North Merrick. In cases where the original dwelling had a sizable frame, developers gutted the inside, refashioned the interior for larger rooms and closets and maybe fancied up the outside with a wrap-around porch. Many individual sellers have since followed suit by adding modern amenities before putting their houses on the market, he said.

''Everywhere you look there's a Dumpster,'' Mr. Pooley said.

George Pappas, who owns Bee-Hive Builders of Bellmore, said he is outfitting the houses his company built in North Merrick with open foyers, granite counters and whirlpool baths. ''Those used to be the goodies,'' he said, adding that buyers now expect such extras.

Donna Ottusch-Kianka, a historian who specializes in architecture and consults with preservationists on landmarking issues, said that North Merrick had mostly attracted ***working-class*** families who couldn't afford to buy the large one-family split-levels and high ranches that were later built in Merrick proper and South Merrick. Mrs. Ottusch-Kianka, who grew up in North Merrick, said her old neighborhood also had development tracts, but with smaller, less distinguished homes, that were less expensive than the homes in the southern section. That has changed, she said.

''Now, the housing stock is incredibly diverse, because people have modernized those houses,'' Mrs. Ottusch-Kianka said. ''If they can get hold of a smidgen of land, they'll build something wonderful.''

''I can't predict the future,'' she added. ''But up until now, we've been rewarded. When they go to sell these houses where they've increased the living area, they've reaped a nice profit.''

Three years ago, homes in North Merrick topped out in the low $500,000's. Today, the price for a newly constructed house has reached $800,000, according to Mr. Pooley.

Mr. Pooley said one house currently on the market has an asking price of $320,000. That home, no more than 1,000 square feet, is rare, he said.

In the $400,000 range, buyers will find two-bedroom Capes built in the late 1940's and early 1950's that have been minimally updated. These homes often have small kitchens with two-tone or speckled Formica countertops and chrome edgings.

There are also homes selling in the $600,000 range, which were built in the 1970's and 1980's with about 2,300 square feet of living space.

''The market is pretty hot,'' said Mr. Pappas, who builds custom homes. ''Usually once I break ground, people start calling.''

The improvements aren't limited to the residential section. The Town of Hempstead has revitalized part of Merrick Avenue, a main shopping street that traverses Merrick. As a result, many of the boutiques near the Long Island Rail Road station have new facades, streets are lined with quaint lampposts and benches, and the sidewalk is decorated with brick inlay. There is also a movie theater, which recently opened near the railroad. And a new main Merrick library is under construction. While in some parts of Long Island, churches and temples are spread throughout the community, in Merrick, many are side by side on Merrick Avenue. ''It's going to be like a walking town,'' Ms. Pitlake said. ''It's going to be very charming.''

A decade of change also brought new retail stores to Merrick Road and Sunrise Highway, the two main thoroughfares for drivers and shoppers. Established retailers like the Gap are still on Merrick Road. But now there are a discount shoe store, several chain drugstores and a specialty swimwear store, called Great Shapes. Among these retailers is a sea of restaurants, from fast-food joints to health food shops.

The train ride to Manhattan is 38 minutes during rush hour. There are several lots for commuters to park in, which do not charge and do not require a parking permit. The result is that residents from other areas use the station freely, including the parking lots, said Ada Rosario, a Merrick resident who works in Midtown for Xerox. ''If you're not at the train station at 7:15 a.m., there's no parking space,'' she said.

''The first thing buyers, especially young ones, ask about is the school district,'' Mr. Pooley said. ''North Merrick has an excellent reputation.'' Most of the residents send their children to public school, he said, although some choose religious schools, such as the Catholic-based Kellenberg Memorial High School in Uniondale and Chaminade High School in Mineola.

Students in North Merrick attend Sanford H. Calhoun High School. In the 2003-2004 school year, Calhoun students scored an average of 523 on the verbal part of the SAT test and an average of 543 on the math part, compared with statewide averages for college-bound students of 508 and 518, respectively.

The district also has an all-day kindergarten program, which Mr. Pooley said is an attraction for working families. Mrs. Rosario said she's a big fan of the district's nursery school, called Merrick Community Nursery School & Camp, which her son, Brenden, attends. Unlike other programs, this nursery school allowed children under the age of 3 who weren't bathroom-trained to enroll, she said.

Mrs. Rosario said her pet peeve is that there aren't enough parks for children. She prefers to drive over to one in East Meadow, which is 10 minutes away. For adults, however, there is a town golf course and a hiking trail at the Norman J. Levy Park and Preserve, all within the Merrick boundaries.

The Soukerases have found a social scene almost in their own backyard. Mrs. Soukeras said she found her neighborhood to be quite friendly since she and her husband moved in nearly two years ago. They had lived in an apartment in Bayside, Queens, where neighbors didn't say hello when passing on the street.

When she and her husband first looked at their home on Rhode Avenue, the former owners invited some of the neighbors over to meet them, Mr. Soukeras said. Since then, the couple has enjoyed the neighborhood's longstanding traditional summertime block party, Christmas gatherings and birthday parties where neighbors invite one another to their homes.

Mrs. Soukeras said it took some time to get used to homeownership and the neighborhood. ''Now, I can't wait to come home,'' she said.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: A PATCHWORK -- There is a diversity of houses in North Merrick, N.Y., where old homes have been updated or knocked down to make way for larger houses with all the amenities.

On the Market -- EAST LOINES AVENUE -- This house, at 107 East Loines Avenue, has three bedrooms and two-and-a-half baths, and is listed at $749,000. (516)297-5260.

CONCORD PLACE -- This house, at 1319 Concord Place, has five bedrooms and one-and-a-half baths, and is listed at $665,000. (516)223-9463.

HENRY ROAD -- This house, at 117 Henry Road, has four bedrooms and two baths, and is listed at $469,000. (516)223-9463. (Photographs by Kirk Condyles for The New York Times)Chart: ''GAZETTEER''POPULATION: 10,352AREA: 1.41 Square MilesMEDIAN HOUSEHOLD INCOME: $81,089.93MEDIAN PRICE OF A THREE-BEDROOM HOUSE: $450,000TAX ON MEDIAN HOUSE: $7,900MEDIAN PRICE A YEAR AGO: $425,000SPENDING PER PUPIL: about $11,000 in 2002DISTANCE TO MIDTOWN: 35 milesCOMMUTING TIME TO MIDTOWN: 38 minutesZIP CODE: 11566THE MOST FAMOUS GRADUATES OF SANFORD H. CALHOUN HIGH SCHOOL IN MERRICK, CLASS OF 1969: Ben (Cohen) & Jerry (Greenfield)NUMBER OF BEN & JERRY'S IN MERRICK: 0Map of Nassau County highlighting North Merrick.

**Load-Date:** October 17, 2004

**End of Document**



[***NEW YORKERS: CUOMO IS SEEN AS A FRESH FACE . . .***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-JBB0-0008-Y55B-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 29, 1983, Thursday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1983 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section b; Page 12, Column 3; National Desk

**Length:** 1003 words

**Byline:** By JANE PERLEZ

**Dateline:** WASHINGTON, Sept. 28

**Body**

Governor Cuomo of New York was settled comfortably recently in the library of the Washington home of one his predecessors, W. Averell Harriman, dispensing advice to a gathering of Democratic Party patrons on how to defeat Ronald Reagan next year.

Mr. Cuomo touched on some of his themes that are familiar by now to New Yorkers, including his immigrant heritage and the need for all classes to share the burden of budget cutbacks. Then he told the group that, with the suitable approach, voters could be persuaded that ''even though Mr. Reagan has a nice face, he lies.''

The Governor was not offering to take on the job of running against the President, but at a time when Democrats are anguishing about the prospects of their Presidential candidates and, in particular, about their ability to communicate with the electorate, Mr. Cuomo is embraced here as a fresh face and an eloquent speaker.

Washington's Democratic patrons, whom New York Gov Mario Cuomo recently met with on issue of how to defeat Ronald Reagan next year, are hailing him as fresh face and possible Vice Presidential candidate, position he says he does not want; photo (M)

He is frequently touted as a possible Vice-Presidential candidate for next year, although most knowledgeable Democrats here believe the Governor when he says he is not interested.

These Democrats are fascinated with him, however, because, in addition to being the Governor of New York, a position that normally attracts national attention among Democrats, he seems to appeal to conservatives and liberals.

'Test Question' on the Deficit

''He went over well without regard to beliefs,'' said J. D. Williams, a lawyer and lobbyist who describes himself as a Southerner and a conservative and who was at the Harriman affair. ''Not many Democrats have universal appeal and you wouldn't think that a New York Governor could do that. He could have made the same talk in Texas or Oklahoma. The Democratic Party is obviously desperate for new ideas. He knows how to present them, how to package them.''

Former Senator Frank Church, who had read and admired several of Mr. Cuomo's speeches before meeting him for the first time at the Harriman's, said he had posed a ''test question'' about how Mr. Cuomo would correct the Federal deficit. ''He said we had to face up to the entitlement programs,'' Mr. Church recalled. ''It was an honest answer, not the one you often hear from ambitious Democrats.''

At the Democratic National Committee, where he has forged a rapport with the chairman, Charles T. Manatt, Mr. Cuomo is prized as a party activist who, in contrast to his immediate predecessor, Hugh L. Carey, is willing to work and raise funds for the national party. One of Mr. Cuomo's first acts in behalf of the national party was to be host, soon after his inauguration, at a large fund-raising event in New York for the Democratic National Committee.

'He Is an Activist'

''We were grateful that he cooperated,'' said Bob Neuman, director of communications for the committee. ''He is an activist, a partisan with a new, fresh staff. He gives us some degree of momentum in that state. He gives a good speech. That's important for us.''

Mr. Cuomo made his first splash here after a speech in May to the Democratic Strategy Council, a group of influential members of the party. He repeated there the themes of his inaugural speech in Albany, warned the Presidential candidates against appealing to special interests and impressed some listeners as a figure who could stir the Democratic ethnic ***working class*** constituency that strayed to Mr. Reagan in 1980.

''I liked his straightforwardness,'' said Representative Tony Coelho, Democrat of California, who is chairman of the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee. ''He identifies with the right issues: the family, education. He is someone who is proud of his ethnic heritage. He's not afraid to be a Democrat.''

Mr. Coelho flew to New York last week to enlist Mr. Cuomo's services in behalf of Congressional candidates next year. ''He wants to help,'' said Mr. Coelho. ''I find it refreshing that he wants to do it because he believes in it, not because he wants to be President.'' The Congressman said he viewed Mr. Cuomo as a Presidential candidate in 1988.

Convention Role Discussed

The Governor appears to enjoy the flirtation with the Washington Democratic tastemakers and has made no secret of the fact that he would like to be the keynote speaker at the Democratic convention in San Francisco. ''I would be flattered,'' he said on a visit here. Officials at the Democratic committee say the Governor is on Mr. Manatt's short list. ''He could be chairman of one of the convention committees, or keynote speaker or vice chairman of the convention,'' said Michael Steed, the committee's executive director.

There is not much known here about the particulars of Mr. Cuomo's record so far as Governor. Most of those asked about his record said they based their impressions on speeches Mr. Cuomo had made and not on any direct observation or knowledge of his performance in Albany. They did, however, mention his peaceful settlement of a takeover of the Ossining Correctional Facility by inmates and the fact that his budget had been brought in on time.

Mr. Coelho went on to say that he did not know the Governor's complete ''batting average,'' and Mr. Williams said he had heard Mr. Cuomo had some difficulty in delegating authority.

So, while the Democrats here are yet to put Mr. Cuomo under severe scrutiny, they note that his defeat of Mayor Koch of New York City in the gubernatorial primary last year made him a come-from-behind winner who also managed to stick to the traditions of the Democratic Party.

''He is articulate beyond most of his peers,'' said Representative Robert G. Torricelli, Democrat of New Jersey, who has asked Mr. Cuomo to help him raise funds for his re-election campaign. ''And anyone in a competitive business like politics admires him. People here like Cuomo the same way they like to watch 'Rocky' reruns.''

**Graphic**

photo of Governor Cuomo

**End of Document**



[***Using Iraq, a Challenger From Westport Has a Washington Veteran on the Defensive***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4DHF-6JP0-TW8F-G2XV-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 10, 2004 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2004 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 1; Column 1; Metropolitan Desk; Pg. 44

**Length:** 1490 words

**Byline:** By ALISON LEIGH COWAN

**Dateline:** STAMFORD, Conn., Oct. 8

**Body**

As he runs for re-election for the ninth time in the Fourth Congressional District in Connecticut, Christopher Shays ought to be sitting pretty.

His is an authoritative voice in Washington on national security and campaign finance reform. After 17 years in the House of Representatives, he has the kind of seniority that can keep a small state like Connecticut from getting lost in the crowd. And the 58-year-old Republican has proved his crossover appeal in a district with more registered Democrats than Republicans.

But his support of the war in Iraq has made him vulnerable, as he acknowledged recently, and has helped make this the toughest re-election he has faced.

His Democratic opponent is Diane Goss Farrell, a well-prepped, ponytailed woman nine years his junior. Nearly the entire district lies in Fairfield County, terrain Mrs. Farrell knows well as the first selectwoman of the town of Westport.

''Her fund-raising is going well, and she has great television presence,'' said Gary Rose, the chairman of the history and political science departments at Sacred Heart University in Fairfield. He called her ''the most formidable challenge Congressman Shays has faced since he's been in office.''

On the campaign trail, Mrs. Farrell has slammed her opponent's longtime interest in foreign affairs at every opportunity, citing the six trips he has made to Iraq as diversions from bread-and-butter issues like clogged highways and shoddy mass transit.

Fact-finding has its place, she said, but not swashbuckling. ''It doesn't take six times to know we don't have an exit plan,'' she said.

She has also accused Mr. Shays of being less moderate than he presents himself. Citing an analysis by Congressional Quarterly, she said he voted with his party 78 percent of the time in 2003. Mr. Shays said a better snapshot of his voting record can be found in the National Journal, which has consistently ranked him as moderate.

''You need to send someone down to Washington who is not beholden'' to the Republican leadership, Mrs. Farrell told 500 people who were at the Stamford Marriott on Monday for the candidates' first debate. Several times she sought to link Mr. Shays to the House majority leader Tom DeLay, who is unpopular with moderates.

''I'm beholden to no one but you,'' Mr. Shays responded, pointing at the audience. ''Look at what I've done on high-profile issues like campaign finance reform that took us eight years to get through.'' He noted that his support for abortion rights, the importing of drugs from Canada and measures to protect the environment have put him at odds with his party.

Professor Rose said lumping Mr. Shays with the DeLay crowd did not hold up. ''One would be hard-pressed, particularly on domestic issues, to say the congressman is a right-wing Republican,'' he said. ''He's a maverick.''

The Fourth District consists of three large cities with more Democrats than Republicans and 14 towns where the reverse is true. Unaffiliated voters outnumber both groups. ''To win in this district, you really have to be a centrist,'' Professor Rose said.

Mrs. Farrell's attempt to cast Mr. Shays as a conservative may be working with some voters, though national party strategists say they are not worried.

''Nobody is going to believe that Chris Shays is not an independent member of Congress,'' said Chris Paulitz, a spokesman for the National Republican Congressional Committee in Washington. He said the Democrats were nursing a ''pipe dream'' by thinking they could convince voters that Mr. Shays is a tool of the Republicans' conservative wing. ''He embodies the Fourth District,'' Mr. Paulitz said.

Though a newcomer to the national political stage, Mrs. Farrell, an enthusiastic, nonstop campaigner, has drawn plenty of attention from her own party. Senator Hillary Rodham Clinton of New York has campaigned for her, and the former governor of Texas, Ann Richards, plans an appearance this week. The Westport residents Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward gave her campaign $8,000 and have ''Farrell for Congress'' bumper stickers on their cars.

The Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee in Washington has identified the race as one of its top two dozen opportunities to win back a seat and has raised $200,000 from donors on her behalf. Party leaders are impressed with her 11 years of service in Westport, first on its Board of Finance and then in Town Hall, and the way she has rolled up her sleeves on local issues from overhead power lines to traffic congestion to school construction.

At Monday's debate, Mrs. Farrell held her own when Mr. Shays faulted her for allowing Westport's property taxes to double in seven years. She replied that the town has a lot to show for that money in the form of new schools and a new senior center and still has the eighth lowest property tax rate in Connecticut.

On the campaign trail, it seems clear she knows her audiences. She was a big hit at a breakfast at a private home in Fairfield last week, attended by a crowd consisting mainly of elegantly dressed women, where she won laughs when she joked that ''behind every successful woman is a basket of dirty laundry.'' She has made sure her campaign bumper stickers are the kind that can be easily peeled off.

''I've promised all my friends with their beautiful cars they will not have to drive around with faded bumper stickers after November,'' she said.

A former preschool teacher and account executive at J. Walter Thompson, Mrs. Farrell became involved in community issues as a volunteer in the early 1980's, when she left work to raise a family. By the time she entered politics in 1993, Mr. Shays was a four-term incumbent in Washington.

''I believe passionately that this is a critical year for our nation,'' said Mrs. Farrell, apologizing for what she said ''sounds like a stock line.'' She joked that when her two daughters, both college students, asked her why she was running, she replied that she was ''tired of yelling at the television set.''

Her campaign is expected to report $1.25 million in contributions as of Sept. 30, in campaign reports that are due Oct. 15. Mr. Shays is expected to report about $1.7 million.

Last Sunday, Mrs. Clinton helped Mrs. Farrell raise $100,000 at a private gathering in Westport that drew 600 supporters. Afterward, the senator told reporters that ''these so-called Republican moderates are the ones who voted people like Tom DeLay into office.'' Mr. Shays said the comment ''surprised'' him because he was one of four House Republicans who broke ranks with their party to vote against impeaching Mrs. Clinton's husband as president.

Mrs. Farrell has focused much of her attention on Bridgeport, Connecticut's largest city, which is home to six times as many registered Democrats as Republicans, and where Mr. Shays moved five years ago with his wife and mother.

He acknowledges that he has not endeared himself to the city with his blunt criticisms of its crushing property taxes and history of corruption. Just last week, he repeated that refrain at their debate, saying, ''Bridgeport will never progress no matter how much we give it unless it cleans up its act.''

Mr. Shays has been an elected official in Connecticut since 1974, when he was elected to the state legislature. He served there for 13 years before winning his House seat in 1987. He has lost only one race -- for mayor of Stamford, in 1983.

Reflecting on that loss, Mr. Shays, a former Peace Corps volunteer, said, ''I was running as a kid from North Stamford in a business suit and played up the fact I had two master's degrees'' while his Democratic opponent, Thom Serrani, ''ran as an Italian kid from Springdale,'' more of a ***working-class*** section of Stamford than the northern end.

He said he sought to be a ''gracious loser'' and discovered that he had a lot of support when he returned four years later to run for the Congressional seat that became available when Stewart B. McKinney, a Republican, died.

Seventeen years later, he is proud of his record and reputation for independence. ''I think I've done a great job,'' he said. ''I'm a very hard-working member of Congress, who is active in dealing with important national issues and still apply myself vigorously to local concerns.''

To the crowd at the Stamford Marriott, he said he believed ''heart and soul'' that the war in Iraq was tied to the larger war on terror and contributed to Libya's decision to abandon its development of unconventional weapons. ''When people say I don't understand what Saddam Hussein had to do with Sept. 11, I don't understand the question,'' he said. ''It's like saying I don't understand what Adolf Hitler had to do with Pearl Harbor.''

He also took a moment from the debate to say that he thought Mrs. Farrell was a ''very competent lady and first selectwoman.''

He then amended that by turning to her and asking somewhat in jest that she please ''stay a competent first selectwoman.''

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Representative Christopher Shays during a debate in Stamford, Conn. (Photo by Associated Press)

Diane Farrell, left, the Democratic candidate for the Fourth Congressional District seat, speaking with Liz Morten, a former Republican. (Photo by Douglas Healey for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** October 10, 2004

**End of Document**



[***36 Hours St. Michaels, Md.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4DFG-Y710-TW8F-G2FT-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 1, 2004 Friday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2004 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section F; Column 1; Escapes; Pg. 4; JOURNEYS

**Length:** 1446 words

**Byline:** By STEVE BAILEY

**Body**

MIDWAY down Maryland's Eastern Shore, grand estates sit alongside small communities of working watermen, bicyclists share roads with farm tractors and Porsches, and wild white swans glide past sailboats and motor craft from all over the East Coast. Fortunes have been made here, on the ragged peninsula where St. Michaels and its neighboring towns project out into Chesapeake Bay, since the 1600's -- in farming, trade and fishing, and now in tourism and real estate. St. Michaels escaped damage in the War of 1812 by hanging lanterns in trees outside of town, causing the British to overshoot and earning itself the nickname ''the town that fooled the British.'' Now the invaders are weekenders and vacationers. Most of the leisure crowd in the 19th-century clapboard houses come from Baltimore or Washington; one second-home owner is Defense Secretary Donald H. Rumsfeld. The traditional economy has been ravaged by parasites attacking the oysters in Chesapeake Bay, but millions are being spent to try to bring the oysters back, and there's never an oyster shortage in the restaurants. STEVE BAILEY

Friday

4 p.m.

1. You Want That Malted?

If you're looking for a crab-themed anything, you'll find it in the shops on Talbot Street, along with T-shirts, garden sculptures and duck decoys. Stop for ice cream at Justine's (106 South Talbot Street, 410-745-5416), where they'll offer to add malt to any milkshake you can think of.

8 p.m.

2. Dinner From the Bay

If you can get a table at 208 Talbot (208 North Talbot Street, 410-745-3838), join the polo-shirt-and-blazer crowd tucking into regional fare like crab cakes ($15) and more extravagant seafood dishes like cassolette of lobster, mussels, clams, shrimp and monkfish ($29.59). On Fridays you may get in without a reservation; Saturdays, when the only option is a popular fixed-price meal ($55) that includes the entire menu, can be impossible.

Saturday

8 a.m.

3. Two Wheels to the Ferry

Get on a bicycle, which can be rented at the St. Michaels Marina (305 Mulberry Street; 410-745-2400; $11 for a half day) and take advantage of roads so level that almost anyone can be a long-distance rider. Stop at Blue Crab Coffee (102 Fremont Street, 410-745-4155) for light breakfast fare -- not that you really need to fortify yourself for the easy one-hour 7.6-mile ride to the Oxford-Bellevue Ferry (410-745-9023). One segment where the road has no shoulder makes up for the deficiency by having very little traffic. For $5 round trip, the ferry (several trips an hour every day during daylight; closed December through February), a service here since 1683, will take you and your bike on the 10-minute crossing of the Tred Avon River to Oxford, a tiny Colonial-era town. After a spin through its serene tree-lined streets, reboard the ferry for the ride back.

Noon

4. Oysters at Harborside

This part of Maryland is known as the Bay Hundred -- the name comes from a Colonial division of Maryland into districts that were each required to support 100 militiamen -- and the Bay Hundred is known for seafood: softshell and hardshell crabs in summer and oysters in the fall and winter. For less than $20, you can have a lunch of oysters steamed, fried, Rockefeller or raw at one of the bustling restaurants clustered on St. Michaels Harbor (a good choice is the Town Dock Restaurant, 125 Mulberry Street, 410-745-5577) while you watch the hundreds of boats bobbing at docks or moored in the Miles River.

1 p.m.

5. The Road to Tilghman

Now drive out of town the other way on Route 33, toward Tilghman Island, about 14 miles away, and keep an eye on the horizon to your right for masts and sails on the open Chesapeake, just beyond the farm fields. Make a stop in Sherwood, one of several almost invisible communities on the way, at Sherwood Antiques (in the Post Office building, 410-886-2562), an old house stuffed with centuries of furniture and furnishings, like a 19th-century Shaker rocker ($1,800) and an unusual 18th-century bench-table ($1,500) that converts from one to the other. Peer down the tree-lined lanes that lead to Georgian-style manor houses, most still private homes.

2 p.m.

6. Commodore's Log

Tilghman Island itself has no manor houses, but it's fast becoming a place for vacationers. Long a ***working-class*** community centered around farming and the sea harvest, it lost many of its watermen when the oyster harvest crashed. The old Tilghman can still be seen in the island's venerable skipjacks -- the large sailboats, that are generally the only boats allowed to dredge for oysters in the bay -- based in Dogwood Harbor. Documenting the island's past and present is Gary D. Crawford, above, who with his wife, Susan, owns and operates Crawfords Nautical Books (5782 Main Street, Tilghman, on the right about a mile beyond the bridge, 410-886-2418; [*www.crawfordsnautical.com*](http://www.crawfordsnautical.com)). The shop, in a former bank building, has 11,000 or so books, from Mr. Crawford's own works about Tilghman ($5 to $10) to a first edition of Commodore Matthew C. Perry's account of his 1850's trade mission to Japan ($3,400). Tilghman Island Day, an annual seafood festival, is Oct. 16 this year.

3 p.m.

7. The Water Beckons

Get out on the water. Rent a kayak ($25 an hour) or a motorboat ($150 to $225 for up to four hours) at the Tilghman Island Marina (6140 Mariners Court, Tilghman; 410-886-2500). Pass through Knapp's Narrows, the strip of water that makes Tilghman an island, to explore expansive Harris Creek on the east or to begin a circumnavigation of the island, which is about three miles long and one mile wide. Pay attention to channel markers and to the chart that comes with the motorboats -- during low tide some areas off Tilghman are too shallow for any propeller-driven craft. Want to let someone else do the driving? The ketch Lady Patty, the converted Vietnam-era special operations vessel Sharps Island (both berthed near the drawbridge; 410-886-2215) and the 1886 skipjack Rebecca T. Ruark (Dogwood Harbor, 410-886-2176) take passengers on excursions. Watch the skies for always-present osprey and the occasional bald eagle.

6 p.m.

8. The Floating Parade

Stop in at the Tilghman Island Inn (21384 Coopertown Road, Tilghman; 410-886-2141), a club-like 20-room hotel, where a band may be playing at an outdoor bar. Order a beer and watch as one boat after another returns to the narrows for the night. Stick around for dinner prepared by David McCallum, one of the inn's owners as well as its chef. ''Black eye pea cakes'' ($7.25) are a popular appetizer. Rock fish (striped bass from the Chesapeake, a regional favorite; $29.50) is pan-seared and served over lobster and crab.

9 p.m.

9. Grab a Grappa

Perhaps the coziest place to end the day is back in St. Michaels in front of the fireplace at the Purser's Pub at the Inn at Perry Cabin (308 Watkins Lane, 410-745-2200). It was built in 1816, turned into an inn in 1980, purchased by Orient-Express in 1999 and expanded to 81 rooms and suites in 2003. Try one of its 6 grappas ($7 to $15), its 9 ports ($10 to $25) or its 42 Scotches ($9 to $45).

Sunday

10 a.m.

10. Heaven for Boat Lovers

Learn about skipjacks, push boats and bugeyes at the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum (Navy Point, St. Michaels; 410-745-2916; admission $10 for adults). An 18-acre harborfront complex, it includes a relocated Chesapeake lighthouse; buildings devoted to oystering, Chesapeake history, steamboats and waterfowl; and a fleet of distinctive bay boats. One of the smaller buildings, a crab shack, has a plaque on its side showing how high the water reached last year when Hurricane Isabelle hit the area. If you start planning your next visit before you leave, keep in mind the museum's apprentice-for-a-day program, which costs $25 and involves spending a Saturday or Sunday, 10 a.m. to 4 p.m., helping a shipwright restore a classic bay boat or build a new one.

THE BASICS

Visiting St. Michaels

St. Michaels is about a four-hour drive from New York and about an hour and a half from both Baltimore and Washington, which have the closest major airports.

The Inn at Perry Cabin (308 Watkins Lane; 410-745-2200) is a sprawling complex -- some parts almost 200 years old -- on the Miles River adjacent to the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum. Its 81 rooms and suites are $245 to $625 on weekends.

In the heart of St. Michaels, the Old Brick Inn Bed & Breakfast (401 South Talbot Street, 410-745-3323) comprises two buildings, one dating to 1816. Its 14 rooms are $115 to $350.

On Tilghman Island and overlooking Dogwood Harbor and its skipjacks, the Chesapeake Wood Duck Inn (21490 Gibsontown Road at Dogwood Harbor, 410-886-2070) has six rooms and one attached cottage at $149 to $229, including a lavish breakfast.

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

**Graphic**

Photos (Photographs by Steve Bailey/The New York Times)Map of Maryland highlighting St. Michaels and points of interest. (Map drawing by Steven Shukow for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** October 1, 2004

**End of Document**



[***The Nation;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3TY6-5X70-007F-G2VW-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Want Votes With That? Get the 'Waitress Moms.'***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3TY6-5X70-007F-G2VW-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 25, 1998, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1998 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Week in Review Desk

**Section:** Section 4; ; Section 4; Page 3; Column 1; Week in Review Desk ; Column 1;

**Length:** 1167 words

**Byline:** By MELINDA HENNEBERGER

By MELINDA HENNEBERGER

**Dateline:** BETHESDA, Md.

**Body**

ONE of the bellwethers for next month's elections is taking milkshake orders from a late-night party of 25 in the Tastee Diner here -- all separate checks, she notes, with a sort of kindly grimace.

No, says the waitress, Carol Chavez, with enviable patience, she was not previously aware that she is a member of the hot political swing group of the moment, the "waitress moms."

"I've just been trying to raise my kids," she says. "I work two jobs, so I don't listen to any of it."

Like "angry white men" and "soccer moms" before them, waitress moms are said to be the group to watch in the elections this year. They are low-income working women -- not just those who wait tables -- and are mostly white and under 50 with a high school education. And while they may be Democrats at heart, they tend to sit out elections when they don't see the political debate as relevant to their families.

The scandal involving President Clinton seems to have troubled a good number of them, pollsters have said. And now no one knows if they'll turn out on Nov. 3 -- or how they'll vote if they do show up.

Ms. Chavez, who turns 50 on Tuesday, says she, for one, won't vote, or even tune into the debate. She has children aged 9, 15 and 19, and everything she's got goes into providing for them.

Her co-worker, Janet Pochon, a 41-year-old mother of three handing out burgers at a pretty good clip, is a lifelong Democrat who twice voted for Bill Clinton but will also be staying home this year.

"I'm just really depressed with everything that's going on with Clinton and it's really turned me off," she said. At what moment did the Democrats lose her? "When Clinton admitted he lied," Ms. Pochon said. "You put your trust in somebody and they break that trust. I'm sure there are a lot of people just like me."

Coveted

And that, of course, is the Democrats' biggest fear, and the reason women like Ms. Pochon and Ms. Chavez are so sought after by both parties this year.

Celinda Lake, the Democratic pollster who coined the term waitress moms in 1996, said she dreamed it up in an effort to remind Democrats of the importance of the voters down market from the soccer mom. "I was trying to think: What's the downscale version of the soccer moms -- the women who don't have a minivan and a cleaning lady and have to take their kids to their mother's house at 4 in the morning on their way to work?" she said.

"They're values oriented," Ms. Lake said. "They think the President has done a good job, but they're troubled by his personal life. They've been swung back and forth by events, so they're a question mark."

And they seem to be a newly volatile factor in the gender gap, the tendency of women to vote heavily Democratic, which has helped President Clinton in the past. In this midterm election, in which a lower-than-normal turnout could hurt Democrats, the waitress moms are more important than ever, and more unpredictable. So the term has stuck this year, with these women symbolizing the ambivalence and uncertainty of a strange political season.

Still, there are doubts about Ms. Lake's catchy phrase: Is it mostly a marketing buzz phrase designed to motivate Democrats? Has it caught on merely as a way for political reporters to enjoy an order of fries on the job while interviewing the female equivalent of the much-quoted taxi driver? And is it even a good way to sum up ***working-class*** women? (When these women are asked to describe themselves, Ms. Lake said, their No. 1 response is "tired.")

'A Myth'

"I hate the term -- waitress moms is a little derogatory," says Stephanie Cohen, spokeswoman for Emily's List, the women's advocacy group whose own pollster, Ms. Lake, made it up. (Ms. Cohen prefers "drop-off women." And no, that doesn't refer to the mothers queued up in the parking lot to let their kids out at the school door, but to the fact that low-income women are less likely to vote in off-year elections.)

Andrew Kohut, an independent pollster for the Pew Research Center for the People and the Press, says the new formulation mostly fills the need for political theater and good visuals. "This comes from focus groups as the new political insider's wisdom, and it's a myth," he said, adding that he sees no evidence that these women are any more or less likely to vote this year than in any off-year.

Of course, this is only one way to describe one of many voting blocs that could be crucial to this or any other election. But both parties seem to be taking the waitress-moms concept seriously, targeting the group heavily with mailings and advertising campaigns that emphasize resonant themes like education, social security and the reform of health-maintenance organizations. The A.F.L.-C.I.O. is sponsoring 2,000 events with them in mind, mostly small gatherings to be held in kitchens and job sites all over the country.

Ms. Cohen said polling shows that this group is turned off by heavy partisanship and is almost solely focused on practical questions like, "Can I pick my own doctor?"

And these days, the waitress moms seem more favorably disposed to Hillary Rodham Clinton than to her husband. Ms. Lake said that in a recent poll in a Southern border state she would not name, 46 percent of them said they liked the President. That's compared with the 64 percent who felt an affinity for the First Lady. Mrs. Clinton has been campaigning heavily, and signed a letter that Emily's List sent to many of the 2 million waitress moms targeted by the group.

But just getting these women to the polls is only part of the challenge for Democrats, said Garry South, campaign director for Gray Davis, the Democratic candidate for Governor of California. Mr. South warned that efforts to pursue this group will backfire on candidates who try to win over waitress moms without knowing them well enough.

"They're a subset of what's come to be known as the Reagan Democrats, who vote Democrat but will desert you in a second if something doesn't smell right," he said. "They're fickle, frustrated and hard to fathom, and Democrats cannot simply turn out waitress moms through a get-out-the-vote campaign."

At the Allen County Republican Party's annual bean dinner in Fort Wayne, Ind., on Friday night, the featured speaker, former Vice President Dan Quayle, said Republicans were the waitress moms' true friends. "Think of the waitress that works extra hours at night so she can buy a book for her child," he told the crowd. "She might want to be at her son or daughter's soccer game, but she has to work because of high taxes."

A number of Republicans are running advertising campaigns emphasizing education and other matters of particular interest to these women.

And both parties seem to see waitress moms wagging a finger at them, warning that they won't be ignored this year.

That image, and the whole metaphor of the waitress mom, "is somewhat an oversimplification," Mr. South admitted. "But it's a useful way to characterize for the Democrats why you have to pay attention to someone other than the soccer mom."

**Graphic**

Drawing (Nancy Carpenter)

**Load-Date:** October 25, 1998

**End of Document**



[***Mario Cantone's Loud Family Reunion***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4DHF-6JP0-TW8F-G2TC-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 10, 2004 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2004 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 2; Column 1; Arts and Leisure Desk; Pg. 5; THEATER

**Length:** 1407 words

**Byline:** By ERIC MESSINGER

Eric Messinger writes frequently about television, movies and theater. He lives in New York City.

**Dateline:** STONEHAM, Mass.

**Body**

''THEY'RE passionate, loyal, loud, amazing, funny and crazy,'' Mario Cantone declares, preparing a reporter for dinner with his family. ''You'll see.'' He could as easily be talking about himself -- if he would only add high-pitched and even higher-strung. Still, this unfailingly acerbic comic, whose duck-quack voice and raging putdowns could shatter crystal, has managed to charm audiences with his oddly endearing brand of abrasiveness.

He is best known as ''Sex and the City's'' Anthony, the catty and voluminously opinionated buddy of Charlotte (Kristin Davis), and as a regular guest on ''The View.'' But his early training was in comedy clubs and in theater, where he first appeared in ''Love! Valour! Compassion!'' and most recently delivered a stop-the-show tirade as Samuel Byck, President Nixon's would-be killer, in this year's revival of ''Assassins.''

Now Mr. Cantone, 44, is taking his caustic comedy to Broadway in a one-man show, ''Laugh Whore,'' directed by Joe Mantello, with music by Jerry Dixon, and lyrics by Mr. Cantone, Mr. Dixon and Harold Lubin. Opening Oct. 24, the show is a compilation of rants, impersonations and original songs, in which he shares his feelings about, among other things, his not-so-favorite divas, his life in New York post-9/11, and, yes, his days as a short, sensitive, theatrical kid growing up in the boisterous bosom of the Cantone family in Stoneham, Mass. Mr. Cantone recently invited this writer to visit his family -- and his high school and his childhood home. ''Come,'' he said, ''we'll improvise.''

The Family

The relatives have gathered at his cousin Diane Caso's house in Amesbury, Mass., for dinner, eager to relate their own versions of Mr. Cantone's biography.

''The stories!'' exclaims another cousin, Jeanne Cericola. ''Did you know that he used to climb on to his mother's coffee table when he was 2 and sing Judy Garland? And did he mention that his mother was a bookie? They all were. His mother, my mother, the other sisters.''

And not just them, Mr. Cantone explains in his show: ''All the men would go into the den, where they had 12 TV's because they were booking and betting. And I'm, like, 'Shut up! I'm trying to watch ''The Wizard of Oz''!'''

Mr. Cantone, the fourth of five children, grew up in this extended clan, many of whom lived in the ***working-class*** urban hub of Everett, Mass. When he was 2 his family moved to the neighboring community of Stoneham, a leafy middle-class Italian-Irish suburb. His father, Mario Sr., wanted to get his mother, Elizabeth, out of the family business.

''The problem,'' Mr. Cantone says, ''was that she was not only a bookie but she was also a compulsive gambler.''

Mario Sr. also owned an Italian restaurant in Boston -- Cantone's, of course. Mr. Cantone's mother, who died when he was 21, had been a big band singer when she was young. She's the one who taught him his coffee-table repertory.

''Then later she didn't want me to go into the entertainment business,'' he says. ''Go figure.''

The High School

''I had lots of friends here,'' Mr. Cantone says as we turn into Stoneham High's broad campus. ''Even the jocks who had called me a fag in junior high were my friends. Maybe they respected me because I was never someone who tried to be someone he wasn't. I don't know.''

Entering the school Mr. Cantone makes a beeline for the auditorium where he used to perform. ''This was my womb,'' he says. Inside, about 40 students are milling about. It's the drama club. Mr. Cantone lived for the drama club.

At first the students don't quite recognize him, but as they crowd around, he explains that he is a drama club alum, and is now opening his own show on Broadway. ''Welcome back, welcome back, welcome back!'' they sing.

An avid ''Wicked'' fan asks Mr. Cantone if he knows its star, Idina Menzel. Not only does he know her, but he tells them that the director of ''Wicked,'' Joe Mantello, is directing his show. Gasps from the crowd. ''Do you know Robert Sean Leonard?'' one kid asks.

''Do you know Kristin Chenoweth?'' asks another. ''Do you know Norbert Leo Butz?'' asks a fourth.

Enough. ''Norman Leo Butz he knows and not me,'' Mr. Cantone says, his voice rising to its trademark screech. ''Don't you people get it? I'm famous. I know everyone. It's time to break out of your little drama club bubble.''

They get it. The students crowd around for hugs, applauding Mr. Cantone. He applauds them back, doing his best to withhold a tear.

The Teacher

When Mr. Cantone was in high school his favorite teacher, Jim Romano, led the drama club. Mr. Romano is now retired, but the students tell Mr. Cantone that he can often be found reading on his front porch. Minutes later we drive by, and there he is. A stout, friendly man with close-cropped gray hair, Mr. Romano looks like a former marine who has mellowed and grizzled with age.

''Mario Cantone!'' he yells. ''You hot number. How are you?'' He immediately invites us in and fetches a few beers, his two droopy dachshunds pattering after him. After gossiping about old friends and teachers, Mr. Cantone thanks him for his encouragement back in the day.

''You say how helpful I was to you, but the truth is you were just as helpful to me,'' Mr. Romano replies. ''I wasn't ready to climb out of the closet, but I looked at how forthright you were and I thought how could I not do the same. I think it was your senior year when I went to my department head and told him I was gay. I loved being a teacher and I wanted the administration to know that this was who I was, and that it didn't make a difference to how I related to my students.''

''That's what was amazing about that school,'' says Mr. Cantone, who had never heard that story. ''I mean, to be out at my age back then. Everyone knew I was crazy and gay, but it was O.K.''

The House

A month earlier on a whim, Mr. Cantone visited the house he had lived in for 20 years. The experience was unsatisfying. ''I looked at it and felt numb, nothing, couldn't relate,'' he says. ''Now I'm thinking that was the trial run.''

From outside, the two-story brick home hasn't changed much in 40 years. But then the new owner walks out. ''I used to live here,'' Mr. Cantone says hesitantly.

''I know who you are,'' the woman responds, smiling brightly. ''I watch 'The View.' Do you want to come in?''

Her name is Mary Caturello. She lives in the house with her husband, her 4-year-old son and her elderly mother. In ''Laugh Whore,'' Mr. Cantone makes fun of his mother's tacky design sense. There were, he says, ''purple rugs rambling through house. And we had a couch that was 85 feet long. It was purple, gold and white. It looked like a French Provincial freight train.'' After looking around, he compliments Ms. Caturello for having ''much better taste than my mother did.''

''I'll bet she was a good cook though,'' Ms. Caturello's mother, Jane, calls from the stairway.

As Ms. Caturello walks us back to the car, she says: ''I hope you'll visit us again. My mother wants you to come for dinner.''

''It's nice to know I'm welcome here,'' Mr. Cantone responds.

The Family, Again

''Let me tell you about us,'' his cousin Ann Doherty says, offering the general overview, as everyone mills around the dining room table. ''The women are very beautiful. Make sure you write that down. We love food. There's always a lot of food. And we love to talk. This is a family of talkers.''

As everyone devours the transcendent meatballs and other Italian delicacies, the conversation bounces around from how an aunt escaped arrest once by sticking betting slips under her shirt and pretending to be pregnant to the news of a cousin's very real pregnancy.

The night's only minidrama belongs to Mr. Cantone's beloved sister Camille, who figures prominently in her brother's show. She almost didn't make it to the party because she was reeling from having to replace her broken refrigerator. Now holding court, she explains that this meant letting go of some sentimental objects in her freezer.

''Remember the relish Aunt Jo gave me?'' she says. ''I had it for over 22 years.'' Mr. Cantone nods.

At the end of the night, he treats the gang to a rendition of the show's title song, ''A Laugh Whore Is Born,'' an ode to the rough trade of comedy.

''Great!'' yells a family member. ''Does this mean we don't have to go to New York for the show?''

'LAUGH WHORE'

Cort Theater

138 West 48th Street.

Previews begin Tuesday; opens Oct. 24.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Mario Cantone at his childhood home, top

with his cousin Jeanne Cericola, above left

and with his drama teacher, Jim Romano. (Photo by Scott Wintrow/Getty Images)

(Photographs by Michael Nagle for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** October 10, 2004

**End of Document**



[***LABORITE LEADER DEPLORES 'EXCESSIVE' TIES TO U.S.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-J910-0008-Y39H-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 4, 1983, Tuesday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1983 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Page 3, Column 3; Foreign Desk

**Length:** 1119 words

**Byline:** By R. W. APPLE Jr.

**Dateline:** BRIGHTON, England, Oct. 3

**Body**

Neil Kinnock, the newly elected leader of the Labor Party, said today that the British ''are not masters of our own foreign policies because of our excessive state of obligation to the American Government.''

Mr. Kinnock, who would become Prime Minister in the event of a Labor victory in the next general election, asserted that Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher ''enjoys far more than she should the borrowed splendor'' of intimate relations with Washington and especially with President Reagan. The price she pays, he continued, ''is that the primary criterion for every British action, with the sole exception of the Falklands war, is whether it will be acceptable to the Americans.''

''I think the primary criterion should be the best interests of Britain,'' the 41- year-old leader said in a long interview.

British Labor Party's new leader Neil Kinnock says British are not 'masters' of own foreign policies because of 'excessive state of obligation' to US, interview; illustrated at party's conference; insists he would press for denuclearization of GB and dismantling of US bases but affirms commitment to good US relations and to Western defense that is not 'Pentagon-dominated' (M)

Mr. Kinnock galvanized the annual party conference on Sunday night, a few hours after his election to succeed Michael Foot, with a powerful speech calling for unity. Then he set out, in a series of small meetings and casual encounters, deploying all of his wit and charm to try to win over those who still suspect him of softness on sensitive issues such as nuclear policy.

Against U.S. Nuclear Bases

The Welshman said in the interview that ''I intend that the government I plan to lead will achieve in five years the denuclearization of Britain.'' He said he did not wish to ''give hostages to fortune'' by spelling out his exact policy four or five years before he would ever have a chance to put it into effect, but he declared that it would mean an end to American nuclear bases here.

''There would be no need for the United States, on strategic, economic or other grounds,'' he asserted, ''to take any action to punish Britain in the wake of the dismantling of bases. The United States might have highly emotional reactions, but that would be a problem for diplomacy to handle. There would be no substantive change in the American position because of any such action on our part.''

Asked whether he was not proposing the effective neutralization of Britain, Mr. Kinnock replied: 'Not at all. We accept our commitment to play a role in a defensive strategy for the West, and that is not neutralism. But we insist that we should have the right to define that role for ourselves, not have it defined for us by other countries.''

He said he intended to support, during the party's military debate on Wednesday, Resolution 39, which, among other provisions, ''rejects Britain's membership of any Pentagon- dominated military pact based on the first use of nuclear weapons.'' He argued, however, that the resolution would have no impact on Labor's commitment to continuing membership in the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. NATO reserves the right to use nuclear weapons first, but its senior officials believe that any such action has become politically improbable.

Goal Is a 'Pact of Equals'

The key phrase in the resolution, Mr. Kinnock explained, is ''Pentagon- dominated.'' He said he and his colleagues wanted to make the alliance ''a pact of equals in terms of decision- making.'' The language in Resolution 39, which is all but certain to become party policy, was ''murky but tolerable,'' the new leader declared.

Another measure, Resolution 40, is likely to be the most sensitive of the conference because it reflects the suspicion of the party's extreme left wing that Mr. Kinnock, a leftist himself and a longtime member of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, will try to water down Labor's commitment to unilateral nuclear disarmament now that he is in charge. The leftists know that Roy Hattersley, chosen on Sunday night as Mr. Kinnock's deputy, believes that such a change is necessary if the party is to win the next election.

The resolution demands that ''in our continuous campaigning and in the next general election manifesto we make it clear that a future Labor government will unconditionally scrap all nuclear weapons systems.'' That goes further than Mr. Kinnock would like to go at the moment, if only because he fears that it will stir up trouble with the party's right wing, which he is also trying hard to placate. Denis Healey, the party spokesman on foreign policy, might well decide to resign from the shadow cabinet if the resolution is adopted. That now seems likely because Mr. Kinnock has failed to persuade the Transport and General Workers Union, its sponsor, to withdraw the resolution.

In his maneuvering on nuclear weapons, the new leader has so far moved only the tiniest distance from the party's position in the last election, when its antinuclear policy cost it, in the view of most observers, a substantial section of ***working-class*** votes. But he is clearly trying to give the policy a more acceptable face and to emphasize especially the party's opposition to cruise missiles, which are to be deployed at Greenham Common near London in a few months.

A Fondness for the U.S.

Unlike his predecessor, Mr. Foot, Mr. Kinnock has been to the United States often and likes it. His most recent trip was in 1979 and he said today that he intended to visit Washington (and Moscow, too) soon. He has many American friends, including diplomats, academics, labor unionists and politicians. One of his close friends is John Brademas, the former Congressman who now heads New York University.

''Good relations with the United States are essential,'' Mr. Kinnock declared. ''My criticism of United States governments over the years, and of the Reagan Administration especially, is that they don't understand the real appeal of American ideals for the rest of the world. The liberties guaranteed by the American Constitution are an inspiration to every libertarian in the world, but many of us are constantly disappointed in the way they are forsaken by the Government.

''The problem, it seems to me, is the American fixation with money - the concentration on money instead of on upholding liberty.''

While retaining good relations with Washington, Mr. Kinnock said, he believes that Britain, free of nuclear weapons, could develop a new world role - ''not as a superpower, of course not, but as an instigator of new ideas, an arbiter, negotiator, convener, broker.'' A supporter of the Brandt Commission's report on the third world, he is particularly eager to increase British ties with developing countries.

**Graphic**

photo of Neil Kinnock

**End of Document**



[***Despite Figures on Falling Crime, Fear in Part of the Bronx***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3TR0-C6S0-007F-G084-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 26, 1998, Saturday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1998 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk

**Section:** Section B; ; Section B; Page 1; Column 2; Metropolitan Desk ; Column 2;

**Length:** 1221 words

**Byline:** By DAVID M. HALBFINGER

By DAVID M. HALBFINGER

**Body**

Joseph Torres, 27, moved into a new two-family house in the East Tremont section of the Bronx two weeks ago. A few nights later, he heard gunfire for the first time.

"Six shots," he said. "Bap-bap-bap-bap-bap-bap. Like that."

He quickly installed a tall, spiked metal fence around his stoop and driveway, at the corner of East 181st Street and Vyse Avenue. Now he is even thinking about lining the walls inside with metal plates, to shield his wife and three children from any stray bullets.

Mr. Torres, a porter at a Manhattan apartment building who moved from a rental apartment in the Parkchester section of the Bronx, said he bought his house because it was only three blocks from the subway and a block from the Bronx Zoo. Most important, the area seemed safe. "I saw kids playing outside until 11 at night," he said.

He had no idea that his new neighborhood was one of the few in New York City where homicides were on the rise. At a time when crime is continuing to fall citywide, the 48th Precinct has had 17 killings this year, the most recent and perhaps most disturbing on Sept. 1, when a 55-year-old man driving home with his wife from their night-shift jobs was struck in the neck and killed by a stray bullet fired by strangers in a gunfight on East 180th Street.

The homicide total of 17, though hardly a number to compare with the murderous days of the early 90's, is still nearly double the total at the same time last year. In all of 1997, there were just 14 homicides in the precinct, down from 24 killings in 1996 and 40 in 1993. Though the 17 homicides are the most of any precinct in the Bronx -- and the fourth-highest total citywide -- the police say that the precinct is much safer than the murder rate suggests. Other statistics support this argument: assaults are about even with last year, and over all, major crimes are down 7 percent.

But the realization that violence has not relaxed its grip in the neighborhood has nonetheless dampened what was a celebratory mood in East Tremont, Fordham and West Farms, where more than 600 new homes have been built in the last five years, many of them bought by ***working-class*** families with assistance from nonprofit groups and government programs. Officials have long hoped that these new homeowners would propel the community's recovery from decades of decay and abandonment.

Instead, some residents say, despite their new three-story houses, neat front yards, freshly painted metal gates and driveways with late-model cars, they are troubled by the specter of street crime.

Jessica Scott, 34, who moved up to 180th Street from Concourse Village last month, said she missed the big complex's indoor parking garage, 24-hour security guard and the safety she felt living in a high-rise, far above any street crime. Now, she said, she and her mother, Anne, hear everything. And any time they need to drive off, they first have to open and close the driveway gate.

"I feel like we're vulnerable," Jessica Scott said, pointing to teen-agers on the street around the corner, men standing in front of a bodega across the street and an apartment nearby that she said contained a drug market. "I'm a corrections officer, and I carry a gun, but I still don't feel safe."

Her mother, a retired schoolteacher, said she felt more secure, but only because of the bars on her windows. "I'm in jail here," she said, chuckling.

Capt. Michael C. Phipps, the commander of the 48th Precinct, winces when he hears things like this, because, he says, perceptions, not statistics, govern the way people live their lives. "If you think it's dangerous, it might as well be," he said in an interview yesterday at the station house, under the Cross Bronx Expressway along Park Avenue.

But Captain Phipps said that things were safer than the murder rate suggested. There are only 78 known drug-dealing locations in the 48th Precinct, compared with a few hundred in some precincts to the west and south, he said. And the murder rate is still much lower than 5 or 10 years ago, when the yearly death toll routinely ran as high as 40. Because last year's murder total was so low, Captain Phipps added, any rise seems dramatic.

Moreover, he said that law-abiding residents -- those hundreds of new homeowners, for example -- have rarely been caught up in the violence. "You're not going to get shot walking the streets of the four-eight, except in circumstances that you put yourself in," he said. Of the 17 people killed this year, he said, "probably there were only two or three who didn't know the person who killed them, and only one true, honest-to-goodness innocent victim, whose life-style didn't open them up to this."

Many of those killed were involved with drugs, Captain Phipps said, telling one bloody tale after another:

Rafael Rodriguez, 24, was gunned down Jan. 2 by a man riding a mountain bike at 181st Street and Crotona Avenue in the start of a brief war between rival drug gangs. On July 30, Terrence Celestine, 24, was shot at least 12 times behind 2111 Lafontaine Avenue.

Others were killed over lust or money. Darrel Carrol, 20, gunned down on Feb. 28 on Bronx Park South, was killed for $50 by a man whom he shot and wounded a year earlier in a dispute over $40, Captain Phipps said. Ruben Collazo, 23, who had just opened a livery-cab business on Washington Avenue, was shot on Aug. 4 by a driver whom police say he was planning to fire.

And then there were the baffling cases: Donald Glover, 36, shot on March 21 at a birthday party on Southern Boulevard, after a fight erupted between several guests, and Kim Evans, 27, a prostitute who was thrown off the roof of a 21-story apartment building on East 178th Street on July 18.

But the most recent killing, several residents said, was the most haunting. On the morning of Sept. 1, Luis Burgos, 55, was driving home with his wife when he was struck in the neck and killed by a stray bullet fired in a gunfight on 180th Street. They were only three blocks from their co-op apartment. A suspect, Rafael Rosario, is still being sought.

The next day, the 48th Precinct revised its patrol system to insure more police presence on the three streets where most of the shootings have occurred: 180th Street, Crotona Avenue and Boston Road. Uniformed officers are riding the lengths of those roads, and 6 to 17 more plainclothes officers from the precinct are assigned to the three streets, he said.

In addition, a special task force of 32 plainclothes officers that was formed to focus on rapists has been temporarily assigned to the 48th Precinct. "Every night, all they do is stop, question and frisk people in the street," Captain Phipps said. "It's obvious that we were not stopping enough people because people didn't feel afraid carrying a gun, that they were going to be stopped."

Still, for months, residents have been begging for more police officers to be assigned to the 48th Precinct. And in January, their pleas may be answered. The Police Department expects to create a new task force in the precinct, patterned after the South Bronx Initiative, with 50 to 100 undercover narcotics investigators and uniformed backup officers.

For the moment, however, Captain Phipps said he thought the stepped-up patrols and borrowed manpower might be having the desired effect. Since Sept. 1, he said, there have been no shootings in the precinct.

**Graphic**

Photos: Anne Scott, a retired schoolteacher who moved into the area from Concourse Village last month with her daughter, Jessica, said she felt secure in their new house. Her daughter said she felt more vulnerable. (Chang W. Lee/The New York Times)(pg. B5)

Map of New York shows location of the Bronx: The police say the area is safer than its murder rate suggests.(pg. B5)

**Load-Date:** September 26, 1998

**End of Document**



[***LONDON BRIDGES (AND OTHER THINGS) FALLING DOWN***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-JY60-0008-Y302-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 27, 1983, Wednesday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1983 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Page 2, Column 3; Foreign Desk

**Length:** 1093 words

**Byline:** By JON NORDHEIMER, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** LONDON, July 26

**Body**

London Bridge was falling down so in 1968 it was crated and shipped to Arizona. Now Parliament's famous tower of Big Ben is crumbling at the edges, but it will stay put by the side of the Thames as it undergoes repairs and a face-scrubbing over the next year.

Work on rejuvenating other historic structures in Britain is falling behind, however, and in even worse shape are the roads, railways, water and sewer systems that were built early in the Victorian age and were once hailed as the most advanced in the world.

The situation is comparable in many respects to that in the United States except that in Britain everything tends to be older and the problem more extensive.

LONDON, July 26 - London Bridge was falling down so in 1968 it was crated and shipped to Arizona.

London Bridge, now a tourist attraction in Lake Havasu City, Ariz., was replaced by a new six-lane span. But, at a time when the Government is straining to cut costs, and with three million people out of work, now there is not enough money to protect the nation's rich cultural heritage and at the same time meet all the demands on ordinary, everyday public facilities like roads, tunnels and sewer systems.

Tens of Thousands of Buildings

Government buildings like Parliament - more formally known as the Palace of Westminster - come under the care of the Property Services Agency of the Department of the Environment. Comparable to the General Services Administration in the United States, the P.S.A. maintains tens of thousands of public buildings, including national museums and galleries, laboratories, prisons and courts.

Another branch of the Department of the Environment, the Directorate of Ancient Monuments and Historic Buildings, looks after about 400 national resources in England ranging from stone crosses to Stonehenge. Caring for many of London's historic landmarks alone is a task that demands a lot of money and the work of skilled artisans who are able to duplicate work on stone and wood created centuries earlier.

The current work on the exterior of Parliament is fairly basic. Big Ben, for instance (the tower is named for its bell, not its clock), is sheathed in scaffolding so workers can hose and scrub stains of air pollution from the stone surface, removing those stones that have decayed over the years. Goldleaf trim on the face of the clock will also be repainted, and experts will minutely examine the 14-foot-long minute hand and 9-foot hour hand for defects.

''We are not aware of any problems but we will use the opportunity to carry out major maintenance work on it,'' said Edward Naughton, a P.S.A. supervisor on the project.

In the House of Lords Chamber

Out of sight of the public, other workers at Parliament are engaged in a more sophisticated project, that of repairing and restoring the ceiling of the House of Lords Chamber. After a heavy carved ornament peeled off the ceiling and nearly crowned one of the Members recently, it was discovered that the framework of the ceiling had been damaged in the last century by the drying heat from gas lamps that once illuminated the chamber.

''The framework had to be replaced but to manage this we have to remove all the fine carved gilded work and painted ceiling panels, restore and replace them,'' said John Kay, chief architect for the Ancient Monuments and Historic Buildings office. Both projects at Parliament will take at least until the end of next year to complete, he said.

The problems that afflict the nation's public facilities are much wider and costlier, and difficult to tackle in a major way because the local authorities and city boards, with some help from the national Government, often have to depend on local property taxes to finance such projects.

The Greater London Council, for instance, is faced with the monumental task of replacing an overloaded infrastructure that was completed in the last century, the roads, railways, water and sewer facilities of the Victorian era.

The Wealth Has Gone

The problem is even worse in industrial cities of northern England like Manchester that helped give birth to the industrial revolution. The wealth created by Manchester's mills gave the city complete water and sewer systems by 1860. Now the wealth has gone and the streets of the cities are collapsing at an accelerating rate because the old brick sewers are failing. Already, 5,000 major collapses or blockages a year occur in sewers in England and Wales.

The cost of replacing all the sewer systems in England and Wales has been estimated at nearly $70 billion. While no crash program is contemplated, experts suggest that the bill for replacement will come to most of this amount in the next few decades but that only $260 million a year is now being spent on renewal.

A similar picture emerges from studies of other crumbling vestiges of the era of empire-building. The British rail system was considered the world's best and most extensive network when it was built in the last century. Many bridges, tunnels and signaling systems are now reaching a dangerous state of fatigue and are considered too expensive to replace.

British roadways, already considered among the least adequate in northern Europe, are buckling and breaking up even faster because of an extended summer heat wave. Maintenance eats up 25 percent of the nation's highway budget and it is conceded that major expansion of the system in the 1960's did not adequately anticipate the extent of road damage from heavy trucks.

'A Disaster Waiting to Happen'

More than half of Britain's 2,000 large water reservoirs are more than a century old and many are considered unsafe. According to a report in New Scientist magazine, ''any one of these may be a disaster waiting to happen'' and there have been six ''near misses'' since 1969.

A canal system of some 2,500 miles helped build an empire by hauling coal and other minerals and freight from inland cities. Now its primary use appears to be for pleasure boating, and a shortage of Government financing has created a $150 million maintenance backlog in addition to creating hazardous conditions along some waterways.

Perhaps of more serious immediate concern to millions of Britons is the condition of public housing. Since World War II both Labor and Conservative governments have spent billions to provide the ***working class*** with adequate and inexpensive shelter. But much of it is deteriorating at a faster rate than the infrastructure built by the Victorians a century earlier. Improper construction, shoddy materials and bad designs have led to costly decay and demolition.

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photo of tower of Big Ben

**End of Document**



[***ONE CONSERVATIVE FAULTS TWO PARTIES***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-JTJ0-0008-Y21W-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 11, 1983, Thursday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1983 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Page 18, Column 4; National Desk

**Length:** 1160 words

**Byline:** By STEVEN V. ROBERTS

**Dateline:** WASHINGTON, Aug. 10

**Body**

There were times, in the last few weeks, when the House of Representatives looked like the Newt Gingrich Show.

One day the Georgia Republican was demanding that the House censure two colleagues for sexual misconduct. Another day he was leading the charge in favor of covert aid to rebels in Nicaragua. On a third occasion he pushed a proposal banning loans to Communist countries from the International Monetary Fund.

Profile of Rep Newt Gingrich, conservative Georgia Republican; photo (M)

Just when a casual observer might have concluded that Mr. Gingrich was a traditional and predictable conservative, he took the floor to endorse a bill making the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King's birthday a national holiday. ''I think Lincoln would have voted for Martin Luther King,'' the lawmaker said later.

Mr. Gingrich likes to talk in such historic terms, and in his five years in Washington this former history professor has established a reputation as a thoughtful analyst who approaches problems from his own unusual angle. The latest issue of Conservative Digest, a house organ for what is sometimes called the new right, includes the Georgian in a cover article citing 12 politicians who could one day pick up President Reagan's sword as leader of the conservative cause.

''I think he's obviously extremely able, bright and articulate,'' said a member of the Democratic leadership. ''And those commodities are never in excess supply in the House.''

Watchdog or 'Pest'?

But the Georgia Republican is also known as a highly partisan political fighter, a leader of a band of youthful, right-wing Republicans who delight in staging guerrilla raids against the established leadership in the House. And while that usually means the Democratic hierarchy, they sometimes turn against their own leaders, when they believe the Republican barons are being too accommodating or pragmatic.

To his admirers, Mr. Gingrich is fulfilling a traditional and noble role in the House: gadfly, watchdog, ''goad to action,'' in the words of Representative Dick Cheney, Republican of Wyoming.

But to detractors such as Representative Jim Wright, Democrat of Texas, the majority leader, Mr. Gingrich is a ''professional pest,'' more interested in harrassing and obstructing the Democrats than doing anything constructive.

In a body where compromise is the main mode of behavior, Mr. Gingrich's strict moralism is not always popular. The Georgian led the fight against the legislators accused of sexual misconduct, he said, because ''there is a deep yearning in this country for fundamental values.''

But even Mr. Cheney, the No. 3 Republican in the House, said that Mr. Gingrich put Congress ''through the wringer'' on the issue and was, simply, ''a pain in the fanny.''

'Back to McCarthy Days'

Representative Silvio O. Conte of Massachusetts, the ranking Republican on the Appropriations Committee, was particularly incensed when Mr. Gingrich and his associates forced the House to cast a recorded vote on its proposal to prohibit international loans to Communist countries.

''They're going back to McCarthy days,'' Mr. Conte said of his Republican colleagues. ''They wanted to put people on record so they could accuse them of being Communist sympathizers. They're dangerous.''

Now 40 years old, Mr. Gingrich started his political education as an ''Army brat,'' living in Germany as a teen-ager and visiting World War I battlefields with his father. After a trip to Verdun in France he remembers thinking ''that societies really could collapse, and that political leadership was the key to survival for a free society.''

That incident set him on a course toward public service, and after two losing Congressional battles he won a seat in 1978 from a district that spans the Atlanta suburbs and some small rural towns.

The cornerstone of Mr. Gingrich's philosophy is that both major parties are bankrupt, controlled by visions of the ''liberal welfare state.'' Democrats, he says, have victimized beneficiaries of social programs by making them dependent on government while Republicans have adopted ''a maniacal, antigovernment belief'' bequeathed to them by Herbert Hoover.

Theodore Roosevelt His Hero

''There's a big gap in the middle for positive, dynamic conservatism,'' said the Georgian, who sprinkles his conversation with positive, dynamic adjectives.

Mr. Gingrich's political hero is Theodore Roosevelt, and he sees himself as an old-style ''reformer,'' designing a government that offers incentives and leverage to the private sector, but does not replace it. One of his favorite models for appropriate government action is the building of the Panama Canal, and he notes dryly that conservatives who were furious at losing the canal failed to recognize that Federal engineers and doctors made the waterway possible in the first place.

When he gets going, Mr. Gingrich gushes with ideas: government bonuses to poor children who learn to read; job training classes and child care centers for people who want to work; tax credits for ***working class*** families who buy home computers.

In the end, Mr. Gingrich's approach boils down to one of the oldest of adages. Help people help themselves, but don't give them something for nothing.

''The argument is how we lead, not whether we lead,'' he says.

A Meeting Every Wednesday

Mr. Gingrich is an avid phrase-maker, and he has dubbed his vision of the future the Conservative Opportunity Society. Every Wednesday he and about a dozen like-minded Republican lawmakers, including Ed Bethune of Arkansas, Robert S. Walker of Pennsylvania and Hank Brown of Colorado, meet to exchange ideas. In the fall they are planning a larger meeting of Republicans who see themselves as part of what Mr. Gingrich calls the ''optimist wing'' of the party.

But while they are waiting for the revolution to bring them to power, Mr. Gingrich and his allies are so outnumbered in the House that the best they can do most of the time is delay the inevitable. Through delay, however, they feel they can publicize their viewpoint and perhaps win some converts, particularly when cable television brings the House floor debate into millions of homes.

''Increasingly, we're living in the age of the grass-roots Congress,'' Mr. Gingrich said. ''If you lead the country, the Congress will follow.''

The Georgian is also a party activist who feels the only way to increase Republican strength is to confront the Democrats at every turn and draw clear lines between the parties. Many Republican leaders say the party must become more pragmatic and take on the responsibilities of actually running the Government, but to Mr. Gingrich and his compatriots, such talk is heresy.

For example, the $98 billion tax bill signed by Mr. Reagan last year as a way of reducing Federal deficits was, to Mr. Gingrich ''the dumbest decision of the Reagan Administration.''

''It totally blurred all the issues between the parties,'' he said. ''We want to delineate for the country what the real choices are.''

**Graphic**

photo of Newt Gingrich

**End of Document**



[***GROUP ACCUSES CHANNEL 13 OF PRO-SANDINIST BIAS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-K8W0-0008-Y0V7-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 21, 1983, Tuesday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1983 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section C; Page 15, Column 1; Cultural Desk

**Length:** 1090 words

**Byline:** By RICHARD BERNSTEIN

**Body**

In the last three years, as the conflict between the Sandinist Government of Nicaragua and American-backed guerrillas has heated up, WNET-TV, Channel 13, in New York, has broadcast three documentaries on that Central American country. Now, a decision not to offer a fourth documentary film has led to charges that the public-television station is presenting a one-sided, pro-Sandinist point of view.

The accusations are being made by the American Catholic Committee, an anti-Communist organization of lay Catholics headed by James McFadden, who is a former New York City Labor Commissioner. The committee, which claims to have about 250 people associated with it in the New York area and a network of contacts elsewhere in the country, was founded in January 1982.

In the last three years, as the conflict between the Sandinist Government of Nicaragua and American-backed guerrillas has heated up, WNET-TV, Channel 13, in New York, has broadcast three documentaries on that Central American country.

The committee has sponsored a half-hour documentary on Nicaragua, which has been governed by the Sandinist regime since the 1979 revolution. The film, produced by Mr. McFadden, presents material dealing with purported Government repression in Nicaragua against the press, the Roman Catholic church and independent labor unions. The committee did not visit Nicaragua or film in the country itself. Its documentary, entitled ''Nicaragua: A Model for Latin America?'' includes interviews with Nicaraguan exiles in New York and film footage from Nicaragua acquired from film libraries.

Questions Raised

Mr. McFadden says that his film's critical view of the Sandinists distinguishes it from the other documentaries that Channel 13 has broadcast, all of which, Mr. MacFadden charges, have been pro-Sandinist and against the Reagan Adminstration's policies there.

The dispute between Mr. McFadden and Channel 13 raises questions about the degree to which public television can give equal treatment in its documentary programs to differing points of view, particularly on issues as controversial as American policy toward the Nicaraguan revolution.

Officials of both Channel 13 and the Public Broadcasting Service, which distributes many programs around the country, point out that most documentaries that reach the air are produced, not by the stations themselves, but by independent film makers. Public television buys those it deems suitable for putting on the air, but the choice available to it, the public-television officials say, does not always allow different points of view to be shown on the air.

When Channel 13 decided not to broadcast the committee's documentary, Mr. McFadden wrote a letter, dated June 9, to Channel 13's president, Jay Iselin, in which he said, ''We are now convinced that Channel 13 has a conscious policy of slanting opinion in support of the Sandinistas and denying fair coverage to opposing points of view.''

16 Nightly Programs on Issue

Mr. Iselin and others at Channel 13 deny Mr. McFadden's charges of one-sidedness. They argue that the station has used the best materials it had available to it at any given time in its coverage of Nicaragua, and that the documentaries it has presented should be seen as only one element in the station's coverage of the situation there.

Since 1978, members of Channel 13 say, the station's regular nightly news interview program ''The MacNeil-Lehrer Report,'' has devoted 16 programs to the Nicaragua issue. ''It's a matter of how we've covered the story overall,'' Mr. Iselin said.

The decision against broadcasting the American Catholic Committee's film, Mr. Iselin said, was not made on political grounds: ''It was judged to be interesting in terms of its insights, but it was dated and not necessarily the most pertinent way to get across information. We thought we had a better way to handle this information.''

Jerome Toobin, Channel 13's director of news and public affairs, said of Mr. McFadden's documentary, ''I found that program very poorly produced.'' Responding to Mr. Iselin's contention that the film was dated, Mr. McFadden said the Sandinists' closing of newspapers and their suppression of the Catholic church's hierarchy were continuing actions that had not been shown in other documentaries.

PBS Aide Comments

Mr. Iselin, referring to the station's decision to broadcast its earlier documentaries on Nicaragua, said, ''We wanted to start to surface a situation and we used the best material that we had available at the time.''

An official at PBS headquarters in Washington, Barry Chase, said that public television played a ''passive role'' on documentaries. ''We tend not to have the structures - not to mention the money - to go out and do our own pieces or even to make sure they're done the way we would want them to be done.''

Mr. Chase, who is PBS's director of current-affairs programming, added that it had been difficult to find good documentaries on Central America supportive of the Reagan Administration's policies: ''People who decide to go and spend typically two years, using their own money, shooting film, and sometimes risking their lives tend not to be supportive of the status quo.''

All three of the Nicaragua documentaries presented on Channel 13 were distributed by PBS. The first, shown in 1981, was ''Nicaragua: These Same Hands,'' a one-hour film produced by the independent World Focus Films of Berkeley, Calif. PBS said it showed the ''reconstruction'' that followed the Sandinists' seizure of power and ''examines the new Nicaraguan society from a cultural perspective.''

3d Film Shown June 5

The second documentary, ''From the Ashes - Nicaragua Today,'' was broadcast in 1982. Made by the Women's Film Project, an independent film producer, with financial help from the National Endowment for the Humanities, it focused on a ***working-class*** family in Nicaragua that expressed enthusiastic support for the Sandinist revolution. Following the showing of the film, Channel 13 offered a half-hour program called ''Nicaragua Update,'' which included criticism of the film by a journalist, Georgie Anne Geyer of the Universal Press Syndicate, and footage of anti-Sandinist testimony by Reagan Administration officials.

The third film was ''Target Nicaragua'' presented June 5. It was produced by the Institute for Policy Studies of Washington, a publicpolicy organization, and showed Nicaraguan peasants describing atrocities committed by what the film contends were Americansponsored anti-Sandinist forces operating from sanctuaries in Honduras.

**End of Document**



[***EUROPE FACES HOT AUTUMN ON HOSTILITY TO MISSILES***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-JK00-0008-Y3CP-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 4, 1983, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1983 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 4; Page 2, Column 3; Week in Review Desk

**Length:** 1134 words

**Byline:** By W.R. Apple

**Dateline:** LONDON

**Body**

For Western Europe, summer ended last week with the kind of traffic jams and chaotic airports that the United States will experience today and tomorrow. Among other things, the advent of fall marks the beginning of a politically testing season. First and foremost, it is to be the season of the missiles. Unless, by some miracle, American negotiators can wrest a last- minute agreement from the Soviet Union at Geneva, the next few months - the exact dates have not been made public - will see the deployment of United States cruise missiles in West Germany and in Britain. The consequences are hard for anyone to calculate. Chancellor Helmut Kohl disparages predictions of a ''hot autumn'' in West Germany, but he is all but alone in doing so; the general expectation in Bonn is that he will spend much of his time in the weeks to come dealing with a campaign of hunger strikes, protest marches and attempted blockades of NATO bases. The antinuclear movement gave a preview last week with a peaceful demonstration that featured Heinrich B"oll, the Nobel Prize-winning novelist, some members of Parliament and about 1,000 other people outside the gates of a United States Army base in Mutlangen where Pershing 2's are due to be installed. Base officials refrained from calling in the police, which helped keep things quiet. What Mr. Kohl must try to avoid, his aides say, is the creation of a martyr or the involvement of American soldiers in a violent incident, either of which could convince the German public that the missiles are more of a threat than the Soviet threat they are meant to neutralize.

R W Apple Jr article on political issues that are expected to exercise West Germany, Britain, France and rest of Western Europe this fall, particularly deployment of new American missiles; drawing (M)Most of all, the West German Government wants to avoid giving a pretext for another surge of radicalism and terrorism like that of the late 1970's. The anarchists have already demonstrated their intentions to capitalize on the missile controversy with a series of bombings at American bases and the disruption of Vice President Bush's visit to Krefeld last spring. In Britain, Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher will also have to cope with antinuclear demonstrations. Her position is considerably stronger; less than three months ago, her pro-cruise Tories trounced the Labor Party, which had promised to cancel the deployment of the missiles. Her hold on Parliament is solid, and she has no coalition partner like the bumptious Franz Josef Strauss of Bavaria, who conducts regular political guerrilla raids against Mr. Kohl. Nor is the British peace movement as strong as those in West Germany and in neighboring Holland. It will be vulnerable to the anti-Soviet backlash from last week's shooting down of a South Korean airliner. Nonetheless, Mrs. Thatcher, too, will have to guard against an incident that would bring into the open the often unstated but pervasive hostility toward President Reagan among British voters. The big domestic event of the fall in Britain will be the selection of a new leader of the opposition Labor Party at the party conference in Brighton at the beginning of next month. It appears almost certain that Neil Kinnock, a glib, red-haired Welsh left- winger, who has never held Cabinet office, will defeat his two more moderate opponents, Roy Hattersley and Peter Shore. So attention is turning to the fight for the deputy leadership between Mr. Hattersley and Michael Meacher, an even less experienced left- winger. Labor's status as the main party of opposition is precarious after its humiliating defeat this summer; a further lurch to the left, which is what a Kinnock-Meacher team would mean, might well convince the British public to turn to the Liberal-Social Democratic Alliance as the principal alternative to the Conservatives. Mrs. Thatcher, Mr. Kohn and President Francois Mitterrand of France (who has no American missiles to worry about, although he supports the cruise program) all face continuing economic difficulties. Mr. Mitterrand, the only Socialist in the trio, must confront the worst problems, including the possibility of further demonstrations like those of last spring by students, police, doctors and others against Government policies. In response to high interest rates and a large trade deficit, Mr. Mitterrand instituted an austerity program frankly designed to cut people's standard of living. The result, so far, gives the Government some cause for optimism. The latest statistics, released early last month, show a marked decline in the trade deficit, a slight decline in inflation (from 9.7 to 9.3 percent), and no increase in unemployment. But the shopkeepers and others are restive about increased taxes, and there appears to be no chance of delaying a surge in the jobless figures. The key to whether there will be trouble in the streets would appear to lie with the huge Communist-led trade union, the Confederation Generale du Travail. The Communist Party has been relatively quiet so far because it wants to retain its place in the Government, but it cannot afford to seem tame to its militant ***working-class*** backers, especially in the face of major layoffs in nationalized industries. Ultimately, the union may decide on the basis of Mr. Mitterrand's success with the economy. If things seem to be improving, the unionists will probably lie low. Socialist-led Governments in Spain and Italy also will face tough problems this fall with high unemployment and inflation. Like France, Britain is continuing to suffer from high American interest rates and a strong dollar. A modest recovery that helped Mrs. Thatcher to win in June now shows signs of petering out; fear of just such a development was a key reason in her decision to go to the country early. Unemployment, already at a record level well above three million, is widely expected to reach four million before starting to fall. But there is no threat of trouble in the streets or of any concerted action from the disoriented and divided opposition. In West Germany, the economic picture is a good deal brighter, with both the balance of payments and inflation under control. But the underlying trend of unemployment, now at 9 percent, is still upward, and there is no sign of a surge in export orders, traditionally the trigger of economic recovery for the Germans. At the moment, Bonn's best customers are broke. Meanwhile, the three big countries and their Common Market partners are trying to reach agreement on some means of putting that organization's finances, strained to the breaking point by mushrooming agricultural subsidies, back on a firm footing. That may be the toughest chore of all for Mrs. Thatcher, Mr. Kohl and Mr. Mitterrand in the months that lie ahead.

**Graphic**

photo

**End of Document**



[***Reality and Charm In a Feast for Cineastes***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:7V3V-YD90-Y8TC-S347-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

February 27, 2009 Friday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2009 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section C; Column 0; Movies, Performing Arts/Weekend Desk; Pg. 1; FILM

**Length:** 1843 words

**Byline:** By STEPHEN HOLDEN

**Body**

When the Cesar awards (the French Oscars) are presented Friday night at the Theatre du Chatelet in Paris, ''Mesrine'' and ''Seraphine,'' two films going head to head with 19 nominations between them, will represent the visceral and cerebral extremes of Gallic cinema. The good news for American audiences is that both contenders -- the two-part, four-hour gangster epic ''Mesrine,'' which has 10 nominations, and ''Seraphine,'' a portrait of the early-20th-century painter Seraphine de Senlis, with 9 -- are included in the 14th edition of the Film Society of Lincoln Center's Rendez-Vous With French Cinema series, which begins next week.

Screenings of the series's 18 films (if you count Parts 1 and 2 of ''Mesrine'' as two selections, since they will be released separately this summer) begin Thursday at Alice Tully Hall with the nostalgic period piece ''Paris 36.'' A self-conscious homage to the Depression-era French music hall, made with traditional sets and costumes, Christophe Barratier's film swirls 1930s politics (both left and right wing) with song and dance into a cinematic bouillabaisse that doesn't taste quite right. Let's just say that the movie, which wants to be an answer to Marcel Carne's 1945 classic, ''Children of Paradise,'' but comes across more as a Parisian ''Mrs. Henderson Presents,'' lards in the sentimentality as only the French can.

The happy news about the 2009 series, whose remaining screenings take place at the Walter Reade Theater and the IFC Center, is that overall it is the best in years: a heartening development after a precipitous falloff last year. In addition to ''Mesrine'' and ''Seraphine,'' it includes major new films by Claire Denis (''35 Shots of Rum''), Agnes Varda (''The Beaches of Agnes'') and Benoit Jacquot (''Villa Amalia'') and a diabolically witty homage to the mystery writer Georges Simenon by Claude Chabrol (''Bellamy'') in which Gerard Depardieu plays a Maigret-like police investigator. Mr. Chabrol's first movie with Mr. Depardieu, ''Bellamy'' also marks his 50th year as a director

''Mesrine'' stars Vincent Cassel, the French Robert Mitchum (without Mitchum's bass-baritone growl), as Jacques Mesrine, a Jesse James figure who was shot down by police in 1979 following a prolonged bank-robbing rampage. After fighting in the Algerian war, Mesrine, nicknamed ''the man of a thousand faces'' because of his facility for disguises, reinvented himself as a glamorous outlaw and captured the public imagination with a series of prison escapes worthy of Houdini, or Steve McQueen, until his Clyde Barrow-like fall in a hail of bullets with a beautiful woman at his side.

The first part of the movie follows Mesrine's ascendance, with the help of a sinister ''Godfather''-like mentor played by Mr. Depardieu, into an international crook who is incarcerated and brutally tortured in a Canadian prison.

Part 2 examines the gangster-as-star phase of his career, in which Mesrine, relishing his designation as public enemy No. 1, fancied himself invincible and demonstrated an egomania to rival Al Pacino's Tony Montana in ''Scarface'' (but without the cocaine).

The movie, based partly on Mesrine's autobiography ''L'Instinct de Mort'' (''Death Instinct'') and directed by Jean-Francois Richet, quotes from so many of its American-made forerunners, especially ''Bonnie and Clyde,'' that it is a virtual compendium of gangster-movie allusions. But they are woven so confidently into a popular epic built around a charismatic star performance that even the most obvious references don't seem bothersome.

''Seraphine,'' also a biography, follows the life of Seraphine Louis, better known as Seraphine de Senlis, an untutored French painter of primitive floral canvases who was discovered and nurtured by Wilhelm Uhde, a German art collector for whom she worked as a housekeeper in Senlis, outside Paris. Directed by Martin Provost, the movie stars Yolande Moreau, an actress for whom there is no American equivalent. Ms. Moreau, who turns 56 on Friday, is a Belgian mime and comedian whose indelible performance in ''When the Sea Rises'' in 2004 won her a Cesar for best actress; she is nominated again this year.

Like many serious clowns Ms. Moreau invests the tragedy and humor of the human condition with a spiritual luminosity. The elements of Seraphine's character are indivisible: she is a devout Catholic, ardent pantheist (she literally hugs trees), artistic genius and insane megalomaniac whose groveling humility conceals a streak of psychotic willfulness. Her belated rise was interrupted when the outbreak of World War I forced Mr. Uhde to flee France, and, after his return, by the withering of the art market in the Great Depression. She died in an insane asylum in 1942.

In Mr. Jacquot's ''Villa Amalia,'' the great Isabelle Huppert turns in a star performance to match any by Jeanne Moreau, playing a classical pianist and composer who abandons her unfaithful partner, her career and her homeland to disappear to the hills of Ischia, an island off Naples, where she takes up residence in an abandoned house. Enigmatic, fascinating, alternately bitter and defiant, she commands the screen at every moment.

The Denis, Varda and Jacquot films have a spellbinding visual beauty that reminds you of the transporting power of pure cinema, in which images alone convey the ineffable. Ms. Denis's ''35 Shots of Rum,'' made with her regular cinematographer, Agnes Godard, is a movie of few words and little psychology that relies mostly on the physical vocabulary of faces and bodies to convey feelings too complex to be verbalized. The main characters are a middle-aged Parisian train driver (Alex Descas) and his daughter (Mati Diop), with whom he lives, and their circle of neighbors and co-workers, most of whom are of African descent. The Parisian landscape of railroad tracks and trains rumbling at all hours of the day and night is poetically photographed, as if to illustrate the adage that beauty is in the eye of the beholder.

''The Beaches of Agnes,'' Ms. Varda's autobiographical scrapbook shot in high-definition video, commemorates her 80th birthday (last May). It attests to the undiminished creativity of a woman who has led a charmed life surrounded by art and artists, including Jacques Demy, her husband and sometime collaborator who died of AIDS in 1990. A sequel of sorts to her autobiographical documentary ''The Gleaners and I,'' the film is built around her memories of seaside locations that shaped her sensibility, especially the town of Sete on France's southern coast, the site of her first feature, ''La Pointe Courte.'' An attitude of surreal playfulness informs the visuals as Ms. Varda recalls her life in a matter-of-fact tone, offering up random memories, which she compares to flies buzzing around her head.

This year's Rendez-Vous series also pays more attention than usual to the ethnic tensions in a country coping with the strains of immigration. The Costa-Gavras film ''Eden Is West'' follows the misadventures of Elias (Riccardo Scamarcio), a handsome young illegal immigrant from an unidentified country (he speaks an invented language for the movie) who dives off a freighter and is washed up on the nude beach of a fancy seaside resort.

As he makes his way to Paris, hitchhiking and stealing food, clothing and money when he must, he is abused, exploited and sometimes helped by a cross-section of French society and of legal visitors. Almost everywhere he goes, the police seem to scent his illegal status and give chase. The gripping film gives you a double vision; it puts you in the shoes of a fugitive outsider chasing a dream that is thwarted at every turn, and forces you to imagine your own reaction when faced with such desperation.

French social problems are addressed directly in Francois Dupeyron's mordant low-budget comedy ''With a Little Help From Myself,'' set in a public housing project in which all the usual urban problems are epidemic. Similar tensions are touched on obliquely in Andre Techine's factually inspired ''Girl on the Train,'' in which a young woman, dumped by her drug-dealing boyfriend, sets off a national uproar by cutting her face, painting swastikas on her body and claiming to have been assaulted by anti-Semitic skinheads. (She is not Jewish.) Mr. Techine shows his special empathy for the ways youthful impatience can trigger impulsively self-destructive behavior.

Pierre Schoeller's ''Versailles,'' whose star, Guillaume Depardieu (son of Gerard), is nominated for a Cesar, explores the lives of homeless scavengers who live on the outskirts of Versailles and resist socialization. It is one of two Rendez-Vous films to feature Guillaume Depardieu, who died in October at 37 after a history of drug problems. He has a smaller role in ''Stella,'' Sylvie Verheyde's wonderfully observed portrait of a restless, observant 11-year-old girl (Leora Barbara) struggling to stay in school while witnessing the marital implosion of her parents, who own a ***working-class*** Parisian cafe.

The series makes a detour into farm country in Samuel Collardey's austere film ''The Apprentice,'' which observes a 15-year-old boy's agricultural education as an apprentice on a dairy farm. Rigorous and unsentimental, this semi-documentary might be described as a rural answer to Laurent Cantet's recent film ''The Class.''

The series includes the usual quotient of sophisticated Gallic froth. In Anne Fontaine's mildly kinky sex comedy, ''The Girl From Monaco,'' a promiscuous television airhead campaigns to snare an older, uptight lawyer whose loyal bodyguard tries to protect his employer. The garrulous comedy ''Change of Plans,'' directed by Daniele Thompson (''Avenue Montaigne''), imagines the urban bourgeois dinner party from hell.

Rife with nudity and titillation, Ilan Duran Cohen's comedy ''The Joy of Singing'' focuses on terrorists (uranium smugglers) and spies, many comically afflicted with sexual dysfunction and obsessive fears of aging, who converge in the salon of a voice teacher. Sexual obsession also fuels the series's most problematic movie, ''The Other One,'' directed by Patrick Mario Bernard and Pierre Trividic, a portrait of female jealousy run amok in which Dominique Blanc plays a toxic control freak with Bette Davis eyes.

Take it as high praise that there is not a single film in this year's series that is a must to avoid.

Rendez-Vous With French Cinema opens Thursday with ''Paris 36'' at Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center, and continues through March 15 at the Walter Reade Theater, 165 West 65th Street, Lincoln Center, (212) 875-5600, filmlinc.com; and the IFC Center, 323 Avenue of the Americas, at Third Street, Greenwich Village, (212) 924-7771, ifccenter.com.

Correction: March 4, 2009, Wednesday

This article has been revised to reflect the following correction: A film column on Friday about the Film Society of Lincoln Center's Rendez-Vous With French Cinema series misspelled the name of the director of ''Eden Is West,'' a movie in the series. He is Costa-Gavras, not Costa-Gravas.

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

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: Rendez-Vous With French Cinema: Yolande Moreau in ''Seraphine,'' at the Film Society of Lincoln Center series.(PHOTOGRAPH BY MUSIC BOX FILMS/FILM SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER) (C1)

Gregoire Colin, left, and Mati Diop in ''35 Shots of Rum,'' a film directed by Claire Denis.

Shades of Maigret: Gerard Depardieu and Marie Bunel in Claude Chabrol's ''Bellamy.''

Isabelle Huppert in ''Villa Amalia,'' directed by Benoit Jacquot.

Public enemy No. 1: Vincent Cassel with Cecile de France in Jean-Francois Richet's ''Mesrine,'' about a Jesse James-type outlaw.(PHOTOGRAPHS FROM FILM SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER/UNIFRANCE)(pg. C10)

**Load-Date:** August 12, 2011

**End of Document**



[***CRITIC'S NOTEBOOK; The Aisle Less Traveled: A Stranger in a Junk Food World***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:45FH-6KF0-01CN-H1RF-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 27, 2002 Wednesday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2002 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section F; Column 3; Dining In, Dining Out/Style Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1285 words

**Byline:**  By WILLIAM GRIMES

**Body**

I STRONGLY suspect that I was the last human on the planet to taste Pirate's Booty. As everyone but me has known for many months, this is the cheese-coated puffed rice and corn snack that Vanity Fair put on its "in" list a year ago, and that Good Housekeeping recently treated to a nice cold shower. Delia Hammock, the director of nutrition at the Good Housekeeping Institute, grew suspicious after hearing her co-workers raving about Pirate's Booty. How could a snack that tasted so good really be as low in fat and calories as its manufacturer claimed?

A laboratory test revealed the following. A one-ounce serving of Pirate's Booty, listed on the amazingly ugly Pirate's Booty bag as containing 2.5 grams of fat and 120 calories, actually contained 8.5 grams of fat and 147 calories -- putting it in the same range as the ordinary cheese snack. Whoops. Or, to quote the cartoon pirate on the amazingly ugly booty bag, "Shiver me timbers."

The company's president explained this small difference as a manufacturing slip-up. Demand for the product was so strong that the company had to install new machines to do whatever it is that machines do in order to translate rice, oil, cornmeal, cheddar cheese, whey and buttermilk into a puffy, crunchy snack. The new machines created oversize puffs, and the company, as its operations manager obscurely put it, "had to change the recipe a little bit." It was all an unfortunate error and I, for one, find the company's explanation totally convincing.

Two of my regular dining partners, as it happens, are completely sold on Pirate's Booty, and when I ate out recently with both of them at the same time, they could not shut up about it. One of them is French, with a sophisticated palate that has been treated to every taste advantage that the world's most civilized nation can offer. He was appalled at my ignorance. "No, this cannot be," he said. "You do not know Pirate's Booty? No, this is bad, very bad." A bag was sent to my office the next day.

I made it my mission to take the measure of Pirate's Booty. Was it food of the gods, or merely a pretentious Cheeto? The health issues did not concern me. Anyone who picks up a bag of puffed rice and corn that's been spray painted with cheese and then seriously weighs the claim "Yes. All Natural. Good for You!" needs professional help. If you want to eat snack foods, you have already sold your soul to the devil. Why quibble over the price? No, I had only one question in mind: how good does Pirate's Booty taste? I set out to learn how it stacked up against the competition.

I was very naive about the competition. For a mad couple of moments, I actually thought I could sample all the cheese-flavored snacks on the market. How many could there be? I found the answer on one of those Internet sites that make high-speed access worth the money. It's called Taquitos.net, and it is an obsessive's paradise, a self-contained world in which chips and chip-related products as diverse and obscure as Krack-O-Pop Cheese Crunchies, Route 11 Chesapeake Crab Potato Chips and Golden Flake Cheeseburger Flavored Potato Chips all get serious scholarly treatment. All 900 of them.

Clicking on the Chipworld section of the Web site, I found about 180 cheese-flavored chips, divided into the following categories: cheddar and sour cream (10), cheddar chips (39), cheese and onion (11), cheese chips (27), cheese crackers (8), cheese puffs (48), nacho cheese (25), and pizza chips (20). Pizza chips? I scaled down my ambitions on the spot. Any idea that I might be able to survey the complete cheese landscape ended abruptly when I picked up an empty wrapper on the sidewalk and was shocked to see that it had contained cheddar-covered roasted pumpkin seeds.

I narrowed my tasting to a dozen brands of cheese puffs, both baked and fried. In price terms, they ranged from 99 cents for a 10-ounce package of Stop & Shop Cheddar Cheese Curls to $3.99 for a four-ounce package of Pirate's Booty. For no particular reason, I threw in a bag of Lay's Bistro Gourmet Applewood BBQ & Smoked Cheddar Potato Chips. It may say something about the American diet, by the way, that my grocery cart, filled with nothing but bags of cheese-flavored junk food, attracted no notice whatsoever. The woman at the checkout counter seemed to regard it as a normal week's menu.

My wife opened the bags while I locked a cat in a back room. (This particular animal had already been exposed to Pirate's Booty, loved it and now went on high alert when it heard the crinkling sound of a plastic bag.) She put a handful of cheese puffs on a numbered paper towel, deposited a corresponding numbered tag in each bag and then gave me that all-clear signal. I went to work. Half an hour later, feeling mildly nauseated, and suffering from an advanced case of orange tongue, I rendered judgment.

As I half suspected, Pirate's Booty is a victory of style over substance. Coated with white cheddar instead of yellow, it makes a strong visual statement, and even with the new higher-fat formula, I suppose it can claim to be a more healthful product than its competitors, in the same way that "Porky's" can claim to be a more artistic product than "Porky's II." The reason it has won the hearts and befuddled the minds of its yuppie consumers is easy enough to figure out. Well-to-do, educated, weight-conscious, health-conscious Booty Heads, as the company likes to call them, hanker after the same fat-laden crunch sensation as the rest of their fellow countrymen. It's simply a matter of convincing the right hand that the left hand is not really reaching for the urban, upscale equivalent of a fried pork rind.

Pirate's Booty has almost no distinguishable cheese flavor, although what flavor there is does have a cleaner, less muddled character than the orange competition, but it is lost in the blast of air released when the teeth engage the shrimp-shaped puff and flatten it. The crunch is weak. It's a short hop from Pirate's Booty to the foam peanuts used in packaging. And what about this "white cheddar"? Cheddar cheese is orange-yellow because the cheesemaker adds beta carotene to it. If you do not add coloring, you have white cheddar. The cheese remains the same.

Ah, but the psychology of the cheese does not. White cheese, like the airy nothingness of the Pirate's Booty puff, communicates a message. It says: "I may be a snack food, but I am barely present, calorically speaking. Eat me. Nothing bad will come of it." How could anything this light and colorless, this self-effacing, be a diet-breaker?

Well, read the package. My taste test tells me that I would be just as happy with Utz Cheese Curls, a ***working-class*** puff with a decent enough cheddar flavor (much better than the Jax Real Cheddar Cheese Curls, with their odd, slightly medicinal, licorice aftertaste), or with Wise Crunchy Cheez Doodles, a straight-down-the-middle, classic doodle, with an assertive cheese flavor, firm crunch, and not too much salt. They came in second, outranked only by Crunchy Cheetos, which delivered superior crunch, a good cheese flavor and a creamy, fat unctuosity. For the record, Cheetos cheese puffs I found too salty, and too puffy. Chuck E. Cheese's Crunchy Jax, weighing in with a very impressive 11 grams of fat, tasted as though they'd been fried in the same batch as a few thousand Krispy Kreme doughnuts. This is not a bad thing. But I thought that the spirit of the thing was being violated.

The potato chips I saved for last. I do not think the world is ready for a potato chip that has been subjected to an applewood barbecue makeover and a fitted suit of smoked cheddar cheese. Even in the twisted universe of snack foods, there are limits.

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

**Graphic**

Photo: AHOY! -- Putting Pirate's Booty to the test. (Tony Cenicola/The New York Times)(pg. F6) Drawing (Steve Salerno)(pg. F1)

**Load-Date:** March 27, 2002

**End of Document**



[***Everyone on the Same Page***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:45GC-8CK0-01CN-H3B5-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 31, 2002 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2002 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 14CN; Column 1; Connecticut Weekly Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1255 words

**Byline:**  By ALAN BISBORT

**Body**

IF it takes a book to raise a village, then New London and Hartford are being brought up well. Residents in both of these Connecticut cities, as well as their surrounding areas, will soon be collectively reading, and discussing, the same book, as part of a growing national program called "One Book."

The "One Book" idea seems simple and obvious enough in this era of book clubs and reading circles, but until 1996 it was truly a new one. That's when the Seattle Public Library posed a question, "What if all Seattle read the same book?" And the answer was Ernest J. Gaines's novel "A Lesson Before Dying." Chicago followed suit three years later, New York jumped in last year, then entire states caught the bug, including Kentucky, Arkansas and, most recently, Rhode Island.

In Connecticut, Westport was the first municipality to follow, with residents of all ages reading the young adult book, "The Giver" by Lois Lowry. The idea took root in a much larger way last November when Steven Slosberg, a columnist for The Day in New London, presented the idea as a challenge to readers.

"Connecticut may be too fractiously parochial to do it as a state," wrote Mr. Slosberg. "But 'One Book, One Region' could go over here. Let's use this newspaper's circulation area as the boundaries."

He knew he had struck a chord when the e-mail messages blew in like a northeaster.

"Reactions this large to my columns don't usually occur, at least not in a positive way," Mr. Slosberg said. "I had no idea this 'One Book' thing was going on around the country until I ran into a librarian from Westerly at the post office in Stonington. She told me she was off to Providence to help pick the book that the entire state of Rhode Island would be reading. At first, I was worried that only the Bible thumpers or fans of "Atlas Shrugged" would respond to an idea like this, but people made very compelling and articulate pitches for their books. It was nice to hear."

When the idea snowballed out of control, local librarians came to Mr. Slosberg's rescue. The Groton Public Library, which had already initiated an in-town reading of a Newbery award-winner "Bud, Not Buddy" by Christopher Paul Curtis, offered to hold an organizational meeting. Everyone who is anyone connected to books and reading in the area showed up, and the one city idea was transformed into one region.

The heavy lifting for the project was done by Chris Bradley, executive director of Eastern Connecticut Libraries, an organization serving 49 towns, including New London, Groton, Norwich and Vernon, with a combined population of 486,000.

"We decided that we wanted the book to be fiction, that it be available in all formats as well as in Spanish and that it could be enjoyed by everyone from 14 years old to adults," Ms. Bradley said. "We made up a ballot, and everyone picked a favorite, then four other books that they could live with. We were nervous that, after all that work, we'd end up with some dippy, lowest common denominator type book. But the thing that surprised me was how quickly we came up with a quality list of 45 titles. The local favorite was Wally Lamb, because he's at Connecticut College, but Twain was big, too." Mr. Lamb has written "She's Come Undone" and "I Know This Much Is True."

The book they ultimately selected was "Snow in August" by Pete Hamill, a coming-of-age story set in a ***working-class*** Brooklyn neighborhood in 1947.

"It has all the elements we wanted, and the author isn't cranking out a book every year," Ms. Bradley said. "All the students and faculty at Norwich Free Academy will read it this summer."

The author said he was "delighted to have been chosen."

Mr. Hamill, a columnist for The New York Daily News and the paper's former editor in chief, said he was particularly pleased that all 2,300 students at Norwich Free Academy will read his novel.

"I can tell from my e-mails that I have younger readers because I get questions like 'What are the thematic parts of your novel?', to which I respond, 'I'm sorry, but I can't write your term paper for you,' " said Mr. Hamill, laughing.

Last year, Mr. Hamill watched with some amusement as the "One Book" concept was pitched to New York, initiating a raucous city-wide argument over the selection of "Native Speaker" by Chang-rae Lee.

"It turned into the usual New York battle, where the book was deemed offensive even to the pigeons," he said. "In New York, the philosophy is 'I'm offended, therefore I am,' " said Mr. Hamill, author of seven other novels and "A Drinking Life," a memoir. "But I think it was ultimately a great thing because people were arguing about books instead of quarterbacks, murder or war. This to me is thrilling, especially after 50 years of TV. That passion is the key to getting anyone to read."

Tossing a stink bomb at the concept, though, was Harold Bloom, a Yale literature professor. In a recent issue of the New Yorker, Mr. Bloom equated the "One Book" concept to fast food. When asked if his view had altered now that "One Book" is rolling into Connecticut, Mr. Bloom said: "Oh misery. These things should not be done from the top down, by a bureaucratic body, because the picks will always be politically correct."

Mr. Hamill called Mr. Bloom's New Yorker comments "preposterous."

"Books are building blocks," he said. "You start with 'Babar,' move to Robert Louis Stevenson and eventually find your way to the canon. You can't ask kids to sit down and read 'Ulysses.' Books should not be put on trial, and critics should not serve as prosecutors. Literature is not some little private chapel. It's a bazaar. Louis Auchincloss and I could hardly be more different, yet we share one thing: a boyhood love of 'Bomba the Jungle Boy.' Garcia Marquez grew up reading 'Batman,' and you can't keep him out of the canon because he wasn't born in Paris, New York or London."

Mr. Bloom admitted to being "embarrassed" about his earlier comments only because the book that New York picked was written by a former student of his, Chang-rae Lee.

"He is a good person, and it is a good book, but I don't think it can bear the weight of that sort of thing," he said. "If these things must be done, then let everyone read Hamlet."

Hartford is in the process of selecting its "One Book." The choices are narrowed to "The Color of Water" by James McBride, "A Lesson Before Dying" by Ernest J. Gaines, and "Breath, Eyes, Memory" by Edwidge Danticat. A final pick will be made in early April, and a series of events will unfold thereafter, culminating in October.

The absence of Hartford's Mark Twain has not gone unnoticed.

"One of our criterion was the author had to be living, because we want that person to take part in events," said Carl Guerriere, executive director and literacy advocate of the Greater Hartford Literacy Council, which is overseeing the project.

Mr. Guerriere hopes to draw participants from all of greater Hartford, an area encompassing three-quarters of a million people.

"This has been exciting and discouraging," he said. "We've been trying for a year to get some interest in our programs, but until 'One Book' came along, we couldn't get a peep. Now, we plan to make this a regular event."

As Mr. Hamill sees it, the optimum result of such programs is to reconnect adults with the pleasures of reading that they knew when they were younger.

"Right now I'm reading my way through books I thought I'd already read," he said. "But it's so much more wonderful than what I remembered because I have a whole lifetime of experience in between."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Librarians, educators and others involved in the "One Book" project in southeastern Connecticut recently gathered at the Groton library. (C. M. Glover for The New York Times)(pg. 7); A display at the Groton Public Library on the "One Book" project. "Snow in August" was chosen. (C. M. Glover for The New York Times)(pg. 1)

**Load-Date:** March 31, 2002

**End of Document**



[***BASEBALL;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3TGC-8SR0-007F-G443-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Blue-Collar Town Exults in Its Little Leaguers***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3TGC-8SR0-007F-G443-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 26, 1998, Wednesday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1998 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Sports Desk

**Section:** Section A; ; Section A; Page 1; Column 1; Sports Desk ; Column 1;

**Length:** 1141 words

**Byline:** By DAVID M. HERSZENHORN

By DAVID M. HERSZENHORN

**Dateline:** TOMS RIVER, N.J., Aug. 25

**Body**

Often it is the duty of a town's leader to be wise and calm amid pandemonium, which might explain Mayor Jerry Geoghegan's serenity this afternoon at Mugsy's Bar and Grill.

"This is where your heart has to go out to the losers," Mr. Geoghegan said, after Todd Frazier, Toms River's powerhouse shortstop, blasted a two-run home run to give the team a 3-2 lead in today's Little League World Series game in Williamsport, Pa. "They are trying as hard as Toms River is. It's just not happening for them."

But among the fans packed into Mugsy's, the Mayor was in a minority of one as the 12-year-old boys that make up the Toms River East American All-Stars picked up their third World Series victory in as many days and clinched a spot in the United States championship game Thursday night.

"It's amazing," said Frank Rosner, who is on the board of the Toms River East Little League and arrived at Mugsy's to watch the last two innings. All around him, ecstatic fans were hugging, clapping each other on the back and exchanging high fives. "This is a once in a lifetime opportunity for these kids," Mr. Rosner said. "And they are playing it to the hilt."

This is the second time in four years that Toms River, the ***working-class*** seat of Ocean County, has sent a team to Little League's field of dreams in Williamsport. But by beating a squad from Greenville, N.C., today by a 5-3 score and securing a place in the tournament's final four, Toms River has surpassed the fortunes of its 1995 predecessor. Page C1.

The source of the team's strength is the subject of debate, but one thing is certain: in Dover Township, which has a population of about 84,000, Little League is an extraordinarily big deal. There are two leagues there: Toms River, which has about 600 players, and Toms River East, which has 1,200 players in two divisions, National and American. Nearly all of the players are boys.

In Toms River East, enrolling in a season of Little League costs $80, not counting the purchase of a baseball mitt. (Bats, balls, helmets and uniforms are provided by the league.) The league also conducts private fund-raising efforts, like candy sales, and solicits corporate sponsorships to raise enough to meet $200,000 a year in operating expenses. There are seven ball fields in Toms River East, one of which has lights for night games.

The league has just finished constructing a building that will allow batting and pitching practice to continue indoors through the winter. "It will help us to compete against Florida and California, where they are outdoors all year round," said Kevin Fox, a United Airlines pilot, who is also on the league's board. "We have tryouts in the snow."

So it is hardly surprising that World Series mania has taken hold in Toms River. On the streets and in local stores, signs and banners urge the team on. This morning, two charter buses set out to get fans to Pennsylvania in time for the first pitch. Even more people are expected to make the trip, by bus or in car pools, on Thursday for the United States championship. On Saturday, the winner of that game will face the international champion.

Anthony Baiamonte Jr., the owner of Mugsy's, said he would invite the players and their families for pizza at his restaurant, no matter how they fare in the rest of the World Series.

"Whether they win the World Series or not, in my view they are still World Champions, and Mugsy's is sponsoring a pizza party for the kids, their parents and their siblings," Mr. Baiamonte said, as he rushed about serving the baseball fans crowding around his restaurant's dozen television sets.

John Steen, the bar manager, said that Monday night's Little League game had eclipsed the Super Bowl rematch between the Denver Broncos and the Green Bay Packers, shown on television on Monday night. Only two sets in the bar were tuned to football. The rest were on ESPN2, the cable sports network that has been carrying the games.

Local officials, meanwhile, were already planning a welcome-home celebration and a victory parade. "I think if you talk to the average person on the street, everyone is proud as hell of these kids," said Mr. Geoghegan. "These kids are fantastic."

They're tough, too. On Sunday night, Toms River outlasted Jenison, Mich., to capture a 13-to-9 victory in an 11-inning game that set a record for the longest game in Little League World Series history. Then on Monday night, Toms River stunned a previously undefeated team from Cypress, Calif., beating them by a 4-to-1 score.

Both this year's squad and the 1995 World Series team were managed by Michael Gaynor, the owner of a local chain of sports apparel stores. In 1995, Mr. Gaynor's older son, Colin, pitched for the team and played shortstop. This year, his younger son, Casey, is on the team. Casey Gaynor was on the mound today and pitched a complete game.

Colin had been in Williamsport during the weekend, but was forced to return to Toms River for the start of football practice at Toms River High School East, where he is the star quarterback. Today, he was in the crowd at Mugsy's as his brother and father battled the North Carolina team.

"Toms River has got great programs and great facilities down here," he said. "It just shows in our teams. They are powerhouses every year."

There is also a huge commitment of time and energy from parents who become coaches. The Toms River East All-Stars began practicing daily in early July and have been on the road playing games throughout the summer.

After the game, Charlie Frazier, vice principal of the Toms River South High School, said success had put pressure on many parents. "We've got to go back tonight," he said in Williamsport before the four-to-five-hour drive. "Some of us have work to go to tomorrow, and school starts Tuesday, you know. But we'll drive back early Thursday morning for the game."

Parents who don't have to make the trip back and forth seem to have taken over the Comfort Inn in Williamsport. "We've got about 80 rooms," he said. "They've been great to us, giving us a big reception room and everything."

Back home, there is a huge base of support.

One table at the back of Mugsy's was crowded with 12-year-old girls, who will be attending seventh grade next month with the heroic boys of summer at Toms River East Intermediate School.

"We think they are the best," said Danielle Bersch. "They are going to go all the way." Her friend, Nicole Zangara, added, "And when they come, we're going to cheer for them."

Many adults were equally exuberant. "I don't have any kids playing Little League and I am so into this," said Donna Asanza, who has two children, 3 and 2. "I don't even have a boy. I have two girls."

"But all my friends' kids play in the league, plus my husband is an orthodontist in town, and if you notice," she said, gesturing at the television set above the bar, "they all have braces on."

**Graphic**

Photos: Todd Frazier after hitting a home run for Toms River's team in a Little League World Series game yesterday. (Associated Press)(pg. A1); Colin Gaynor, second from right, whose brother, Casey, pitched for Toms River, rooted yesterday, flanked by Nick and Chris Venuto (arm raised). (Mary DiBiase Blaich for The New York Times); Casey Gaynor pitching against the team from Greenville, N.C., yesterday in a Little League World Series game. Casey's team won, 5-3. (Associated Press)(pg. C2)

Map showing the location of Toms River, N.J.: Little League World Series mania has taken hold in Toms River, N.J.

**Load-Date:** August 26, 1998

**End of Document**



[***Going It Alone, Together***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:581R-8CB1-JBG3-623M-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 24, 2013 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2013 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section BU; Column 0; Money and Business/Financial Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 2786 words

**Byline:** By STEVEN GREENHOUSE

**Body**

SOON after landing a job at a Manhattan law firm nearly 20 years ago, Sara Horowitz was shocked to discover that it planned to treat her not as an employee, but as an independent contractor.

''I saw right away that something wasn't kosher,'' Ms. Horowitz recalls. Her status meant no health coverage, no pension plan, no paid vacation -- nothing but a paycheck. She realized that she was part of a trend in which American employers relied increasingly on independent contractors, temporary workers, contract employees and freelancers to cut costs. Somewhat bewildered, somewhat angry, she and two other young lawyers who were also hired as independent contractors jokingly formed what they called the ''Transient Workers Union,'' with the facetious motto, ''The union makes us not so weak.''

Ms. Horowitz's grandfather was a vice president of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, and her father was a labor lawyer. So it was perhaps not surprising that she responded to her rising outrage by deciding to organize a union. What she organized, however, was a newfangled version. The Freelancers Union, with its oxymoronic name, is a motley collection of workers in the fast-evolving freelance economy -- whether lawyers, software developers, graphic artists, accountants, consultants, nannies, writers, editors, Web site designers or sellers on Etsy.

Today, the Freelancers Union is one of the nation's fastest-growing labor organizations, with more than 200,000 members, over half of them in New York State. Ms. Horowitz, who has never lacked audacity, says she expects to expand the organization to one million members within three years. For some perspective, the United Automobile Workers union currently has 380,000 members. Of course, while hundreds of thousands of auto jobs have disappeared, the country is awash in freelancers and other independent workers. Studies by the Bureau of Labor Statistics and the Government Accountability Office show that there are more than 20 million of them. Many companies, including The New York Times, employ these workers.

The Freelancers Union, which is based in Brooklyn, doesn't bargain with employers, but it does address what is by far these workers' No. 1 concern, by providing them with affordable health insurance. Its health insurance company covers 23,000 workers in New York State and has $105 million in annual revenue. Impressed by that success, the Obama administration recently awarded Ms. Horowitz's group $340 million in low-interest loans to establish cooperatives in New York, New Jersey and Oregon that will provide health coverage to freelancers and tens of thousands of other workers.

Having health insurance makes it far easier to be a part of what Ms. Horowitz calls the ''gig economy.'' But many freelancers would prefer not to participate in that economy at all. They would rather have regular jobs, but companies will often hire them only as independent contractors. Companies find these workers less painful to dismiss and generally less costly because they rarely receive severance pay or benefits like health insurance or paid vacations.

''There are some freelancers for whom this is great -- they love the flexibility,'' Ms. Horowitz said. ''And there are some freelancers for whom this is the worst thing in the world.''

While being an independent worker allows certain advantages -- you can go to yoga class or on vacation whenever you want -- it also means economic vulnerability. An internal Freelancers Union survey found that 58 percent of the group's members earn less than $50,000 a year from freelancing and that 29 percent earn less than $25,000. The survey also found that 12 percent of members, many of them college graduates in their 30s and 40s, received food stamps during the recession.

''In today's economy, there's a huge chunk of the middle class that's being pushed down into the ***working class*** and working poor,'' Ms. Horowitz says, ''and freelancers are the first group that's happening to.''

Historically, through the power of collective bargaining, labor unions helped reverse that equation, enabling many unskilled workers to earn middle-class incomes. But as traditional labor unions have steadily declined in size and power, groups like the Freelancers Union, the New York Taxi Workers Alliance and Domestic Workers United have stepped up, trying to give collective voice and power to often-marginalized workers.

Some union old-timers argue that the Freelancers Union is more like an association than a union and will not be able to achieve truly significant gains for workers. Its members don't pay union dues, which means that joining requires no sacrifice, and the Freelancers Union doesn't negotiate contracts with employers or represent freelancers when they have grievances. (Under the National Labor Relations Act, freelancers are considered independent contractors, not employees, and employers thus have no obligation to bargain with them, even when they form a union.)

Ms. Horowitz, 50 and a Brooklyn native, insists that her organization is indeed a labor union because, like other unions, it is a large, influential, self-supporting organization of workers that pushes to advance their interests, although its members work for numerous employers in many industries.

''It reminds me of the old guilds'' -- the precursors of modern-day labor unions -- ''that focused on workers' individual autonomy, trying to build their own careers, with the backing of a collective organization to assist them,'' says Janice R. Fine, a professor of employment relations at Rutgers University. ''Sara is terrific at adapting old ideas to help today's work force.''

ON a recent rainy morning, a half-dozen members of the Freelancers Union met in a large yoga and meditation studio. The studio was inside a 6,000-square-foot health clinic in Downtown Brooklyn that the union opened for its members in November. It is in a century-old loft building, with bright lights and blond-wood floors, its walls covered with the Freelancers Union's posters featuring its logo of buzzing bees around a hive.

The freelancers were there to talk with Ms. Horowitz about how the clinic was doing and how it could be improved. They seemed to like a lot: the on-site nutritionist and acupuncturist; the fact that they rarely had to wait more than 10 minutes to see a doctor; and that they could consult with a doctor from home using Skype if necessary. They also liked that there were no co-pays.

Using the clinic is free for those have signed up with the Freelancers Insurance Company; premiums range from $225 to $603 a month -- 40 percent less than individual plans available in New York, according to a comparison by the union.

''It's nice to have one place where I can focus on health care,'' Dani Simons, a communications and strategic consultant, said at the meeting, ''instead of having to go one place to see this doctor and another place for that doctor.''

The clinic has an unusual team approach. There are two full-time doctors and eight ''health coaches,'' who serve as liaisons between patient and doctor. Ms. Horowitz says this focus on primary care will save money over time. By tracking members who have special diets or are taking medications, for example, the health coaches can help patients stay healthy and avoid costly hospital stays for failing to follow a treatment plan.

''If we were a for-profit insurance company, we would not be able to provide all these services,'' Ms. Horowitz says. ''We're able to steer the profits back into serving the freelancers.''

About 2,200 of the insurance company's policy holders have signed up for the clinic, while the other 21,000, much like members of other insurance plans, see doctors through a network, Empire Blue Cross, with which the Freelancers Union contracts.

When Ms. Horowitz started the union, her main concern was the here-today, gone-tomorrow insecurity of freelance jobs. But after listening to many freelancers, she changed her mind. ''I saw that their overwhelming concern was the lack of health insurance, even though I hadn't seen that as a major issue,'' she says.

To create the Freelancers Insurance Company, Ms. Horowitz needed to persuade investors to put up $17 million. The Rockefeller Foundation and others gave $7 million in grants, and other foundations joined in, agreeing to lend the rest at a 3 percent interest rate.

''She saw that labor unions basically haven't innovated for several generations, and in the meantime the world has changed and there were tremendous needs that weren't being met,'' says Bill Drayton, founder of Ashoka, a nonprofit foundation that invests in social entrepreneurs.

The health insurance profits that don't go toward repaying lenders go into a reserve to strengthen the company's finances, though some future profits will eventually be recycled into running the daily operations of the Freelancers Union and future projects, like a planned health clinic in Manhattan. The union gets $2 million a year from application and enrollment fees its members pay to get discounted life, dental and disability insurance that the union arranges through an outside insurer.

Together, the union and its health insurance company have a staff of 80, and Ms. Horowitz receives a salary of $272,000 for her dual role as head of the union and the insurance company. She notes proudly that while health insurance premiums rose by 5 percent, on average, for Americans this year, the Freelancers Insurance Company is not raising premiums at all for its policy holders.

Jo-Ann Mort, who worked for many years in communications for labor unions and foundations, said it was thanks to the new insurance company that she was able to start her own communications and fund-raising firm. ''I was scared to go out on my own because I was worried I couldn't find affordable insurance elsewhere,'' she said. ''Sara made that possible.''

In many ways, Ms. Horowitz operates more like an entrepreneur than an old-style union leader, says Kyle Zimmer, chairwoman of the health care cooperative that the union is forming in Oregon.

''She identified that health insurance was a gigantic gaping hole for these workers,'' said Ms. Zimmer, who is also president of First Book, a nonprofit group that provides access to books for children in need, ''and she stepped into that space, navigated through difficult waters and created a successful insurance company that takes on traditional insurers.''

''She did this in a way,'' Ms. Zimmer added, ''that would make anyone who believes in private enterprise proud.''

While the union is praised for helping to deliver health and other benefits to its members, some employment experts question whether it can make real headway in raising incomes of independent workers. ''All the self-help they do seems good and creative,'' says Gordon Lafer, a professor of labor relations at the University of Oregon. ''The question is can they get any leverage to get a fair shake from employers, to get companies to give a fair share of their profits to freelancers? They may need to be more creative to do that.''

The freelancers assembled in the yoga studio had plenty of suggestions, large and small, for Ms. Horowitz. Why schedule yoga classes on Monday mornings when people are already feeling mellow from the weekend? Shouldn't the doctors have a checklist when they see patients? Why can't freelancers who shun junk food and alcohol pay lower premiums? Can the Freelancers Union build affordable housing for financially squeezed freelancers?

''It would be great if there were a network of clinics like this in big cities around the country,'' said Ms. Simons, the communications consultant. ''It would be really cool. We often have to travel to other cities.''

Ms. Horowitz, her hands folded, listened.

ON the wall in front of Ms. Horowitz's desk is a dusty, decades-old photo of Sidney Hillman. The head of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America from 1914 to 1946, Hillman is the model for an idea Ms. Horowitz is talking about a lot these days, something she calls ''the new mutualism.''

Hillman was an influential adviser to Franklin D. Roosevelt and spent much of his life translating his mutualist vision into reality. He built low-cost housing and a health clinic for garment workers as well as a union-owned bank and insurance company.

''How did Sidney Hillman know to do housing and insurance?'' asks Ms. Horowitz, who has a degree in labor relations from Cornell. ''He just listened to people and helped solve their problems.''

Ms. Horowitz's new mutualism is based on a simple premise: freelancers should band together to set up social-purpose institutions to serve their mutual needs. That, she says, would be far better than relying on corporations and private investors who might have different priorities, not to mention a desire for substantial profits.

This idea, she acknowledges, is not new. But with the changing economy, the decline of organized labor, the end of paternalism among employers and the shrinking role of government, she says, the conditions are ripe for embracing mutual aid societies anew. ''The social unionism of the 1920s had it right,'' she says. ''They said: 'We serve workers 360 degrees. It's not just about their work. It's about their whole life.' We view things the same way.''

''Whether you like it or don't like it, it's unlikely we're going to see growth in government over the next few years,'' she says. ''But we're not going to see any reduction in social needs for workers. And we need these social-purpose institutions in place to serve their growing social needs.''

Her ideas have gained traction beyond the usual worker-advocacy crowd. She received a ''genius'' grant from the MacArthur Foundation in 1999. She has been invited to speak at the World Economic Forum in Davos, Switzerland, the Aspen Institute and the Harvard Business School. She was recently appointed to the board of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York.

Ms. Horowitz's new mutualism also benefits from her political connections. She has close ties to Senator Kirsten E. Gillibrand of New York, and to Sheldon Silver, speaker of the New York State Assembly. Senator Gillibrand, for instance, at Ms. Horowitz's request, is pushing to have the Bureau of Labor Statistics count the number of independent contractors and freelancers nationwide. And the State Assembly, though not the Senate, passed a bill that would authorize the State Labor Department to crack down on companies that fail to pay freelancers as promised.

A few years ago, the union persuaded New York City to eliminate the unincorporated business tax for independent workers who earn less than $100,000 a year -- a move that saves freelancers up to $3,400 annually. (Mayor Michael R. Bloomberg said later that he had ''successfully advocated for reducing or eliminating the unincorporated business tax'' for ''freeloaders and contractors,'' a verbal stumble that Ms. Horowitz found hilarious.)

MS. HOROWITZ has seen how the post-New Deal model of employers providing health insurance, pensions and other benefits is breaking down. More and more workers, and not just freelancers, have been left to fend for themselves in dealing with sickness, accidents and old age. One result, she says, is that many workers feel trapped, hesitant to change jobs or start a business for fear of losing health insurance or other benefits.

''We want people to have meaningful independence,'' Ms. Horowitz says. ''And that means freeing them of this insecurity to give them the ability to take risks because somebody has your back. That's what this is about. That's what the new mutualism is.''

In this new mutualism, she sees another, largely unrecognized benefit for freelancers, those supposedly pajama-clad workers who often spend their days toiling at home alone. ''People feel mentally and physically better when they feel connected to each other,'' she says. ''What we're doing brings people together without them losing any individual aspects of themselves.''

At times, she has been accused of arrogance, and that perhaps stems from her often speaking with self-certainty. ''What I'm good at is intuition,'' she says. ''I have a sense of what's going to work and what's not going to work.''

In discussing her family's labor legacy, Ms. Horowitz noted that her daughter was born on the birthday of Samuel Gompers -- the father of the modern American labor movement. Ms. Horowitz sees him, too, as a role model.

''If Gompers were alive today,'' she says, ''he'd be trying to figure out what the next models are for today's workers.''

REWORKING LABOR: Articles in this series examine the changing face of labor as the nation's unions and collective bargaining rights decline.

[*http://www.nytimes.com/2013/03/24/business/freelancers-union-tackles-concerns-of-independent-workers.html*](http://www.nytimes.com/2013/03/24/business/freelancers-union-tackles-concerns-of-independent-workers.html)

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: Sara Horowitz, executive director of the Freelancers Union, at its headquarters in Brooklyn. ''We want people to have meaningful independence,'' she says of its more than 200,000 members. (BU1)

Freelance Union employees working on a spreadsheet at headquarters. The union and the insurance company together employ a staff of 80 people. Below, stethoscopes adorned a wall of the union's 6,000-square-foot health clinic, which opened for members in November.

A patient received treatment at the Freelancers Union's health clinic, which recently opened in Brooklyn. The union also runs a health insurance company to meet freelancers' primary concern: affordable care. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANDREW QUILTY FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (BU4)

**Load-Date:** March 24, 2013

**End of Document**



[***Stockholm***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4KK7-VMS0-TW8F-G3D0-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 6, 2006 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2006 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 5; Column 1; Travel Desk; Pg. 13; GOING TO

**Length:** 1688 words

**Byline:** By DENNY LEE

**Body**

WHY GO NOW -- Stockholm is in the throes of a cosmopolitan rebirth. With Sweden's entry into the European Union in 1995, and the Internet boom that followed, Stockholm has stepped out of the Nordic cold to take its place on the international stage. No longer just the home of Abba and meatballs, Stockholm, Sweden's capital, has become a major destination for people interested in design, fashion, technology, arts and fine cuisine.

And the city is still evolving. Waves of immigrants from southern Europe and the Middle East have brought profound changes to a waterfront city that, just a generation ago, was mostly fair-skinned, blond and Lutheran. Stockholm may be built on 14 glacial islands near the Baltic Sea, but its neighborhoods are being pushed and pulled like a painter's canvas. Civic borders are expanding. Old neighborhoods are metamorphosing into hip playgrounds. Street cafes, creative boutiques and other signs of an optimistic society are popping up everywhere

Not that Stockholm is strictly about the present. A hot-air balloon ride over this architectural wonderland of latticed spires, candy-colored town houses and chateaulike homes reveals a port city that has reveled in centuries of wealth. Summer is the best time to visit, when the Nordic sun never seems to set fully; the navy blue waters hum with leisure boats; sidewalks resemble a fashion runway; and the city's rosy swagger is on full display.

WHERE TO STAY -- Despite the recent closing of the Lydmar Hotel -- once the coolest spot in town to sleep and drink (even the elevator had a D.J.. system) -- Stockholm's hotel scene is heating up.

Opened in 1874, the Grand Hotel (Sodra Blasieholmshamnen 8, 46-8-679-35-00; www.grandhotel.se) added a new wing last month with 76 new rooms, including a 3,600-square-foot penthouse. That's good news for the Dalai Lama, Madonna and other famous guests who have stayed in the rococo and Gustavian landmark, which is across the harbor from the Swedish Royal Palace. Standard rooms start at 3,700 Swedish kronor (about $514, at 7.2 kronor to the dollar).

The once-stodgy Scandic Anglais (Humlegardsgatan 23; 46-8-517-340-00; www.scandic-hotels.com/anglais) reopened last month after a year-and-a-half renovation. The 233-room hotel, built in 1966, was gutted and brought back to its original, United Nations-style splendor. A double starts at 1,350 kronor a night.

If the scene doesn't matter to you, check out the Hotel Hellsten (Luntmakargatan 68, 46-8-661-86-00, www.hellsten.se), which opened last year in the residential district of Vasastaden, just north of central Stockholm. Housed in a 1898 row house, the 80-room boutique hotel mixes modern amenities like flat-screen televisions with homey antiques like Swedish porcelain fireplaces. Nightly rates start at 990 kronor.

Those on a tight budget can find intriguing options. There is a hostel inside a boat (AF Chapman) that is permanently moored off Skeppsholmen as well as a prison converted into a hotel (Langholmen Hotel).

WHERE TO EAT -- Swedes stick to a mob mentality dictated by fashion, and few places are hotter right now than Restaurang Kungsholmen (Norr Malarstrand, Kajplats 464, 46-8-505-244-50; www.kungsholmen.com), the latest creation from the celebrity chef Melker Andersson. Sitting waterside on the cooler-by-the-moment island of Kungsholmen, the young restaurant looks like a swank cafeteria designed by D.J.'s. Put on your game face as you wait in line with Stockholm's elite. The food may be secondary, but the menu tries hard to be global. Favorites include sashimi and osso buco. Like most things in this city, dinner is not cheap: about 750 kronor for two, wine excluded.

For a hot spot in the heart of Stockholm, go to Nox (Grev Turegatan 30, 46-8-545-82-400; www.nox.se). Don't let the disco-ball motif fool you. The Swedish-French fare at this year-old restaurant is top-notch. Seasonal favorites include toast skagen (shrimp on toast) for 105 kronor and broiled pikeperch for 210 kronor.

Restaurants with aerial views don't usually inspire culinary confidence, but Eriks Gondolen (Stadsgarden 6, 46-8-641-70-90; www.eriks.se) is an exception. Suspended 11 stories high, it offers one of the best views of the city's brick-and-spire skyline. Swedish favorites like herring (125 kronor) and veal with mustard sauce (285 kronor) compete for attention. And should you get hungry after a long night of partying, stop by one of the many hot dog kiosks around town. Order a classic tunnbrodsrulle (flat bread stuffed with mashed potatoes, hot dogs and so-called shrimp salad) for about 60 kronor and kiss your hangover goodbye.

WHAT TO DO DURING THE DAY -- With 16 hours of daylight at this time of year, there's plenty to do. The best way to explore this compact city is by bicycle. Stockholm has an extensive network of bike-only paths carved into sidewalks, busy arteries and waterfront esplanades. The Gamla Stans Cykel (Stora Nygatan 20, 46-8-411-16-70; www.gamlastanscykel.se) rents one-speeds starting at 190 kronor a day.

Everything is closer than you think, whether it's the medieval alleyways of Gamla Stan (Old Town) or the urban parks of Djurgarden (pick up the free Stockholm Green Map). But don't miss the trail that loops around Sodermalm. Ride past wooden boats bobbing in the harbor. Grab a refreshment at the waterside cafes. Take a dip in one of the many swimming spots. It's a bewitching blend of cosmopolitan buzz and maritime calm.

WHAT TO DO AT NIGHT -- Pack your designer sunglasses; night life in Stockholm begins early and ends late. You have two main options: head north to Stureplan, the glamorous hub of Stockholm's velvet ropes and V.I.P. rooms, or south to the dive bars and beer halls of Sodermalm.

During the summer, the terrace at F12 (Fredsgatan 12, 46-8-24-80-52; www.f12.se), a fancy restaurant, becomes a starry dance floor packed with the city's young beauties. Admission is 80 kronor, assuming you make it past the tall blond bouncer who looks like a son of Thor. Afterward, the in-crowd heads over to Solidaritet (Lastmakargatan 3, 46-8-678-1050), where they jostle on the sidewalk while the sun comes up. StureCompagniet, Spy Bar and the newcomer Natkubblen Plaza are other clubs in Stureplan that draw the beautiful people.

The bohemian bars of Sodermalm are concentrated around Medborgarplatsen, a large square buzzing with cafes, cinemas and a skateboard park. The crowd tends to be more laid back and egalitarian. One place to avoid is Kvarnen (Tjarhovsgatan 4, 46-8-64-03-80; www.kvarnen.com), a wood-paneled beer hall that charges a ridiculous coat check fee (15 kronor), even during the summer.

Several gay bars are clustered in Gamla Stan. Sunday nights still belong to Patricia (Stadsgardskajen 152, 46-8-743-05-70; www.ladypatricia.st), an old lightship that draws a lively crowd of men, women and people in drag to its party decks.

WHERE TO SHOP -- Forget about H&M and Ikea. Go instead to the underground boutiques and clever design stores in Sodermalm, a former ***working-class*** island where an influx of art-minded people has given rise to several fashionable shopping centers.

The north end of Gotgatan, the island's main spine, may have gone mainstream, but there are still some worthy spots. Weekday (Gotgatan 21, 46-8-642-17-72; www.weekday.se) is the hottest retail chain to emerge in Stockholm since, well, H&M. It sells its own jeans label, as well as chic Swedish brands like Acne jeans (about 1,000 kronor). Designtorget (Gotgatan 31, 46-8-462-35-20; www.designtorget.se) is a miniemporium that promotes unknown designers.

For up-to-the-second street wear, go to SoFo -- South of Folkungagatan (www.sofo.se) -- Stockholm's contrived answer to SoHo. Sneakersnstuff (Asogatan124, 46-8-743-03-22; www.sneakersnstuff.com) is a temple dedicated to special-edition Pumas and Nikes, some designed by the store's young owners. Boutique Sportif (Renstiernas Gata 26, 46-8-411-12-13; www.sportif.se) is known for its witty T-shirts (starting at 300 kronor).

The newest shopping district is Hornstull, along Sodermalm's west bank. New galleries, cafes and bars seem to be sprouting every week. On weekends, an artsy street fair is held along the water (www.streetinstockholm.se).

YES, FREE -- With more than 70 museums devoted to everything from arts to aquatics, Stockholm has one of the highest concentrations of museums in the world. Luckily, some of the best are now free, thanks to a 2005 tourism initiative. Among them is the modern art museum, Moderna Museet (Skeppsholmen, 46-8-519-552-00; www.modernamuseet.se), which reopened two years ago after a mold infestation. On view are the politically charged works of Paul McCarthy, an American multimedia artist.

YOUR FIRST TIME OR YOUR 10th -- Bring a blanket to the leafy island of Langholmen, which is ringed by small beaches, jutting cliffs and dirt paths. During the summer, hordes of sun-deprived Swedes in bikinis and boarder shorts idle by the water like so many swans, soaking up rays for the long winter ahead. A cafe and small museum offer a break from the sun and the flirting.

HOW TO STAY WIRED -- Your in-box is only as far away as a 7-Eleven or Pressbyran newsstand, which is to say almost everywhere. A company called Sidewalk Express (www.sidewalkexpress.se) has installed hundreds of high-speed terminals at these stores throughout the city. A 90-minute card costs 29 kronor.

HOW TO GET HERE -- Continental Airlines and SAS fly to Arlanda Airport in Stockholm from Newark, starting at about $900 round trip. The most efficient way to the city center is the Arlanda Express train (www.arlandaexpress.com), located under the airport. The 20-minute ride leaves for the T-Centralen station several times every hour. Tickets are 200 kronor each way.

HOW TO GET AROUND -- Stockholm is compact and well suited for walking or bicycling. To hop between islands, the extensive Tunnelbana subway and bus system (www.sl.se) is a model of urban mass transit. A single fare is 20 kronor (unlimited passes start at 60 kronor for one day). Taxis are plentiful but expensive; a short trip is about 70 kronor.

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

**Graphic**

Drawing (Drawing by Andy Rash)

**Load-Date:** August 6, 2006

**End of Document**



[***THE WELFARE STATE WAS A BOON TO MRS. THATCHER***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-KC80-0008-Y3SJ-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 12, 1983, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1983 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 4; Page 2, Column 3; Week in Review Desk

**Length:** 1114 words

**Byline:** By R.W. APPLE Jr.

**Dateline:** LONDON

**Body**

The real victor of last week's British general election, some wag commented, was Clement Attlee. For it was Attlee's Labor Government that, starting in 1945, put in place the safety net of welfare benefits without which, it is argued, no Conservative prime minister could have even dreamed of winning re-election with more than three million people unemployed.

There were many other reasons why Margaret Thatcher won a landslide victory, not least her own resolute leadership, the disarray and the extreme platform of the Labor opposition and the inequitable British electoral system, which gave the Conservatives 61 percent of the seats in the House of Commons for 42 percent of the popular vote. But it is unquestionably true that the post-war package of welfare benefits softened the anger of the working people that might otherwise have caused them to give more extensive backing to Labor.

LONDON - The real victor of last week's British general election, some wag commented, was Clement Attlee.

It is often suggested in the United States that the Prime Minister is in the process of dismantling, or intends to dismantle, the welfare state. That is incorrect. At most, she is streamlining it a bit and painting it a different color.

Despite her emphasis on the Victorian values of thrift and selfreliance, despite her visceral dislike of much of what the Attlee Government and its successors have wrought, Mrs. Thatcher is far too clever a politician to embark on the kind of right-wing crusade against welfare chiselers and over-generous benefits that President Reagan indulges in. Not once did she suggest during her first administration or during her campaign that the dole, as unemployment compensation is uneuphemistically known here, should be limited or redefined, although many recipients of dole payments are known to have hidden, part-time jobs in the ''black economy.'' The consensus is too strong across class lines that those without jobs should be taken care of.

Nor has Mrs. Thatcher ever suggested that state pensions should be cut back. The Tory manifesto promised to maintain the link to inflation, so that retired people can maintain their standards.

The Labor opposition attempted to demonstrate, with the help of leaked cabinet documents, that the Prime Minister intended to do away with the National Health Service, this country's system of socialized medicine. It was unable to make the charge stick. She pledged that she would increase its funding during the next five years, and she was able to point to figures showing that she had done so during the last four. But she undoubtedly would like to increase the scope for private medical insurance plans and to make other changes that would improve the service's efficiency. It has an outstanding record as far as major medical care is concerned, but it is so overburdened that ''minor'' operations and preventive medicine are not so well attended to.

Of all the provisions of the welfare state, housing is the area in which Mrs. Thatcher has made the most far-reaching change and the one from which she has derived the most electoral benefit. Her program for selling council houses - apartments in public housing projects - was cited repeatedly during the campaign by ***working class*** voters as a reason for switching from Labor to the Tories. She intends to extend it, to the fury of Labor, which argues that the best houses will be taken by those who can afford them (although 100 percent mortgages are available in many cases), leaving the worst for the poorest people.

Part of the problem in comparing Mrs. Thatcher's domestic policies with those of Mr. Reagan is that the whole spectrum of British politics stands to the left of that in the United States. There is no one in a senior position in the Democratic party whose views correspond to those of Neil Kinnock, the young Welshman who may be the next leader of the Labor party, and he is well to the right of his party's extremists. The Conservative moderates or ''wets'' correspond most closely with mainstream Democrats such as former Vice President Walter F. Mondale.

But the British public is not unlike the American public in its suspicion of socialism, if by socialism one means the public control of the ''commanding heights'' of industrial production. The average British voter long ago accepted as essentially correct the social thrust of Labor party policy as embodied in the welfare state, but he or she is far more skeptical about the virtues of nationalized industries. Mrs. Thatcher's hopes of selling off those she can return to profitability -British Airways is one such target - appear to have lost her relatively few votes during this year's campaign.

Indeed, the issues in this campaign, to the degree that it focused on these and not on images and personalities, were mostly those involving the faltering domestic economy - inflation and unemployment - and foreign policy, such as nuclear weapons and Common Market membership.

Labor's Self-Questioning

The most telling criticism made by Michael Foot and Denis Healey, the Labor leader and his deputy, was that by accepting massive unemployment as the price of controlling inflation, Mrs. Thatcher was not only crippling British industry but frittering away the revenues from Britain's North Sea oil fields, which will begin to decline during her second year in office. They insisted that the money should be used to create jobs; she countered that the only way to create real jobs was to control inflation and boost productivity.

But that argument, however crucial it may be in the long run to the provision of adequate funding for the social services and for education, is not really an argument about the merits of socialism but about the management of the economy.

The next year will almost certainly see a renewal of the long debate within the Labor Party about whether it is a revolutionary or a reforming organization. Although the squabbles during the campaign obscured the details, this year's party manifesto went further in the direction favored by the left wing, headed by Tony Benn, than any in recent memory. It, and the party, failed to convince the voters. Mr. Benn, in fact, lost the seat he had held for 33 years.

Now the question will be whether Labor chooses to talk to its dwindling band of predominantly radical rank-and-file members or decides instead to move to the right in order to appeal to the mass of uncommitted voters it needs to win elections. Will it abandon, for example, the idea of further nationalization? Many think it should do so, and concentrate its efforts on strengthening the social welfare systems that are its principal contribution to modern Britain.

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photo of Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher

**End of Document**



[***JAPANESE FILM AWARDED TOP PRIZE AT CANNES***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-KKH0-0008-Y1P7-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 20, 1983, Friday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1983 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section C; Page 10, Column 5; Weekend Desk

**Length:** 1092 words

**Byline:** By E.J. DIONNE Jr., Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** CANNES, France, May 19

**Body**

The jury of the 36th Cannes International Film Festival today gave its highest award, the Golden Palm, to ''The Ballad of Narayama,'' a film by the Japanese director Shohei Imamura that portrays the customs through which the people of a primitive Japanese village dealt with aging and death.

The award for the best male actor went to the Italian Gian Maria Volonte for his role as a television journalist in Claude Goretta's ''Death of Mario Ricci,'' a Swiss film. And the West German actress Hanna Schygulla won the best actress award for playing a sexobsessed, at times lovably-insane mother in Marco Ferreri's ''Story of Pierra,'' an Italian film.

The 10-member Cannes prize jury, presided over by William Styron, the American novelist, was reportedly sharply divided on a number of films. Members of the jury said they would not grant interviews on the selection process until Saturday, but people familiar with its work said that jury members met into the early morning hours today trying to work out their differences. They reconvened later this morning to reach an agreement.

CANNES, France, May 19 - The jury of the 36th Cannes International Film Festival today gave its highest award, the Golden Palm, to ''The Ballad of Narayama,'' a film by the Japanese director Shohei Imamura that portrays the customs through which the people of a primitive Japanese village dealt with aging and death.'Diplomacy' in Making Awards

Another person familiar with the jury's thinking said that while there were some strongly stated opposing views, there also was a substantial degree of consensus on the major films that should receive awards of some sort. ''It was a matter of diplomacy as to how you worked out which films got which awards,'' he said.

There was strong support, for example, for the Monty Python comedy ''The Meaning of Life.'' Today it was given the Special Grand Prize, which is not the top award but a major honor given to a film that has captured the jury's eye.

However, one reflection of the apparent discord was the jury's decision to give a joint prize for ''creative cinema'' in place of a best director's award. The creative cinema prize was shared by the French director Robert Bresson, who offered the film ''Money,'' and the Russian director Andrei Tarkovsky, who arrived with the abstract and mystical ''Nostalgia,'' which was entered by Italy, where it was filmed and produced. Each film was said to have had both strong supporters and critics on the jury.

Debate over whether the 76-year-old Mr. Bresson, a favorite of French avant-garde film fans, would be given the Golden Palm dominated the French cinematic press in recent days. His ''Money,'' the story of a ***working-class*** boy who indirectly ends up paying for the sins of two well-to-do youths and is driven to murder by a stint in jail, created a lively controversy among critics, with Mr. Bresson's admirers insisting that the film deserved top honors. ''It came down,'' said one French critic, ''to the pro-Bresson party versus the anti-Bresson party.''

Orson Welles Presentation

The controversy over Mr. Bresson continued tonight at the awards ceremony, when Orson Welles presented both Mr. Bresson and Mr. Tarkovsky with their awards. Mr. Bresson's name was greeted with loud cheers and also whistles and jeers. The director said nothing when he received his award. Mr. Tarkovsky simply said ''Thank you very much.''

One of the panel's more popular decisions appeared to be its award for short films to ''I Know I Am Wrong but Ask My Friends and They'll Say the Same Thing,'' by Pierre Levy. The French film shows the attempts of students between the ages of 10 and 15 to draw portraits of Pablo Picasso, colorful pictures that often mimicked the great master's style. On the sound track the students explain why they drew what they did, often in the most irreverent and amusing terms.

Other short-film awards went to a West German film ''The Only Forgotten Take of 'Casablanca,'' a spoof about Humphrey Bogart, and ''Too Much Oregano,'' a brief comedy about an inept maitre d'hotel.

The American entries for Festival prizes, Bruce Beresford's ''Tender Mercies,'' a tale of a broken-down country singer played by Robert Duvall, and Martin Ritt's ''Cross Creek,' a film about the author Marjory Kinnan Rawlings, drew no mention from the jury.

Reactions to Principal Winner

The Golden Palm winner, Mr. Imamura's ''Ballad of Narayama,'' was admired by many critics attending the festival but was often not at the top of their listings of potential prize-winners. The film, which some critics here saw as a powerful re-creation of life in a Japan uninfluenced by modernity or the West, is the story of a woman who must, according to tradition, be taken atop a snowy mountain to die when she reaches the age of 70.

In the process of showing the woman's preparation for death - and her ultimate journey to the mountaintop - the film also provides painful glimpses of a pre-modern society's way of treating crime and punishment, love and sex, and the numbing scarcity of material things that made a family's survival the overriding social and personal ethic.

The Spanish film ''Carmen'' by Carlos Saura won the award for the Best Artistic Contribution. The film portrays the choreographing of the opera by a Spanish dance company. Amid a diet of psychologically and intellectually heavy films, ''Carmen'' was especially popular with festival audiences for its success in capturing the joy and passion of dance.

''The Case is Closed'' by Mrinal Sen, which won the Jury Prize, dissects the social structure of India by telling the story of the death of a servant boy who worked for a middle-class Indian family. The film explores the reasons for the boy's death and looks at the tale through the eyes of both the boy's employers and his impoverished father.

When he accepted his award tonight, Mr. Sen won laughter from the audience gathered in the festival center with an apparent reference to the overt sexuality in many of the films shown in and around the festival.

''This morning, I was first with a journalist who was speculating on who would win the award, and then I was on the beach where I saw women stripping,'' he said. ''And then I found out I won an award for a film that didn't strip women, but wanted to strip the society.''

Mr. Sen also apologized for not speaking French in a way that reflected the third world consciousness much in evidence here among filmmakers from the third world. ''Had India been a French colony,'' he said, ''I could have spoken to you in French.''

**End of Document**



[***FOES OF PINOCHET IN MASS PROTESTS IN CHILEAN CITIES***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-KBF0-0008-Y2MY-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 15, 1983, Wednesday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1983 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Page 1, Column 2; Foreign Desk

**Length:** 1088 words

**Byline:** By EDWARD SCHUMACHER, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** SANTIAGO, Chile, June 14

**Body**

Hundreds of thousands of Chileans joined in a national day of protest today against the 10-year-old rule of Gen. Augusto Pinochet.

By early tonight more than 200 people were reported to have been arrested around the country. The number was climbing as young people clashed with the police in downtown areas of major cities and entire ***working-class*** neighborhoods were blocked off by bonfires and rockthrowing residents.

People of all ages and classes joined in defying the Government, banging pots and pans and honking car horns in a planned signal of protest beginning at 8 P.M.

Few Injuries Reported

The police struck back with tear gas, water cannons and dogs. Even some fashionable apartment towers in the upper-middle-class section of Providencia in this capital came under tear-gas attack as residents banged pots at their windows, creating a deafening din.

SANTIAGO, Chile, June 14 - Hundreds of thousands of Chileans joined in a national day of protest today against the 10-year-old rule of Gen. Augusto Pinochet.

Some people waiting for buses in the neighborhood, once a center of support for General Pinochet, were arrested as the police sought to quiet the protest. Few injuries were nonetheless reported.

The nationwide protest, called to demand an early return to democracy, was the second in a month. It reflected the growing opposition here to General Pinochet, who took power in a 1973 coup in which President Salvador Allende Gossens, a Marxist, died.

Union Coalition Called Protest

The Central Workers Command, a newly formed coalition of most of the country's unions, called the protest, but almost all of the nation's political parties, from right to left, joined in organizing it. Demonstrations were also held by students, human rights groups and some professional associations.

In one of the most violent clashes, students took over a campus of the University of Chile here, but as they sought to move onto surrounding streets club-swinging policemen attacked them. The students retreated back to the campus, many of them scrambling over the walls. A number were arrested.

Outside the Supreme Court, meanwhile, about 50 human rights activists staged a peaceful sitdown, reading a list of demands in unison. Just as they ended, policemen moved in to break up the demonstration.

Earlier in the day, students at the Law School of the University of Chile burned a copy of a Constitution drawn by the Government and approved three years ago in a national plebiscite.

Under the Constitution, approved at a time when the economy was booming, General Pinochet can stay in power until at least 1989. He has since lost much of his middle-class support, even supporters of the Government concede. Many of the Government's former supporters, such as the powerful daily, El Mercurio, have also been calling for a speedier transition to democracy.

In last month's demonstration, also called by the union coalition, two people were killed, hundreds were arrested and more than 1,000 people in two of Santiago's lower-class neighborhoods were rounded up in a football field for questioning.

But in these and similar neighborhoods tonight, whole families stood on street corners, banging pots and feeding the bonfires that made streets impassable.

The police refused to go into many of the neighborhoods, though they threw tear-gas canisters on the edges of some, filling the air with the thick gas.

General Pinochet, who left this morning for a tour of northern provinces despite the tension that has been building over the last week, blamed opposition political leaders for the unrest. In a speech in the mining town of Copiapo, 500 miles north of here, he warned, ''We are going to send the politicans back to their caves to end this problem.''

The banging of pots is a particularly potent symbol here because a similar protest by economically pressed housewives led to the overthrow of Mr. Allende.

Unemployment Is High

The growing movement against Mr. Pinochet has been fed by an economic depression that rivals that under Mr. Allende. Unemployment over the last three months has averaged 20 percent and inflation is around 30 percent, according to the Government.

Normally reliable Chilean news outlets said tonight that 104 people had been arrested in the port city of Valparaiso and 40 in the southern agricultural center of Tabuco. The Interior Ministry confirmed 58 arrests in Santiago early tonight.

Sporadic violence was reported throughout the day. The Interior Ministry said seven small bombs were set off during the night and into the morning, slightly damaging railroad facilities, electric towers and a bus. Most of the explosions were reportedly in the greater Santiago area.

In other incidents, two buses were set afire by protesters in blue-collar neighborhoods here. Bus burnings are common as a sign of political protest here and some 45 percent of the buses in the city stayed off the streets today, organizers of the demonstration said. Late tonight, a Government employment office in the capital was reported to have been set on fire by demonstrators. A number of other minor fires were reported by the Government.

Labor Head Denounces Violence

Rodolfo Seguel, head of the copper workers union and spokesman for the Labor Command, called the day of protest a success but denounced the violence. Labor leaders privately blamed leftist youths who they said were outside their control.

The Interior Ministry credited the organizers with trying to maintain peace. But the Deputy Minister of the Interior, German Gardeweck, said in a statement, ''Behind the organizers of these actions and taking advantage of the situation is the Communist Party and its known and permanent strategy of violence and subversion.''

The Communist Party denied any intent of violence. But Western diplomats said a number of youth splinter groups act on their own. Traffic was light in this usually bustling city of four million people, and the streets began to empty further during the day as stores closed and banks dismissed their employees. Many shoppers stayed home.

Estimates of school absenteeism ranged from 30 percent to 80 percent. One vocational high school visited by reporters closed early for lack of attendance, students outside the school said. A girls' high school nearby was only half attended, according to the principal.

Strikes were not called. Nonetheless, the truckers union, a militant group, said that about 80 percent of its members stayed off the roads, particularly in the south, the agricultural breadbasket of the country.

**End of Document**



[***CONSERVATIVES WIN 140-SEAT MAJORITY IN BRITISH ELECTION***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-KCX0-0008-Y4C9-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 10, 1983, Friday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1983 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Page 1, Column 6; Foreign Desk

**Length:** 1028 words

**Byline:** By R.W. APPLE Jr., Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** LONDON, Friday, June 10

**Body**

Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher and her Conservative Government scored a crushing victory in Britain's general election on Thursday, winning a majority of about 140 seats over the combined opposition in Parliament.

The Tories' sweep was the most far-reaching since the Labor landslide of 1945. Polling barely one vote in four, Labor suffered its worst debacle since 1922; it barely edged out the new Liberal-Social Democratic alliance in the popular vote. The alliance seemed unlikely to win more than 25 seats in the 650-member Parliament, however, because its vote was too evenly spread across the country. It finished second in hundreds of seats; Labor's vote was highly concentrated in its bedrock urban strongholds.

LONDON, Friday, June 10 - Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher and her Conservative Government scored a crushing victory in Britain's general election on Thursday, winning a majority of about 140 seats over the combined opposition in Parliament.Labor Leader Concedes Defeat

Mrs. Thatcher became the first incumbent Prime Minister since Lord Salisbury 83 years ago to win with a big enough margin to guarantee a full five-year second term. And her party became the first in 24 years to win solid majorities in two consecutive general elections.

Michael Foot, the Labor leader, conceded defeat four hours after the polls closed, blaming the alliance for splitting the anti-Thatcher vote. He pledged that ''the fight to win the next general election will begin tomorrow.'' Denis Healey, his deputy, also attacked the alliance, which took twice as many votes from Labor as from the Conservatives. Mr. Healey said bitterly that the new third force had ''put the people of this country at the mercy of the most reactionary, right-wing, extremist government in all of British history.''

The Vote Tally

With 566 of 650 districts reporting, the standing of the parties and their percentage of the vote was: Conservative349 seats (43.0%) Labor196 seats (29.1%) Alliance 17 seats (25.8%) Others 4 seats (2.1%)

Because of the entry of the alliance, Mrs. Thatcher was able to increase her majority by almost 100 seats even though she won a slightly smaller percentage of the popular vote than four years ago.

''I'm very pleased with it, very pleased,'' the Prime Minister said when asked early this morning how she viewed her victory margin. ''I am very sensible of the honor conferred on the Conservative Party at what is an historic election.''

Coming as it did on the heels of the Christian Democrats' victory in West Germany in March, the Tories' victory is bound to be interpreted as evidence of a rightward trend in the Western democracies and as encouragement for President Reagan to seek a second term. He and Mrs. Thatcher share economic and strategic views.

Although the Conservative sweep was somewhat smaller than predicted in the public-opinion polls, it was large enough to dislodge large numbers of Labor Members of Parliament in Norfolk, Yorkshire, Leicester, Derby and other areas. Labor was almost wiped out in southern England, retaining only a cluster of seats in central London and two or three elsewhere.

More than ever before, the election underlined the difference between the relatively affluent south and the old industrial heartland in northern England and Scotland. In those regions, hard hit by bankruptcy and unemployment in the last decade, Labor did better.

Among the prominent Laborites who lost their seats was Tony Benn, ousted from his Bristol seat after 33 years in Parliament. Mr. Benn, the leader of the Labor left wing, was more responsible than any other man for the radical character of his party's platform. He was joined on the sidelines by Joan Lestor, David Ennals, Shirley Summerskill, Albert Booth and Phillip Whitehead, all front-bench spokesmen.

All but a handful of the former Labor Party members who defected to the Social Democrats in the last four years failed to hold their seats. Among the victims were two of the four founders of the party, William Rodgers and Shirley Williams, who lost narrowly at Crosby north of Liverpool. But both Roy Jenkins and Dr. David Owen overcame difficult odds to hold their seats in Plymouth and Glasgow.

The Social Democrats' Liberal partners did considerably better, retaining almost all their old seats and gaining new ones in Scotland, in Wales, in southwestern England, in the city of Leeds and elsewhere. But it was not enough to fulfill their high hopes of ''breaking the mold of British politics.''

Mrs. Thatcher cut deeply into Labor's traditional ***working-class*** constituency, winning close to a third of trade-union votes, according to computer analyses by the two television networks. The Tories even managed to get the support of a quarter of the unemployed. They did notably well among auto workers and among those who bought their publicly built apartments under a new Conservative program.

The Prime Minister, who is expected to announce her new cabinet on Saturday, will be able to push through new legislation, including restrictions on trade unions and denationalization of key industries, with only token opposition.

Labor's crushing defeat seemed likely to spell the end of Mr. Foot's term as party leader. Former Prime Minister James Callaghan, who had a closer call than usual in his Cardiff constituency, said the electorate had found the party's military policy ''unacceptable,'' especially its call for unilateral disarmament. Mr. Foot strongly supported that policy.

Leo Abse, another Welsh Labor M.P., said his party's whole campaign had been a ''complete shambles.'' Most of the candidates of the most extreme faction in the Labor Party, the Militant Tendency, were soundly beaten. Pat Wall, the best-known of them, was unable to hold Bradford North for the party.

A lasting controversy is expected to arise because of the failure of the alliance to win anything approaching the number of seats that its share of the vote would seem to justify, and that it would have received under the proportional representation systems used in most European countries. With about the same proportion of the popular votes as Labor, the alliance got less than a tenth as many seats.

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photo of Margaret Thatcher

**End of Document**



[***THE 1994 CAMPAIGN: THE IMAGE;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-XXX0-008G-F3NC-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Image Makers Hard at Work In the Selling of a Candidate***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-XXX0-008G-F3NC-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 26, 1994, Monday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1994 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** National Desk

**Section:** Section A; ; Section A;  Page 1;  Column 1;  National Desk ; Column 1;

**Length:** 1877 words

**Byline:** By RICHARD L. BERKE

By RICHARD L. BERKE

**Body**

Nearly 200 miles from the campaign's headquarters in Harrisburg, Pa., but just next door to the recording studio of the pop singer Cyndi Lauper in midtown Manhattan, media consultants gathered to shape the image of Tom Ridge, the Republican candidate for governor of Pennsylvania.

Like Mr. Ridge, Ms. Lauper was using the most sophisticated editing equipment to freshen up her persona -- she with a new music video, he with a new television commercial.

But Mr. Ridge, whose advisers were serenaded by the strains of Ms. Lauper's 1984 anthem, "Girls Just Wanna Have Fun," wafting from next door, had the harder sell. They had to convince more than half of the nearly six million voters of Pennsylvania that a bland, largely unknown Congressman from Erie, Pa., should be their next governor and succeed Gov. Robert P. Casey, a Democrat who is not eligible to run for a third term. The Democratic candidate is Lieut. Gov. Mark S. Singel.

The work of these image makers is serious business. Winning a statewide election can have as much to do with the quality of the advertisement as the quality of the candidate.

The goal of the blue jean-clad consultants, of course, was to present their button-down candidate in the best light possible. That is why, after hours of editing images of Mr. Ridge down to a 30-second spot, they would not tolerate that his face was as red as a cherry and that he sounded even worse than he looked.

"He sounds horrible, like he was talking in a cardboard box," said Art Vizthum, a video editor. "You can hardly understand him. He has a lot of bass but no treble."

So Mr. Vizthum twisted some knobs on a computer console and the voice improved. "I manipulated it on the audio board," he said. Mr. Vizthum toyed with other knobs to improve the candidate's appearance, explaining that "he seemed overly ruddy, so I took a little of the red out and added green."

With his voice as crisp as Edward R. Murrow's and his complexion like egg cream, Tom Ridge looked and sounded like a man who -- in the view of his consultants -- should be governor.

After several days of fiddling and manipulating, Mr. Ridge's advisers were ready for his post-Labor Day debut, an advertisement of stand-up-and-cheer patriotism that would be replayed about 1,000 times in Pennsylvania's four major television markets.

The consultants could not be more pleased with their star. "If you called central casting and said, 'Send me up a governor,' it would be Tom Ridge," said Stuart Stevens, who heads the New York and Washington company that is making the commercial. "He's this big, handsome guy."

Getting to Know The Candidate

Mr. Stevens' company created feel-good advertising that helped Mr. Ridge manage an upset last May in the Republican primary. But now that Mr. Ridge is in a contentious race with Lieutenant Governor Singel, Mr. Stevens says he again has to define the 49-year-old Congressman.

Since Mr. Ridge won the primary with only 35 percent of the vote in a five-candidate field, that race did little to help him overcome what Mr. Stevens viewed as the lawmaker's most daunting obstacle. The Congressman is virtually unknown outside his small district in northwestern Pennsylvania, which is closer to Cleveland than to the state's largest media market, Philadelphia.

Another handicap is that while Mr. Ridge comes off as earnest, he is not particularly stirring when he talks about his career. So in this first commercial, Mr. Ridge's consultants sought to capture him in scenes that would show him as an appealing leader who is compassionate as well as intelligent.

The best way to demonstrate that, and to set him apart from Mr. Singel, the advisers decided, was to play up Mr. Ridge's record as a ***working-class*** youth who went to Harvard on a scholarship and served as an infantry sergeant in Vietnam, where he won a Bronze Star for valor. That way, they could later contrast him with Mr. Singel, who has no war record and whom they would portray as an insider in Harrisburg, serving for eight years as Lieutenant Governor. No matter that Mr. Ridge, too, could be depicted as an insider after 12 years in Congress.

"We will set it up this way," Mr. Stevens said. "If you like the way things are in Pennsylvania now, you have one guy who's basically running as an incumbent. Or, this is a chance for Pennsylvania to elect a uniquely qualified leader, a guy who's an American hero, with all the best characteristics, the Frank Capra qualities."

Mr. Ridge said he believes Mr. Stevens has "the creative ability to communicate a message about me." He plans to pour more than half of the $10 million he hopes to raise for this year's campaign into buying broadcast time -- not including the $400,000 fee for the consultants, a $20,000 bonus for winning the primary and another $20,000 if Mr. Ridge is elected governor.

When Mr. Stevens and his colleagues met the week before Labor Day to conceptualize the advertisement, they gathered around small screens, watching hours of film that their photographer took of Mr. Ridge over two days on the campaign trail, searching for snippets that could form the nucleus of the spot.

This free-form approach reflects the philosophy of the 40-year-old Mr. Stevens. Unlike most political consultants who rose from campaign ranks, he went to film school at the University of California at Los Angeles and has published fiction.

The clip that excited Mr. Stevens and his crew the most was at a Veterans Day ceremony at the Vietnam Veterans Memorial in Washington, where Mr. Ridge made a speech about the war.

"That's a nice bit, I'd forgotten about it," remarked Russell Schriefer, who teams with Mr. Stevens and Douglas McAuliffe to form the Stuart Stevens Group partnership. "He kind of gets emotional."

The consultants insisted that the speech was not scripted for the commercial. Yet, in a demonstration of how deeply media consultants can drive a candidate's image, Mr. Stevens said he helped draft the speech.

"Very powerful stuff," he said as an image of Mr. Ridge at the memorial flickered on the screen.

Another scene that jumped at the consultants was of Mr. Ridge crouching in front of the memorial as his children, Tommy, 7, and Lesley, 8, tugged at his arms and he gently explained to them its significance. Though Mr. Ridge was fitted with a small "body mike," he insisted later that he did not realize he was on camera and that the scene was totally natural.

That authenticity, Mr. Stevens said, made the scene. "If we had tried to script that, we would have had to have some brilliant child actors," he said.

The scene allowed Mr. Stevens to fulfill one of his objectives: to show a warm, private side of Mr. Ridge.Still, the consultants did not want the candidate to appear too emotional. They discarded another part of the Vietnam speech in which a tearful Mr. Ridge dabbed his eyes. "That would look manipulative," Mr. Stevens said. "People would find it offensive. In the scene at the wall, Tom is very emotional without drawing arrows."

Once they had settled on the scenes from the memorial, the consultants searched for film to round out the advertisement, to connect Mr. Ridge to Pennsylvania.

Judging the Product: Will It Succeed?

For several hours over two days, the consultants fiddled with the scenes, putting them in a video collage that told a story but that they hoped would not look too jumpy. They trimmed it down to 30 seconds by condensing the sound bites. They cut out, for instance, Mr. Ridge saying he was "proud to have worn my country's uniform," but left the line, "Proud to have served with men who fought for the cause of freedom."

The consultants decided against using a narrator because the images spoke for themselves. Then they ended the spot by flashing a slogan they had used in the primary and wanted to keep: "Tom Ridge. He Can Change Pennsylvania. Honestly."

Now it was time to give the advertisement a musical score. Mr. Stevens and Mr. Schriefer brought the near-complete commercial to the studio of Bobby Giammarco, a music and effects producer who mostly creates sound for advertisements for products like MCI and Volvo.

Using a synthesizer, Mr. Giammarco came up with a half dozen possible scores. Mr. Giammarco said he rejected one because it sounded "a little bit more religious and a little bit less patriotic."

His favorite, and the one that the consultants signed off on, was a full orchestral sound track, with trumpets, trombones, tubas, cellos, violins and field drums. "It's warm but not too fuzzy," said a satisfied Mr. Giammarco.

Mr. Stevens agreed. "I love it, Bobby," he said."

The consultants shipped a videotape of the advertisement to Mr. Ridge by overnight mail. Unlike many candidates, Mr. Ridge does not believe in assembling focus groups to look at political advertisements and offer feedback. Instead, Mr. Ridge popped the videotape into his home VCR and showed it to his wife, Michele, and their best friends, Homer and Marlene Mosco. Mr. Mosco runs a travel agency in Erie; Mrs. Mosco is vice president of a bank and was once a marketing executive.

Mr. Ridge said his friends detected an unevenness in sound quality, which he had corrected, but otherwise everyone was satisfied.

"We had some concerns about the sound," Mr. Ridge said. "And my initial concern was that as you flipped through it and see these three- or four-second vignettes, I was a little concerned about it fitting all together. But it sure did. There's a lot of me in there. The first time I saw it I really had to catch my breath. The moment when I'm at the podium talking about being a ***working-class*** kid, that said it all."

But candidates are not the most reliable judges of commercials about themselves. Kathleen Hall Jamieson, dean of the Annenberg School for Communication at the University of Pennsylvania, said it might have been a mistake for the Ridge campaign not to consult a focus group. She commended the advertisement for its high production values, but was not particularly impressed.

"The underlying theme of the ad is: 'Here he is, here he is, here he is. He's a nice person and remember his name,' " she said. "It's trying to suggest that he's not only a patriot but someone who's in touch with the people and is going to accomplish great things for the state.

"But I don't think it's effective at all," she continued, "because it doesn't have a single ongoing strong visual in it or use print to reinforce a central message. In the clutter of television, a successful ad stands out. That ad doesn't particularly stand out. I doubt that it's successful in raising his name I.D."

Nor was Ms. Jamieson impressed with the scene of Mr. Ridge with his children. "It's one of those required cliches," she said. "You have to establish that he does have a family and that he is comfortable with them -- and that the dog doesn't bite him."

The Singel campaign also tried to score points with the spot. On Sept. 13, the day it was first broadcast, Mr. Singel's running mate, Tom Foley, attacked Mr. Ridge for touting his war record when that same day he missed a vote on a House bill to finance veterans' programs.

Still, Mr. Ridge was pleased with the advertisement. But he said it was too early to judge its success. "You and I will find out on Nov. 8 whether it had any political traction," he said.

**Graphic**

Photo: Tom Ridge, selling himself to voters in his campaign for Pennsylvania governor. Page B8.

Chart: "ANALYSIS

The Making of a TV Ad"

This is the text of the general-election debut commercial for Representative Tom Ridge, a Republican running for Governor of Pennsylvania, along with behind-the-scene analysis. The campaign is spending $300,000 for broadcast time for the 30-second advertisement, which is titled, "American Hero."

Mr. Ridge's media consultant, Russell Schriefer, wanted this scene-setting shot to read, "Memorial Day 1994." Then Stuart Stevens suggested something else, "Vietnam Veterans Memorial." "I think that's obvious," Mr. Schriefer replied. They toyed with using both titles, but the frame looked too cluttered. In the end, Mr. Stevens got his way.

The consultants were concerned that they did not have a wide shot to establish that this scene was at the Vietnam memorial. "It would have been nice to have had two cameras," Mr. Schriefer said. "It would have been nice to have had a helicopter!" Mr. Stevens quipped.

In the rough cut, the camera was panning up the names of the wall very rapidly. "Did we speed up the names on the wall?" Mr. Stevens asked his assistants. "It seems too fast. Could we slow it down?" In the final version, the pan is much slower.

Paul Canney, the cameraman/producer who filmed this scene, cautioned the consultants that this stature near the Vietnam Veterans Memorial was controversial; critics said it detracted from the original memorial, a wall. "It's very controversial," he said. "There are veterans groups that oppose it." The consultants kept the scene anyway, figuring that not too many viewers would recall the dispute.

Originally, the title at the bottom said, "Bronze Star for Valor, 1971." But when Mr. Ridge saw the spot, he had it changed to 1970. There had been some confusion over which date to use because Mr. Ridge was awarded the star for his service in 1970, but he actually got it in 1971.

The consultants thought this scene of Mr. Ridge aggresively shaking hands in an Italian market in Philadelphia established movement in the spot. Also, Mr. Stevens said, "it conveys in a very straight-forward manner that he's running for Governor."

Instead of the color guard as a transition here, the rough version of the commercial had an artsy shot of a Ridge bumper sticker on a bus window. But the consultants changed their mind. "The color guard gives you a feel for the event," Mr. Schriefer said.

This scene is intended to link the candidate to the people of the state. "I love the fact that people were sitting on the stoop," Mr. Canney observed during the editing of this scene from south Philadelphia. "That's a real Philly thing," added Daniel Bernstein, a freelance editor.

This is in the steel valley outside a small resturant near Pittsburgh. Initially, the consultants picked a wider shot, but decided it looked too much like a beer garden and was inappropriate as Mr. Ridge tried to convey what he would do for the state.

The close up of Mr. Ridge's hands was seen as more effective than just a head shot of the candidate. "It gives us more movement in the spot; it conveys a sense of mission," Mr. Schriefer said.

The consultants fiddled with different type styles for the closing title, finally settling on Small Times bold. Originally, they had a rich beige background with blue letters, but switched to plain white. "That's much better," Mr. Schriefer said. "It's just clean and simple."

**Load-Date:** September 26, 1994

**End of Document**



[***Seattle-Grown, Italian Flavored - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4DCK-6BG0-TW8F-G23J-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 22, 2004 Wednesday

Late Edition - Final

**Correction Appended**



Copyright 2004 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section F; Column 2; Dining In, Dining Out/Style Desk; Pg. 3; THE CHEF: SCOTT CARSBERG

**Length:** 1140 words

**Byline:** By MARK BITTMAN

**Dateline:** SEATTLE

**Body**

AT a time when most American-born chefs come out of cooking school, Scott Carsberg embodies the old-fashioned route that we associate with Europeans: he started working as a busboy at 14 and soon had a job in a ritzy establishment; cooked with great chefs, first back East and then in Europe; and finally came home to Seattle, where he fell in love and, 14 years ago, boldly and naively opened his restaurant, Lampreia, which is often considered the best in the city.

Now, at 41, Mr. Carsberg has been in the restaurant business more than 25 years. He is brash (I was told he was ''a holy terror''), incisive and intelligent. He quotes his mother at least once in every extended conversation (more on that later), and his language is what used to be called colorful.

His food is the same. It's also gorgeous, and perfectly embodied by a dessert he calls Balzano apple cake, a classic northern Italian peasant cake whose fabulous flavors belie its simplicity. This could be said of much of the food at Lampreia: it is simple, but the flavors are clean, classic and powerful. Think bluefin tuna with hints of citrus; morel mushroom with zucchini; winter squash soup with vanilla-scented dumplings.

It is the food you expect from Mr. Carsberg, whose strongest culinary chops come from northern Italy, and who is, after all, a ***working-class*** kid from West Seattle. A year after he began working as a busboy, his mother -- who runs a hip divey bar, the Night Lite, a few blocks from Lampreia -- told him that he had better find something he enjoyed doing because ''you'll be doing it for the rest of your life.''

''She's a tough lady, my mom,'' Mr. Carsberg said. ''She was sitting there, smoking a cigarette, and saying, 'No one is going to give you anything, and I'm sure as hell not.' Then she told me to get ready to go to school; she had no time to mess around. It seemed mean at the time, but she knew what I needed to hear.''

A series of restaurant jobs followed, including a stint on an Alaskan fishing boat (seemingly requisite for would-be chefs in the Pacific Northwest). While still in high school, he was an intern at the restaurant in the Four Seasons hotel in Seattle, and by the time he was 19 he knew the basics of classic French cuisine and had familiarized himself with the cookbooks of contemporary French chefs like Michel Guerard and Roger Verge.

After the Four Seasons he talked his way into a job at Le Pavillon in Washington, D.C.; in 1984 he became sous-chef for Gunter Seeger, who was opening what was to become the best-known restaurant in Atlanta. Mr. Seeger's food was (and is) remarkably clean, a kind of German-accented northern Italian cuisine; clearly this rubbed off on Mr. Carsberg.

A year later Andreas Hellrigl, the Italian chef who was running Palio in New York, sent Mr. Carsberg -- then a ripe 21 -- to work in his Michelin one-star restaurant, Villa Mozart, in the Alto Adige region of Italy. After just one year Mr. Carsberg was running it.

Mr. Seeger and Mr. Hellrigl, who died in 1993, had similar styles. But Mr. Carsberg singles out the cooking at Villa Mozart: ''It was exactly the food I wanted to cook, warm food, food with love. I knew this was how I'd be cooking in my own restaurant some day.''

Villa Mozart drew from the simple, regional food surrounding it, and the Balzano apple cake was a local dish, barely adapted before being put into service as an elegant dessert. ''We changed the way it looks, that's really about it,'' Mr. Carsberg said. ''And we served it with caramel ice cream.''

Nearly 20 years later the cake, which is like a perfect clafoutis, is on the menu at Lampreia. (It is also in Mr. Carsberg's online cookbook, written with Hillel Cooperman, called ''All About Apples''; at [*www.tastingmenu.com*](http://www.tastingmenu.com).)

After about six years working and eating in Italy and Germany, Mr. Carsberg moved back to Seattle. There he met his future wife, Hyun Joo Paek, who was getting a degree in interior design and art history. Together they opened Lampreia, maxing out their credit cards, working for no money, establishing a restaurant the old-fashioned way.

''It was all based on passion,'' he said. ''You can't teach that. We were young and dumb, and it was what we wanted to do. We were afraid to take other people's money, but we made it work. Like my mom said, we just chipped away at the rock.''

Lampreia has a distinctive personality, and the couple did much of the work themselves. Eating there has the kind of feel that can only come when a chef dominates every detail.

Mr. Carsberg's current schedule is something like this: He arrives at the restaurant at 8:30 a.m. to check on incoming ingredients and begin prep; he works steadily into the afternoon, at which point he takes a break for errands and sometimes a rest. He returns to the restaurant and cooks every night, with a sous-chef, a pastry chef and a dishwasher sharing the small, semi-open kitchen. He produces predominantly Italian dishes that are slightly eclectic yet immediately accessible, like the apple cake.

Mr. Carsberg does not plan on more globe-trotting to check out the latest food trends. He said he had neither the time nor the money. Rather, he said, he plans to stick with what he knows.

''It's corny, but I like the best ingredients cooked simply, with intensity,'' he said. ''I have as much respect for a potato as I do for a lobster. I don't want to be a phony and put weird things on the plate just to be different.''

BALZANO APPLE CAKE

Time: 1 1/4 hours

1 stick butter (4 ounces), plus more for greasing pan

1/2 cup flour, plus more for pan

2 eggs

1 cup sugar

1 vanilla bean

5 Granny Smith apples

2 teaspoons baking powder

1/2 cup milk at room temperature

Powdered sugar.

1. Heat oven to 375 degrees. Line 8-inch-square pan with foil, then smear with thick layer of butter. Dust with flour; turn pan over, and tap lightly to remove excess flour.

2. Melt butter in small saucepan. Set aside. Beat together eggs and half of sugar in a bowl. Continue to beat while slowly adding remaining sugar until thick; it should form a ribbon when dropped from spoon.

3. Split vanilla bean in two lengthwise. Scrape seeds into the egg-sugar batter and add pod to melted butter.

4. Peel, quarter and core apples, then trim ends and slice thinly.

5. Remove vanilla pod from butter and stir butter into sugar-egg batter. Combine 1/2 cup flour and baking powder, then stir it into batter alternately with milk. Stir in apples, coating every piece with batter. Pour batter into pan, using fingers to pat top evenly.

6. Bake for 25 minutes, then rotate the pan; bake for about 25 minutes more, until cake pulls away from pan and is brown on top; a thin-bladed knife inserted into the center will come out clean when it is done. Cool 30 minutes, then cut lengthwise and sprinkle slices with powdered sugar.

Yield: 6 to 8 servings.

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

**Correction**

A recipe with the Chef column on Sept. 22, for an apple cake by the chef at Lampreia, in Seattle, specified the quantity of apples imprecisely. It is one and a quarter pounds of Granny Smith apples (about three to four small to medium apples), not five apples. (The apples vary widely in size and weight.) The recipe also misspelled the name of the cake. A corrected recipe is below.

BOLZANO APPLE CAKE

Adapted from Scott Carsberg

Time: 1 1/4 hours

1 stick butter (4 ounces), plus more for greasing pan

1/2 cup flour, plus more for pan

2 eggs

1 cup sugar

1 vanilla bean

1 1/4 pounds (3 to 4 small to medium) Granny Smith apples

2 teaspoons baking powder

1/2 cup milk at room temperature

Powdered sugar.

1. Heat oven to 375 degrees. Line 8-inch square pan with foil, then smear with thick layer of butter. Dust with flour; turn pan over and tap lightly to remove excess flour.

2. Melt butter in small saucepan. Set aside. Beat together eggs and half the sugar in a bowl. Continue to beat while slowly adding remaining sugar until thick; it should form a ribbon when dropped from a spoon.

3. Split vanilla bean in two lengthwise. Scrape seeds into egg-sugar batter and add pod to melted butter.

4. Peel, quarter and core apples, then trim ends and slice thinly.

5. Remove vanilla pod from butter and stir butter into egg-sugar batter. Combine 1/2 cup flour and baking powder, then stir it into batter alternately with milk. Stir in apples, coating every piece with batter. Pour batter into pan, using fingers to pat top evenly.

6. Bake for 25 minutes, then rotate pan; bake for about 25 minutes more, until cake pulls away from pan and is brown on top; a thin-bladed knife inserted into center will come out clean when it is done. Cool 30 minutes, then cut lengthwise and sprinkle slices with powdered sugar.

Yield: 6 to 8 servings.

**Correction-Date:** October 27, 2004

**Graphic**

Photos: A SIMPLE DISH -- The Balzano apple cake, above, at Lampreia, the restaurant run by Scott Carsberg, left, in his hometown, Seattle. Mr. Carsberg and his wife, Hyun Joo Paek, opened the Italian restaurant in 1990. (Photographs by Annie Marie Musselman for the New York Times)

**Load-Date:** September 22, 2004

**End of Document**



[***DONNISH WEST GERMAN TRIES TO RALLY SOCIALISTS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-KMF0-0008-Y37B-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 15, 1983, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1983 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 1; Part 1; Page 14, Column 1; Foreign Desk

**Length:** 1044 words

**Byline:** By JAMES M. MARKHAM

**Dateline:** BONN, May 14

**Body**

The 120-year-old Social Democratic Party of Germany is in an unenviable predicament. It lost not only the March 6 election but also the consolation prize of being the sole opposition party in Parliament - a role it must now share with an upstart, the antinuclear Greens.

And having admirably buried factional differences to fight the election, the Social Democrats now find them resurfacing over the hot issue of American missiles. On this subject the siren songs of the Greens are tugging the party to the left, away from the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, and into the street.

BONN, May 14 - The 120-year-old Social Democratic Party of Germany is in an unenviable predicament.A Courtly Party Leader

The man chosen to rescue the Social Democrats from further debacles and self-destruction is Hans-Jochen Vogel, the donnish, courtly former Justice Minister who led the party to defeat on March 6. Like a good lawyer who was saddled with a bad case, Mr. Vogel has somehow escaped personalized blame for the rout.

Transformed from a candidate for Chancellor to leader of the diminished Social Democrat parliamentary group, Mr. Vogel has started the therapy of rebuilding his party with some harsh home truths.

''We are in a quite difficult situation,'' the Social Democratic leader said in a recent interview in a new Bonn office redolent of fresh paint. ''This was not a backlash - March the 6th. It was a defeat.''

It was a defeat, he said, foreshadowed by the erosion of the Social Democrats' holds on state governments and city halls across the country, by the loss of influence in state broadcasting authorities, and by the party's inability to articulate the commanding intellectual trends, as it did in the late 1960's and the 1970's with the bold diplomatic opening to Eastern Europe.

''It's impossible to win a federal election if you are losing one city hall after another,'' said Mr. Vogel, who made his name in politics as the enormously popular Mayor of Munich from 1960 to 1972. ''I think the party is beginning to realize that.''

Setting Sights on Munich

As the party's first rehabilitative exercise, Mr. Vogel has appropriately set its sights on Munich's City Hall, now firmly in the hands of the conservative Christian Democrats of Franz Josef Strauss. But that election is a year from now.

Few doubt that Mr. Vogel's prescription for the long haul is apt, but his most immediate challenge is to give the Social Democrats the semblance of a coherent security policy as the countdown ticks away for the stationing of the first American Pershing 2 missiles in West Germany on Dec. 15.

Within the party's conservative wing, tied to the unions, many believe that excessive emphasis was given to the missile question in the campaign, alienating traditional ***working-class*** supporters. In April Hermann Rappe, a Social Democratic deputy and union leader, warned of the danger of the party's becoming ''a left protest party.''

''A left protest party will make the workers feel insecure,'' Mr. Rappe said, ''and it will bring no votes.'' But Mr. Vogel, who speaks with feeling of ''stopping this murderous, self-destructive arms race,'' shows little inclination to rein in the Social Democrats' leftward gallop on security matters. Lacking great authority on foreign affairs, he seems content to ride a gentle herd on Social Democratic extremists.

Many March Against Missiles

At the encouragement of Peter Glotz, the party manager, several Social Democrats took part in the Easter marches against the deployment of the new American missiles, intermingling with Greens, Communists and others.

In a speech in Duisburg, Oskar Lafontaine, the fiery Saarland leader and a member of the Social Democratic national executive committee, said the Reagan Administration was seeking a first-strike capacity against the Soviet Union and demanded West Germany's withdrawal from NATO.

The Lafontaine episode highlighted the danger for the Social Democrats in trying to outbid the Greens in the street, and Mr. Vogel has since spent a lot of time insisting that his party has no intention of quitting the Atlantic alliance. ''I think a majority of our people are skeptical about the deployment of rockets,'' he said. ''But also a majority of our people want to stay loyal to the NATO alliance.''

The Social Democrats have so far not officially rejected the stationing of the new missiles in West Germany, but the groundwork is being readied for such a decision at a special convention in Bad Godesberg Nov. 2 and 3.

Ponder Accepting Some Missiles

Some pragmatists like Horst Ehmke, the party's foreign affairs speciaist, are floating the idea of accepting the deployment of some of the 96 comparatively slow-flying Tomahawk cruise missiles designated for West Germany, but rejecting the swifter Pershing 2's.

But Egon Bahr, the party's arms expert who was a prominent influence in the election campaign, argues against a limited deployment and has instead supported a one-year extension of the Soviet-American Geneva talks and a moratorium on stationing.

At the gathering of the Socialist International in southern Portugal in April, Mr. Bahr contended that the Reagan Administration was seeking to put the Soviet Union ''in a situation of vulnerability.'' And a recent front-page editorial by Mr. Bahr in the party weekly Vorwarts opened with a reference to the Soviet Foreign Minister, Andrei A. Gromyko:

''Unfortunately, Gromyko is right in many cases. Unfortunately, because as a partner of the West, it would be better to be able to state: the attitude of the U.S.A. is right.''

Won't Predict the Outcome

Mr. Vogel said it was too early to predict how his party would resolve the missile issue in November. He welcomed the Reagan Administration's willingness to consider an interim accord in Geneva, but added that it still fell short of his wish to make the new NATO missiles ''superfluous.''

''This means not stationing,'' Mr. Vogel said. But other party figures are not as cautious as Mr. Vogel. Mr. Glotz, the party manager, was asked in an interview what the Social Democrats would do if the Geneva talks remained stalemated in November.

''If there is more or less the same situation,'' Mr. Glotz replied, ''I am quite sure the Social Democrats will say no, no to deployment.''

**End of Document**



[***In the Region/Connecticut; Luxury Apartments Open in Former Industrial Area***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:45CC-BN10-01CN-H14G-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 17, 2002 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2002 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 11; Column 1; Real Estate Desk; Pg. 7

**Length:** 1460 words

**Byline:**  By ELEANOR CHARLES

**Body**

One of the most diverse neighborhoods imaginable lies between the west branch of Stamford harbor and the border of Greenwich between Interstate 95 and Long Island Sound. A vestige of old industrial Stamford called Waterside, it covers a little more than a square mile, into which are crammed small, well-kept ***working class*** homes as well as houses that are falling apart; contemporary office buildings and dilapidated old industrial buildings; tumbledown stores and yuppie restaurants, a marina, $400,000 condominiums, private homes and an affordable housing project called Waterside Green.

Now, a new $60.7 million neighbor called Avalon Harbor has joined the mix. It becomes the fifth luxury rental housing complex developed in Stamford by AvalonBay Communities and is the first of the company's waterfront projects to have its own marina. This week 23 out of 323 apartments under construction along the waterfront on Southfield Avenue will be available for rent. When the whole project is complete, the number of apartments that AvalonBay Communities has developed in the city will total 1,544.

Twelve apartments at Avalon Harbor have been preleased, and 12 more will become available weekly through September, when the two U-shaped four-story buildings are expected to be completed. Rents for 560- to 860-square-foot studios will be $1,425 to $1,900, while one- to three-bedroom apartments of 832 to 1,850 square feet will rent for $1,915 to $4,300.

Avalon Harbor is the latest step in Waterside's 30-year stroll toward its current state of semi-gentrification. The transformation began on 42 pristine acres at its southernmost tip, where Dolphin Cove was developed by Barry Montgomery in the 1970's -- the first and for a long time the only luxury development south of the railroad tracks. What many observers thought was sheer folly at the time contains 100 private homes, each worth well over $1 million, along with 600,000 square feet of offices in 15 buildings.

Now, with little land available for new building, developers are finding it worthwhile to remediate and redevelop Waterside's aged, abandoned industrial sites. Avalon Harbor is being built on 15 acres abutting Southfield Park. Three acres of the site were once owned by Northeast Utilities, and the Hoffman Fuel Company's six huge oil tanks stood on the remaining 12 acres. Oil was delivered by barges and stored there until it was loaded into tanker trucks for dispersal to customers.

Nearby on Southfield Avenue, there is Stamford Landing, containing two office buildings, 88 condominiums, two restaurants, a boardwalk cafe and marina built in 1985 on land that had held a chocolate factory and more oil tanks.

On Selleck Street the derelict Global Meat-Slicing Machine and Plating Company, vacant for 20 years, is being demolished and its five-acre lot is to be remediated by Mathew Kenny, head of Global Development Enterprises L.L.C. "We are looking for anchor tenants for a 55,000-square-foot building that could accommodate offices and research and development companies," he said.

While the extraordinary diversity of Waterside might be expected to produce conflict among neighbors, it hasn't. Instead, "around four years ago an organization of residents called the Waterside Coalition was formed," said Ralph Loomis, president of the Stamford Partnership, a quasi-public organization dedicated to improving the quality of life by bringing various constituencies together. "One of the first things they dealt with was what is now Avalon Harbor," he said.

It was then a plan designed by the architect Do Chung for Seth Weinstein and Charles Mallory, chairman and president, respectively, of the Clearview Management Corporation, for a nine-story hotel, a nine-story condominium and a five-story office and retail building. But, Mr. Weinstein said, "the community didn't want the height and didn't want any commercial development. They already felt impacted by traffic at the Stamford Landing offices and noise from the restaurants at night."

AVALON approached Mr. Weinstein and signed a contract with Clearview in 1998, acquiring an option to purchase the property eventually. Do Chung redesigned the concept of the project after consulting with Avalon and Clearview, and Niles Bolton & Associates was the architect of record. "Once Seth got city approvals based on the new designs and the contamination was cleaned up, we exercised our option to buy it," said Paxton Kinol, senior development director for AvalonBay.

Clearview's partners said it was in their best interest to sell rather than build the project themselves. "They made an offer that quite frankly we couldn't refuse," Mr. Weinstein said. "We had spent of lot of money, including $2.5 million on environmental remediation, and there was no opposition from the public. They were glad to be rid of the oil tanks." The deal closed in 2000.

Each of the 12 apartment models has a kitchen with appliances, full-sized washer-dryer, wall-to-wall carpeting, walk-in closet and a large soaking tub in the bathroom. Of the models, 11 have lofts, and 10 have lofts and large storage rooms. Like most Avalon complexes, this one will provide a number of free amenities for its residents: a heated swimming pool, exercise room, indoor basketball and racquetball courts, a business center with three computers, printer and fax; a conference room, billiard room, clubhouse and kitchen. Less typical amenities include a barbecue area and a 12-foot-wide waterfront boardwalk with two fishing piers and a 68-slip marina.

Under an agreement with the city, the slips available for rent will be divided equally between tenants and the public. Fees are tentatively set at $95 a foot per season, based on whichever is longer, the boat or the slip. Slip sizes have not yet been determined.

Each apartment will have one free parking space in the 400-car basement garage. An additional 200 outdoor spaces will help accommodate tenants, who will be charged monthly fees between $40 outdoors and $75 indoors to park each additional car. Twenty free outdoor spaces will be set aside for members of the public using the marina or boardwalk.

Foreseeing a problem when Avalon Harbor is fully leased and generating a substantial increase in traffic, Thomas Bruccoleri, Stamford's transportation planner, said, "We've put out a request for consultants to suggest solutions." He said, "We're not envisioning taking property for widening the road," referring to the long-established line of small homes that face Avalon Harbor and Stamford Landing across Southfield Avenue.

The focus is on improvements at the shabby and unsafe intersection of Southfield Avenue, Greenwich Avenue and Selleck Street, he said. The city plans to create an attractive gateway to the area and improve traffic flow and safety by adding a second left-hand turn at the corner of Southfield Avenue and Selleck Street. The changes will require shaving off small portions of three properties: two vacant houses and a defunct business. In addition, new sidewalks, curbing, trees, street lights and signage will be installed.

Work will begin when a $250,000 federal grant from the Transportation and Community and System Preservation Pilot Program is secured. The balance of the $475,000 cost will be met by Avalon's contribution of $150,000 and contributions from the city, the Waterside Coalition and Stamford Partnership.

A second project the city would like to see is a waterfront boardwalk extending unbroken from Stamford Landing through Avalon Harbor. But Marshall's Express Inc., a packaging and trucking company on three acres between the two developments has a problem. "They are restricted from giving up space due to the size of their trucks," said Mr. Bruccoleri, "so we're looking at hugging the edge of their property and possibly extending the boardwalk partially over the water."

A major new proposal that would add markedly to the redevelopment of the West Branch is to be submitted to Stamford's planning and zoning boards in April by Arthur Collins, a developer of large mixed-use waterfront properties in Greenwich and Stamford.

The project would transform a former 40-acre Northeast Utilities site facing Avalon Harbor and Stamford Landing across the waters of the West Branch into a complex of 620 luxury condominiums, 275,000 square feet of offices and a ferry terminal. Ten percent of the condominiums would be set aside for low-income tenants. The development, called Admiral's Wharf, would be combined with the existing 300 slips and the boatyard at Brewer's Yacht Haven Marina. Public hearings on the proposal are to be held late in the spring.

"Gentrification can be expected," said Robin Stein, Stamford's land use planner, "but it will take a long time."

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

**Graphic**

Photo: At Avalon Harbor, the first 23 units will be available for rent this week. (George Ruhe for The New York Times) Map of Connecticut highlighting Avalon Harbor

**Load-Date:** March 17, 2002

**End of Document**



[***FILM; On the Loose in a Work-Free Environment***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:45DW-51G0-01CN-H4XK-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 24, 2002 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2002 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 2; Column 1; Arts and Leisure Desk; Pg. 13

**Length:** 1335 words

**Byline:**  By LAURA WINTERS

**Dateline:** PARIS

**Body**

VINCENT, the central character in Laurent Cantet's atmospheric new film "Time Out" ("L'Emploi du Temps"), is a businessman who at first glance seems average in every way. Tall and balding, with a jovial demeanor, Vincent (Aurelien Recoing) spends his days speeding along the French highways, checking in by cell phone with his devoted wife, Muriel (Karin Viard), to recount his demanding schedule of meetings and appointments.

We slowly realize, however, that what Vincent says is strangely at variance with what he actually does, which is hang around at rest stops and sleep in his car by night. As the mystery deepens, Mr. Cantet lets us, little by little, into a twisted alternate universe: that of a man who has lost his job but who has never told his wife and family, preferring to maintain an increasingly perilous double existence rather than give up his newfound freedom.

"Time Out," which opens in New York on Friday, is Mr. Cantet's second feature film. When it played in the New York Film Festival last fall, Stephen Holden of The New York Times called Mr. Cantet "France's foremost cinematic poet of the workplace."

Like Mr. Cantet's previous film, "Human Resources" ("Ressources Humaines," 2000), which explored turmoil within a factory, "Time Out" also focuses on work, but this time on a man who no longer wants to hold down a white-collar job. The quiet Mr. Cantet challenges what he calls "the religion of work," both its meaning and its value.

He is part of a new group of French filmmakers who portray class conflict and the travails of the workplace, but his films do not have a specific political agenda. "Laurent is not militant," said Caroline Benjo, his producer. "He is not saying, 'This is how you should fight'; he is saying, 'This is what I observe.' He wants to make us ask questions."

Dark-eyed, with short hair turning silver, Mr. Cantet, 40, is reserved but sympathetic in manner. "My father, a professor of technology, is the son of a baker," he said, speaking in French one afternoon at a cafe in Paris. "My mother is the daughter of an agricultural worker, and they instilled in me a deeply rooted work ethic. But there are many people I know for whom work is an absolute slavery. I have the privilege of having a metier which I like, but I know how difficult it would be for me if things were different."

What interests Mr. Cantet most is the collision of society and individual. "We are completely defined by the work that we do," he said, "and when we are out of work, we are nothing." In "Time Out," Vincent loves his family and neglects to tell them that he has lost his job not because he is ashamed but because he wants to avoid the pressure to find new employment. But then he has to fabricate a new job to keep suspicions at bay -- while supporting his family with several financial scams.

Mr. Cantet was partly inspired by the story of Jean-Claude Romand, who lived near Geneva and who led a double life for 18 years, pretending to work for the World Health Organization. When Mr. Romand's deception was about to be discovered in 1993, he killed his whole family and then tried, unsuccessfully, to kill himself.

But Mr. Cantet and his co-writer, Robin Campillo, wanted to stay away from the gruesome denouement of that real-life story. "I did not want to make Vincent either pathological or a killer," Mr. Cantet said. "I wanted to make him, instead, someone we could all identify with."

In creating sympathy for his ambiguous hero, Mr. Cantet depended on the 43-year-old Mr. Recoing, who is predominantly a French theater actor. With his burly build and slate-blue eyes, Mr. Recoing changes throughout the film: sometimes he is debonair, other times he has the look, as Mr. Campillo puts it, of an "animal caught in the headlights."

Serene and cerebral in person, Mr. Recoing rehearsed constantly with Mr. Cantet for months to make his character an instinctive improviser.

He said that a line from the Portuguese poet Fernando Pessoa, "a big space within a little man," illuminated for him Vincent's tumultuous inner life, one that Mr. Recoing understood firsthand. "When I was still a bachelor, I had a big empty apartment in Paris," he said. "And one day, I said to myself, 'I need to change all this.' I took advantage of a theater tour to buy a car, and I put my dog in the car and started moving from place to place. It was an intense moment of happiness and solitude."

He smiled. "I never told Laurent about that."

Mr. Recoing and Ms. Viard are the only professional actors in "Time Out." Mr. Cantet says that in working with nonprofessionals, he asks them to improvise with his script during rehearsals and then enhances their parts with dialogue that they themselves have created. For him, casting is the most important part of the process, because he tries to find actors who closely resemble, in real life, the parts they are going to play. Mr. Cantet's interest in verisimilitude led him, for "Time Out," to Serge Livrozet, an ex-convict turned social activist who plays the role of Jean-Michel, a petty crook who becomes Vincent's confidant and partner in crime.

"Time Out" was shot during the winter of 2001, on locations around Geneva and Grenoble, France. As in his other film, Mr. Cantet cast his two children in bit parts (they play Vincent's daughter and younger son). One of his recurrent themes is the fraught relationship between fathers and sons. "I've become more interested in that rapport since I became a father," he said. "People ask whether I am describing problems I myself had, but the truth is that I have a close relationship to both my parents."

He grew up in western France, in a small city named Niort between La Rochelle and Poitiers, and moved to Marseille to study photography at the University of Provence. He was then admitted to the prestigious Parisian film school I.D.H.E.C.

In 1995, Mr. Cantet was approached by Ms. Benjo and her producing partner, Carole Scotta, to write and direct a film for "2000 Seen By," an international series of millennial films for the European cultural channel Arte. One of the actors whom Mr. Cantet discovered and cast in his telefilm, "Les Sanguinaires" (named after small islands off Corsica), was Jalil Lespert, then a student.

Mr. Lespert went on to star in "Human Resources," Mr. Cantet's first full-length feature. He plays a young man, Franck, who comes home from business school for an internship in the factory where his father has been a long-time worker. The film, which is set against the backdrop of France's shift from a 39-hour to a 35-hour work week, explores Franck's difficulties as he's torn between the world of management and the ***working-class*** world of his father.

Mr. Cantet shot "Human Resources" in a working factory in a Normandy town called Gaillon. The movie caused a big stir in France when it came out, partly because a factory setting was unusual on French screens. "Young French filmmakers at that time were not really depicting the problems of the workplace," said Antoine Khalife of Unifrance, an organization that promotes French film abroad. "With the success of 'Human Resources,' that started to change."

The discussions that most touched Mr. Cantet were personal. "I presented the film in 50 cinemas in France," he said. "And each time, someone would stand up and say, 'This is the story I lived with my father.' And then someone else would say, 'I am that father.' "

He has had similar responses with "Time Out." "People took me aside to say, 'I lived this story with my husband, who lied to me for two years,' " he said.

What is important to Mr. Cantet is to touch a nerve, whether through the prism of work or, as he hopes, through other subjects. "I don't have the feeling that my next film will necessarily be about work," he said. "But I feel my films will always deal with the reality of people's lives. There's that sentence in Renoir's 'Rules of the Game': 'The trouble in life is that everyone has his reasons.' Well, that is precisely what I want to show."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Aurelien Recoing as the jobless Vincent in "Time Out," which opens in New York on Friday. He spends his days on the road to hide from his family. (ThinkFilm)(pg. 13); Laurent Cantet, director and co-writer of "Time Out," a new film that challenges "the religion of work." (ThinkFilm)(pg. 25)

**Load-Date:** March 24, 2002

**End of Document**



[***BRITAIN'S UNIONISTS MOVE TO THE RIGHT***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-JJ40-0008-Y29W-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 7, 1983, Wednesday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1983 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Page 3, Column 1; Foreign Desk

**Length:** 1031 words

**Byline:** By BARNABY J. FEDER

**Dateline:** BLACKPOOL, England, Sept. 6

**Body**

Struggling to halt an erosion in influence and power, leaders of British trade unions today gave the conservative wing of their troubled movement control of the governing council and authorized it to talk to the Government about proposed anti-union legislation.

The grudging vote came a day after Frank Chapple, the departing president of the group, which is known as the Trades Union Congress, warned in a blunt opening speech, ''We will have to stop wishing that the world was like it once was and face up to what it is.''

The changes that have weighed on the union leaders meeting here in this seaside resort north of Liverpool have included the crushing defeat of the Labor Party in the June 9 national election. That defeat not only left Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher's Conservative Party entrenched for five years with an overwhelming majority in Parliament but also exposed shifting voting patterns among the ***working class*** that give the Labor Party scant hope of winning the next election.

Trades Union Congress, umbrella organization representing Britain's 102 trade unions, meets in Blackpool, England, to discuss labor's eroding influence and power in country's politics; Labor Party's crushing defeat in June 9 national elections means another five years of Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher's Government, which has long sought to chip away at union power; unionists are also concerned about decline in union membership and unwillingness of many in rank and file to risk jobs in strikes; photo (M)

Another factor has been a decline in union membership at the rate of 500,000 members a year since 1980, primarily because of recession. Although unemployment fell slightly in August to just under three million, about 12.5 percent of the work force, the trend is still upward and industries with established unions are among the worst off.

Militancy Has Been Sapped

The congress still claims more than 10 million members in 102 unions, just over half the work force. But militancy has been sapped by the unwillingness of many in the rank and file to risk jobs in strikes and by legislation imposing fines and jail terms on union members who strike in support of other unions.

The congress's 51-member General Council elected today is the first based on a new voting system that gives more influence to the growing service-sector unions. Their increased role comes at the expense of large manufacturing- and engineering-sector unions whose members have usually been more militant on most issues than the more middle-class white-color unions. The large unions now have automatic seats but are excluded from voting for those seats to be filled by 83 smaller unions.

The left wing fared better in the voting than had been expected. It is estimated that the conservative margin in the new council will be 6 to 10 votes, with several members labeled ''too hard to define.''

''The result will certainly be a move to the right - there is no argument about that,'' said Moss Evans, secretary general of the Transport and General Workers, with 1.5 million members the largest group in the congress.

There has been speculation that a move to the right by the trade unions will strain the congress's relations with the Labor Party. The unions founded the party and are still both its major source of funds and a key bloc in determining its policies and leadership.

No 'Conscripts or Puppets'

But many union leaders were dismayed by the disastrous squabbling among party leaders in the last campaign. Others are worried about the Labor Party's policies - and those of the more left-wing unions - which are thought to be out of touch with an increasng number of union members. They are painfully aware of polls showing that about one-third of all trade unionists voted for the Conservatives while others favored the Liberal-Social Democratic Party alliance.

''We are not in command of an army of conscripts or puppets,'' Len Murray, the congress's general secretary, warned in debate today.

One major threat to ties between the unions and the Labor Party is the Government's effort to capitalize on disaffection with the Labor Party by introducing legislation allowing union members to opt out of contributions to the party. Norman Tebbitt, the Government's Employment Minister, has asked the Trades Union Congress to suggest how to put the proposal into effect, a move that many labor leaders find galling.

The disputes within the union movement on how it should respond to the political weakness of the left and the unflagging Government effort to chip away at union power were highlighted this morning in debate about whether the unions should talk to Mr. Tebbitt about legislation that would force uniform election procedures on the unions and require ballots before every strike.

Mr. Murray and like-minded union leaders believe that the congress's refusal to discuss the legislation with the Government makes unions look unnecessarily recalcitrant, particularly since polls show that many union members support some of the voting reforms embodied in the legislation.

'As Baffled as I Am' ''I am sure that the majority of our members are as baffled as I am that some trade union leaders will travel halfway across the world to sympathize with Communist dictatorships, yet seek to prevent the T.U.C. from talking to the elected Government of Britain,'' Mr. Chapple said in a scathing reference to Arthur Scargill, the outspoken Socialist president of the mine workers. Last week, on a trip to Moscow for a convention, Mr. Scargill attacked Western defense policies.

Mr. Scargill and others who oppoose talks with Mr. Tebbitt argue that there is no chance of influencing the Government to soften its attack and a grave danger of compromises that will simply make it more effective.

In response to the proposal for talks, they introduced amendments calling for resistance rather than cooperation. One proposal threatened a nationwide strike in the event unions were fined or leaders imprisoned for refusing to obey the laws. Conservative leaders dismiss the proposal as an empty threat and ''a first step to oblivion'' because it is unlikely that most union members would heed a strike call on the issue.

**Graphic**

photo of English union leaders

**End of Document**



[***The Holiday of My Dreams Was Just That***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4RC7-H9C0-TW8F-G0KT-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 16, 2007 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2007 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 9; Column 0; Style Desk; Pg. 6; MODERN LOVE

**Length:** 1608 words

**Byline:** By PAULA McLAIN

Paula McLain is the author of the novel ''A Ticket to Ride,'' to be published by Ecco in January.

**Body**

THE Sunday after Thanksgiving found my exhausted family on the Interstate, in one of thousands of minivans pointed home with ''Hello Kitty'' on the portable DVD player and Goldfish crackers and Sippy Cups on demand. At one point, my husband smiled mock-grimly and said, ''Look, honey, we have the American Dream.''

Strangely, I had just had the same thought, but without the irony. I had seen a station wagon whiz by in the other direction, an enormous Christmas tree strapped to its top, then another similarly burdened, and another -- dozens of trees lashed to dozens of cars. The Christmas season had begun, and for perhaps the first time in my life, I didn't dread it.

Having grown up in foster care, I had learned to tailor my expectations of the bells and whistles of childhood. For me there would be no birthday parties, summer camp or ballet lessons -- and no Christmas that wasn't nine-tenths disappointment.

By age 9, I had been in four foster homes in as many years. It was during the holidays that I most longed for my real family -- not the parents who had abandoned me and my sisters, or the biological aunts, uncles and grandparents who had done what they could before passing us along to our social worker. But the idyllic mother and father who would rescue my sisters and me and make everything better.

Maybe they would bring along a Barbie beach house, or a lavender Huffy bicycle with a white basket. I hadn't exactly worked out how these parents would find us. In the phonebook? Using telepathy? I focused on the things I could control: being good, brushing my teeth with extra care, crying less.

I had learned that Christmas, the most want-plagued time of year, was survivable if I didn't sit on Santa's lap or write a Christmas wish list. But the wishing happened against my control, against all good sense. Come late November I would find myself watching a commercial on TV with extra attention, my mouth open, eyeballs goggling.

Surely my foster parents would notice such longing and understand how my life would change for the better if I just had those purple hip-huggers and that game of Clue. They never did, and I continued to be clobbered by desire, year after year.

When I aged out of the system at 18, I believed I had aged out of Christmas, too, and all the yearning it provoked. As an adult I was supposedly able to make my own choices, but by then I had already galvanized myself against disappointment by expecting little, so that's what I got. This was true not just of things, but also love. I had a boyfriend, Michael, who cheated repeatedly, but I forgave him and hung on, thinking he was the best I could do.

When I was newly 21 and broke, I took a job as a cashier for a Christmas tree lot. I wanted nothing more to do with Christmas, but the fact that the job would last only three weeks and take all of my free time made it a holiday winner. I could make extra cash and avoid Christmas by being essentially on the inside of the operation, like one of Santa's elves. Of Christmas, but not absorbed by it.

I was a prisoner in my wooden hut, but I didn't mind. It was like being in a portable wilderness, glowing under blinking swags of white lights. Customers were cheerful, filing past with their $20 bills and pink noses, trailed by kids.

The salesmen on the lot had a fire, a roaring barrel with licking flames. When they weren't busy they got to stand around it and talk, their faces glowing like tangerines. This is where I first saw Jeff, in his blue Patagonia ski jacket, his shoulders square, his blue-gloved hands crossed behind him in a fan, like a peacock.

As I watched him, he looked up and noticed me. He was cute enough, with pale skin and a piggish nose, auburn curls crushed under his ski cap. When he came over to talk, I was primarily happy for the opportunity to say something besides ''Happy Holidays!''

He was pre-law at Berkeley, home on winter break. As the days passed, he came to my hut more and more.

''Do you want to see the diamond earrings I'm buying my girlfriend?'' he asked one night, holding up a rumpled rectangle of paper cut from a catalog.

I reached for the picture and held it up to the nearest string of lights, squinting. A boyfriend with the means to buy diamonds was as foreign and murky a concept to me as Reaganomics. Jeff explained that his girlfriend, Sonja, was sick in bed, recovering from an adenoidectomy. He was on his way to visit her after work. ''Unless you're free to grab a beer?'' he added.

His voice was so casual, his face such a study of nonchalance, that it took me several seconds to register that he was coming on to me. A family approached my booth, and he waited while I rang them up, but in a detached way, his cool perfect and profound. When the family left, I said, ''Sure, sounds good,'' without giving a thought to my boyfriend or to poor Sonja and her adenoids.

We didn't have beer. We shared a bottle of peppermint schnapps in Jeff's Volkswagen in the parking lot. He kissed as if he had been doing it all his life. He tasted like a Junior Mint.

Jeff and I spent time together only after work, and never before 10 p.m. I saw Michael some nights, too, so as not to make him suspicious. But as the weeks passed I started to think that maybe I did want him to find out, if for no other reason than to level the playing field.

''You deserve better,'' Jeff said when I told him about Michael. He stroked my hair, ran his thumbs along my jaw line as he gazed into my face. It was like a narcotic. ''You need someone who'll take care of you.''

I nodded, drugged. He couldn't know the effect those words had on me, how they careened through my deepest and most complex desires, overwhelming the familiar voice of warning in my head: ''Careful. He'll only disappoint you.''

On Christmas Eve we circled Millerton Lake, the closest thing Fresno has to a romantic drive.

When he pulled over, he cut the lights, but left the engine running for warmth while we necked our way into schnapps-tinged, sex-charged insensibility. An oldies station began playing ''You're just too good to be true,'' and he began to sing in my ear. It was one of the most romantic moments in my life up to then.

''I can't believe I'll be back at Berkeley in a few weeks,'' Jeff said against my cheek.

''I know. I hate to think about it.''

''You should come with me. Wouldn't that be amazing?''

I kissed him then, and I knew I was done for. My caution dissolved. Within seconds I had constructed a full fantasy of our life together that gained size and force the way a pea-size chunk of snow becomes an unstoppable village-crushing avalanche. And in this fantasy, I was wearing diamond earrings -- Sonja's diamond earrings. The more I let myself think it, the more true it seemed that those earrings were destined for me. Jeff couldn't say such things and still love Sonja, could he?

The next week Jeff invited me to spend the night with him and his friends at a cabin on the lake. His friends were all taller or thinner or squatter versions of him, wearing candy-colored golf shirts, expensive jeans and deck shoes with knotted laces and no socks. They went to great schools -- U.S.C., U.C. Santa Barbara, Pepperdine.

I went to Fresno City College, where I was in year three of a deeply inefficient course of study. I felt conspicuously proletarian around them, and braced myself for the inevitable question that would force me to out myself as the ***working-class***, below-average student I was, but they never asked.

The day was brilliant with packed snow. We flew down a steep hill on sleds, and I thought that when Jeff and I were a couple for good, we would do this kind of thing all the time. But that night it became clear nothing was further from the truth.

We played drinking games that turned goofy, then mean. I thought I was having fun until I realized I was the butt of every one of Jeff's friends' off-color jokes. They talked to me as if I were a call girl along for the night, and though I kept waiting for Jeff to stand up for me, he never did. I drank myself into a stupor and woke up the next morning remembering little, hoping I hadn't slept with him.

AFTER, he didn't call me and I didn't call him. There would be no fantasy life, no earrings, and I grieved more for those perfect diamond studs than I ever had for any unreceived gift in my childhood. I had let myself believe fully in Jeff, in the shiny new possibility of him, for only a moment, but I had believed, and coming down from that height was like spiraling back to earth from outer space. That was my mistake -- surrendering to that desire -- and not one I planned to make again.

When Michael headed back to school, he asked if I wanted to go along and stay a few days. I said yes. At least I knew what I was getting with him, and anyway, wasn't he exactly what I deserved? We took a nap curled up on his couch, and when we awoke it was raining, but we were warm and dry. I snuggled tightly into him, feeling like a lost sheep who had returned home to the embrace of her very own wolf. He and I lasted a few more months, and then that was it for us, too.

Twenty years later, that annual collision of desire and disappointment is here again. But now I'm 42, with a solid marriage, three children and a house with a whopping mortgage -- a middle-class cliche to some, but an embarrassment of riches to me.

And in getting to this place I've also become the keeper of a hard-earned Christmas lesson, a gift, really, that I hope to pass on to my children: Allow yourself to want things, no matter the risk of disappointment. Desire is never the mistake.

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

**Graphic**

ILLUSTRATION (ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID CHELSEA)

**Load-Date:** December 16, 2007

**End of Document**



[***Tijuana Flood Victims In a Political Bog, Too***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-XJS0-0024-J00F-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 22, 1993, Friday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1993 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Foreign Desk

**Section:** Section A;; Section A; Page 8; Column 1; Foreign Desk; Column 1;

**Length:** 1080 words

**Byline:** By TIM GOLDEN,

By TIM GOLDEN,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** TIJUANA, Mexico, Jan. 21

**Body**

The pounding rains have ended and the floodwaters have begun to recede, and after two weeks of storms that left at least 28 people dead and more than 5,000 homeless, the sun has begun slowly to dry this border city.

But as Tijuana digs out from the mud and debris, the slow pace of official relief efforts has focused attention on a continuing political squall between President Carlos Salinas de Gortari and the country's most independent state governor.

In public, relations could hardly be more cordial between Mr. Salinas and Gov. Ernesto Ruffo Appel, a leader of the conservative National Action Party elected in 1989 as the first opposition governor in six decades.

A Tongue-in-Cheek Thank You

When Mr. Salinas finally arrived in Tijuana late Wednesday to survey the damage, he spoke repeatedly of his administration's close cooperation with officials in the state, Baja California. Mr. Ruffo answered in kind, thanking Mexico City for it generous help.

Yet officials of the two governments say the storms that ravaged the state have also swept away much of the propriety that has shrouded the two men's three-year political battle.

"The reality is that Ruffo doesn't want the federal Government to come in and take over and the federal officials want to take over in order to push Ruffo aside," said J. Jesus Blancornelas, editor of the independent weekly Zeta. "It's all about political jealousy."

Somewhat lost in the struggle have been the victims of the floods.

On Wednesday afternoon, as Mr. Ruffo led the President on a hasty tour of battered neighborhoods, flood victims stepped from the selected crowds to shake the officials' outstretched hands and return their smiles. But the two men also drew a trail of angry looks and desperate appeals.

Talking About Helping

"When are you going to do something for us?" a haggard-looking woman who could not quite penetrate the entourage shouted as it passed.

In an interview this evening, Mayor Hector Osuna said temporary shelters were housing about 4,300 people, and that about 5,000 had lost their homes. While he estimated the city's overall damages at $30 million to $40 million, it seemed in some hard-hit areas that much damage has not been tallied.

"The soldiers came and asked us what happened, but nobody ever came back to help," said Ruben Jimenez, 31, a bartender who was the only resident left on muddy C Street in the ***working-class*** neighborhood of Chula Vista.

Offering proof of their good will, aides to Mr. Salinas said he had wanted to visit two weeks ago, when Tijuana's hillsides were giving way under the heaviest rains in at least 55 years. The President had planned to stop on his way back from a meeting on Jan. 8 in Austin, Tex., with Bill Clinton.

Who Called Off Visit?

In a telephone conversation that day, however, Mr. Ruffo balked, according to aides to President Salinas.

"The estimation that the Governor made at that time was that the situation was not so serious, and that the federal Government's assistance was not necessary," said a senior official, who spoke on condition of anonymity.

Although 14 people had already died and patches of the city had turned to garbage-strewn lakes with half-submerged cars, Mr. Ruffo insisted on the second day of the storms that what is officially considered a disaster had not taken place.

In one television interview, he questioned whether the state really needed all the soldiers who had joined in the relief efforts. And not until Jan. 16 -- 10 days after the first storm began -- did Mr. Ruffo, a 40-year-old former businessman, officially take responsibility for the emergency from the Tijuana city government.

Jockeying for Control

According to people familiar with his thinking, the Governor was reluctant to cede control to the federal Government because of a fear that federal officials, whose party has lost the statehouse and most of the state's biggest city halls to the National Action Party over the last three years, would try to use aid efforts for political advantage.

"Our party just sees things differently," said Mayor Osuna, who also represents National Action. "We don't believe in the cult of the Presidency, that the President is the only person who can solve problems. And that goes against the current that has prevailed in this country for many years."

For their part, federal officials noted that they joined in the rescue and aid work early and did so without announcing their presence. "There really was never any question of his turning over the control," one official said.

Yet what might have worried Mr. Ruffo was plain enough soon after Mr. Salinas swept into Tijuana.

At a public meeting at the city hall, mayors of the state gave brief accounts of the damage. Mr. Ruffo followed with an uncomfortable-looking expression of thanks to the President.

Co-dependent Politicians

Then, without mentioning specific amounts, Mr. Salinas announced a 10-point program to relieve not only Tijuana's more immediate ills but also the deficiencies in housing, storm drainage and other areas that greatly aggravated the flood damage. Quoting from the President's speech, banner headlines in Tijuana's morning newspapers read, "I Will Not Leave You Alone."

In what is Mexico's most advanced experiment in political pluralism, there is little question that Mr. Salinas and Mr. Ruffo need one another.

For the President, Mr. Ruffo is proof, hard by the United States border, that the ruling Institutional Revolutionary Party can share power. For the Governor, Mr. Salinas is the guarantee that the federal funds on which his state depends will be fairly disbursed.

In their private conversation and their public remarks, officials say, the two men also speak of one another with a grudging but genuine respect.

Question of States Rights

But almost from his first days in office, Mr. Ruffo has resisted the traditionally absolute authority of the federal Government. And Mr. Salinas, while never allowing the conflict to erupt publicly, has not hesitated to maneuver around Mr. Ruffo in ways that might prove politically costly.

The Governor's reported suspicions about political motives in federal aid, for example, are nothing new.

Most notably, Mr. Ruffo sought to control the flow of tens of millions of dollars into the state for projects in Mr. Salinas's vast anti-poverty plan, the National Solidarity Program. When those efforts failed, he created his own similar program.

In a recent interview, Mr. Ruffo said, "If I doze, I'm going to get run over."

**Graphic**

Photo: While the floodwaters that swept through Tijuana, Mexico, have receded, the political squall between federal and regional officials that has slowed the pace of relief efforts is still in force. Ruben Jimenez,who is the only resident left in his muddy neighborhood in Chula Vista, said: "The soldiers came and asked us what happened, but nobody ever came back to help. We are still waiting." (Roberto Cordova for The New York Times)

Map shows the location of Tijuana.

**Load-Date:** January 22, 1993

**End of Document**



[***THE NEW PRESIDENCY: Attorney General;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-TSK0-0024-J2F9-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***BAIRD APOLOGIZES TO SENATE PANEL FOR ILLEGAL HIRING***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-TSK0-0024-J2F9-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 20, 1993, Wednesday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1993 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** National Desk

**Section:** Section A;; Section A; Page 1; Column 3; National Desk; Column 3;; Biography

**Length:** 1146 words

**Byline:** Zoe Baird

By CLIFFORD KRAUSS,

By CLIFFORD KRAUSS,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** WASHINGTON, Jan. 19

**Body**

Zoe Baird apologized today for hiring two illegal aliens to work in her house, telling the Senate Judiciary Committee, which is holding hearings on her nomination as Attorney General, that she had known she was violating the law.

Her apology seemed to satisfy some Senators, but most expressed cautious support or remained noncommittal, although that did not appear to undermine the likelihood of her eventual confirmation.

The hearing offered a striking set of tableaux, including the confessions of an ambitious woman trying to balance career and motherhood and the political high-wire acts of lawmakers weighing Ms. Baird's credentials against calls and letters questioning her ethics. The hearing also showcased the debut of the first two women to serve on the committee, which had infuriated many women with its heated questioning of Anita F. Hill.

'Forced Into This Dilemma'

Disclosures that Ms. Baird, a 40-year-old corporate lawyer, had knowingly broken the immigration laws she will have to enforce have placed the judiciary panel in its most awkward and public position since it held confirmation hearings on the nomination of Clarence Thomas to the Supreme Court in October 1991. Widely criticized for their treatment of Ms. Hill, the law professor who accused Judge Thomas of sexual harassment, Republican and Democratic committee members treated Ms. Baird with courtesy even as they criticized her conduct.

For her part, Ms. Baird said she accepted full responsibility for deliberately breaking the law by hiring a Peruvian couple living in the United States illegally to care for her 3-year-old son, Julian. She said that despite the advice of a lawyer, she did not pay Social Security taxes until after her selection by President-elect Bill Clinton.

"I was forced into this dilemma to care for my child," she said. But she also declared: "People are fairly questioning if there are classes of individuals who hold themselves above the law. I do not."

Oddly, the most persistent questioning of Ms. Baird came from Democrats, while Republicans rushed to her defense.

Public interest groups have criticized positions she took while a corporate lawyer, most recently senior vice president for Aetna Life and Casualty . In particular, some Democrats are uncomfortable with her activities on behalf of Vice President Dan Quayle's efforts to limit civil damage suits and her efforts to weaken Federal protection for whistle blowers.

But these same positions make her attractive to Republicans, and Senator Orrin G. Hatch of Utah, the ranking Republican on the committee, was profuse in his compliments. "You are indeed a very competent and qualified candidate," he said, dismissing her hiring of the Peruvian couple as "an honest mistake."

That was too much for Senator Joseph R. Biden, the Delaware Democrat who is the committee chairman. He interrupted Mr. Hatch to insist that the violation was no mere technicality.

"Everybody does not do it," Mr. Biden said. He even said he would have opposed Ms. Baird's confirmation had she not taken full responsibility, admitted to a deliberate violation of the law, and promised to work to regain public trust.

Some Senators and aides said their offices had been deluged with calls and letters criticizing Ms. Baird. They said the criticism came from both men and women, especially ***working class*** women who noted that they had had to pursue their jobs without the opportunity to hire illegal labor that Ms. Baird's much higher income had given her.

Consuming Half the Time

Ms. Baird's employment practices consumed about half the five-hour hearing, with the rest devoted to more conventional Justice Department matters like law-enforcement and civil rights.

Ms. Baird said she favored the death penalty and pledged to reinvigorate the efforts of the Justice Department to enforce civil rights laws.

"While there will be partisan issues," Ms. Baird said, the Justice Department "should not be a partisan department. The department's purpose is to use law to protect the American people and to use law to enforce the rights of the American people -- their civil rights, their rights to economic fairness, their rights to a cleaner environment, their rights to security from crime."

Ms. Baird promised to coordinate her work closely with the Environmental Protection Agency, to enforce regulations on corporate misconduct tightly and to restrict appeals in capital cases without jeopardizing the rights of inmates. She also said, "I want the single urban mother who fears for her children in school every day because of violent gangs and the elderly widow who is afraid to go to the supermarket after dark to know that they will have a friend in the Attorney General."

Scolding by Thurmond

But the defining moments of the hearing came in the pointed questioning of Senators of Ms. Baird's illegal employment of the Peruvian driver and baby-sitter.

At one point, Senator Strom Thurmond, Republican of South Carolina, admonished Ms. Baird like a scolding father.

"You admit you did wrong?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied sheepishly.

"You're sorry you did wrong?"

"Absolutely."

"You're repentant for doing wrong?"

"Yes, sir."

Contrast With Earlier Efforts

Ms. Baird's confession today contrasted with earlier efforts by Clinton aides to sidestep the issue. When Ms. Baird's infraction was first disclosed in news reports last week, Clinton transition officials said Ms. Baird had believed she was acting within the law since she was sponsoring the Peruvian couple's application for citizenship.

"In my hope to find appropriate child care for my son," she said today, "I gave too little emphasis to what was described to me as a technical violation of law." Explaining that she and her husband had hoped to make their employment of the couple legal by sponsoring them for eventual naturalization, she added, "I allowed myself to think that the processes set up by the Labor Department and the Immigration and Naturalization Service gave tacit approval to this sort of situation."

Under the immigration law, applicants for citizenship cannot be legally employed until they receive a visa and work permit, which the Peruvian couple did not have. Federal law requires employers must verify the citizenship status of people before hiring them. For disobeying this statute, Ms. Baird and her husband, Paul D. Gewirtz, have paid a fine of $2,900 plus $8,000 in Social Security taxes and interest. Mr. Gewirtz is a constitutional law scholar who teaches at Yale University.

At various times in the hearing, senior members sought to highlight the arrival on the committee of Senators Carol Moseley Braun of Illinois and Dianne Feinstein of California, in the hope that the two new members will help the committee overcome assertion that it had not displayed sensitivity to the concerns of women. While introducing them, Mr. Biden said, "You have no idea how happy I am."

**Graphic**

Photo: Zoe Baird appearing yesterday before the Senate Judiciary Committee. (Stephen Crowley/The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** January 20, 1993

**End of Document**



[***Hopes for a New Boston Garden Dim With Political Quarreling - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-XCK0-0024-J389-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

**Correction Appended**



Copyright 1993 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** National Desk

**Section:** Section A;; Section A; Page 10; Column 1; National Desk; Column 1;

**Length:** 1112 words

**Byline:** By FOX BUTTERFIELD,

By FOX BUTTERFIELD,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** BOSTON, Feb. 16

**Body**

For years the Boston Garden has been a special symbol to Bostonians. Part shrine, as the home of their beloved basketball Celtics and hockey Bruins, it has also been a frustrating reminder of the petty politics and lack of civic leadership that have blocked repeated efforts to replace the grimy old Garden with a more modern arena that would have air-conditioning and seats with good views.

Last spring, when Boston's three largest banks agreed to lend $120 million to build a new Garden, salvation finally seemed at hand. The steel had been ordered and 700 construction workers, out of jobs for several years with New England's recession, were set to start work on March 1.

But late last week, on the very day the Massachusetts House of Representatives passed a bill giving state approval to the deal, the developer backed out, accusing the politicians of making unfair changes in the contract. The action by the developer, Jeremy M. Jacobs, the owner of the Delaware North Corporation of Buffalo, has thrown Boston into turmoil.

"This is a town where there are three pastimes: politics, sports and revenge," said Lawrence C. Moulter, the president of the New Boston Garden Corporation, which is owned by Delaware North.

"I think this a community that is dysfunctional," said Mr. Moulter, who has been working for years to put together a complex package that would allow a new arena to replace the outdated one, built in 1928. "We are saddled by the baggage of 300 years of decaying politics. It started with the Puritans, who made us feel that we have to beat ourselves to prove we are having a good time."

What caused the deal to collapse is a matter of bitter dispute. Mr. Moulter said the Legislature had demanded too many petty financial concessions. Legislators say Mr. Jacobs, his boss, tried to enrich himself by sneaking through changes in the construction plans for the new Garden, which will be in air rights over state-owned land. Businessmen familiar with the deal say strong egos and abrasive personalities on both sides played a role.

In the eyes of Mr. Moulter, and many others here, the collapse of the deal has raised a question about whether Boston really is a world-class city and whether a growing effort to make the city a site for the summer Olympics is just a foolish dream.

"There's a subculture of meanness, intolerance and pettiness, of putting down people instead of putting up people," said Paul G. Garrity, a former state judge.

"It's really an intolerance of people who are not only different from you in race, ethnicity and religion, but it's people who don't come from your neighborhood," said Mr. Garrity. "Jeremy Jacobs isn't from around here. He isn't a member of the Boston tribe."

The unraveling of the plan to build the new $190 million arena has also called into question the leadership of the state's two most powerful politicians, Gov. William F. Weld, a Republican, and the president of the Senate, William Bulger, a Democrat. Governor Weld has been frequently mentioned as a potential candidate for the Republican Presidential nomination in 1996. A strong advocate of Delaware North's plan for the new Garden, he has nonetheless appeared powerless to get the Democratic-controlled Legislature to pass a bill that Mr. Jacobs and Mr. Moulter will accept.

Mr. Bulger, from the heavily Irish-American ***working-class*** section of South Boston, held up an earlier bill last December, before the previous session of the Legislature expired, arguing that it gave away too much state land and money to Delaware North. There may also be elements of a personal quarrel in the dispute between Mr. Bulger and Mr. Jacobs. In 1988, a former aide to Mr. Bulger who is one of his closest friends, Francis X. Joyce, suggested that Delaware North was connected to organized crime. Mr. Jacobs filed a libel suit and the Massachusetts Convention Center Authority, a state agency headed by Mr. Joyce, paid $100,000 to Mr. Jacobs as a settlement.

In addition to the Boston Garden, Delaware North owns the Boston Bruins, food concessions in many sports arenas around the country, a greyhound parimutuel betting organization and was recently awarded the right to operate the concessions at Yosemite National Park.

Mr. Bulger could not be reached for comment. His office said he was in Hawaii attending a conference on health care.

But Joseph Brady, counsel to the State Senate, said Mr. Bulger had opposed the initial deal with Delaware North because the concern was violating a 1988 state law under which, in effect, the state permitted Delaware North to build the new Garden above a state-owned railroad station, South Station. Specifically, Mr. Brady said the developers' plans showed they would have built a ticket office and sports shop on property intended for the train station.

Mr. Brady also asserted that Delaware North's plan would have lowered the air space above the train tracks to 30 feet from 35 feet, making it impossible to use double-decker commuter trains. Mr. Brady said the developer also planned to build an office tower on the ground, instead of in the air above the station, further encroaching on state property.

Mr. Moulter, in turn, charged that it was the Legislature that was making changes in the original agreement. After Mr. Bulger killed the first bill in December, Mr. Moulter said, Mr. Jacobs made a number of financial concessions.

Then last week, Mr. Moulter said, after a final meeting with legislative leaders at which agreement was reached, the chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, Thomas M. Finneran, a Democrat, called Mr. Moulter back in.

"They told me, 'There is one more thing you have to do,' " Mr. Moulter said. Mr. Finneran, he said, wanted the developer to kick in $3.5 million in so-called linkage payments, in which Delaware North would provide that amount to Boston area parks for ice skating.

That was when Mr. Jacobs decided to cancel the deal, Mr. Moulter said.

Effort to Rescue Deal

Governor Weld has been trying this week to put a deal back together, and today he met with bankers and Mr. Moulter. One banker said the plan might still be saved. If it is not, the 700 construction jobs will be lost, the Celtics and Bruins may carry out threats of leaving Boston, and the state will be out $25 million worth of construction that Delaware North agreed to do as part of the new station.

Howie Carr, a columnist for The Boston Herald and a talk show host on WRKO radio, said the incident showed that "nothing's really changed" since the days of Mayor James Michael Curley, who presided with pomp over a Boston in economic decline during the first half of the century and eventually went to prison for corruption.

**Correction**

Because of an editing error, an article yesterday about the collapse of plans to rebuild the Boston Garden misidentified the train station over which the new arena would be built. It is North Station.

**Correction-Date:** February 18, 1993, Thursday

**Load-Date:** February 17, 1993

**End of Document**



[***LABOR PARTY CHIEF TO QUIT AFTER LOSS TO MRS. THATCHER***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-KBW0-0008-Y37G-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 13, 1983, Monday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1983 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Page 1, Column 6; Foreign Desk

**Length:** 1008 words

**Byline:** By R.W. APPLE Jr., Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** LONDON, June 12

**Body**

The leader of Britain's Labor Party, Michael Foot, indicated today that he planned to step down in October after his party's defeat in last week's general election.

Within minutes of Mr. Foot's disclosure, which came more quickly than expected, two prominent party figures said they would seek the 69-year-old leader's job. They are Neil Kinnock, the party's 41-yearold spokesman on education, a Welsh left-winger who is considered Mr. Foot's protege; and Peter Shore, 59, the economic spokesman, who is perhaps best known for his passionate opposition to Britain's membership in the Common Market.

Roy Hattersley, a 50-year-old Yorkshireman, announced his candidacy for the leadership six hours later. He is widely believed to have the best chance of stopping Mr. Kinnock. Mr. Hattersley, Labor's spokesman on domestic policy, who has a large following among party right-wingers, urged on television that a bruising internal fight be avoided at all costs.

LONDON, June 12 - The leader of Britain's Labor Party, Michael Foot, indicated today that he planned to step down in October after his party's defeat in last week's general election.Kinnock Is Early Favorite

Mr. Kinnock, who has never served as a government minister, has been installed as the early favorite. He is a redhead with a reputation for considerable charm and great oratorical gifts. Mr. Kinnock has already attracted the support of several major unions and is expected to be the candidate of Britain's largest, the Transport and General Workers.

The choice will be made at a meeting of the Labor Party electoral college on Oct. 2, the day before the party's annual conference opens in Brighton on the Channel coast. In the balloting the unions have 40 percent of the votes, the Labor Members of Parliament have 30 percent and the constituency Labor parties also have 30 percent.

There were reports here that Denis Healey, the deputy leader, would not run for the top post. He would be at least 70 by the time of the next general election, and he is thought to have contributed to party disunity in the campaign just ended. Other possible candidates, all considered dark horses, are Gerald Kaufman, 52, Eric Heffer, 61, and John Silkin, 60.

'Dash, Sparkle, Imagination'

There was no statement today from Mr. Foot. His intentions became known after a major white-collar union, the Association of Scientific, Technical and Managerial Staff, offered to nominate him for re-election in October. He declined, and the union disclosed his action at once. The union's president, Clive Jenkins, then announced that it would back Mr. Kinnock, whom he described as a candidate with ''dash, sparkle, imagination, a persuasive quality and youth.''

Mr. Foot came from a West Country family with deep Liberal roots; his father, Isaac, was also an M.P. After winning a reputation as an orator at Oxford University, he became a journalist and fell under the spell of Aneurin Bevan, the fiery Welsh labor left-winger. A bookish man, shy but warmhearted, he has functioned as a parliamentary gadfly for most of his career in the House of Commons, which began in 1945.

Only in 1974 did he finally agree to become a minister, taking over the employment portfolio in Harold Wilson's Government. He was chosen as leader on the resignation of James Callaghan in 1980 by a party that hoped he could end the squabbling between its right and left wings. That was something he was unable to do, despite herculean efforts; indeed, his election by his fellow M.P.'s under the historic system now discarded in favor of the electoral college was taken as a cue by the right-wingers who left Labor to form the new Social Democratic Party.

One of the party's leading power brokers, David Basnett, the head of the municipal workers' union, appeared to foreclose the prospect of extensive union support for Mr. Shore last week when he asserted that the party would have to ''step over a generation.'' He said the labor movement would have ''to face the next election now, and we've got to have the leader who's going to take us through it.''

Sees No Reason to Change

Moss Evans, the chief of the Transport and General, suggested in an interview that Labor's crushing electoral defeat, its worst since 1922, would not necessarily persuade him to abandon his left-wing stance. He said, ''I see no reason to change our policies just because they weren't accepted on this occasion.'' The union's biennial conference on the Isle of Man early next month will see intensive lobbying.

The choice of a new leader will be crucial for Labor, which was reduced to 209 seats in the 650-member House of Commons. It has been losing votes steadily since 1966, and the British ***working class***, according to public opinion polls, no longer finds its left-wing policies acceptable or relevant. Although Mr. Kinnock is not part of the so-called hard left, and indeed is resented by that faction for his refusal to support Tony Benn for deputy leader several years ago, he backs nuclear disarmament by Britain and the abolition of private education, among other things.

If he were to be chosen, it would probably be taken here as a sign of Labor's reluctance to move back toward the center in the hope of attracting the moderate votes it needs to win elections. That, in turn, would encourage the Liberal-Social Democratic alliance, which won almost as many popular votes last Thursday as Labor but took only 23 seats in the Commons. It finished second in more than 300 constituencies.

Mr. Hattersley's greatest liability is his lack of close ties with the trade unions. But he was an effective national campaigner during the last month, he has considerable governmental experience and he increased his own majority at Birmingham Sparkbrook, against the national trend, from 8,000 to 10,000. He has a long record of support for the Common Market, opposes disarmament by Britain and advocates rebuilding the Labor Party around the issues that were emphasized after World War II by Clement Attlee - jobs, housing, pensions and the National Health Service.

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photo of Michael Foot (Page A6) photo of Neil Kinnock (Page A6) photo of Michael Foot

**End of Document**



[***SOCIALISM AS MANHOOD***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-KJY0-0008-Y0XY-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 22, 1983, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1983 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 7; Page 12, Column 1; Book Review Desk; review

**Length:** 1078 words

**Byline:** By DAVID MONTGOMERY; David Montgomery is Farnam Professor of History at Yale University.

**Body**

EUGENE V.DEBS Citizen and Socialist. By Nick Salvatore.Illustrated. 437 pp. Chicago: University of Illinois Press. $24.95.

BECAUSE Eugene V. Debs has long personified American socialism in the popular imagination, each successive group which laid claim to that heritage has refashioned the legend of Debs in its own image. The Bancroft Prize-winning biography by the Cornell historian Nick Salvatore differs from all of its predecessors in two important respects: Its unswerving determination to be true to the documentary record of Debs's career, and its persuasive analysis of aspects of 19th-century American culture which Debs drew upon for his own ideas and through which he communicated with his own generation.David Montgomery reviews Nick Salvatore's book, "Eugene V Debs"

While Mr. Salvatore's admiration for Debs gives his book energy and excitement, his devotion to authentic unedited sources sets him against partisan myths. He writes of Debs's craving for popular adulation and of his fear of defeat in open controversies, which led him repeatedly to retreat to his sickbed, to lose himself in drink or to hurl venomous personal attacks at antagonists in the rank and file rather than directly confront their arguments. Mr. Salvatore reveals that Debs's celebrated devotion to his wife masked an estrangement which was almost total during the last 30 years of his life. In contrast to virtually all Debs's other biographers, who identify the Socialist Party's left wing with the revolutionary unionism of Big Bill Haywood and the Industrial Workers of the World, Mr. Salvatore shows that Debs not only dropped his own membership in the I.W.W. soon after joining it but also played a leading role in driving Haywood and other I.W.W. adherents out of the party in 1912 and 1913.

Debs's hostility toward the increasing domination by business of American economic and political life was rooted in a 19th-century image of ''manhood,'' which, Mr. Salvatore writes, ''was in large part defined in public fashion, through one's actions as a citizen … and as a producer of value for one's family and the community.'' Born in l855, Debs began his career as the ''blue-eyed boy'' of Terre Haute, Ind., and was cultivated as a Democratic Party politician by both his fellow members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and the president of the railroad for which they worked. But, by the end of the 1880's, Debs learned to celebrate a ''spirit of fraternity,'' rather than acquisitive individualism, and to see in the ***working class*** America's hope for defeating the ''debasing greed for gain which,'' he said, ''pre-eminently distinguishes this age.''

Debs reached this conclusion a full quarter of a century after William Sylvis of the National Labor Union, Richard Trevellick of the Knights of Labor and other labor reformers had first warned that the republican heritage of ''manhood'' and citizenship was mortally threatened by the ''wages-system'' of labor. Debs's tardiness in adopting their point of view can best be explained by the peculiarly privileged position of white locomotive firemen, whose faith in self-help reinforced the authoritarian conservatism of their Brotherhood's officers, Debs among them. Nevertheless, bitter experience in strikes converted thousands of railroad workers to the cause of a single militant union for all railway employees, the American Railway Union, and ultimately brought about the strike and national boycott of 1894 against the Pullman Company, for which Debs, as leader of the union, was sent to prison for six months on conspiracy charges.

Having espoused the gospel of solidarity, Debs quickly discarded its familiar 19th-century forms and called instead for political struggle to collectivize the means of production and reorient the entire society toward egalitarian goals. His role as the only charismatic national spokesman of a Socialist Party rooted in very diverse local constituencies was based upon his legendary status after the Pullman boycott, his oratorical artistry, his compassion for working people and his need for their admiration. As the party's perpetual Presidential candidate, he carried the message of socialism to every corner of the land. The enthusiasm generated by his message was captured in the ''Ohio Yell'': ''Ripsaw, ripsaw, ripsaw, bang! We belong to the Gene Debs' gang. Are we Socialists? I should smile! We're Revolutionists all the while.''

His greatest triumph proved to be winning nearly a million votes for the Presidency in the campaign of 1912. But even that achievement was dwarfed by the electoral successes of the reformers within the Democratic and Republican Parties. Moreover, the cause of industrial unionism rapidly became uncoupled from that of the Socialist Party. Julius Wayland, a close colleague and intimate friend of Debs who had edited the popular socialist newspaper Appeal to Reason in a political style similar to Debs's own, committed suicide after writing that ''The struggle under the competitive system is not worth the effort.'' Above all, the outbreak of war in Europe in 1914 made a mockery of socialist hopes.

THE socialist dream did not fail, Mr. Salvatore writes, it was impossible to begin with. Although Debs's oratory had attracted adoring crowds because it articulated the values and longings of workers, his appeal for total transformation of society threatened their meager but important accomplishments. Mr. Salvatore's explanation is not altogether satisfactory. It posits an abstract and consensual notion of ''American culture,'' when what is needed is a systematic analysis of the workers' own behavior and beliefs. Nevertheless, it sets the stage for the cruel final chapters of the biography.

Although chronically ailing after 1912, Debs roused himself for a final battle, not to realize the dream of socialism but to challenge the nightmare of political barbarism - the American entry into World War I and the repression of dissent that accompanied it. In his June 1918 protest speech at Canton, Ohio, for which he was sentenced to 10 years in prison under the Espionage Law, and then from his cells in Moundsville, W. Va., and Atlanta, Ga., Debs summoned the whole legacy of citizenship, personal responsibility and fraternity on which he had been nurtured. His articulation of these themes represents to Mr. Salvatore something more important than the life of any one party: an imperishable intellectual legacy to all Americans.

**Graphic**

Illustrations: drawing of Eugene V. Debs

**End of Document**



[***When England Swung Like a Pendulum***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:45DW-51B0-01CN-H4TV-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 24, 2002 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2002 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 7; Column 1; Book Review Desk; Pg. 10

**Length:** 1407 words

**Byline:**  By Richard Eder; Richard Eder writes book reviews and articles for The Times.

**Body**

THE ROTTERS' CLUB

By Jonathan Coe.

414 pp. New York:

Alfred A. Knopf. $24.95.

In 1974, when Britain was going through coal miners' strikes, power blackouts and doomsday social jitters, The Times of London printed a retired-colonel-type letter demanding that the army be called out to get things back the way they ought to be. It was the kind of thinking a Tory notable famously codified in a call for "the smack of firm government." A few days later, The Times printed a note from a distressed headmaster in Berkshire. The letter writer was a schoolboy.

Which posed the question: was the lad parodying Colonel Blimp or becoming him? Monty Python was still cutting up in what was left (not much) of Swinging England, but Margaret Thatcher, then a midlevel minister, had already become a gleam in the Conservative Party's right eye. Before long the Iron Lady would chivy her country out of its fitful social and egalitarian impulses, and into the free-market bottom-lining that has pre-empted its politics, Tory and Labor, ever since.

Jonathan Coe's richly constructed and brilliantly ornamented novel "The Rotters' Club" is a panorama of the early stages of this political, social and cultural transformation. It is the first part of a projected two-part roman-fleuve. A river indeed, though page by page it is more of a heartbeat thumping between a systole of comedy and a diastole of anger. It gathers up the memorably sharp particulars of word and event in those years, joining them into a pattern only partly visible at the time. For Coe, whose novels tack obstinately against the way things are, it is a pattern of desolate regret.

One particular in "The Rotters' Club" is another schoolboy letter -- a series of letters, in fact -- written by the anarchic Harding, woodworm within the even keel of the more or less select King William School in Birmingham. Harding calls for arming the school prefects and stepping up assaults upon Irish and other local minorities. He signs his missives Arthur Pusey-Hamilton, M.B.E. The parodic intent is evident, especially since the letters grow wilder.

Coe's best previous book, "The Winshaw Legacy, or What a Carve Up!," was a savagely surreal portrait of Thatcherite Britain, its economy and politics in the hands of ruthless entrepreneurs. Written with high postmodern elan, it darted in and out of its own narrative, becoming variously a romance, a murder mystery and a movie about itself. "The Rotters' Club" is quieter, funnier and much more human: it follows the passage of a dozen characters along what will be, with the sequel, a 30-year span. Its form owes something to Galsworthy and, in the dance of its characters through time, to Anthony Powell. In purpose and style it is entirely different. Its tinder-dry combustion of comic, indignant and elegiac suggests an Evelyn Waugh of the left, though not so well chiseled and a lot more discursive.

The book begins on a drizzly November evening in 1973. The three Trotter children ("Rotters" is a play on their name, among other things) are at home in the comfort provided by their father's junior executive job in the strike-ridden Leyland car works, a beleaguered mainstay of beleaguered British industry.

The comfort is beleaguered as well. While Benjamin, adolescent and nerdy, does his homework and Paul, an appallingly precocious child, deconstructs the kitschy morning tabloid, Lois, 17, looks for a man in the personals page of a rock magazine. "Lonely Hairy, Who and Floyd freak" is her choice. Hairy turns out to be Malcolm, smart and kind, who courts Lois for a year until the night I.R.A. bombs go off in two Birmingham pubs. They kill and dismember 19 victims, injure nearly 200 and, somewhat like our Sept. 11 attack, bring home a fault line until then kept safely distant (in this case 100 miles across the Irish Sea).

Malcolm's head (he was about to give Lois an engagement ring) is severed and topples into her lap. She will reappear three times: in a mental hospital, mute; at home, mostly recovered and keeping a journal; and, in a brief framing sequence 28 years later, married with a grown daughter. Lois's part in "The Rotters' Club" is relatively small though poignantly distinctive; yet Coe implies a larger role for her in the sequel, set in the 1990's. He plants seeds of future significance in this first volume, which covers roughly seven years, to the start of the 1980's. Certain characters strike sparks in their brief appearances, hinting at later conflagration.

In this volume the central figures are five, though others are quite as vivid. Douglas, Claire, Benjamin and Philip are King William pupils headed, by the end, to university. Better than fully rounded, they are only partly so, leaving gaps for the future to rush in and swell up. There is also Douglas's father, Bill, a union leader at the Leyland plant and an old-fashioned believer in the ***working-class*** struggle. He is one of the book's most sympathetic characters, and the 70's undo him.

Thatcherism soon will all but break the unions, and Bill is unable to rally his workers against management's radical downsizings. His principled sense of what he stands for is undermined, as well, from a different direction. The Beatles-hymned youth culture of the 60's is leaching into the larger society. Bill falls into troubled adultery with Miriam, a union secretary, that ends with her mysterious disappearance.

His son is shrewdly resilient. Douglas writes witty dissidence for the school paper. A London periodical has him cover an occasional rock concert. After a night of athletic sex with a well-born groupie -- Ffion ffoulkes -- he becomes "enamored of the upper classes." He keeps the witty dissidence and later, we learn, rides it up into adult celebrity.

Claire, with a quiet moral and erotic force, makes a stronger impression. In a scene of high tension she interviews Bill for the school paper. Ostensibly for his union views -- about which he is movingly forthright -- but in fact to ask what he knows about Miriam's disappearance. She is her sister.

Benjamin, indefinite and uncertain, gets the most space. He is Coe's cloudy lens for viewing the enfeeblement of a shifting era. His sincerity consists, appropriately, in wavering between persona and persona. He is by turns a swot, a dilettante rock fan and composer, a writer, a mannered and disconcertingly perceptive theater critic for the school paper, a schoolboy rebel, a prefect entirely incapable of authority and the hopelessly besotted slave of a young femme fatale. (Coe's writing, pitch-perfect on its varied instruments, drones a little through Benjamin's interminable besotting.)

Philip, like Claire, imparts an understated sense of presence. He is a partner in Benjamin's musical efforts but more dedicated. He composes a half-hour piece aiming to embody the state of rock by the start of the 70's. His musicians rebel; punk rock has just crashed in and, led by the flamboyant Julian Stubbs, they go with it. Douglas witnesses the desertion. The next night, attending a Guy Fawkes bonfire, he speaks the book's theme.

Through the fireworks, smoke and shouting -- commemorating a violence nearly four centuries past -- up comes little Paul brandishing a guttering sparkler. "The death of the Socialist dream," the child announces.

"He giggled like a little maniac, and stared at me for a second or two before running off," Douglas says, "and in that time I saw exactly the same thing I'd seen in Stubbs's eyes the day before. The same triumphalism, the same excitement, not because something new was being created but because something was being destroyed. I thought about Philip and his stupid rock symphony and I swear that my eyes pricked with tears. This ludicrous attempt to squeeze the history of countless millenniums into half an hour's worth of . . . riffs and chord changes suddenly seemed no more quixotic than all the things my dad and his colleagues had been working toward for so long. A national health service, free to everyone who needed it. Redistribution of wealth through taxation. Equality of opportunity. Beautiful ideas, Dad. . . . But it was never going to happen."

Paul, already demonic, is one of Coe's harbingers of the age to come. The satanic mills are no longer dark but fluorescently bright. Plastic replaces steel, there's nothing to tip arrows with, and also not much of desire. Green and pleasant land is set at prices too high to accommodate Jerusalem.

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

**Graphic**

Drawing (Andy Rash)

**Load-Date:** March 24, 2002

**End of Document**



[***The Listings: Feb.6 - Feb. 12 Movies***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:7TYC-G200-Y8TC-S0P3-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

February 6, 2009 Friday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2009 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section C; Column 0; Movies, Performing Arts/Weekend Desk; Pg. 25

**Length:** 1909 words

**Body**

MOVIES

Ratings and running times are in parentheses; foreign films have English subtitles. Full reviews of all current releases, movie trailers, showtimes and tickets: nytimes.com/movies.

'BRIDE WARS' (PG, 1:34) Die, Bridezilla, die! (Manohla Dargis) 'CHANDNI CHOWK TO CHINA' (PG-13, 2:20, in Hindi, Cantonese and Mandarin) The immensely popular Akshay Kumar stars in this genial mash-up of Bollywood and kung fu. Too frantic at the beginning, ''Chandni'' settles down to become an enjoyable if slight Saturday matinee picture. It was financed and distributed by Warner Brothers, a first for Bollywood.

(Rachel Saltz)

'THE CLASS' (No rating, 2:08, in French, with English subtitles) An artful, intelligent, heartfelt fiction film from the director Laurent Cantet about modern French identity and the attempt to transform young students of all sizes, shapes and colors into citizens through talk, talk, talk. (Dargis)

'THE CURIOUS CASE OF BENJAMIN BUTTON' (PG-13, 2:47) A hothouse blossom of romance, intrigue and breathtaking digital effects from David Fincher (''Zodiac,'' ''Fight Club''). Brad Pitt stars as a man who ages backward, but it is Cate Blanchett who provides the film's delicate, graceful emotional center of gravity. (A. O. Scott)

'DOUBT' (PG-13, 1:44) Adapted by John Patrick Shanley from his stage play, this drama about a Roman Catholic priest suspected of child molestation stars a tamped-down Philip Seymour Hoffman as the accused and an energetic, often wackily comic Meryl Streep as his accuser. (Dargis)

'FROST/NIXON' (R, 2:02) It's twinkle (Michael Sheen) versus glower (Frank Langella) in Ron Howard's amusing, facile edition of the Peter Morgan theatrical smackdown.

(Dargis)

'FROZEN RIVER' (R, 1:37) Venturing deep into the trenches where hard-working Americans struggle to put food on the table, Courtney Hunt's powerful, somber film evokes a perfect storm of present-day economic and social woes. Playing an impoverished mother of two who smuggles illegal aliens across the Canadian border, Melissa Leo gives an awards-worthy performance.

(Stephen Holden)

'GRAN TORINO' (R, 1:56) Once again Clint Eastwood shows everyone how it's done, with a sleek muscle car of a movie set in that industrial graveyard called Detroit about a racist who befriends a besieged Hmong family next door. (Dargis)'HOTEL FOR DOGS' (PG, 1:40) Children and dogs: those two magic words distill the appeal of this cuter-than-cute, sweeter-than-sweet family film about animal-loving kids who embark on a crusade to rescue all the stray pooches in a fictional city.

(Holden)

'INKHEART' (PG, 1:43) A movie about books coming to life that never manages to do so itself. (Scott)

'LAST CHANCE HARVEY' (PG, 1:38) Dustin Hoffman and Emma Thompson don't make a lot of sense as a screen couple, but there's something irresistible about watching two people fall in love, even in contrived, sniffle- and sometimes gag-inducing films like this one. (Dargis)

'LUCK BY CHANCE' (No rating, 2:26, in Hindi and English) This enjoyable Bollywood offering spends a lot of its time wittily satirizing Bollywood itself as it tells the story of two young actors finding and losing romance as they try to find movie fame. Farhan Akhtar is a find as the male lead; Zoya Akhtar, his sister, wrote and directed. (Neil Genzlinger) 'MEDICINE FOR MELANCHOLY' (No rating, 1:27) The day after a one-night stand, two young, black San Franciscans (Wyatt Cenac and Tracey Heggins) muse on matters of love, race and urban life in Barry Jenkins's modest, witty and self-assured first feature. (Scott)

'MEMORIAL DAY' (No rating, 1:33) Spring-break delirium is equated with the excesses at Abu Ghraib in this dubious exercise in mock-documentary conceptualism.

(Nathan Lee)

'MILK' (R, 2:08) Gus Van Sant's film about Harvey Milk (1930-78), the San Francisco City supervisor who was one of the first openly gay elected officials in the country, is less a standard biopic than a sharp, lyrical history lesson, touching not only on a crucial decade in the gay-rights movement but also on the rough and tumble of big-city politics and the tricky ways of love. Sean Penn outdoes himself as Milk, balancing his intense conviction with an unusual and welcome playfulness. (Scott)

'MOSCOW, BELGIUM' (No rating, 1:42, in Flemish) You may have observed the characters' banal situations in countless other movies, not to mention in your own life, but it is unusual to find them explored with such matter-of-fact truthfulness. (Holden)

'MY BLOODY VALENTINE 3D' (R, 1:41) Adding an extra dimension to the fondly remembered 1981 Canadian slasher about a rogue slayer in a small mining town, ''My Bloody Valentine 3D'' blends cutting-edge technology and old-school prosthetics to produce gore you can believe in. And if the gas-masked villain is less than terrifying, his pursuit of a naked young woman (Betsy Rue) is inspired. If there were an award for acting full-frontally while wearing sky-high stilettos, Ms. Rue would surely teeter away with it.

(Jeannette Catsoulis)

'NEW IN TOWN' (PG, 1:36) In this flat romantic comedy Renee Zellweger plays a corporate shark from Miami dispatched to an underperforming branch in New Ulm, Minn., where the folksy locals (including Harry Connick Jr.) thaw her frozen heart.

(Holden)

'NOT EASILY BROKEN' (PG-13, 1:39) Directed by Bill Duke and based on a novel by the megachurch minister T. D. Jakes, this story of a marriage under stress is hokey and sometimes clumsy, but anchored in an earnest engagement with the lives of its characters, who have the good fortune of being portrayed by a fine cast. (Scott)

'NOTORIOUS' (R, 2:02) The legend of Biggie Smalls, the Brooklyn-born rapper who was murdered in 1997, is given the full epic-melodrama-biopic treatment in this uneven, rarely dull film, among whose producers are Smalls's mother, Violetta Wallace, and his friend and mentor Sean Combs. Those two important figures are played by Angela Bassett and Derek Luke, while Smalls is impersonated by Jamal Woolard, whose faithful mimicry compensates for some of his limitations as an actor. (Scott)

'PAUL BLART: MALL COP' (PG, 1:30) Fat people are funny. Fat people who run into things are funnier. Fat people who run into things and have humiliating ***working-class*** jobs? Stop, you're killing me! (Lee)

'RACHEL GETTING MARRIED' (R, 1:54) Anne Hathaway plays Kym, furloughed from rehab to attend her sister Rachel's wedding. The director, Jonathan Demme, working from a script by Jenny Lumet, takes a fairly conventional family-therapy drama and packs it with exuberant vitality. There is ample sorrow and recrimination at this party, but nonetheless you'll be sorry when it ends. (Scott)

'THE READER' (R, 2:03) You have to wonder who, exactly, wants or perhaps needs to see another movie about the Holocaust that embalms its horrors with artfully spilled tears and also asks us to pity a death camp guard. Kate Winslet plays the guard; Stephen Daldry directs. (Dargis)

'REVOLUTIONARY ROAD' (R, 1:59) Sam Mendes directs Kate Winslet and a fine Leonardo DiCaprio in a waxworks edition of the corrosive, furiously unsentimental novel by Richard Yates about an unhappy marriage in the mid-1950s. (Dargis)

'SLUMDOG MILLIONAIRE' (R, 2:00) A modern fairy tale from Danny Boyle (''Trainspotting'') about a pauper angling to become a prince, this sensory blowout largely takes place amid the squalor of Mumbai, India, where lost children and dogs sift through trash so fetid that you swear you can smell the discarded mango as well as its peel. (Dargis)

'UNDERWORLD: RISE OF THE LYCANS' (R, 1:32) Michael Sheen howls up a storm in this prehistory to the first two ''Underworld'' flicks, which rewinds to when the werewolves rebelled against their vampire masters. (Dargis)

'THE UNINVITED' (PG-13, 1:27) Regrets only. (Scott) 'WENDY AND LUCY' (R, 1:20) In Kelly Reichardt's latest film Michelle Williams plays Wendy, a lonely young woman who encounters a run of bad luck while drifting through Oregon and Washington with her dog, Lucy. At first glance the film seems like little more than an extended anecdote, but underneath this plain narrative surface is a lucid and melancholy inquiry into the current state of American society. (Scott)

'THE WRESTLER' (R, 1:45) Mickey Rourke, with sly, hulking grace, stars as a washed-up wrestler hoping for a comeback. But like its hero, the movie has a blunt, exuberant honesty, pulling off even its false moves with conviction and flair. (Scott)

Film Series

BREADLINES AND CHAMPAGNE (Friday through Thursday) Film Forum kicks off a monthlong festival of films made during the Great Depression on Friday with Mae West's outrageous 1933 ''I'm No Angel,'' offered at the equally outrageous admission price of 35 cents -- the average price of a Manhattan movie ticket in 1933. On Saturday and Sunday a double bill demonstrates how deeply Hollywood was concerned with the social issues of the day: Frank Borzage's glorious romance ''Man's Castle,'' with Spencer Tracy and Loretta Young as unemployed residents of a Central Park shantytown, and Frank Capra's didactic comedy ''American Madness,'' in which a heroic banker (Walter Huston) resists a run on his establishment. The pleasures continue through March 5, with many of the Warner Brothers titles shown in newly struck prints from the original camera negatives in the Library of Congress. Film Forum, 209 West Houston Street, west of Avenue of the Americas, South Village, (212) 727-8110, filmforum.org; $11. (Dave Kehr)

FADED GLORY (Friday through Wednesday) With 35 titles offered, this has to be one of the largest retrospectives of the independent black cinema -- a k a ''race movies'' -- ever assembled in New York. The program begins on Friday at 7 p.m. with a screening of a new 35-millimeter print of Spencer Williams's magnificent work ''The Blood of Jesus,'' a 1941 film that energetically tramples the rules of Hollywood storytelling as it tries to translate the style and substance of a religious revival meeting into cinematic terms. The film scholar Jacqueline Stewart will introduce the program. At 9:30 p.m., there's ''God's Step Children'' (1938), the first of several films in the program by the indomitable Oscar Micheaux, one of the earliest and certainly the most persistent creator of films for African-American audiences. Micheaux's 1925 ''Body and Soul,'' which will be screened at 8 p.m. on Saturday, with musical accompaniment by the pianist Donald Sosin and the bass singer Kevin Maynor, is probably the director's most fully realized work. It is a parable about twin brothers -- one an alcoholic thief, the other a college-educated inventor -- both played by Paul Robeson. Other highlights include Richard Maurice's ''Eleven P.M.'' (Sunday), a rarely screened experimental feature from 1928; Richard Norman's ''Flying Ace'' (Wednesday), a 1926 action film produced by the Florida-based Norman Film Manufacturing Company; Murray Roth's ''Yamekraw'' (Tuesday and Wednesday), a one-reel vision of African-American history, based on James P. Johnson's composition and filmed in 1930 at Warner Brothers' Brooklyn studios; and Edgar G. Ulmer's 1939 ''Moon Over Harlem'' (Sunday and Tuesday), a gangster film shot in a New Jersey warehouse on a budget of $8,000. The series runs through Feb. 19. Walter Reade Theater, 165 West 65th Street, Lincoln Center, (212) 875-5600, filmlinc.org; $11. (Kehr)

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

**Graphic**

PHOTO: Breadlines and Champagne: Film Forum's monthlong festival of movies made during the Great Depression includes a double bill this weekend of Frank Capra's ''American Madness,'' above, and Frank Borzage's ''Man's Castle.'' The series opens on Friday with ''I'm No Angel,'' with Mae West, offered at the admission price of 35 cents -- the average cost of a Manhattan movie ticket in 1933.(PHOTOGRAPH BY COLUMBIA PICTURES/FILM FORUM)

**Load-Date:** February 6, 2009

**End of Document**



[***SPRINGTIME IN FRANCE: THE SOCIALIST SHIP BECALMED***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-KTB0-0008-Y13C-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 26, 1983, Tuesday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1983 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Page 2, Column 3; Foreign Desk

**Length:** 1093 words

**Byline:** By JOHN VINOCUR, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** PARIS, April 24

**Body**

Almost every night these days, a dark blue triangle turns itself into a stylized, headless bird and begins a slow, cartoon flight across French television screens.

The blue bird alights on a yellow disk. Its wings fold, its body metamorphosing into a postal savings bank passbook. The yellow disk, now a single coin, fits safely inside. There is music - grave strings, almost sorrowing - and the message ends with an appeal for savings. At the annual awards for commercials here, this one would demand a wholly new category: most morose.

John Vinocur discusses impact of French Government's new austerity program

Returning from vacation at the end of last summer, the French looked cautious and reserved, observing the Socialist Government's discourse as it wound down its politics of joy and turned toward the coarser diction of wage and price freezes.

Rigor and Austerity People

Now, over a bad half-year later, the vocabulary used to describe the Government's new deflationary policy is limited to works like rigor or austerity.

The rigor people are those who think France may heal itself by a program that offers a weakened franc, individual travel restrictions, a mandatory savings plan, a loss in purchasing power and 200,000 new jobless in exchange for lower inflation and a limited foreign-trade deficit.

Those who use the word austerity, accepting the depressive style of the bird commercial, are sure of nothing except vanished hopes, and it is here that a change has come to France.

Beyond the left-right, who's-at-fault political droning, there seems to be a mood of apathy in France - a negativism, a sullenness - that is new. The weight of being continually told that most French industry is barely competitive, that France even has to import throwaway plastic, from cups to syringes, that the country might become a ward of the International Monetary Fund, has installed a real worry about the future. The implicit question - can France function? - upsets people.

Historical Parallels

A good measure of the concern in a totally verbal country, one always looking for semaphore warnings from its past, is the number of historical parallels being thrown up to explain the present. These range from the economic policy of Pierre Laval, the Nazi collaborator, to the mood in the spring of 1968, the year of riots and general strikes.

So far, because there is more moroseness than fury, the debate has been spared references such instant saviors as Gen. Georges Ernest Boulanger, the 19th century's man on horseback. Perhaps because several unpublished letters by Jean-Paul Sartre from November 1939 to March 1940 have just come out in a book, an older man talked recently to a friend about the similarities now with the negative mood of that period, called ''la drole de guerre,'' ''the phony war,'' when war was declared between France and Germany but no one fought.

''This is an in-between time like that, very down in the mouth,'' said the man, a Socialist. ''The exaggeration of my comparison apalls me a bit, but the idea is right. There's defeatism around.''

Little Criticism of Mitterrand

Still flying above most of this - not soaring, but maintaining altitude - is Francois Mitterrand. Although he has slipped a little in the polls, the President's seeming invulnerability, in terms of an absence of public criticism, is an extraordinary aspect of the evolution of things here.

The conservatives talk about the ''socialo-communists'' and the failure of what they call the Government's ''collectivization'' of the economy, but the name Mitterrand does not come up. The left-wing of the Socialist Party seems devastated by economic choices, which it feels have more to do with Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher of Britain than Jean Jaures, the party's martyr, yet it shuts up too.

At the offices of a study group of the Socialist left-wing, a poster of Che Guevara, looking chubby, defends one end of the hall leading to Didier Motchane's office. He is a leading theorist of the party left, and he explains that the President is spared attack because ''the mental structure of France is monarchic.''

''The left must use the institutions of de Gaulle's Fifth Republic to defend itself,'' he said. ''It wouldn't be responsible of us to get rid of ramparts that are still useful.''

There is another explanation. France is just scared enough, tired enough of blame and counterblame, to leave one man, for the time being, alone.

A Travel Plan Nobody Likes

Nonetheless, there is relatively wide agreement that of all the measures announced by the Government, the most disastrous psychologically was its decision to hold down the outflow of francs by limiting the money travelers can take abroad. Over the last few weeks, the Government has re-sewn its plan here, letting out fabric there, but what remains is a suit of restrictions that fits no one, and an idea, especially among young people, that Socialism in France has gotten in the way of their going where they want and when.

The mistake in tactics is fascinating because it suggests to some people that the left's intellectuals and policy makers do not know much about how the French live. Anybody at an advertising agency could have told them: at Christmas, the agencies contended they could not sell anything anymore with Santa Claus and winter scenes, but that by adding beach and blue water, the notion of escape, they had a shot.

Sociologists here have explained that the ***working class***, if such a thing still exists, often identifies less with its real conditions than its aspirations. So when a trip to the United States or Katmandu becomes next to impossible, the Government is seen as padlocking the dream factory. This reality may have pushed a wedge between the people on the Metro and the left's intellectuals, who missed the point.

'Ridiculous and Shocking'

Vladimir Jankelevitch, a philosopher, could only be antagonizing armies of Socialist voters when he defended the Government by saying, ''I find all these people whining about their vacations ridiculous and shocking.''

After the first two weeks of France's new life as a self-declared hardship case, much of the anger about the travel restrictions has receded, but it has been replaced more with a sense of fatigue, a trace of despair, than a new national consensus, ready for sacrifice.

Finance Minister Jacques Delors, who drew up the austerity program, and talked last Tuesday about tightening it even further, has spoken of his actions as an electroshock treatment for the country. It seems to have left the patient stunned and depressed.

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photo of policemen blocking demonstrators

**End of Document**



[***RICHARD PRICE REACHES CROSSROADS IN 4TH NOVEL***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-M4K0-0008-Y50C-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 23, 1983, Wednesday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1983 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section C; Page 25, Column 1; Cultural Desk

**Length:** 948 words

**Byline:** By LESLIE BENNETTS

**Body**

At 22, he wrote his first novel - a violent, obscene comic saga of street gangs in a Bronx housing project in the early 1960's - and saw it published the next year to reviews hailing him as a major new talent. ''The Wanderers'' was also made into a movie, and Richard Price, who still thought of himself as a lower-middle-class kid from the Bronx trying to decide whether to go to law school, was launched as a budding literary lion of the streets.

That was 10 years ago, and this winter saw the publication of Mr. Price's fourth novel, ''The Breaks,'' which has enhanced the author's reputation as one of the most promising writers of his generation. More ambitious than its predecessors (''Blood Brothers'' and ''Ladies' Man''), ''The Breaks'' marks what Mr. Price terms a ''transitional book'' in his ongoing journey out of his past. ''The other books were easy for me to write,'' says the author, who is now 33. ''This one was hell. But my life has changed so much; that's why my writing has to change.''

Richard Price reaches crossroads in his fourth novel

Indeed, the brutal teenagers of ''The Wanderers'' - wielding tire chains, straight razors and Molotov cocktails - have given way to the protagonist of ''The Breaks,'' a Bronx-born young man who is the first in his family to graduate from college. Peter intends to become a lawyer rather than pursue his secret ambition to become a stand-up comic. But he has been relegated to the waiting list by the law school of his choice, and as he moves back in with his parents and sinks into a marking-time job at the Post Office - where his father has eked out too many decades of his own passive, depressed life - Peter struggles to resolve the conflict he feels between a self-destructive pull toward regressing into his background and the compulsion to continue his drive toward independence and upward mobility.

Smelled Something Burning

The novel was inspired by the vivid memory of a recurring experience Mr. Price himself had after graduating from college and being wait-listed by Columbia Law School. ''The original image I had was staying at home that summer in goddamn Co-Op City, waiting to go to work for the midnight shift at the Post Office,'' says Mr. Price. ''All of a sudden I started smelling something burning. But there wasn't anything burning. It seemed like such a great physiological metaphor for what was happening. It was me that was burning.''

When he began ''The Breaks,'' Mr. Price says, he was more certain of what he didn't want to do than what he did want to do with the story. ''I didn't want to go back to the same well,'' he says. ''I didn't want to write any more about kids who couldn't get out of the Bronx, because it's not true any more for me. I wanted to describe the crossroads confronted by a kid who's got the impulse to be special. If the kid is smart enough to be a novelist, he's also smart enough to be a lawyer, and when you come from a background that is not primarily college-educated, from people haunted by the Depression, the brightest kids get no validation for pursuing careers that are a big gamble. Their parents' reaction is, 'What are you, nuts?' because the prime concern is security. So the brightest minds pursue careers in the blue-chip occupations.

'' This is my most autobiographical book,'' Mr. Price said, ''even though everything in it is made up. I was trying to explain how come I didn't go to law school. What were the impulses in me, the craziness that led me to go to fine-arts school instead? I was trying to write a definitive statement about all those guys trying to break through to the next stage of their lives.''

For Richard Price, upward mobility now seems assured, boosted along the way by some prestigious institutions: Cornell University, his alma mater; Stanford, where he was a fellow in creative writing, and Columbia, where he earned an M.F.A. and now teaches a fiction workshop. His childhood in a housing project in the Bronx, where his father was a freelance window dresser for small clothing stores, has long since been supplanted by the life of the successful young professional. The obligatory move from the Bronx to Manhattan was made years ago, but the changes are accelerating now as Mr. Price buys an expensive loft in NoHo and prepares to marry Judy Hudson, an artist.

Hollywood Blandishments

And of course there is Hollywood, whose blandishments he is no longer resisting: Mr. Price's current work-in-progress is an original screenplay for what he terms ''a very fast and very manic'' comedy, which is - not surprisingly - about ''a ***working-class*** guy from the Bronx.'' He feels he is ready to handle the movies now, although he has held off on such projects in the past. ''I was afraid if I started doing this too young or unformed as a novelist, I'd get seduced and lose myself,'' he says.

Despite Mr. Price's determination to keep growing as a writer, understanding where he came from remains his major preoccupation. ''Once you're successful doing a certain thing, there's a terrible temptation to play it close to the vest,'' he observes. ''I know different things now, and I owe it to myself to keep pushing and trying different things. But I feel like I'll always write about characters who came from the Bronx. I can take them different places as I go different places and experience more sophisticated interactions. But I think that by and large, any artist has one theme, one subject for his whole career. I could try to write about all different kinds of things, to show everybody how versatile I am, but why? I think it's as important to refine a vision as to jump around in terms of subject to show what a one-man band you can be.''

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photo of Richard Price

**End of Document**



[***STAGE: 'FEN,' NEW WORK BY CARYL CHURCHILL***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-KGC0-0008-Y2RJ-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 31, 1983, Tuesday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1983 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section C; Page 10, Column 5; Cultural Desk; Review

**Length:** 1123 words

**Byline:** By FRANK RICH

**Body**

''Fen,'' the new Caryl Churchill play at the Public, could well be called ''Bottom Girls.'' As the author's ''Top Girls'' told of Marlene, a self-made businesswoman who sells out her provincial ***working-class*** roots and humanity for corporate success in London, so the new one examines the less privileged sisters such top girls leave behind. The characters of ''Fen'' are downtrodden farmworkers in the Fens of East Anglia. Marlene would dismissively claim that these women deserve their fate because they're too ''lazy and stupid'' to claw their way up the economic ladder as she did. But in Miss Churchill's view, it's the Marlenes of contemporary England who callously keep the benighted poor in their lowly place.

As befits the shift in focus, the new play contains little of its predecessor's laughter: even as the audience enters the Public's LuEsther Hall, it is swept up in a gloomy mist that pours out from the stage. ''Fen'' is dour, difficult and, unlike either ''Top Girls'' or ''Cloud 9,'' never coy about its rather stridently doctrinaire socialism: it's the most stylistically consistent of Miss Churchill's plays and at times the most off-putting. It is also yet another confirmation that its author possesses one of the boldest theatrical imaginations to emerge in this decade.

''Fen,'' the new Caryl Churchill play at the Public, could well be called ''Bottom Girls.''

''Fen'' was created by Miss Churchill with the Joint Stock Theater Group, the communal London fringe company whose actors conduct their own documentary research into the characters they portray.

As an impressionistic, class-conscious portrait of an agrarian community, the play recalls David Hare's Joint Stock piece about a similar village in nascent revolutionary China, ''Fanshen'': a few actors - five women, one man - play more than 20 roles in a mosaic of Brechtian vignettes. But unlike ''Fanshen,'' which was seen here this year in a weak local staging, ''Fen'' has been brought intact from London as part of the Britain Salutes New York festival. It's a high-powered production, faultlessly directed by Les Waters with an acting ensemble as accomplished as the imported Royal Court cast of ''Top Girls.'' Do note that the limited run ends this Sunday.

The action unfolds on a stunning set designed by Annie Smart: the stage floor is carpeted with the dirt of the potato fields and surrealistically bordered by walls and furnishings suggesting the women's dreary homes. In Tom Donnellan's eerie lighting - all shades of Thomas Hardy dankness, no sunlight - the 90 minutes of scenes loom in the icy dark like fragmented nightmares. One minute the women are picking potatoes in a thunderstorm; then, through startlingly sharp transitions, that dominant image gives way to the sight of two illicit lovers dancing in moonlight or a madonna-like portrait of mother and child or a forlorn Baptist revival meeting.

''We're all rubbish,'' says one of the suffering Baptists, ''but Jesus still loves us, so it's all right.'' As in ''Top Girls,'' Miss Churchill sees one and all as helpless, exploited victims of a dehumanizing capitalistic system. She further feels that women can only escape its clutches, as Marlene did, by adopting that system's most selfish, ruthless traits.

There are two top girls in ''Fen'' -an unfeeling workers' overlord and a slick real-estate entrepreneur - and even their power doesn't give them freedom from top guys. They must answer to the countryside's real barons - a faceless multinational conglomerate, which, as a prologue implies, is or will be owned by the Japanese.

Most of the women in ''Fen,'' however, are laborers, bound to the land by an age-old, oppressive traditon that enslaves them from birth to grave. As Miss Churchill presents these sad serfs, they can only ameliorate their misery in self-destructive ways: by drinking in a pub or gossiping or taking Valium or betraying one another or going mad. Yet if the playwright's definition of these women's choices is rigidly deterministic, her concentrated dramatization of their lives has an open, poetic intensity that transcends the flat tendentiousness of mere agitprop.

Shadowy and spare as the brief scenes are, luminous individual characters gradually emerge. Chief among them is Val (Jennie Stoller), who leaves her daughters for a new lover (Bernard Strother) - only to discover, to her eternal torment, that she can't live either without her children or without her man. Angela (Amelda Brown) is a sexually frustrated woman who lets out her anger by torturing her stepdaughter Becky (Tricia Kelly), a teen-age misfit not unlike the ''dim'' daughter Marlene disowns in ''Top Girls.'' In one grotesquely disturbing scene, Angela and Becky wound one another by composing limericks that are alternately sadistic and suicidal. The self-hating stepmother explains that only by hurting her ward can she ''feel something.''

Other characters waft in and out like plumes of smoke. We meet a male oligarch who sells off his estate, thereby becoming a tenant on his own grandfather's land; a spectral 150-year-old peasant woman stalking a despised landowner for eternity; a hermaphrodite taunted by neighborhood kids; a trio of schoolgirls singing a cappella of their circumscribed futures as housewives, hairdressers and nurses; a 32-year-old grandmother caring for a baby and a senescent 90-year-old grandmother lost in reveries of coffins and long-ago union strife.

Eventually, there is a tragic climax - a death as ritualized as an act of hara-kiri. Depending on whether or not you buy the author's position that her women have only no-win alternatives, you'll either be moved by this gruesome catharsis or left cold.

After that comes the evening's somewhat sentimental but striking coda, in which the characters all haunt the Fens as ghosts: they drift through the suffocating green mist, soliloquizing like Dylan Thomas phantoms radicalized by the playwright Edward Bond. ''The earth's awake!,'' says one of them - and it's Miss Churchill who has awakened it. Here's a writer, amazingly enough, who is plowing new ground in the theater with every new play.

The Cast

FEN, by Caryl Churchill; directed by Les Waters; designed by Annie Smart; lighting by Tom Donnellan; associate producer, Jason Steven Cohen. London's Joint Stock Theater Group Production presented by Joseph Papp. At the Public Theater/LuEsther Hall, 425 Lafayette Street. Boy Scaring Crows, Angela, Deb and Mrs. Finch Amelda Brown Japanese Businessman, Nell, May and Mavis Cecily Hobbs Wilson, Frank, Mr. Tewson and Geoffrey Bernard Strother Shirley, Shona, Miss Cade and Margaret Linda Bassett Val and Woman Working in the Fields Jennie Stoller Mrs. Hassett, Becky, Alice and Ivy .......Tricia Kelly

**End of Document**



[***What It's Like in Hollywood***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5J64-5JT1-DXY4-X4MR-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

February 28, 2016 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2016 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section AR; Column 0; Arts and Leisure Desk; Pg. 14

**Length:** 5016 words

**Byline:** By MELENA RYZIK

**Body**

The statistics are unequivocal: Women and minorities are woefully underrepresented in front of and behind the camera. A scant third of speaking parts in movies, TV and digital series over the last two years were female, according to a new study. In broadcast TV, white directors outnumbered directors of color more than 9 to 1; and gay, lesbian and transgender characters barely figured. In Hollywood, exclusion goes well beyond #OscarsSoWhite.

But those numbers only hint at the individual battles. In interviews around the country, industry players revealed the stories behind the stats -- personal experiences of not feeling seen, heard or valued. Rejection is part of the business, but these were inescapable slights that telegraphed, ''You don't belong.''

There were also welcoming sets and understanding producers. And a sense of improvement over years past. These filmmakers and stars all said they were thankful for their career paths, and mindful of the screen's cultural magnitude. That responsibility can be a burden or a pleasure. Either way, it's proof: Representation matters.

(Interviews have been edited and condensed. Work in the entertainment industry and have a story to share? Email [*HollywoodDiversity@nytimes.com*](mailto:HollywoodDiversity@nytimes.com))

Continued on Pages 15, 16 and 17.

School Years

SAM ESMAILCreator, ''Mr. Robot''Growing up, I [thought] white male was the norm, the default character in every story. I never thought other possibilities could exist. And I remember thinking, when I would watch Woody Allen films or films that felt personal, I wonder what I'm going to do when I write my personal films, because I can't cast an Egyptian-American; that would be weird. In film school, there was this need to talk about your ethnicity and to make essentially social-message films. But I resisted, because I felt that it changed the conversation of what the movie was about.

WENDELL PIERCEActor, ''The Wire,'' ''Grease: Live'', ''Confirmation'' (coming on HBO)Juilliard was a great place to train and prepare for the politics of the business. You were given roles [based on] how you fit into the company. I didn't get any roles that weren't 20, 30 years my elder. We had a running joke, the black actors, ''If you come here you better get your funny walks, because you're going to be playing all the old guys.''

JIMMY SMITSActor, ''The Get Down'' (coming on Netflix), co-founder, National Hispanic Foundation for the Arts[After] Brooklyn College, somebody said, ''You can probably go to L.A. now and be the crook of the week on 'Hill Street Blues,' but you should think about graduate school.'' [At] Cornell -- I got a scholarship -- I got to do everything. I could handle verse, I could speak Shaw, I could do Pinter.

PhotoCreditBrinson+Banks for The New York Times

A professor [said]: ''You're a good actor, which is why I'm telling you, stay the hell out of L.A.'' KEN JEONG

TEYONAH PARRISActress, ''Chi-Raq,'' ''Survivor's Remorse''[At Juilliard], we got together with other black people in different classes, and we said, ''Hey, we want to do an August Wilson play. There are enough black people to make this happen.'' So we rehearsed on our free time and put on this showcase, and the faculty came, other students came, and I guess that was inspiring to them. [Later, they did an official school production.] That was the first time they put an August Wilson play on the main stage, in 2007.

KEN JEONGCreator and star, ''Dr. Ken''A U.C.L.A. acting professor gave me good marks in my performance and [said]: ''You're a good actor, which is why I'm telling you, stay the hell out of L.A. There's not much of a future for you. Go to Asia.'' I got an A. He was saying that out of respect.

JUSTIN LINDirector, forthcoming ''Star Trek Beyond''It was just as hard being ***working class***. I had a roommate -- parents write a $20,000 check, and boom, he [makes] his movie. There were people [whose] relatives were [in] Hollywood, and they get all the free equipment. You see, very quickly, that's the world you're about to enter.

Getting a Foot in the Door

AMERICA FERRERAStar, producer ''Superstore''I was 18 and putting myself on tape for a movie I really wanted. I got that phone call: They cast a Latino male in another role in the film; they're not looking to cast [a Latina]. So I defiantly bleached my hair blond, painted my face white and made the audition tape. I never heard back. I just remember feeling so powerless. What do you do when someone says, ''Your color skin is not what we're looking for''? Let me tell you: Blond does not suit me. I try not to prove my point on audition tapes anymore.

WENDELL PIERCEIn 1985, I'm sitting in the casting office of a major studio. The head of casting said, ''I couldn't put you in a Shakespeare movie, because they didn't have black people then.'' He literally said that. I told that casting director: ''You ever heard of Othello? Shakespeare couldn't just make up black people. He saw them.'' I started carrying around a postcard of Rubens's ''Studies of the Head of a Negro.'' The casting director actually was very kind to me. He referred me to my first agent.

JOAN CHENActress, ''Twin Peaks,'' ''Marco Polo''I never saw people like me on television in the States [after working in Shanghai]. It was very difficult [to get representation in the 1980s]. Someone told me the Bessie Loo Agency represented all the Asians -- James Hong was there, Beulah Quo. There were a couple of people playing butlers, maids. [The agent] probably thought I was telling fairy tales when I told him I won best actress in China.

EVA LONGORIAStar, director, producer, ''Telenovela''I didn't speak Spanish [growing up]. I'm ninth generation. I mean, I'm as American as apple pie. I'm very proud of my heritage. But I remember moving to L.A. and auditioning and not being Latin enough for certain roles. Some white male casting director was dictating what it meant to be Latin. He decided I needed an accent. He decided I should [have] darker-colored skin. The gatekeepers are not usually people of color, so they don't understand you should be looking for way more colors of the rainbow within that one ethnicity.

PhotoCreditRyan Pfluger for The New York Times

The teacher, a white man, would say, you're talking ghetto, don't talk ghetto. TEYONAH PARRIS

AMERICA FERRERAI had just won [a top award at Sundance], and [my manager] wanted me to audition for the Latina chubby girl in a pilot. She wasn't even the lead; she was just the sidekick, with the same joke in every scene. I said, ''I'm not going in for that.'' When I ultimately left him, he [told] another of my reps, ''Somebody should tell that girl that she has an unrealistic idea of what she can accomplish in this industry.'' That was someone I was paying to represent me.

MINDY KALINGCreator, star, ''The Mindy Project''When I got hired on ''The Office,'' at the same time I wrote a pilot with my best friend, called ''Mindy and Brenda,'' based on our experiences. They were trying to audition my part, which I wanted to play, and at first they [looked for] Indian-American actresses, and when they couldn't find any, they opened up to more generically Middle Eastern actresses. Still couldn't find any, until at the end, they're like, ''We'll look for a white woman.'' That was heartbreaking for so many reasons. I auditioned. I think they were looking for someone more traditionally beautiful, because I'd like to think I gave a good audition, to play the part I created. Now, they would work harder to find an Indian-American girl. There's just too much scrutiny, which is good.

EFFIE BROWNProducer, ''Dear White People''; co-star, ''Project Greenlight''When I was graduating [film school], I didn't look like everybody else, and I didn't have any connections. I actually called the Black Business Bureau -- a random call. And I got this wonderful operator on the phone, who said that her cousin was working on ''The Five Heartbeats,'' with Robert Townsend, and that's how I got my first internship.

KIMBERLY PEIRCEDirector, ''Carrie''[Coming to Hollywood as an out person], it scared me. I thought if they don't like this, I'm going to push their buttons and not mean to. I thought the gayness was what was going to freak people out, and in a lot of ways, it's the femaleness that causes more problems in a straight, male world. That, I didn't expect.

Talking to the Suits

JULIA ROBERTSActress, the forthcoming ''Money Monster''I remember my first meeting with the producers on ''Erin Brockovich,'' before Steven Soderbergh came onto it, and saying, ''This scene where she's shimmying down a well in a micromini? I can't do that.'' [They said], ''But that's really what happened.'' And I go, ''I know, but once you make it a movie, you have to re-examine, what's the function of this scene?'' I didn't feel I was being fully understood. People assumed it was about my sense of modesty. And you just think, ''No, you're not hearing what I'm saying.'' Steven and I were very in sync on how we wanted to portray her -- the sexiness as well as the soul -- and I didn't have to wear a micromini shimmying down a well.

KARYN KUSAMADirector, ''Jennifer's Body,'' ''Girlfight''The marketing department wanted Megan [Fox, star of ''Jennifer's Body''] to do live chats with amateur porn sites, and I was like, ''I'm begging you not to go to her with this idea, she will become so dispirited.'' It was fascinating to have the writer be female, the director be female, the stars be female, and my head executive be female, and then we get to the top of the mountain, all those [male] marketing people. It was crushing.

RICK FAMUYIWAWriter, director, ''Dope''It's always a weird conversation when you're trying to explain how a film about kids from Inglewood can be mainstream, but you don't have the same conversation about a very specific set of kids in suburban Chicago or South Boston.

JOHN RIDLEYScreenwriter, ''12 Years a Slave''; show runner, ''American Crime''[In a mid-1990s] meeting, I was determined the lead [for a film] would be a black woman, and I remember the executive saying, ''Why does she have to be black?'' And me saying: ''She doesn't have to be; I want her to be black. Why would you not consider it?'' It was stunning that they were so comfortable [saying that] to a person of color. That was the most painful, that casual disregard for my experience.

PhotoCreditBrinson+Banks for The New York Times

What do you do when someone says, ''Your color skin is not what we're looking for''? AMERICA FERRERA

SAM ESMAILWhen I went to the studios [for] writing assignments, it was immediately white, 30s, male. That began the pendulum swinging the other way for me. [The lead character of ''Mr. Robot''], Elliot, is not written with any specific race or ethnicity in mind. [In auditions], it was mostly white guys. I opened up the process, and Rami [Malek] was just brilliant. He looks different, whether that's because he is Egyptian [or] just Rami. The conversation with the network was tough; I don't think it had to do with race -- or I'd like to think it didn't. The show is already unusual. The barrier to entry for a show -- from a network's point of view -- is, can the audience identify with this person, and is race going to be a roadblock?

SHAKIM COMPEREManager of Queen Latifah and producing partnerWe once had a meeting with a guy, I won't say the company. [She and I were] dressed to the nines. We talked about sports, politics, everything, and this man had the nerve to say, ''When is your manager going to get here?'' because he expected some middle-aged white guy. I [charged] him 10 times more than I was going to.

EVA LONGORIAI was developing a medical show, and the lead was a Latina heart surgeon. It didn't go forward [for various reasons]. Networks say, ''We're on board with diversity,'' and they'll develop it, but they seldom program it. We don't have enough people in the decision-making process. We have decision influencers, which is a new thing. There's one brown person in the room that goes, ''I like that idea.''

LORI MCCREARYProducing partner with Morgan Freeman; president, Producers Guild of AmericaIf [a script doesn't specify, a role is] presumed to be white and male. For ''Deep Impact,'' Mimi Leder, the director, wanted to cast Morgan as the president, and somebody at the studio said, we're not making a science-fiction movie; you can't have Morgan Freeman play the president. But she really fought for it.

PhotoCreditBrinson+Banks for The New York Times

A casting head said: ''I couldn't put you in a Shakespeare movie. They didn't have black people then.'' WENDELL PIERCE

MARYSE ALBERTICinematographer, ''Creed''[On ''Zebrahead''], I remember sitting with the producer, a white guy, and someone asking me, can you handle the big lights? Part of me was intimidated, and part of me was, what? So I composed myself and, I hope with no trace of sarcasm, said: I do not touch the big lights, I have big men who carry the big lights. I tell them where to put them.

KEN JEONG[For ''Dr. Ken''], just in case there was some chatter -- among producers, not with Sony or ABC -- that maybe you better get a white wife, Albert [Tsai, who plays his son] was the first guy I cast. There's no way I can have a white wife if I get Albert. So I got to get an Asian daughter, an Asian wife. I was not doing it for the cause; I was doing it to reflect my family. It had to be real.

KARYN KUSAMAWith ''Girlfight,'' there were questions from financiers about, what is she so angry about? I was like, have you been to the projects lately? That movie took so long to get made because people didn't trust she would be interesting to watch if she was less likable and kind of inarticulate. Meanwhile, we look at ''Raging Bull,'' ''Taxi Driver'' [as] American classics.

The Money Issue

JUSTIN LINWith my first film [''Better Luck Tomorrow''], I was working three jobs [to help pay for it]. I was meeting with potential investors, and right away everybody's like, ''It's an Asian-American cast. It'll never sell.'' And a lot of them were Asian-American investors. A guy offered $1 million for the budget, and he said, ''We'll get Macaulay Culkin to be the lead.'' If I would have said yes, I would have gotten $1 million and I would have gotten to make the movie with a white cast, but it didn't interest me.

KIMBERLY PEIRCE[On ''Carrie''], I got half my salary. It's happened twice. I have a quote, and they said: ''We'll give you half. Take it or leave it.'' They know, if you like something, you are willing to take less money. And that's not great for you, or other women, but it's still better -- every movie I make, it still matters. At the end of the year, they're like, how many [of the top 100] movies were made by women in the system, and that year it was two. Me and ''Frozen.''

EFFIE BROWNFinding out that a man who had less experience and critical acclaim got paid twice as much, that was a smack in the face. You think that studio loves you, and it's, ''No honey, they can get you for a deal, and you in turn get other people for a deal.'' I sometimes feel like a sellout, because I know I can get so-and-so in the door if they hit a certain price point. I had to learn how to break that chain.

On the Set

WENDELL PIERCEI was working on ''The Gregory Hines Show'' that depicted three generations of black men. It was on CBS in 1997. [After] the read-through, the studio and network give notes. Gregory kissed everybody, and so in the show he would kiss his son, Matty. This particular day someone from CBS said: ''I notice every time you come in, you kiss Matty. So I wanted to ask, do black people kiss their kids?'' That was the most offensive thing I think I've ever [heard]. Gregory stood up and said [to the executive]: ''Everybody get out. You, come with me.''

JUSTIN LINI remember when I first started working on the Universal lot, I was getting harassed every day at the gate. We did this test [with] the editor, a much older white male. I said, ''I'm going to lunch with you today, and you're going to drive.'' We went right through.

EVA LONGORIAAs a director, I definitely feel the boys' club. There's still that, ''She can't possibly know what she's talking about.'' It's always been meant as a compliment, but [crew members] go: ''You know what you're doing. Wow. You know lenses. Oh, my God, you know shots?'' Yes, I know where to put the camera. You just go, ''Do you say to the dude directors, 'I'm pleasantly surprised you knew what you were doing'?''

DEDE GARDNERProducer, ''Selma,'' ''The Big Short''I remember a few years ago being in pretty significant trouble on a film, and being called by the studio, and basically just shredded in such a personal way [by a male executive]. ''You are just the worst producer I've ever worked with in my entire life,'' [he said], citing only other female producers. The analysis immediately shrunk, when in trouble, to only women.

QUEEN LATIFAHActress, musician, producer, ''Bessie''The discussion came up when we were doing [the TV series] ''Living Single'' that [the cast needs] to lose weight. [My manager] Shakim would get the call, and it would be laughter by the time it got to me, because there's no way. I felt I represented a woman out there who should get to see somebody who weighs about as much as she does.

PhotoCreditBrinson+Banks for The New York Times

Networks say, ''We're on board with diversity,'' and they'll develop it, but they seldom program it. EVA LONGORIA

EFFIE BROWN[Initially], I had a real issue with Teamsters, who [were] predominantly male, predominantly white, and having that moment of ''Oh, you really aren't listening.'' And that's when I started spouting my résumé. It's a little demoralizing that you have to explain yourself. But you know what I did? Sandra Ninham is now my Teamster captain. I was able to get [her] into the union, so I don't have that issue anymore.

JURNEE SMOLLETT-BELLActress, ''Underground'' (coming on WGN America)I can't tell you how many arguments I have on sets where the filmmakers will want my wardrobe to be different, and I'll say, ''Wait, why don't you have [the male co-star] take his shirt off?'' With love scenes, the camera angle is from the man's point of view. All of that absolutely infuriates me.

QUEEN LATIFAHWe've seen actors of color with this weird-looking makeup on film, this gray, ashy stuff. In person, they look completely different.

MIKE COLTERActor, ''The Good Wife,'' ''Luke Cage'' (coming on Netflix)I'm usually comfortable being the only black guy in the room. More often than not, I am. I don't look at it as a negative, because if I do that, I'm already defeated before it starts. I've always had to look at it like, [that] makes me unique. [But] I'm a very dark-skinned person. In the wrong lighting, I don't show up. I have to joke about it: Need a little more love on the light! If it's not done, you don't see the complete person they are.

Sounding the Part

TEYONAH PARRISI went to this arts high school in Greenville, S.C. In speech class, the teacher, a white man, would say you're talking ghetto, don't talk ghetto. I'm not only offended, but I'm confused because while there's nothing wrong with people who come from the projects or the ghetto, that's actually not my experience. It was extremely frustrating because I didn't feel he saw me. That's when I started to realize, O.K., you're going to have to fight to be seen.

AMERICA FERRERAMy very first audition ever, I was about 16, and the casting director [for a commercial] said, ''Can you do it again but sound more Latino?'' I had no idea what she was talking about. ''You mean you want me to speak in Spanish?'' She's like: ''No. Do it in English but just sound more Latino.'' I genuinely didn't realize until later that she was asking me to speak English with a broken accent. It confused me, because I thought, I am Latino, so isn't this what a Latino sounds like? From the get-go of my career I thought, There's a certain box or a certain way that you're seen, which I didn't feel growing up.

PhotoCreditBrinson+Banks for The New York Times

I thought the gayness was going to freak people out; it's the femaleness that causes more problems.KIMBERLY PEIRCE

JIMMY SMITSI have been in rooms with people arguing over a character that's not really fleshed out, that just because the surname is Latino, that automatically means you have an accent. I've been told that I wasn't Latino enough, which was code for street enough.

KEN JEONGI was a guest star on a TV show maybe two years ago. Everyone wanted me to use an accent, and I was like, ''No, I don't want to.'' Then [at] the table read, I didn't use an accent, and the director took me aside and [said], ''I'm not telling you not to do the accent, I'm not telling you to do the accent, just think about it.'' And I [said]: ''I'll tell you right now, I'm not going to do the accent. I'm happy to walk away.'' At this point in my career, there's no amount of money that would make me want to do this. I don't mind doing accents. It just doesn't make sense to the story. And that was very liberating to finally be in that spot.

Internal Struggles

MINDY KALINGMy personality and [that of other women] I know is to want to please. It can sometimes feel alien to just say, ''I need this to happen, because it's my show,'' and not feel afterward that you've been unprofessional simply by stating the thing that you want. I struggle with it all the time. When you are a minority, and it's the first time you've done something, you're like, this could all be taken away from me. I think the presumption with women is that they will be team players, and that is not the presumption of men. Especially show runners. When women push back, they [are perceived as] bitches or divas. I just made a slight demand that wasn't even that bad. And at the end of it, I'll send bagels [to the staff]. Please forgive me for asserting myself in a small way.

KATIE DIPPOLDScreenwriter,''The Heat,'' forthcoming ''Ghostbusters''I definitely think about what I'm going to say before I say it, because I do feel that I'm more likely to offend just by being female and having a strong opinion on something.

RICK FAMUYIWA[Pitching ''Dope,'' the reaction was], ''Wow, this is really great, but do you have to deal with the violence, the drugs? We want it to be more like 'Superbad.''' What's interesting is how that changes how you approach your art. You're writing something, and you say, ''How's that gonna look?'' There's the little question that you ask yourself that I don't know if my white counterparts do.

PhotoCreditBrinson+Banks for The New York Times

My role is not just artist. It's also activist because of the way I look. MINDY KALING

JIMMY SMITS[''L.A. Law''] was really impactful in a positive way. I'm carrying the role model flag. But at the same time, the actor part of me [wanted] to do as many different things as possible. There were times where I wasn't very comfortable with it.

HARI NEFActress, ''Transparent''Being given the female roles had its own challenges. Finally it was here, but am I feminine enough to play this role? I would like to get to a place where I get offered roles that I'm a fit for as an actor that maybe don't have as much to do with my body and more to do with my personality.

TEYONAH PARRISI looked at actresses who were white doing these classics and, like, O.K., this is how it's supposed to be. We were doing Chekhov; I was playing Yelena. Liesl Tommy, [a black South African woman who was guest directing at Juilliard], called me on everything. At the time, I did not understand what she was saying: Use yourself. Yelena [was] still a white woman in my head. As opposed to [now], Yelena is a black woman who comes with the life experience that I can draw from.

Work in the entertainment industry and have a similar story to share? [*EmailHollywoodDiversity@nytimes.com*](mailto:EmailHollywoodDiversity@nytimes.com)

Helping Hands, and Faces

JIMMY SMITSA [high school drama teacher] would take us to see plays. Two people jolted me -- James Earl Jones and Raúl Juliá. James Earl Jones [once had] a speech impediment, and that doesn't stop him from dealing with verse or emotions -- I'm getting emotional [tears up]. And Raúl was from the same place my mother was from, he spoke with an accent, and he just had a gusto when he was up there. I was like, those two guys really were doing it. You could do this. It's like: permission to aspire; permission granted.

HARI NEFLaverne Cox was keeping me alive and motivated. I saw her on ''Orange Is the New Black,'' and something clicked. I don't have to run from this and declare myself too other to be an actor.

MINDY KALINGGreg Daniels created the U.S. version of ''The Office,'' and he hired a group of the most feminist writers. I was so impressed by how worried they were for my experience and making sure I felt that my voice was heard, while it still being a very stressful, rigorous experience. I came up through the NBC diversity program. So my first season, the show doesn't have to pay for a diversity writer [the network pays], but the second season they do. [With no other TV experience], I don't know that other people would have hired me back for a second season, the way Greg did.

PhotoCreditBrinson+Banks for The New York Times

[A mentor said] ''They tell us there's room for only one of us. It's a lie.'' EFFIE BROWN

EFFIE BROWNThe woman that trained me the most was Laurie Parker, who used to be Gus van Sant's [producer] -- nice little white lady. She said: ''They tell us there's room for only one of us. It's a lie, Effie. You're going to get to the top and see that there's room for all of us.'' And she said to me, ''As I'm helping you, you have to lean back and help somebody else.'' So what I did, with a group of other producers -- six women of color, and a couple of my crews -- we put together an inclusive crew list, and we share that information.

KATIE DIPPOLDMy first real [writing] job was ''MadTV.'' I think the reason I got this job was [because of a] producer named Lauren Dombrowski. She was just really a strong, no-apologies sort of woman. She spent a whole year pushing to make this happen. I don't know what would have happened if it wasn't for that.

Victories to Savor

EVA LONGORIAOn ''Telenovela,'' it was refreshing for casting to go: ''Eva, you're Latino heavy. We need to cast one white male somewhere in there.''

KEN JEONGEarly on, I had a role in ''The Office.'' No ethnicity was required. The director of that episode was Paul Feig, and I remember him laughing so hard. I had only like two lines in it, but that was one of my proudest moments as an actor, because it wasn't based on ethnicity. And it really gave me confidence that I have a chance of not just playing the Asian guy.

JIMMY SMITSI was asked to speak at a bar association, because there's an upswing on college applications -- in general and for Latinos -- because of ''L.A. Law.'' I went to a couple of functions, and I just felt an energy: It was, you're doing a good job, but do you realize how important it is?

PhotoCreditAlexi Hobbs for The New York Times

This girl hugged me and started crying. She said, thank you for making us relevant. PRIYANKA CHOPRA

JUSSIE SMOLLETTActor, ''Empire''I had posted something that was very political, and the amount of negative comments was really heart-wrenching. Then, [at a restaurant], this older black dude walked up and said, ''I didn't want to bother you, I didn't want a selfie, I just wanted to let you know that the story line of Jamal'' [his gay character on ''Empire''] ''really made it easier for me to talk to my son about his sexuality.'' I needed him at that moment. But apparently he needed the story line at the moment.

PRIYANKA CHOPRAActress, ''Quantico''I do feel extremely proud when I have people of the South Asian community coming up to me and saying, thankfully we're seeing a nonstereotyped Indian. At an event, I remember this girl hugged me and started crying. She said, ''Thank you for making us relevant.'' It gives me goose bumps every time I think about it.

Facing the Challenge

KIMBERLY PEIRCEI have a huge social responsibility. I have to stay on budget and be on time to make great entertainment and make profit, because that's my job. But I also know if one of us were to screw up -- and we don't, because that's the thing, right -- it does cause [a response of], ''Well, it's a woman.''

MINDY KALINGMy role is not just artist. It's also activist because of the way I look. On so many shows and movies, race was a gesture, and in mine it's the premise. I can't ignore that what a lot of people see is an Indian woman who doesn't look like a Bollywood star. It piques their interest, and they're not bad for wanting me to tell stories about it, and I'm not wrong for not wanting to. I want to fill my desire to write vibrant, flawed characters, but then also be a role model to young people. It's stuff that I think about all the time. Some people don't have to think about this at all.

PhotoCreditTaylor Glascock for The New York Times

[A fan said] ''The story line of Jamal made it easier for me to talk to my son about his sexuality.'' JUSSIE SMOLLETT

LORI MCCREARYWhen you think about all the talent that hasn't been given the opportunity to put a camera in their hands, or write -- I feel like as a producer, it is business waiting to happen, it is great storytelling waiting to happen. I'm frustrated; we have a responsibility, and it would be great if we had more freedom to represent on the screen who our audiences are.

JOHN RIDLEYThis is a culture that has afforded me many wonderful things. I can't pretend it doesn't have the capacity to see what is beyond the flesh of my skin or my circumstances. [But] these euphemisms and quiet biases, they're still there, and they're happening with people who have the best intentions, so you can only imagine what's happening with those who don't.

Work in the entertainment industry and have a similar story to share? [*EmailHollywoodDiversity@nytimes.com*](mailto:EmailHollywoodDiversity@nytimes.com)

**Load-Date:** February 28, 2016

**End of Document**



[***Lemon-Grass Tastes Meet Peanut Butter at Choate***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:457J-1810-01CN-H3PV-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

February 27, 2002 Wednesday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2002 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section B; Column 3; Metropolitan Desk; Education Page; Pg. 10

**Length:** 1357 words

**Byline:**  By YILU ZHAO

**Dateline:** WALLINGFORD, Conn., Feb. 22

**Body**

Chanin Changtor misses home, especially the pungent taste of lemon grass, the enduring aroma of durian and the sweetness of another fruit, a prickly rambutan. Instead of the dishes of his native Bangkok, Chanin eats pizza and pasta during the last year of high school at Choate Rosemary Hall, the private boarding school.

Chanin, of course, is not the only foreign student at Choate, the alma mater of such luminaries as John F. Kennedy and Paul Mellon. Of its 850 students, about 100 come from abroad. Children of business tycoons, political dignitaries, middle-class professionals or, in some cases, ***working-class*** parents, come from throughout the world, from Venezuela to Saudi Arabia, from Japan to South Africa.

Much like foreign students studying at American colleges and graduate schools, these teenagers, for whom an American high school is frequently the first leg in their pursuit of an education or a career abroad, face the daily challenges of leaving behind the familiarities of home while enduring the intense pressure to succeed academically. And because they are younger than their college counterparts, the existence away from parents and childhood friends can be even tougher.

Foreign students at Choate, especially those from Asia, say that they are bewildered by the lax discipline in American classrooms. They are astonished to find that students are allowed to eat there, talk among themselves occasionally, sit in comfortable postures and, above all, talk back to the teachers. All of these occurrences are perceived as rude in Asian schools.

Many of the students, despite having privileged backgrounds themselves, were amazed by boarding schools' large campuses and lavish trimmings. Students from less wealthy backgrounds are often surprised to learn that their American classmates ski in Switzerland.

Sometimes, their American peers display flagrant ignorance about the foreign students' home countries and tease them about their eating and living habits. In classrooms, the foreign students often experience clashes between the United States education system and their homeland ones, where, for example, different mathematical formulas may be taught. And even for those who grew up speaking English, the latest American teenage slang can be confusing.

"At the beginning of the year, some of the other Thai kids wanted to quit and go home," Chanin said. "But I kept thinking how lucky I was to be here in the first place. Sometimes, though, things get rough, and I think, 'Gee, why am I here?' "

Nationally, more than 11,000 foreign students study at American private schools, according to a survey conducted by the National Association of Independent Schools. At boarding schools, 11 percent of all students come from abroad. The number studying at colleges and universities is more than 600,000.

Chanin is one of the 40 to 50 high school seniors that Thailand sends every year to American boarding schools on government scholarships to prepare for entrance to American colleges. But the parents of most of Choate's foreign students pay the full fare, about $28,000 for tuition, room and board.

These parents, like foreign parents of the other boarding schools, usually aim to send their children to top United States colleges, said Aimee Gruber, a director at the Association of Boarding Schools based in Washington. Having their children start before the college freshman year can ease the transition to a different culture and boost their chances of admission in the fierce competition for college.

"The college counselors at American high schools are usually very helpful in guiding them through the process," Ms. Gruber said. "Having a degree from a U.S. university or college degree will eventually open up more options for them in terms of employment and make them more attractive to multinational corporations."

Most boarding schools welcome foreign students because they add diversity and an international flavor as well as bring in tuition dollars. The Association of Boarding Schools organizes annual recruiting fairs for parents of prospective students, in Tokyo, Seoul, Taipei, Bangkok and Bombay.

Like other foreign students in America, Yanate Banigo, a Choate freshman from Nigeria, entertained the thought of withdrawing last September, when she just started high school. Yanate, the daughter of a Harvard-educated bank owner who returned to Africa, had attended the American School at home and had always expected to go overseas for high school. Despite having vacationed in the United States many times and speaking fluent English, many things still shocked her.

"I didn't like the Choate kids at the beginning," said Yanate, who wore a black Gap sweater coat. "They were different. They were immature. You know how in Nigeria, some places don't have electricity or water, not because people don't have the money, just because the government is that way. Kids here take everything for granted."

She called home every day for a month, but decided to stay. "I thought that I hadn't given Choate a chance," she said. "Choate doesn't necessary give me a first-class ticket to a top college, but it will give me a first-class education."

Kathrin Schwesinger, a senior who had gone to German public schools, said when she used the "p-q" formula to solve quadratic equations, her physics teacher stared at her confused.

" 'I don't know what you are doing, Kathrin,' " she said her teacher said.

"I've never heard of the p-q formula," she recalled saying. In many parts of the world, including continental Europe and East Asia, the formula is used at schools.

While Asian classroom etiquette differs from American ones, the reason that Chanin does not participate in discussions during his seminar on modernism is that he never had the opportunity to speak English.

"In Thailand, you don't ever speak the language," said Chanin, who had has known English as a second language since third grade. "You do grammar work, and that was it."

He added: "I don't have the courage to raise my hands even when I have an idea I want to express. I just don't know how to put my ideas into words."

By all measures, the Choate administration tries hard to make the foreign students comfortable. When the Muslim students finish their fasts for Ramadan, the school has carts of pizzas and sandwiches taken to their dormitories. When Thanksgiving arrives, the administrators arrange for American students or teachers to take the foreign students home. During winter, they make sure that students from warm countries have winter clothes.

But fellow American students, often viewing their foreign peers as just some other teenagers, are less sensitive to them. For Kathrin, the awkward moment came when her friends saw her eating plain bread with butter.

"They were like: 'Ew, what are you eating? Just bread with butter?' " she recalled. "Their own sandwiches always drip with peanut butter and jelly. In Germany, people eat bread with butter all the time."

Even for the Laperal siblings, Emma and Gerry, from the Philippines, whose family has a vacation house outside of San Francisco where they have spent almost every summer and Christmas, attending Choate takes getting used to. "It's weird how kids here use 'nasty' and 'ridiculous' to mean things really good or things really bad," Gerry said, rolling his eyes. Both he and Emma had attended English-speaking private schools in Manila.

The majority of the foreign students stay on, and many even start to like their new environment. Chanin was thrilled when Choate decided to pay for his private lessons in trombone, an instrument he had learned to play as a child.

And Chanin, who had gone through the three-day test and one day interview to gain the scholarship to come here, has also developed a strategy to make friends.

"When I got here, my biggest worry was not being able to make any friends," he said. "At first, I would just sit with people in the dining hall but not say anything. I would be there, but not quite be there. I discovered if you don't approach people, no one would approach you. So I spoke up, and people got to know me. I stopped just being this kid from Thailand."

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

**Graphic**

Photo: Chanin Changtor, second from left, of Thailand, has adapted well to a boarding school in a faraway country. Chanin, a senior, has made friends at Choate Rosemary Hall, as have Yanate Banigo, left, of Nigeria; Emma Laperal of the Philippines; and Kathrin Schwesinger, right, of Germany. (George Ruhe for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** February 27, 2002

**End of Document**



[***THEATER: 'WHAT I DID LAST SUMMER' AT CIRCLE REP***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-MJC0-0008-Y0G0-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

February 7, 1983, Monday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1983 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section C; Page 12, Column 3; Cultural Desk; review

**Length:** 1028 words

**Byline:** By FRANK RICH

**Body**

AS fans of ''The Dining Room'' know, the writer A.R. Gurney Jr. is a keen-eyed chronicler of the vanishing folkways of the American WASP. That talent remains in evidence in ''What I Did Last Summer,'' the new Gurney comedy which opened at the Circle Repertory Company last night. In this play, which is set in 1945, we learn that World War II was a time of deprivation for WASP households, in part because there were no men left around to repair broken Hitchcock chairs. We meet a mother who views her son's wet dreams (''nocturnal emissions,'' she calls them) as a cue to lecture the boy about laundry, not sex. We also discover that it was WASP's who found the movie ''Mrs. Miniver'' hot stuff.

If ''Last Summer'' consisted entirely of such observations, it would be a salutary evening. But the play's amusing, at times nostalgic social background is upstaged by an unfulfilled story about a 14-year-old boy's coming of age. That boy, Charlie (Ben Siegler), seems to be an autobiographical stand-in for Mr. Gurney. He longs to be some kind of ''artist'' -just maybe a playwright - but to take a first step in that direction, he must rebel against an upbringing that prizes decorum and conformity over either emotional or intellectual self-expression.

AS fans of ''The Dining Room'' know, the writer A.R. Gurney Jr. is a keen-eyed chronicler of the vanishing folkways of the American WASP. That talent remains in evidence in ''What I Did Last Summer,'' the new Gurney comedy which opened at the Circle Repertory Company last night.

The play is set in the Lake Erie vacation colony to which the hero's family escapes from Buffalo each summer. Charlie's father is away in the Pacific, and his mother (Debra Mooney) is preoccupied with a discreet affair. Charlie's rebellion is ignited by a sixtyish woman, Anna Trumbull (Jacqueline Brookes), who hires him to do chores. Anna is the resort's sole iconoclast - a half-Indian, halfblueblood who turned her back on the ''leisure class'' long ago. She decides to stretch Charlie's soul by teaching him about arts and crafts, wine, organic food and vaguely socialist political ideals. To his mother's horror, the boy soon threatens to forsake the fall term at boarding school for Anna's farm.

Much like the Philip Barry heroes of this same era, Charlie eventually must make a choice between his preordained destiny of privilege and the romance of bohemia. The reason his dilemma fails to concern us is that both he and his mentor are sketchily written and acted. We never believe that the boy has even a flicker of artistic yearning or above-average intelligence: he's just another cartoonish adolescent looking forward to his first car and first date, and he seems to be parroting Anna's utopian credos blankly rather than out of newly kindled conviction. Though Mr. Gurney's epilogue says that Charlie ends up a literary man, the play itself suggests that he would turn out to be anything but.

Anna comes across as a cold and humorless Auntie Mame. She's full of high-minded pretensions - she refers to modeling clay as ''the muck of life'' - but there are no feelings to go with her endless exhortations that Charlie realize his potential. Miss Brookes shows no particular affection for her young protege, and Mr. Siegler shows little for her. Ultimately, we feel that Anna and Charlie spend so much time together not because they are locked into a symbiotic and passionate teacher-student relationship, but only because they share a mutual desire to exasperate the boy's mother.

As the superficial Anna-Charlie encounters accelerate throughout the evening, the play goes steadily downhill. Almost all the wit can be found in the first act, when the supporting characters are most in view. The best of them, both in the writing and the performance, is Bonny, the girl next door, played by the delightful Ann McDonough. Like all the actors cast as children in ''Last Summer,'' Miss Mc-Donough is an adult, but her perfect imitation of a prepubescent girl's boyish posture and her squeals of ''Gosh!'' and ''Oh, help!'' quickly make us forget. It is especially funny to watch this actress peer out from under her bangs to confide knowingly that the local roller coaster is ''so basically terrifying that women have thrown their babies over the side.''

Christine Estabrook is also good as Charlie's drippy college-age sister, and so is Robert Joy as the ***working-class*** ''townie,'' whose days as a sidekick of the rich summer boys are fast running out. The play could make more sustained use of them, and it could also use a director. Following a reportedly turbulent preview period, ''Last Summer'' lists a ''supervisor,'' B. Rodney Marriott, but no director, in its program. Though the staging and especially the production design are more than decent, a strong guiding hand might have elicited some rapport between the two leads and a more consistent performance from Miss Mooney, whose mother grows too strident in Act II.

But only the playwright can really solve the failings of ''Last Summer.'' While some of them are minor - an overused running gag involving asides to the audience, a laborious metaphor involving Anna's tomato seeds - the central one is not. Mr. Gurney, normally an expert at dissecting the hearts of reticent WASP's, has written a play that is itself lockjawed whenever it starts to hit close to the author's own home.

Stingless WASP's

WHAT I DID LAST SUMMER, by A.R. Gurney Jr.; production supervised by B. Rodney Mar- riott; set by John Lee Beatty; costumes by Jennifer von Mayrhauser; lighting by Craig Miller; sound by Chuck London Media-Stewart Werner; production stage manager, Suzanne Fry. Pre- sented by Circle Repertory Company, Marshall W. Mason, artistic director; Richard Frankel, managing director; Mr. Marriott, acting artistic director. At 99 Seventh Avenue South. Charlie ...................................Ben Siegler Ted ........................................Robert Joy Grace ....................................Debra Mooney Elsie .............................Christine Estabrook Bonny ..........….....................Ann McDonough Anna Trumbull ......................Jacqueline Brookes

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photo of Robert Joy and Ann McDonough

**End of Document**



[***STAGE: YOUTHFUL WRITERS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-KWV0-0008-Y04K-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 18, 1983, Monday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1983 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section C; Page 12, Column 5; Cultural Desk; Review

**Length:** 1141 words

**Byline:** By FRANK RICH

**Body**

THE second annual Young Playwrights Festival is an event that makes one feel hopeful about both the American theater and American young people. Co-produced by the Foundation of the Dramatists Guild and the Circle Repertory Company, the Festival stages the best plays of those submitted by hundreds of applicants, 18 and younger, nationwide. The plays all testify to the persistence of literate theatrical imaginations in a new, video-reared generation. And the productions they've received are not perfunctory, condescending, lipservice exercises: some of the most gifted adults in the New York theater, under the leadership of Gerald Chapman, have banded together to mount these plays at a high level few established writers have known this season.

Of this year's seven winning entries, four have been pooled into a single evening at the Circle Rep. (The three others are being performed there as staged readings.) The distinguished acting company includes Blanche Baker, Jean DeBaer, Keith Gordon, Bill Moor, Novella Nelson, Deborah Rush and Brian Tarantina. The directors, in addition to Mr. Chapman, are Garland Wright, John Ferraro and Michael Bennett. The sets - in a different, witty style for each play -have been brilliantly conceived by John Arnone, with lively Patricia McGourty costumes to match.

THE second annual Young Playwrights Festival is an event that makes one feel hopeful about both the American theater and American young people.

The four writers benefiting from the expertise of such high-powered and clearly loving collaborators have plenty of time to learn that life in the theater isn't always so blessed. One hopes they never learn to stop taking the chances that enliven their plays. Unencumbered by theatrical ''rules'' and fashions, the young playwrights assume that anything is possible and write honestly and spontaneously. Let's pray that they never grow up.

In the curtain raiser, Peter Getty's ''A New Approach to Human Sacrifice,'' the subject is the pernicious effect of television on American life. But while adults tend to lecture on this topic, Mr. Getty has contrived a wacky little sketch, in which we meet a typical suburban family that talks (and even sings) like those all-toosunny, robotic families in commercials for junk foods. The punch line is in the absurd spirit of ''The Invasion of the Body Snatchers,'' and Mr. Wright's direction reinforces the play's surreal tone by presenting it as a tongue-in-cheek sitcom, a kind of ''My Three Sons'' gone berserk.

David Torbett's ''I'm Tired and I Want to Go to Bed,'' which follows, deals with more familiar adolescent concerns. Its protagonist, touchingly acted by Greg Germann, is a bright, privileged child who is failing in school and retreating into a fantasy world. Though the play is overlong, it's not flip, humorless or score-settling. Mr. Torbett has empathy for the concerned parents as well as for the hero, and he eventually breaks through a conventional domestic story to give us, of all bold strokes, his own version of ''Doctor Faustus.''

After intermission, one finds an absolute gem: Richard Colman's ''Third Street.'' Three ***working-class*** pals from Brooklyn are getting drunk and stoned at a graveyard at night, reliving their recent highschool salad days. While they once dreamed of running away together in ''a customized van to points unknown,'' two of the boys are already trapped in menial jobs and time payments, sweating to support families. The third, a ''brain,'' is on his way to Princeton, clearly never to return home.

If the terrain is as familiar as ''American Graffiti'' and ''Diner,'' Mr. Colman's writing is full of understated surprises, right up to his delicate, unspoken ending: raucous humor erupts at the surface while real hurt and longing percolate inarticulately underneath. When one of the two losers boasts of his digital watch by saying, ''It's got a lot of functions, but I don't use them,'' we see that the author can create laughter, pathos and an entire character in a single line. The performances - by Mr. Gordon, Mr. Tarantina (the tennis pro of ''Angels Fall'') and Robert Alan Morrow - are flawless. So is Mr. Bennett's elegaic staging, which reminds us that this director can field a tender, intimate play as seamlessly as he does a ''Dreamgirls.''

Mr. Ferraro's direction of Charlie Schulman's far-flung ''The Birthday Present,'' the final offering, is equally impressive. Mr. Schulman's rollicking dark farce is about a 10-year-old boy with no friends who grows up to be, literally, ''the last fertile man in the whole world.'' The action, accompanied by fizzy Richard Weinstock music, unfolds over three continents and 20 years, with nine major characters, and the subject is nothing less than the future of the human race.

The caustic jokes, almost all of them funny, deal with such diverse matters as political assassination, talk-show hosts, medical ethics, Third World unrest and carnivorous divorce lawyers. ''The Birthday Present'' would be called daring if written by an adult; it's even more wonderful as written by a 17-year-old, precisely because it isn't trying to be daring. Mr. Schulman is just a born writer, expressing himself to the fullest.

His hero is played, hilariously, by Christopher Durang, a lessyoung young playwright ideally suited to the play's anarchic temperament. Mr. Durang's onstage presence also serves as a sweet, palpable reminder that today's theatrical establishment has truly given its sweat and blood to the Young Playwrights Festival. It's a selfless gift whose future dividends are incalculable.

A Selfless Gift

THE YOUNG PLAYWRIGHTS FESTIVAL, sets by John Arnone; costumes by Patricia McGourty; lighting by Mal Sturchio; sound by Chuck London Media/Stewart Werner; original music by Richard Weinstock; production stage manager, Kate Stewart; stage manager, Suzanne Fry; festival artistic director, Gerald Chapman; festival managing director, Peggy Hansen; production supervised by B. Rodney Marriott. Presented by The Foundation of the Dramatists Guild and Circle Repertory Company, Marshall W. Mason, artistic director; B. Rodney Marriott, acting artistic director; Richard Frankel, managing director. At 99 Seventh Avenue South. A NEW APPROACH TO HUMAN SACRIFICE, by Peter Getty; directed by Garland Wright; dramaturg, Wendy Wasserstein.

And

I'M TIRED AND I WANT TO GO TO BED, by David Torbett; directed by Gerald Chapman; dramaturg, Michael Weller.

And

THIRD STREET, by Richard Colman; directed by Michael Bennett; dramaturg, Michael Weller.

And

THE BIRTHDAY PRESENT, by Charlie Schulman; directed by John Ferraro; dramaturg, A.R. Gurney Jr. WITH: Blanche Baker, Kim Beaty, Jean DeBaer, Christopher Durang, Greg Germann, Keith Gordon, Bill Moor, Robert Alan Morrow, Brendan Murphy, Novella Nelson, Burke Pearson, Edward Power, Deborah Rush, Brian Tarantina.

**End of Document**



[***Surge in Anti-Semitic Crime Worries French Jews***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4579-X6G0-01CN-H375-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

February 26, 2002 Tuesday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2002 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Column 1; Foreign Desk; Pg. 3

**Length:** 1345 words

**Byline:**  By SUZANNE DALEY

**Dateline:** GARGES-LES-GONESSE, France

**Body**

Shalom Temim, who lives in this modern, soulless-looking suburb of Paris where the government has built row upon row of subsidized high-rises, knows that he is the only Jew in his housing block on the Rue Delorme.

So, he does not doubt that the graffiti spray-painted in his stairwell -- "Vive Hezbollah" and "Dirty Jew" -- are directed at him. Nor is it the only sign of the hostility that surrounds him in this predominately Arab neighborhood. Six months ago a rock came crashing through his living-room window, and after it a smoky firecracker.

On a recent morning, fresh spit was visible on his front door.

"I have lived here for 32 years," Mr. Temim said with a sigh. "All this is new. It was never like this before. And it seems like the public authorities are downplaying everything, which is of course very worrying." He is not alone in feeling this way.

For nearly a decade, anti-Semitic violence had become fairly rare. But for over a year, France has witnessed a wave of attacks on Jews.

Increasingly, Jewish leaders are speaking out, challenging government statistics that they say minimize the problem and criticizing public officials who they say fail to denounce the mounting threats, insults and assaults directed at French Jews.

Part of the current problem, they say, is that the attacks are no longer coming just from skinheads and other supporters of the far right as in the past. These days the assailants are often Arabs, who occupy the lowest echelons of this society. The increase in incidents has corresponded to the deteriorating situation in the Middle East.

Most often the attacks occur in Paris suburbs like this one, where poor and ***working-class*** Jews and Muslims live side by side in bleak housing projects.

"Today's incidents are linked to some very real social problems in France, where many Arabs who are having a hard time or who are frustrated with what is going on in Palestine are taking it out on Jews," said Dr. Shimon Samuels, the co-author of a recent report on the issue for the Simon Wiesenthal Center in Paris.

"The fact that the government is not willing to acknowledge this is very a big problem," he said. "People are scared."

The Jewish leaders see a political component in the lack of outcry over the new wave of violence against Jews. More than five million Muslims -- many of them from Algeria or other former French colonies in north Africa -- live in France today, but only 600,000 Jews.

"It is clear that the Muslim community is more taken into account," the chief rabbi of France, Joseph Sitruk, said in a recent interview.

But some Muslim leaders suggest that the extent of the problem may be exaggerated, and they worry that too much publicity about it will only incite more trouble.

"I hear all this talk," said Said Kamli, the director of the mosque in Amiens, a town north of Paris with large Arab and Jewish populations. "But I do not feel this all around me. If there are really big numbers, then of course we must sound the bell of alarm. But my fear is that the problem will grow bigger if there is too much talk about it. The kids will start hearing that kids in another town are doing these things and they'll start doing it too."

In a lengthy article on the subject in Le Monde, many young Arabs in the Paris suburbs dismissed notions that they would attack local Jewish institutions because of their feelings about the Middle East. But several of the youths quoted did complain about what they saw as preferential treatment of Jews in French society.

One youth said synagogues were visible, stand-alone buildings, while the mosques were typically hidden away in basement suites.

"The Jews," said another, "are always the victims, and it is always the Arabs who are always getting pushed around, over there and here." So far there have not been any deaths in anti-Semitic attacks in France.

The French government has acknowledged a sharp increase in anti-Semitic incidents since September 2000, when fighting between Israelis and Palestinians intensified.

One government report says acts of violence against Jews have increased from one in 1998 to nine in 1999 to 116 in 2000, the most recent figure available. Other anti-Semitic incidents, ranging from threats to arson, went from 74 in 1998 and 60 in 1999 to 603 in 2000.

But some Jewish groups say that even those numbers fall far short of the actual situation, with many Jews afraid to report incidents and some officials quick to classify attacks as ordinary misbehavior by young toughs.

What seems indisputable is that news that a synagogue has been firebombed or that stones have been thrown at Jewish schools has become commonplace.

In Garges-les-Gonesse the distinctive blue schoolbus that takes children to a Jewish school in nearby Aubervilliers has been attacked three times in the last 14 months, when there were dozens of young children aboard.

The first time, a knife was thrown through an open window, the bus driver said. The second time, three men used their car to block the bus from moving. Then one man smashed a window with a tire iron while another menaced the driver with a gun, telling him he was not in Tel Aviv. Recently rocks were hurled at the windows, smashing one of them.

"I keep trying to tell the kids it's nothing," said the bus driver, Saadoun Hanoufa. "But of course they are scared. No one wants to live like this."

The Representative Council of French-Jewish Organizations has compiled a list of more than 350 anti-Jewish incidents in the last few months. The incidents range from vandalism and threatening mail to assaults and threats.

"The government is minimizing this phenomenon because they want to keep things calm," said Roger Cukierman, the group's president. "But we are a stage where we see a problem and we need to bring it out into the open."

Some researchers say Jews are largely suffering from an increase in the general level of violence in low-income neighborhoods.

Khadija Mohsen-Finan, a political scientist at a Paris-based research institute who recently completed a study of Muslim youth for France's Interior Ministry, said young Muslims were passionate on the subject of Palestine, but not particularly anti-Semitic.

"There was no rejection of the Jew," Ms. Mohsen-Finan said, referring to interviews with nearly 500 young Muslims. "So far the number of incidents has been small."

She said she believed that Jewish anxieties were overblown. "Are there verbal attacks?" she said. "Sure. But that goes both ways."

French authorities, including President Jacques Chirac and Prime Minister Lionel Jospin, have made statements deploring the trend -- but not often and not loudly.

Some Jewish leaders contend that both men were, for instance, far more outspoken in warning against considering all Muslims terrorists in the aftermath of the Sept. 11 attacks in the United States.

Within intellectual circles a debate is raging about whether too much is being made of attacks. In an article in Le Monde under the headline "We Are Not Victims," two prominent figures, Jean-Christophe Attias and Esther Benbassathat, argued that Jews in France, in comparison to Arabs, suffered no ostracism.

Nor were recent attacks nearly as serious as the problems Jews suffered in the 1930's and 1940's, they wrote.

"Let us not fall into the easy trap of demonizing and using simplistic labels," they wrote.

But in the suburbs of Paris, Jewish residents, most of whom have immigrated from North Africa, say they feel a need to protect themselves.

After several incidents, including a fire set in a closet in the rabbi's office, the synagogue in Garges-les-Gonesse installed new steel fencing all around the property. The synagogue in nearby in Sarcelles now looks like a fortress, with chain-link fencing and video cameras all around the property.

For Mr. Temim, who was born in Tunisia and has always lived among Arabs, these are particularly sad days. "There used to be a certain respect for each other," he said. "But the younger generation doesn't have it.

"They have grown up with cable TV from the Arab world. They have been radicalized."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Shalom Temim has met with a recent surge in anti-Jewish acts.; Saadoun Hanoufa in the bus he drives to take children to a Jewish school. The distinctive blue bus has been attacked three times in 14 months. (Photographs by Julien Chatelin for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** February 26, 2002

**End of Document**



[***LABOR'S DEFEAT IN LONDON WEAKENS PARTY LEADER***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-MCJ0-0008-Y3S0-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

February 26, 1983, Saturday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1983 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 1; Page 6, Column 3; Foreign Desk

**Length:** 1023 words

**Byline:** By R.W. APPLE Jr., Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** LONDON, Feb. 25

**Body**

Labor Party officials said today that the party's crushing defeat in Thursday's by-election in a London dock district had weakened Michael Foot's position as the party's leader.

The Labor candidate, Peter Tatchell, a 31-year-old left-winger, received fewer than half as many votes as the victor, Simon Hughes, the candidate of the Liberal-Social Democratic alliance. Labor had held the seat, in the Bermondsey district south of the Thames, for 60 years. and it had been considered one of the half-dozen safest Labor seats in England.

Voters interviewed by the BBC as they left the polling places gave as their primary reasons for backing Mr. Hughes, a 31-year-old lawyer, the prolonged infighting within the Labor Party as well as Mr. Tatchell's militancy. Labor's share of the vote plummeted from 63.6 percent at the last general election in May 1979, to 26.1 Thursday, the largest swing in recent decades.

LONDON, Feb. 25 - Labor Party officials said today that the party's crushing defeat in Thursday's by-election in a London dock district had weakened Michael Foot's position as the party's leader.

Mr. Foot, a 69-year-old former journalist who has served in Parliament since 1945, issued a statement during the night in which he said, ''I am staying as leader of the party because I was elected to do the job, to lead the party to victory at the next election.'' He conceded that the by-election defeat was a sharp setback but insisted that ''Bermondsey will be won back for Labor at the general election.''

Pressures to Quit Are Mounting

That election is expected in June or October of this year or in the following spring, and Labor tacticians are hoping the pattern of Ashfield will be repeated. In a by-election in that constituency in April 1977, the party lost a seat it had previously won by 22,000 votes, but in the 1979 general election the seat was easily regained.

But the pressures on Mr. Foot to quit are mounting. Most established Labor politicians, particularly those with marginal seats, expressed gloom about the party's prospects. Mr. Foot inspired little confidence before the Bermondsey voting and he now appears to inspire even less. Mr. Foot at first refused to endorse the candidacy of Mr. Tatchell, who came to England from Australia in part to avoid military service in Vietnam, but he later retreated from that stand and finally issued statements of support for him. Mr. Foot's early denunciations of Mr. Tatchell and his subsequent about-face were cited by several senior figures as the beginning of what they called the debacle that engulfed the party Thursday.

Since he became Labor leader in 1980, Mr. Foot has repeatedly failed in his attempts to reconcile the quarrels between the party's militant left wing, of which Mr. Tatchell is a member, and its more moderate, more traditional right wing. More than a dozen members of Parliament from the Labor right have defected to the Social Democrats, and those who have remained feel themselves under siege.

For the new party and its Liberal allies, the victory at Bermondsey constituted a badly needed shot in the arm. It was the alliance's first victory in a thoroughly ***working-class***, inner-city constituency, and its first capture of a previously Labor seat.

Three previous by-election victories came at the expense of the Tories.

New Party's Standing Rises

Mrs. Shirley Williams, the Social Democrats' president, said the result proved that Labor would ''never form a government again.'' David Steel, the Liberal leader, commented: ''This is not a victory. It is a complete rout.''

The alliance's standing in the national polls, which has been depressed since the war with Argentina over the Falkland Islands distracted public attention, can now be expected to rise, and it will make an all-out effort to win the forthcoming by-election at Darlington in northeast England. But most politicians believe it still has a long way to go before re-establishing itself as a contender for power.

Mr. Foot's future will depend to a great extent on the union leaders who helped him to power in the first place. The key man in the coming weeks will probably be Moss Evans, the head of Britain's most powerful union, the Transport and General Workers. He voiced support for Mr. Foot as recently as last week, but there were unconfirmed reports today that he planned to meet Mr. Foot soon to discuss the leader's future.

According to some reports, most of those in the Labor shadow cabinet have already concluded that Mr. Foot should resign. They believe, it is said, that only Denis Healey, the 65-year-old deputy leader, is capable of rallying the party for a general election.

Plan Reportedly Formulated

The Times of London said today that a plan had been formulated under which Mr. Foot would step down, to be replaced by Mr. Healey, who is a right-winger. The deputy's job would then go to Neil Kinnock, 40, the party spokesman on education, who is a left-winger acceptable to much of the right. He is widely considered a future contender for prime minister.

According to The Times, the plan calls for the unions to pledge in advance to back Mr. Healey after he takes over as acting leader. That would be necessary to block an attempt by Tony Benn and the left to supplant him when a conference is called to confirm his accession to the leadership.

Mr. Healey, a shrewd and experienced political infighter, has publicly supported Mr. Foot. But in private conversation with politicians and others, he has made it plain he is ready to take over. He told one friend, ''If I don't make it in the next six months, I never will, but I must tread lightly.''

The trouble with the reported plan is that the left will almost certainly fight to keep Mr. Foot in power. They dislike Mr. Healey personally and ideologically, and, although Mr. Foot has moved to the center since becoming leader, he is instinctively a left-winger.

Tribune, the weekly newspaper of the left, said in an editorial that getting rid of the leader would solve nothing. It added: ''The problem runs much deeper. The sad truth is that he is at the head of a regime which is ideologically and politically impoverished.''

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photo of Simon Hughes

**End of Document**



[***Mild and Merciful San Francisco a Magnet for the Homeless***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3TD8-RM60-007F-G0KF-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 16, 1998, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1998 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** National Desk

**Section:** Section 1; ; Section 1; Page 20; Column 1; National Desk ; Column 1;

**Length:** 1220 words

**Byline:** By MICHAEL JANOFSKY

By MICHAEL JANOFSKY

**Dateline:** SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 15

**Body**

To many people who live here and to the millions who visit each year, San Francisco is a jewel of American cities for its beauty, culture and quirkiness. For entirely different reasons, a rising number of homeless people also find it ideal.

In many respects, San Francisco may be the best haven in America for the homeless. The weather is consistently mild. City welfare benefits are larger than those available in most other places -- by more than $100 a month in some cases -- and have no cutoff time.

Further, as one of the nation's last bastions of liberalism, San Francisco offers an unusually wide array of free services for the poor through public and private programs that help with housing, medical needs, child care, job training and substance abuse treatment.

"We're humanistic," Mayor Willie L. Brown said in a recent interview.

But for all the efforts here to address the complexities of homelessness, people who work with San Francisco's poor say their programs cannot be stretched to cover the number of people who need them. The experts contend that the city's long history of tolerance, individual benefits of $345 a month and support programs serve as a magnet for homeless people at a time when the city cannot meet the demand for affordable housing and housing costs over all have become the highest of any city in the country.

"We're still losing ground," said Will Lightbourne, executive director of the Department of Human Services. "It's a supply issue, and we're not a nation-state. People are free to move here."

By some estimates, the number of homeless here has increased to 16,000 people on any given night, almost twice the number of a decade ago, and experts say many of them have mental disorders, physical disabilities and diseases like AIDS.

Surveys by the National Law Center on Homelessness and Poverty, an advocacy group for the poor, have found that only New York and Los Angeles, the largest cities in the country, have more homeless people than San Francisco, which was the 13th largest city in 1996, with a population of 735,315, according to the Census Bureau.

Complicating matters here are economic forces that are pushing even more people into homelessness. San Francisco is a small place, less than 50 square miles with water on three sides. Many neighborhoods are changing, with new shops and restaurants helping to drive up residential rental costs. In a city where the vacancy rate seldom exceeds 1 percent, one-bedroom apartments even in ***working-class*** neighborhoods can rent for $1,000 a month.

At the same time, building owners who once used Federal grants to subsidize rents for low-income people are converting their properties into expensive units for sale or rent. Maggie Donahue, director of the city's housing and homeless programs, said San Francisco had 12,000 single-room units, less than half the number of a decade ago.

"This has become a yuppie town, where it seems like gentrification is a citywide program," said Paul Boden of the Coalition on Homelessness, which creates low-income housing here. "It wasn't that long ago you could still find flophouses where people could stay for $50 a week. Now, they're not there."

Ms. Donahue and other city officials do not necessarily disagree with Mr. Boden. They say the city and nonprofit groups are doing everything possible to meet the demands of the homeless.

In recent years, the city government has worked with many private groups and with the Federal Government to create more housing for low-income people. Just this week, the city broke ground on the first of three developments that will provide affordable housing -- 331 apartments -- and more projects are planned.

And Mr. Lightbourne said that the city was doing more to address the causes of homelessness, with new job-training programs, and plans to create three single-occupancy hotels for people with chronic disabilities.

That scarcely puts a dent in the city's overall needs. Ron Sonenshine, spokesman for the city's public housing agency, said the current stock of 6,100 units accommodated 25,000 people, but with a low vacancy rate, some of the 14,000 people on waiting lists could wait eight years.

Mayor Brown, who has drawn sharp criticism for police crackdowns that swept homeless people out of encampments in Golden Gate Park, conceded that governments at all levels were not doing enough to help the homeless and working poor.

But recognizing that he must satisfy different constituencies, including business leaders who depend upon revenues from tourism, he defended the city's current approach. He said that the supply of shelter beds was adequate and that aggressive enforcement of laws that keep the homeless from sleeping in public places was appropriate.

The Rev. Cecil Williams of the Glide Memorial United Methodist Church, which runs one of the city's largest homeless centers with 43 programs serving 5,000 people a day, predicted that problems facing the city would get worse without more money and housing units. Criticizing the city for relying too much on private agencies, he said, "Nobody has any real grip on what to do."

For many of San Francisco's homeless, no amount of effort is likely to make much of a difference. Ronald Greenspane, director of Community Awareness and Treatment Services, a nonprofit group that specializes in helping homeless people suffering with substance abuse problems, AIDS and mental disorders, said many homeless people say they simply do not want the help that is offered.

Conducting informal interviews of about 500 people served by his group, Mr. Greenspane said he estimated that as many as 70 percent of homeless people were substance abusers, as many as 40 percent had a mental disorder and more than a third of them had been living in San Francisco for five years or longer.

"A good number of them," he said, "don't want to have a thing to do with anyone."

The homeless have become an indelible part of the city's landscape, along with the well-to-do residents and the tourists.

Sad-faced panhandlers seem to be everywhere, many with a story or hand-scribbled sign that speaks of dire need or misfortune. Most accept rejections of their requests for money without question. But many others persist, following pedestrians.

Trevor Hailey, who has given walking tours of the Castro district for the last nine years, said that in recent years, panhandlers had become "incredibly more demanding with in-your-face tactics." Some business owners in the neighborhood, she said, have begun displaying signs urging residents to give money to service providers, rather than the panhandlers. "The merchants even provide the envelope to mail in a donation," Ms. Hailey said.

In many ways, the scenes here are reminiscent of New York City a decade ago, when some streets were so crowded with the homeless that only the more creative panhandlers succeeded. But advocates here are less fearful that Mr. Brown or a successor might respond as aggressively as Mayor Rudolph W. Giuliani has in New York. Mr. Giuliani's "quality of life" campaign has pushed the homeless to the margins of the city and into other boroughs.

The police here might sweep downtown doorways and Golden Gate Park now and then to roust homeless people sleeping there. But in a city with so many open arms and deep pockets, they are not likely to go far.

**Graphic**

Photos: Many homeless people in San Francisco carry signs that describe their dire need or misfortune. Larry King takes a different approach. San Francisco's history of tolerance and social services, combined with a lack of affordable housing, has led to a homeless population of 16,000 on a given night. Angie, 43, panhandling to get the $10 guest fee at a hotel. (Photographs by Darcy Padilla for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** August 16, 1998

**End of Document**



[***Standoff Between Boston Globe and Its Star Columnist Provokes Turmoil in Newsroom - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3TB9-W5Y0-007F-G234-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

**Correction Appended**



Copyright 1998 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** National Desk

**Section:** Section A; ; Section A; Page 14; Column 1; National Desk ; Column 1;

**Length:** 1221 words

**Byline:** By FELICITY BARRINGER

By FELICITY BARRINGER

**Body**

The Boston Globe and its columnist Mike Barnicle found themselves at a standoff yesterday, with the newspaper continuing to demand his resignation and Mr. Barnicle refusing to provide it.

Rick Gulla, spokesman for The Globe, said the newspaper's management had not dismissed Mr. Barnicle, but still wanted him to step down.

As the two sides continued their delicate dance, newsroom employees reeled over the accusation that Mr. Barnicle had plagiarized material from a book by the comedian George Carlin and had then been less than truthful when questioned about it by the newspaper's editors.

The dispute between the paper and one of its star columnists came barely two months after another Globe columnist, Patricia Smith, was forced to resign after she admitted fabricating characters in some of her columns. And it comes in a year in which several other publications and a television network have had to retract controversial stories deemed to have been inaccurate.

An executive of The Globe, which is owned by The New York Times Company, said last night that Benjamin Taylor, The Globe's publisher, would meet with Mr. Barnicle this morning.

In an E-mail message to rally the staff, The Globe's editor, Matthew V. Storin, who was vacationing in Italy, praised their work and urged them to continue to put out "great papers." But it did little to dispel the gloom and confusion.

One senior newsroom employee -- who, like most others interviewed, spoke on the condition of anonymity, -- said, "People are really dispirited, they are upset and a lot of people are angry that all they know about this is from what they've read in the paper. It's like the second death in the family in six weeks and the head of the family hasn't got time to talk."

In trying to force out Mr. Barnicle, The Globe has taken on one of the last in a breed of powerful big-city newspaper columnists. While he had a reputation for speaking for the ***working class*** neighborhoods of Boston, he had also come in for his share of criticism.

Nonetheless, calls and E-mail messages to the newspaper yesterday heavily favored him.

His supporters contended that he had been sacrificed in what they said was a misguided effort at fairness, that his offense was not on a par with Ms. Smith's fabrications.

Mr. Barnicle, 55, is white. Ms. Smith, 42, is black and was brought to The Globe by Mr. Storin from The Chicago Sun Times. "The talk radio chat has been, 'Oh, this was a tit-for-tat firing, a white columnist to make up for firing a black one,' " said one newsroom employee. "But we know and he knows, I think, deep down that we are a profession and we have to have standards."

In between writing two to three columns a week, Mr. Barnicle has often been among the guests at the wakes of slain policemen. He gave his Red Sox tickets to janitors and telephone operators at The Globe. In print, he made a name with two-fisted prose. In one 1988 column about street crime he wrote, "A jail term is too far down the road to be a factor in the daily life of a maggot."

He also gave the impression of bending the rules.

In 1979, about six years after Mr. Barnicle, a former political speechwriter, was hired at The Globe, he was invited on a Congressional trip to Southeast Asia. But The Globe declined to send him.

Mr. Barnicle said he took vacation time and went anyway, writing articles for James Bellows, who was then the editor of The Los Angeles Herald Examiner. One article ended up in The Boston Herald American.

Writing for the competition is forbidden by most newspapers. In an interview earlier this week, Mr. Barnicle said, "That was back in the time when we took ourselves far less seriously."

Mr. Barnicle's flouting of that professional convention in the late 1970's was matched in the mid-1990's by his willingness to flout the convention that there should be no smoking in a no-smoking building. Mr. Barnicle said he smoked cigars in his office and welcomed other smokers there.

But it was his refusal to address criticisms of his work that most concerned his colleagues. In 1991, Boston magazine examined one of his articles and could find no evidence that two characters in it existed.

In 1990, Alan M. Dershowitz, the Harvard law professor, accused Mr. Barnicle of falsely attributing a racist quote to him. The Globe did not retract the column but in a confidential settlement agreed to pay Mr. Dershowitz $75,000, according to a lawyer who has been briefed on the matter.

But for certain types of coverage, Mr. Barnicle was well-connected. "It's safe to say when it comes to police sources in the city, Barnicle has a reputation for having an unusual high level of access" to them, said Alfred S. Larkin Jr., a former managing editor who is now The Globe's vice president and assistant to the publisher.

In early 1990, Mr. Barnicle had been leading the coverage of Charles Stuart, who fatally shot his pregnant wife, blamed the shooting on a black man, and then jumped to his death from the Tobin Bridge.

Most of the reporting proved solid, but Mr. Barnicle wrote one article saying the Prudential Insurance Company had issued a check for $480,000 to Mr. Stuart, in payment of a life insurance policy for his wife. The company denied it. No similar check has been found. The Globe published no correction.

Gregory Moore, The Globe's managing editor, said last week that the paper's reporting "still stood," but he and other editors believe a correction should have run.

Mr. Barnicle said, "Three different people told me about the check." Was it worth correcting? "No," he said, adding, "It was a fringe item."

But it fueled the pervasive sense that Mr. Barnicle operated by his own rules. In 1995, when Walter Robinson, an assistant managing editor, brought to the top editors evidence that Ms. Smith had fabricated characters in 27 columns, the issue of Mr. Barnicle's reputation became part of the discussion.

"I was dealing with a number of different factors," Mr. Storin said last month. "There were the rumors and rumblings about Barnicle, none of them proven."

If Ms. Smith were confronted with the evidence of fabrications in 1995, Mr. Storin said last month, the issue of Mr. Barnicle would inevitably have been raised.

"If we had to dismiss her in that time frame, then Barnicle would be caught up in the wake of that and I wasn't sure if I could save him, even if the charges had been unfounded," Mr. Storin said. "He and the paper had been a little dismissive and a little arrogant about the charges, unfair as they were."

Faced with the choice of enforcing journalistic standards on Ms. Smith, at the risk of seeming unfair, or choosing an approach they believed would be fair to all, Mr. Storin and his top editors agreed that the three Metro columnists -- Mr. Barnicle, Ms. Smith and Eileen McNamara -- would be told of the paper's standards of accuracy and that their columns would be spot-checked from time to time.

Mr. Larkin, the vice president, said in an interview on Monday: "To try and have a fresh starting point with new rules -- it clarified things for Matt. To go forward from there works out pretty good for Matt and pretty good for Mike."

On Monday evening, a reader contacted The Globe, asking about the similarities between Mr. Barnicle's column and Mr. Carlin's book. Two days later, the paper asked for Mr. Barnicle's resignation.

**Correction**

An article on Friday about The Boston Globe's request for the resignation of the columnist Mike Barnicle misstated the circumstances under which a former Globe columnist, Patricia Smith, was hired. She was hired by The Globe in 1990 before Matthew V. Storin became executive editor; she was not brought in by Mr. Storin when he rejoined the staff in 1992.

**Correction-Date:** August 10, 1998, Monday

**Load-Date:** August 7, 1998

**End of Document**



[***2 Get Ready to Lock Horns at The Daily News***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-TR90-0024-J1GK-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 12, 1993, Tuesday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1993 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk

**Section:** Section B;; Section B; Page 3; Column 1; Metropolitan Desk; Column 1;; Biography

**Length:** 1096 words

**Byline:** Richard Esposito; Ray Rogers

By ROBERT D. McFADDEN

By ROBERT D. McFADDEN

**Body**

One is an editor and former police reporter who has worked on every tabloid in town, spinning slasher tales and municipal scandals into front-page scoops. The other is a tough labor organizer who has dragged corporate giants to the bargaining table with campaigns of innovative, often harsh, pressure tactics.

Tomorrow the two men, who have never met, take on new jobs and become foes of a sort in a titanic fight over The Daily News -- the editor, Richard Esposito, helping to rebuild it for a new owner; the labor organizer, Ray Rogers, trying to undermine it, at least temporarily, with a reader-and-advertiser boycott for a newspaper union that wants to win back some of the 170 jobs cut last week in an economy move.

Both men were hired last week -- Mr. Esposito by Mortimer B. Zuckerman, the new owner of The News, as metropolitan editor, and Mr. Rogers by the Newspaper Guild of New York as a consultant and organizer for its planned boycott. Both men are known to associates as imaginative, dynamic and aggressive: the right stuff for what are expected to be Herculean tasks on both sides.

Coming From Newsday

Mr. Esposito, a 37-year-old journalistic jack-of-all-trades who has been city editor of New York Newsday for the last three years, must rekindle a News metropolitan staff that was cut by a third last week, left in turmoil by reshuffled assignments and other changes and angered over what some called the brutal way colleagues were summarily dismissed after decades of service.

In a brief interview, Mr. Esposito declined to discuss his plans for the metropolitan staff, but associates said he would press hard to improve coverage of city government, neighborhoods, transportation and other aspects of life in New York, with writing that captures the wit, wisdom and tempo of the town.

Mr. Rogers, 48, a nationally known crusader who developed boycott techniques that rocked textile and food companies, airlines, banks and other corporations, faces other daunting problems. He must mount his campaign without the support of nine other unions representing newspaper crafts, and must defeat not just the financially ailing Daily News but also its multimillionaire owner, whose empire includes large real estate and publishing holdings.

Strategy Meetings

With Newspaper Guild rank-and-file strategy meetings set for tomorrow and Thursday, Mr. Rogers said much remains to be decided about the direction and scope of his campaign. But he said in an interview that it would be aimed not only at readers and advertisers of The News but also at all of Mr. Zuckerman's businesses.

"You've got to look at his real-estate empire, at U.S. News & World Report, at The Atlantic Monthly," he said, referring to other Zuckerman properties. "You have to look into whether he's paying his fair share of taxes. I'd focus on every area where we could put pressure on him and his business and political alliances. We'll have hundreds of volunteers and we will certainly bring in community groups and other unions."

For all the difficulties they face, friends say both men have a fighting chance.

"I have a lot of respect for Richie Esposito," said Alice T. McGillion, a former Deputy Police Commissioner who knew him as a reporter and editor. "He's sensitive, diligent and accurate and most of all he knows New York. He has an appreciation for its different groups and neighborhoods."

Mr. Esposito was born in East Harlem, attended Fordham Prep and graduated from New York University in 1975, earning a degree in English literature, with honors, in three years while working as a teacher-counselor in a Federal drug program. After a year of graduate study at the University of California at Berkeley, he began his journalistic career as a copy boy for The News in 1977.

Promoted to reporter in 1980, he covered general and police assignments. He contributed to a major series on subways and once interviewed a man holed up in a hotel room who was wanted by the police in a series of attacks on nurses for which he had been dubbed "the Bellevue Slasher."

From 1982 to 1984, he worked for The Philadelphia Bulletin, CBS and a New York business magazine, and freelanced for The New York Post, Reuters and the Cable News Network. After two years as a full-time reporter for The Post, he joined New York Newsday in 1986 and was successively a reporter, assistant city editor and city editor.

Collaborating with Robert Stutman, then the head of the Federal Drug Enforcement Administration in New York, he also wrote a book on drug policies, "Dead on Delivery," which was published by Warner Books last year.

Mr. Rogers was born in Beverly, Mass., into a ***working-class*** family that knew strikes and hardship first hand. He graduated from the University of Massachusetts in 1967 with a degree in sociology, was a Vista antipoverty volunteer in Tennessee and wrote a paper for a Federal agency on hunger and malnutrition in Appalachia.

Organized Store Picketing

In 1973, he was hired by a clothing workers union then locked in a fight with the Texas-based Farah Company. In a preview of his later work, he helped organize picketing at stores that carried Farah slacks, prompting many to cancel orders and Farah to settle.

He became nationally known after a long struggle with J. P. Stevens, the textile company, in which he formulated his "corporate campaign" tactics. He encouraged union members to pull money out of banks that did business with the company; he mounted personal attacks on executives and trustees; he dragged other companies into the dispute, including Manufacturers Hanover Trust and Metropolitan Life. Eventually, executives resigned and in 1980 Stevens signed its first labor contract.

He has also led campaigns against Hormel & Company, American Airlines, the International Paper Company and others, often focusing on environmental, health and other non-economic issues. Few have doubted his effectiveness, although his often harsh tactics have dismayed some union leaders as well as the companies they were directed against.

In 1981, he founded Corporate Campaign, with its headquarters and a small staff in Manhattan. But in waging his campaigns, Mr. Rogers relies heavily on union volunteers and their sympathizers. Friends say Mr. Rogers, a bachelor, leads a monkish existence, living in a low-rent apartment, wearing clothing off the rack and staying in cheap hotels.

His asceticism is armor against opponents like Mr. Zuckerman, whose wealth, he believes, makes him vulnerable. "This is a man that has played with a lot of toys," Mr. Rogers said. "Well, people's lives are not toys."

**Graphic**

Photo: Ray Rogers, a labor organizer, who was hired by the Newspaper Guild of New York to plan a reader-and-advertiser boycott of The Daily News to try to win back some of the 170 jobs cut last week. He said the boycott would also be aimed at Mortimer B. Zuckerman's other businesses. (Keith Meyers/The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** January 12, 1993

**End of Document**



[***D.H. LAWRENCE NOVEL 'SONS AND LOVERS' ON PBS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-KN60-0008-Y4BS-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 13, 1983, Friday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1983 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section C; Page 31, Column 1; Weekend Desk; Review

**Length:** 1031 words

**Byline:** By JOHN J. O'CONNOR

**Body**

DH. LAWRENCE'S ''Sons and Lovers'' moves into public television's ''Masterpiece Theater'' showcase Sunday on Channel 13 at 9 P.M., for a run of seven episodes. Like Lawrence and most of his work, the production is not easy to embrace, even though this was one of his more ''accessible'' novels.

Published in 1913, when the author was 28, ''Sons and Lovers'' was almost fiercely autobiographical, as it recounted the growing up of Paul Morel, an artist, as the son of a coal miner in the north of England, just ouside Nottingham. Alistair Cooke, host of the series, appears to be distinctly disapproving of either Lawrence or the production, or both, but even he has to concede, before virtually every episode, that the novel was unusual for its time as a depiction not of rural life, in which English literature abounds, but of ''***working-class*** life seen from the inside.''

DH. LAWRENCE'S ''Sons and Lovers'' moves into public television's ''Masterpiece Theater'' showcase Sunday on Channel 13 at 9 P.M., for a run of seven episodes.

On one level, that life was utterly joyless, as it plodded from one day to the next with husbands descending into dark mines and pregnant wives pinching pennies for dreary survival. On another level, that life had its moments of honor and courage as, somehow, many did manage to survive and even to prevail. In this television version of the book, Trevor Griffiths has fashioned a script that may be even a bit more grim than Lawrence's recollections, but it captures powerfully the spectacle of lives lived in almost unrelieved desperation.

The first episode sets the scene for Paul (Karl Johnson), who is not even born when it begins and is only a youngster at its close. The central character here is his mother, Gertrude (Eileen Atkins), a woman who has married somewhat beneath her station and who never lets her husband forget it. Walter Morel (Tom Bell) is a simple collier who likes to drink and, not infrequently, to lash out at his wife. Cold and dour, Gertrude lives for her children, proud of her eldest son as he goes off to a clerk's job in London and determined to protect the frail Paul, always something of an outsider in the family, from some of life's more brutal realities. Life with mother will be the single most important influence on Paul's later development.

This is not a slick production. It moves at its own determined pace. There are some formidable hurdles for American viewers, most notably the nearly impenetrable North Country accent Mr. Bell has used for the character of the father. But there is a cumulative power to this adaptation. Seekers of serious television are advised to get in on the beginning.

Elizabeth Montgomery

As a Private Detective

Then there is ''Missing Pieces,'' a television movie on Channel 2 tomorrow evening at 9. In this ''contemporary mystery drama,'' written and directed by Mike Hodges, Elizabeth Montgomery plays Sara Scott, a private detective, who is still trying to recover from the killing of her journalist husband a few years before. Sara keeps having nightmares in which her husband is constantly being gunned down on a dark, rainy night in a deserted street. In what is apparently supposed to be artistically innovative, that scene is repeated, in slow motion, throughout the entire film. The effect is staggeringly boring.

Sara lives with her young, precocious daughter, Valerie (Louanne), and works for a monumentally fat and sloppy private investigator named Papazian (Ron Karabatsos). While Papazian is off somewhere swilling tequila and having fun with low life, Sara is frantically searching for a client who might help pay the office rent. She finally finds one, a woman who thinks her husband is having an affair. Trailing the husband, Sara runs right into a situation with astonishing, and absolutely unbelievable, parallels to the situation involving her own late husband. Her subsequent sleuthing will involve suspicious Hispanic-Americans, big-time politicians and a major drug ring. Enough said, at least for those who insist on being even mildly surprised.

The most irritating thing about Sara is her insistence on providing a nonstop impersonation of standard Raymond Chandler-type detectives. Her reservoir of tough-guy observations is bottomless: ''It looked like he was going someplace in a hurry when he was rerouted to oblivion''; ''He drifted away like a bar of scented soap, leaving me blowing bubbles''; ''The day proceeded with all the charm of a nervous breakdown.'' And so on, unto a snarl in danger of developing into lockjaw.

David Frost Presents

'Guinness Record Book'

Sunday at 8 P.M., Channel 7 continues a sporadic but fairly popular series with ''The Fourth International Guinness Book of World Records,'' starring David Frost and put together by Mr. Frost's company, Paradine Productions. On this hunt for the unusual, Mr. Frost and a blonde assistant named Randi Oakes visit Australia, New Zealand and Pentecost Island in the Republic of Vanuatu. Never one to stint on hyperbole, Mr. Frost quickly promises viewers ''fantastic feats, facts and phenomena from the South Pacific - sight and sound, spectacle and sensation, and, indeed, suspense.'' ''We'll be right back,'' he shouts exuberantly, ''with the most spine-tingling event we've ever recorded.''

The event, reported by Miss Oakes, involves a high tower on Pentecost Island from which men and boys dive with vines tied around their ankles to break the fall only inches from the ground. Most participants seem to have mastered the situation. Miss Oakes is unfailingly reassuring (''Look at that smile; he's laughing''). When one poor fellow does crash to the ground after his vines snap, she says, ''Oh, I hope he'll be all right,'' but that is the last we see or hear of the unfortunate competitor.

The rest of the hour features everything from the world's longest whip and parachutists landing on moving motorcycles to a timed contest in which wool sheared from sheep is processed into a finished suit. Mr. Frost never loses his seeming enthusiasm, assuring both winners and losers that they have made ''a magnificent effort.'' Miss Oakes just keeps on smiling and being bubbly, no matter what happens.

**End of Document**



[***Many Doctors Shun Patients With Medicare***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:45CC-BN30-01CN-H1CS-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 17, 2002 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2002 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 1; Column 5; National Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1434 words

**Byline:**  By ROBERT PEAR

**Dateline:** WASHINGTON, March 16

**Body**

For the first time, significant numbers of doctors are refusing to take new Medicare patients, saying the government now pays them too little to cover the costs of caring for the elderly.

Medicare cut payments to doctors by 5.4 percent this year. The government estimates that under current law, the fees paid for each medical service will be reduced in each of the next three years, for a total decrease of 17 percent from 2002 to 2005.

For years, doctors have expressed frustration with Medicare, grumbling about reimbursement and complex federal regulations. But the latest reaction appears to be different. Doctors are acting on their concerns, in ways that could reduce access to care for patients who need it.

For example, some doctors are purposely limiting the number of their Medicare patients. The American Academy of Family Physicians says that 17 percent of family doctors are not taking new Medicare patients.

Mark H. Krotowski, 54, a family doctor in a ***working-class*** neighborhood of Brooklyn, said: "My expenses go up and up and up every year. For the government to lower what it pays me when my expenses are rising -- that doesn't make sense. It's an insult."

Dr. Krotowski said that about 25 percent of his current patients were on Medicare, but that he was not taking any new Medicare patients.

"I love my elderly patients," Dr. Krotowski said. "But they are very sick. They need a lot of attention, a lot of medications and a lot of time. Medicare reimbursement has not kept up with inflation or the cost of providing care to the elderly."

The government is continually struggling to control Medicare costs. Total Medicare spending rose 24 percent in the last five years, to $238 billion in 2001, and the Congressional Budget Office predicts that it will grow faster in the next five years, to $310 billion in 2006.

Spending for doctors' services accounted for nearly $41 billion of last year's total.

Dr. Baretta R. Casey, 48, a family physician in rural Pikeville, Ky., near Ashland, did exactly what the government encouraged doctors to do, setting up practice in an area where doctors were in short supply.

"For the last five years," Dr. Casey said, "I've watched my income go down and my expenses go up. About 60 percent of my practice is Medicare patients. I decided not to take any more Medicare patients in January, when the reimbursement rate was cut."

Dr. Casey, like many doctors, said the impact of the cut was magnified because many private insurers link their payments to the amounts paid by Medicare.

Health policy experts said the cuts could make it more difficult for elderly people to find doctors just as the need increases with the aging of the population. Medicare covers 40 million people, and the number of beneficiaries is expected to double by 2030. Scores of lawmakers have endorsed legislation to increase Medicare payments to doctors, but the outlook for the legislation is unclear. Other health care providers like hospitals, nursing homes and health maintenance organizations -- are also demanding more money.

Though Medicare can barely afford all the benefits promised under current law, Congress is seriously considering expansion of the program to add prescription drug benefits. The Bush administration says that any increases in payments to some providers must be offset by cuts in payments to others. Moreover, it says, any new money should go to Medicare beneficiaries, for drug benefits, or to the uninsured, in tax credits to buy private insurance.

Dr. Paul E. Buehrens, 50, medical director of a clinic with 22 doctors in Kirkland, Wash., near Seattle, has taken specialized training in geriatrics and was medical director of a nursing home for more than 10 years. But he said the group no longer took new Medicare patients, because the financial losses were unsustainable.

Medicare pays his group an average of $60 for an office visit, he said, but the costs average $ 100: about $70 for rent, utilities, malpractice insurance and salaries and benefits for the staff, plus $30 for the doctor.

Dr. Buehrens said he continued to treat his "established patients" -- those already on Medicare and those who turn 65 while under his care. But, he said, it is painful to inform other people who ask him to be their doctor that "we have closed our practice to new Medicare and new Medicaid patients."

At current payment rates, he said, "Medicare is almost charity care."

Medicaid, which provides care for poor people, usually pays less than Medicare. Many doctors refuse to participate in Medicaid. In some poor urban and rural areas, Medicaid recipients have trouble finding doctors.

Many H.M.O.'s have left Medicare or curtailed their participation, dropping 2.2 million patients in the last four years, after concluding that the federal payments were inadequate.

Martha A. McSteen, president of the National Committee to Preserve Social Security and Medicare, an advocacy group for the elderly, said, "Many of our members across the country have told us that they are having difficulty finding a physician who accepts Medicare."

Medicare patients sometimes seek care at doctor-training programs like one affiliated with the University of Colorado in Fort Collins.

"Colorado advertises itself as a great place for seniors to live," said Dr. Austin G. Bailey, director of the family medicine residency program in Fort Collins. "But it's a difficult place for seniors to find family physicians or general internists. When Medicare patients come to us, they often tell us they've called 15 to 18 doctors' offices in an unsuccessful effort to get appointments."

Dr. Stephen C. Albrecht, 46, who practices with three other doctors in Olympia, Wash., said he stopped taking new Medicare patients about six months ago.

"It impedes the economic viability of my practice to have a large Medicare population," Dr. Albrecht said. "When you own and run a small business, you have to make sure it's economically viable."

Dr. Michael J. Marcello, a family doctor in Mathews, La., 40 miles from New Orleans, said he had decided not to accept new Medicare patients starting in January, when Medicare payments were cut 5.4 percent.

"Our instinct would be to offer services, but it's just not fiscally justifiable," Dr. Marcello said. "There's no evidence of any reduction in the cost of living, utilities or supplies. Malpractice insurance premiums are not being reduced 5.4 percent."

In fact, many doctors report that malpractice premiums have shot up. The St. Paul Companies, one of the nation's largest commercial insurers, raised premiums an average of 27 percent last year. One reason, insurers say, is that they have had to pay out large sums for jury verdicts and settlements of lawsuits.

Dr. Samuel I. Fink, 44, of Los Angeles, a specialist in internal medicine, expressed the opinion of many doctors: "I fear for when I become a senior. It will be harder for seniors to find good care. Across the country, Medicare patients are becoming less and less desirable to physicians."

Dr. Deborah G. Haynes, 48, a family practitioner in Wichita, Kan., said her seven-doctor group decided three months ago not to take new Medicare patients. "We hated to do it," Dr. Haynes said, "but we have a responsibility to pay our staff."

Dr. Conrad L. Flick, 39, of Raleigh, N.C., said: "We don't take new Medicare patients. We want to, but as a business, we really can't afford to."

In the past, Dr. Flick said, "private insurers used to subsidize our Medicare practice," but they are no longer willing to do so. "Private insurers have cut back their reimbursement, so there's less opportunity to use those payments to cover the losses on Medicare patients," he said.

Dr. Abraham Rogozinski, 47, an orthopedic surgeon in Jacksonville, Fla., said he decided last year not to operate on Medicare patients or see them in his office. "It was not economically feasible to continue our participation in Medicare," he said.

In an interview, Dr. Rogozinski read a letter from a woman whose knee he replaced 10 years ago. The woman, now 68, needed her other knee replaced and wanted him to do it. "It breaks my heart, as a doctor and a healer, that I had to limit her access to me," he said. "These are the patients that I love to see the most. They bake you pound cakes for Christmas because they are so happy with the care you give them."

Dr. Robert L. Hogue, 51, president-elect of the Texas Academy of Family Physicians, said: "I have a hard and fast rule. I don't take any new Medicare patients. In fact, I don't take any new patients over the age of 60 because they will be on Medicare in the next five years."

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

**Graphic**

Photo: Mark H. Krotowski, 54, a family doctor in Brooklyn, is among doctors refusing new Medicare patients. (Ruby Washington/The New York Times)(pg. 34)

**Load-Date:** March 17, 2002

**End of Document**



[***A Repast of Rituals That Make the Heart Grow Fonder***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5C19-TF01-DXY4-X516-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 20, 2014 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2014 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section TR; Column 0; Travel Desk; Pg. 6

**Length:** 2982 words

**Byline:** By THE NEW YORK TIMES

**Body**

From the roses of Granada to herring in Amsterdam to a hike above Athens, writers share the draws that pull them back time and again.

Herring, Amsterdam-Style

For the six years I lived in Amsterdam I had a weekly ritual that revolved around herring. Once a week, on no particular day, I'd mosey down the street from my office and stand in line outside a tiny shop near the harborfront called V.O.F. Vishandel Centrum.

Once you get in the door you're in a pleasant, fishy-homey atmosphere that surely recalls what the city was like a century ago. In the back a man brandishing a wicked little knife carves fish fillets. Behind the counter two women with paper hats and aprons are packing up orders. The glass case shows off meaty slabs of salmon and cod, bowls of mussels mixed into a salad, eel slices arranged like jewelry. The women banter with customers in the flat twang of the old Amsterdammer accent, and the air is scented by kibbeling: battered chunks of deep-fried fish.

I would not be breaking news in announcing that Dutch cuisine is an overall downer, but the Dutch are finicky about their seafood being fresh and lovely, and the one standout on their cultural menu is herring. I'm not talking about vinegared herring, a feature of German cuisine. Dutch herring, called maatjes, is made by steeping adolescent fish in a light brine mixture. The result is almost but not quite raw: The flesh is rich and oily; the flavor is bright.

There are two ways to eat Dutch herring: the Amsterdam way and the manner favored everywhere else. The non-Amsterdam method is, in a word, just wrong: The ''diner'' holds the fish aloft by the tail, tilts his or her head back, opens the mouth, and slowly lowers the thing in. Unseemly, no? In Amsterdam, the herring comes on a dignified paper plate, cut in slices, or (my preference) on a roll: a broodje haring, or herring sandwich. Traditionally it's served with chopped raw onions and sweet pickles, and that's how I get it. Each of the three flavors is strong, their interaction is just right, and a canalside bench is precisely the spot to enjoy it. RUSSELL SHORTO

Hiking Above Athens

For all its Mediterranean light and spontaneity, Athens can feel claustrophobic to even the most enthusiastic lover of urban chaos. With unlovely apartment blocks on its borders, it's easy to pass the bitter-orange trees on the sidewalk and forget this could be paradise.

Green spaces are rare in Athens, but in the suburb of Galatsi, not far from my home, there's a hilly park that stretches 63 glorious acres. The Alsos Veikou (Forest of Veikou) contains a theater, an open-air cinema, two cafes, playgrounds, a skate park, swimming pool, tennis courts and a track and soccer field. I first saw the park on a spring day 20 years ago, while visiting this city where I was born and which I left as a young girl. I hiked one of the winding trails with a high-energy Greek Australian mathematician, admiring the view of Athens and the port of Piraeus, a pearly jumble on the glittering Saronic Gulf.

Now that I live in Athens, Alsos Veikou is my weekend escape from concrete and crowds. I hike the pine- and plane-shaded paths, passing old men in newsboy caps playing backgammon, pigtailed girls doing handstands near bouquets of snapdragons, toddlers eating cotton candy and young mothers -- some in miniskirts, others in flowered headscarves -- eating Eddie's homemade pistachio ice cream. (Eddie sells cones out of a cart).

On a recent visit, the spring sun in full beam, I hiked to a summit with an elderly Egyptian couple who had emigrated to Athens 20 years ago. We smelled roses and thyme and spotted wild broad beans sprouting in the grass. Paradise, we said, in accented Greek.

Below us, at a comfortable distance, the city's concrete glowed pink in the afternoon light. JOANNA KAKISSIS

Whisky and Doom in Berlin

Until I tried them together, neither single-malt whisky nor doom metal made much sense to me. The first seemed overrated -- a decent drink but hardly worthy of all the macho lore and rhapsodizing on peat content and cask type. As for doom metal, with its sludgy guitars and demon voices, it was hard to imagine it being enjoyed unironically by actual adults -- or really anyone not planning a murder-suicide. But then, when I tried them at the same time, it all made perfect sense.

For the past two years, I've been joining a revolving group of enthusiasts -- mostly black-clad 30- and 40-somethings -- in the back rooms of various Berlin bars for a ritual that's somewhere between a wine tasting and a Black Mass. Started in 2011 by the Danish sound artist Lars Lundehave Hansen, and Peter Votava, an Austrian electronic musician who was part of the cultish early rave duo Ilsa Gold, Taste the Doom pairs seven drams of small-batch and single-malt whiskies with doom metal tracks about 15 minutes long. The 25-euro tickets sell out within hours.

Mr. Hansen and Mr. Votava introduce the pairings. ''The Black Holes of Your Mind,'' a track by the Black Wreath, seems to draw out the murky complexity of Old Ballantruan 50 percent, an ultra-potent peated whisky from Strathspey in the Scottish Highlands ''so dark it sucks the light out of the room,'' as Mr. Hansen put it. The French doom metal band Monarch's feedback-laden wall of ''sonic sludge, mud and dirt'' is ''the musical equivalent of undiluted strength of cask'' found in Glenfarclas CWH nine years 56.1 percent.

It's hard to deny that doom metal and whisky have a tonal kinship. ''They share the same depth, heaviness, slowness,'' Mr. Votava said. ''Both must be given time.'' Even the stories surrounding each distillery -- from the fire that decimated the Talisker facilities on the Scottish island of Skye in 1960 to Kilchoman's proximity to the site of a deadly 1918 shipwreck at the Mull of Oa in southwest Islay -- tend to skew dark.

Both whisky and doom metal also seem fine-tuned for existential pain, something typically best experienced in solitude. Yet somehow this works as a group ritual. By the end of the seventh dram, the whole room always seems downright jovial. CHARLY WILDER

A Bologna Culinary Shopping Spree

From Palermo to Trieste, there's almost too much to see in Italy, but I still somehow visit the same place over and over again. Each spring while traveling to the Birra dell'Anno beer festival in Rimini, I pass through the somewhat gritty northern city of Bologna, and stroll through its ancient market quarter, the Quadrilatero.

Located between the Piazza Maggiore and Via Castiglione, a couple of short blocks to the east, the neighborhood shows off the bounty of what has to be Italy's culinary capital, the hometown of tortellini, tagliatelle, mortadella and ragù Bolognese. Numerous cheeses, hams, oils and vinegars originated in the surrounding region of Emilia-Romagna.

Shopping in the Quadrilatero is an almost overwhelming sensory experience. When you walk through the creaky doors of one of the district's great delis, like Tamburini, the rich aromas of hanging hams and the giant, aged blocks of Parmigiano-Reggiano and other cheeses hit you square in the nose. Despite the narrowness of the streets, the creak and scrape of rusty old bicycles cuts through the crowds in front of places like the Gilberto enoteca, which stocks great wine, spirits and chocolates and its own limoncello.

The greatest impressions, however, are visual: hundred-year-old shop interiors, filled with dark wood and gleaming brass fittings, multicolored variations on pastas, and foods with confusing names, like ''ravioline arancia-mostarda,'' that you'll want to look up later (in this case, a soft, sugar-dusted cookie with a bittersweet orange-mustard filling).

Despite its age, the Quadrilatero now has several new arrivals, including a bookstore-meets-trattoria branch of Eataly, the Italian culinary powerhouse. Eataly has branches all over the world, from Chicago to Tokyo. But in the old shops of the Quadrilatero, you get the impression that you're seeing -- and hearing, smelling and tasting -- something with a very real sense of place. EVAN RAIL

Walking the Bridges Of Budapest

Budapest's bridges are like boot laces pulling together the city's two halves -- the castled hills of Buda and bustling, flat Pest. I like to walk them one by one, zigzagging up the Danube at dusk, immersed in the city without actually entering it. Electric bulbs twine the bridges' steel halyards that both hoist you up and light your way.

My Hungarian father-in-law fled this city in 1956 when Soviet tanks rolled in. Now he and my mother-in-law live part of the year in a village on Hungary's plains where the neighbors kill a duck for dinner when you arrive. Each spring, my husband and I visit and pass a precious week offline -- drinking homemade wine, building bonfires and riding rickety bicycles through farmland.

En route we pause in Budapest and walk the bridges. We start after a dip in Buda's thermal Gellert Baths, where elderly men play chess in waist-high hot water. We're smacked by the cold wind as we mount the Liberty Bridge out front, the first one rebuilt after Nazis bombed all these bridges on their 1945 retreat. Damp hair steaming, we squeeze past joggers and tourists, our fingers strumming the bridge's green balustrades as dinner cruises flick on their deck lights below.

We pop into the cavernous Central Market Hall, off the bridge's Pest ramp, ducking hanging salami and strings of drying paprikas, in search of cheese-sprinkled pogacsas -- knots of savory bread, tucked in a paper sleeve and served with a glass of palinka fruit brandy. We eat leaning against a rail on the Elizabeth Bridge, traffic whizzing past. Above us, Soviet-style statues peek out from behind trees on Gellert Hill.

As the stars come out, we walk the Chain Bridge, the city's oldest, bracketed by stone lions and kerchiefed Gypsies hawking packs of tissues. Buda Castle rises behind us, with the glowing halls of Parliament up ahead. Halfway across the Margaret Bridge, up north, we pause in the dark, turning back toward the hum of music on shore, while the Danube rushes beneath our feet, on its way from the Alps to the Black Sea. LAUREN FRAYER

Danish Hot Dogs in Copenhagen

''Have you had your airport polser yet?''

The question greets me every time I visit the Danish branch of my family. Over the years, my stepmother and stepbrothers have observed with amusement my obsession with their country's excellent polser -- sausages -- literally from the moment I step off my flight. Thanks to Steff's Place, a stand in the Copenhagen airport, I always get a warm welcome: spicy red sausage, well seasoned with cayenne.

A New York City boy, I was weaned on the classic hot dogs sold at places like Papaya King and Orange Julius. When my father moved to Denmark some 20 years ago, I was delighted to discover a pork-centric culture where pigs outnumber the nine million inhabitants by 3 to 1, and sausage stands are beloved and legion. In Copenhagen, styles abound, from short grilled hot dogs on a bun to long slim variants, served without bread, that you hold in your hand and dip into ketchup, mustard and chopped onions. Sausages wrapped in bacon or sunk into hollowed-out French bread tackle oversize appetites.

After Steff's Place, my pork path leads in myriad directions. My friend Ole is partial to Harry's Place, a decades-old dive where ***working-class*** men munch silently at the counter. The lone offering is a thick, succulent specimen accompanied by ''gunpowder'' -- the house's fiery chile sauce -- and toasted bread. Following local custom, we drink Cocio, a chocolate-flavored beverage that pairs with polser like Champagne with oysters. In the cool minimalist interior of Andersen Bakery next to Tivoli Gardens, the kitchen turns out ''gourmet hot dogs,'' including a wasabi-jalapeño sausage on a brioche-like bun and topped with crunchy-sweet cucumber slices and fried onions.

And there's a sausage for any mood at D.O.P., a cart next to the 17th-century Round Tower that I recently discovered. On a chilly afternoon, indie rock played from small speakers and a Charles Bukowski novel lay open near the register. ''This is a different kind of hot-dog stand,'' said Kristoffer Toft, a blond surfer type on duty, as he handed me more proof: a grilled goat-parsley-buckthorn sausage with beets and spicy ketchup. My Copenhagen hot-dog trail now has a promising new link. SETH SHERWOOD

Smelling the Roses in Granada

When Washington Irving first laid eyes on Granada, Spain, in the late 1820s, he was awe-struck. It is ''a most picturesque and beautiful city, situated in one of the loveliest landscapes that I have ever seen,'' he wrote. Crowned by the brilliant 14th-century Alhambra -- arguably the most beautifully preserved Moorish palace in the world -- Granada's charm has only grown. For the last four years, I have made pilgrimages there in August following a yoga retreat in nearby Málaga. My goal: to smell the roses in the adjacent Generalife gardens, where arched fountains, manicured cypress trees and pebble mosaics frame a sumptuous botanical collection.

Like Irving, I am captivated by the Alhambra. Built for Spain's last Muslim emirs, its splendid architecture radiates with impossibly intricate arabesques and painted tiles. Cool water diverted from the Darro River arcs from fountains in diamond jets, or ripples hypnotically in eternal concentric circles. And then there are the flowers -- more than 80,000 dancing in a riot of red, yellow, purple and white.

But it was the perfume of the Generalife's roses that sealed the spell. Friends had warned me not to visit during the hottest months, when temperatures can top 100 degrees Fahrenheit. Yet the sultry air heats the rose oils, so that when you approach, the scent curls around you like an odoriferous wreath. On my most recent visit, one hot pink rose smelled like lemon-tinged candy. A shimmering white rose was redolent with Oriental spices. A fat bumblebee hovered in the balmy fuchsia petals of another.

Irving was right: ''All these sights and sounds,'' he concluded, were ''such stuff as dreams are made of.'' LIZ ALDERMAN

Beside the Thames in London

During the dozen years I lived in London, I never tired of spending a leisurely Sunday on the south bank of the Thames. With majestic views (just across the river one can see Big Ben, the Houses of Parliament and St. Paul's Cathedral), the area offers everything from art and theater to film and architecture in one tidy day.

On a recent afternoon, I walked across the steel suspension Millennium Bridge -- with James Bond-type speedboats passing underneath -- and went straight to the Tate Modern, housed in a former power station.

Filled with iconic art (Surrealism, Pop Art, minimalist conceptual and digital), I headed to one of my favorite works on the third floor: the Mark Rothko Seagram murals, which demonstrate the artist's genius for experimenting with color, in this case haunting dark red and brownish hues. In years past, with my children in tow, a favorite was Turbine Hall; many exhibits include huge interactive pieces, including metal and fiberglass tubes that visitors old and young can slide down.

Then it's on to the Wharf, a fish joint on the water, where the airy décor and outdoor dining area offer just the right atmosphere for a big plate of fish and chips, before stopping at the outdoor food market by the Southbank Center for a slice of toffee cheesecake.

After roaming through the boutiques in Oxo Tower, a perfect conclusion to the day is a concert at the Royal Festival Hall, a play at the National Theater or a movie at the BFI. Passing the many twinkling lights of the Thames bridges on the way home can't help but revitalize one for the coming week. JENNIFER CONLIN

Paris Book Exchange

From 11 a.m. until 1 p.m. on the third Sunday of each month, a group of retirees takes over a corner of the Rue des Martyrs in my neighborhood in the Ninth Arrondissement. It's time for Circul'Livre, a volunteer operation dedicated to the preservation of the book. Circul'Livre was created in 2004 and now operates in about 20 locations throughout Paris. Used books are classified by subject and displayed in crates. They are not for sale. Customers take as many as they want as long as they adhere to an informal code of honor neither to sell nor destroy them. They are encouraged to drop off their old books.

I can come home with two shopping bags of books. I hide them behind the couch if my husband is home, and then cram them into corners of my shelves. I have returned with Henri Troyat novels, cookbooks from the 1980s and biographies of Jean-Paul Sartre, Brigitte Bardot and Joan of Arc. In exchange, I have given Circul'Livre English-language novels, museum catalogs and copies of Foreign Affairs. I know I get the better deal.

I encourage visitors to join me. Who wouldn't want to engage in a pleasurable, free exercise that could result in a photo book on the secrets of the Loire or an obscure novel by Marcel Pagnol?

Afterward, stroll to Le Comptoir Belge, a takeout shop on the Rue des Martyrs where you'll find Belgian waffles stuffed with chocolate. Or pretend to be French by taking your books to a nearby architectural gem: the Place St.-Georges. The best perch is a window seat on the second floor of the bistro facing the cobblestoned square. A fountain with a statue of the 19th-century neighborhood painter and caricaturist Paul Gavarni sits at the center. On one side of the Place is a Gothic-Renaissance mansion built for the notorious courtesan Marquise de Païva; on the other is a mansion housing an invitation-only library specializing in 19th-century Paris. And at the Théâtre St.-Georges on the corner, the filmmaker Francois Truffaut shot his 1980 film, ''The Last Métro.''

I call this outing my monthly ''bulle de bonheur'' -- ''bubble of happiness'' -- unscheduled time and as many books as I want for free. ELAINE SCIOLINO

[*http://www.nytimes.com/2014/04/20/travel/my-european-ritual.html*](http://www.nytimes.com/2014/04/20/travel/my-european-ritual.html)

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: Dutch herring, called maatjes, is steeped in a light brine. It's typically eaten Amsterdam-style, cut in slices on a plate, left. The non-Amsterdam way is demonstrated at right, which is ''just wrong.'' (PHOTOGRAPHS BY ILVY NJIOKIKTJIEN FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES)

Taking in the view of Athens from the top of Alsos Veikou in the suburb of Galatsi. (PHOTOGRAPH BY EIRINI VOURLOUMIS FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES)

At Das Gift bar, Taste the Doom pairs Scotch whiskies with doom metal songs. (PHOTOGRAPH BY LARS REIMANN/AKUD) (TR6)

The city's bridges connect the Buda and Pest sides. From Gellert Hill, a view of the Chain Bridge and, beyond, the Margaret Bridge. (PHOTOGRAPH BY AKOS STILLER FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (TR6-TR7)

The aromas of hanging hams and Parmigiano- Reggiano greet visitors to Tamburini, one of the great old delis in the Quadrilatero neighborhood in Bologna. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY GIANNI CIPRIANO FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES)

Actually, they're sausages, with many iterations, sold from stands and sometimes eaten on a bun. (PHOTOGRAPH BY JAKOB DALL FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (TR7)

Summer heat brings out the perfume of roses in the Generalife gardens by the Alhambra. (PHOTOGRAPH BY LIZ ALDERMAN/ THE NEW YORK TIMES)

On the south bank of the Thames, where draws include the Tate Modern, the National Theater and an outdoor food market. (PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDREW TESTA FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES)

At Circul'Livre, on the Rue des Martyrs, used books are swapped. (PHOTOGRAPH BY ALEX CRETEY SYSTERMAN FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (TR8)

**Load-Date:** April 20, 2014

**End of Document**



[***ART: CHUCK CLOSE SHOW, WITH FRIENDS AS MODELS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-M9R0-0008-Y1J1-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 4, 1983, Friday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1983 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section C; Page 24, Column 5; Weekend Desk; Review

**Length:** 1022 words

**Byline:** By VIVIEN RAYNOR

**Body**

IT'S not true that if you've seen one Chuck Close portrait you've seen them all, but it's getting there, and that may well be the artist's intention. Mr. Close's current show at the Pace Gallery, 32 East 57th Street, occupies two floors and consists of heads, full face and profile, which run from 2 to 8 (or more) feet tall and are in black and white or shades of gray. The models, as usual, are the artist himself and his friends, who include the composer, Philip Glass, and they have all been strained in one way or another through the same democratic grid.

Blown up from small photographs, and dating from the late 1970's to 1982, the faces have materialized on paper by way of fine pen lines, the prints of an inked finger or airbrushed watercolor, and in some cases they have been lithographed and etched. Quite often, the grid, which determines the scale, has disappeared, but generally it exists either as the framework on which the facial map has been hung or as a cage of lines superimposed on it. A handful of portraits is composed of Cubistic squares, much like the images the camera sent back from Mars. The pieces de resistance, though, are the late works, where the grid-free heads are accumulations of patties made of paper pulp in various grays and collaged to the canvas.

IT'S not true that if you've seen one Chuck Close portrait you've seen them all, but it's getting there, and that may well be the artist's intention.

Words haven't failed John Perrault, author of the catalogue introduction. Mr. Perrault considers Mr. Close the ''purist of the photorealists'' and a ''major artist producing major art.'' Nevertheless, most written discussions of him have a strained quality and tend to fall back on the word ''information.''

It may be significant that, whereas in art criticism old art is seldom if ever found to contain this commodity, current work is thought to abound in it. Mr. Close said in an interview not long ago that he wanted his works to be ''intimate experiences,'' and also to have ''lots of small bits of information.'' That way, he said, viewers can experience the ''initial confrontation'' with the whole portrait then, drawing nearer, can ''find lots of stuff to deal with.''

In a way, Mr. Close's art is a kind of Impressionism, in that it consists of marks that make sense only when viewed at a certain distance. A technique that outraged its audience a century ago can now be regarded as a respectable cross between abstraction and realism, and an educational puzzle into the bargain. And indeed there is much wholesome entertainment to be had from noticing the way in which ''terrain'' that, from a foot or two away, consists of peaks and gullies, mesas and craters, metamorphoses at a greater distance into a photographically rendered human face. There is esthetic pleasure to be had, too, especially in the fingerprinted pieces that make the hair of a Caucausian look like dreadlocks.

Photography has made deep inroads into human consciousness and is certainly responsible for the illusion that images, projected by art or by public relations, are somehow more real than the flesh and blood they're extracted from. Mr. Close has capitalized on this fantasy, giving it a twist of his own. Commercial image makers render their subjects more beautiful; he makes them more ordinary. In this, he resembles the sculptor Duane Hanson, except that the ordinariness celebrated by Mr. Hanson is ***working class***, while Mr. Close's is obviously college-educated and is much more monumental to boot. Considering the latest works, which amount almost to reliefs and which have no grids, sculpture could be in the artist's future. His show is certainly the nearest thing to Mount Rushmore seen in an art gallery so far. (Through March 26.)

Also of interest this week: William Schwedler (de Nagy, 29 West 57th Street): William Schwedler died in 1982 at the age of 40, and it is easy to read into these 32 paintings and constructions an awareness of impending doom. Befitting an artist born and trained in Chicago, Schwedler was much affected by funk and given to jokey titles and weird imagery, such as a section of a bedspring angled like sky across a pale blue ground. But his colors, which seem as if they are veiled by fine black gauze, don't fit with the jokes. In the 12 years covered by the show, he worked mainly geometrically, alluding to figures occasionally in paint and collage, and he sometimes accentuated shapes by building them up in Rhoplex. Toward the end, he was painting on undulating bands of plywood mounted to stand a couple of feet off the wall.

But his strangest and strongest pieces seem those of 1974, when he was exploring an all-over network of lines like cracks in plaster. In ''All Show, No Go,'' they are black on a muted pink ground and open up in three or four places to disclose whorls of black lines on red, yellow and other bright colors. This is Surrealism that projects a very unhumorous sense of matter decomposing, in the Ivan Albright tradition. (Through next Wednesday.)

Sidney Geist (Ingber, 460 West Broadway): The most newsworthy items here are black and white photographs focusing on a passage in the 1900 Cezanne painting ''Rocks and Branches at Bibemus.'' In the detail, Sidney Geist has spotted the head of an old man that looks like a portrait of Cezanne himself. This he has translated into his own terra-cotta portrait, making it look far more benign than the painter, resembling as it does Ben Franklin. There's another amusing clay transcript of a hidalgo's head taken from Picasso in his Velazquez period.

A sculptor who has long been a major authority on Brancusi, Mr. Geist otherwise shows mainly small, recent works - in clay, bronze and aluminum - that are reclining nudes frequently simplified into shapes akin to ax heads and anvils. As usual, he has paid scrupulous attention to the surfaces, gently striating the terra cottas, polishing and patinating the metal pieces. The drawings, meanwhile, are almost ideographs, each being a continuous broad line in black tempera that summarizes the spirit of the idea as much as its shape. (Through March 12.)

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photo of Chuck Close painting

**End of Document**



[***Pop/Jazz;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3T1T-9620-007F-G2HM-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***What if Woody Guthrie Had Led a Rock Band?***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3T1T-9620-007F-G2HM-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 28, 1998, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1998 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Arts and Leisure Desk

**Section:** Section 2; ; Section 2; Page 26; Column 1; Arts and Leisure Desk ; Column 1;

**Length:** 1229 words

**Byline:** By ROBERT CHRISTGAU;

Robert Christgau, a senior editor at The Village Voice, is the author of "Grownup All Wrong," a collection of essays to be published in October.

By ROBERT CHRISTGAU;  Robert Christgau, a senior editor at The Village Voice, is the author of "Grownup All Wrong," a collection of essays to be published in October.

**Body**

IN his 1981 history "Deep Blues," the rock critic and blues scholar Robert Palmer entertains a fantasy about Robert Johnson, who is said to have traveled with a drummer and an electric guitar in the months before his death. What, Palmer wonders, if the bluesman had lived to play in John Hammond's 1938 Spirituals to Swing concert at Carnegie Hall with Count Basie, Joe Turner, Meade Lux Lewis and many others now renowned? In that seminal context, Palmer exclaims, Johnson and his band "probably would have created Chicago blues" -- in other words, got within spitting distance of rock-and-roll.

Now, on the new album "Mermaid Avenue," the English folk singer Billy Bragg and the Midwestern roots-rockers Wilco have made rock-and-roll out of 15 previously unpublished Woody Guthrie lyrics, the fruit of an invitation by Guthrie's daughter Nora to mine her father's vast archive. With Guthrie's melodies lost and Mr. Bragg and Wilco sporting mixed track records, there were no guarantees on this project. Yet, gratifyingly and even astonishingly, it turns out to have more in common with that gleam in Palmer's eye than with its precursor, the 1988 anthology "Folkways: A Vision Shared -- A Tribute to Woody Guthrie and Leadbelly." There, rock worthies like Bob Dylan, Bruce Springsteen, Brian Wilson and John Mellencamp joined the likes of Pete Seeger, Arlo Guthrie and Sweet Honey in the Rock in bringing 14 classic songs back to the public eye --initiating the CD-era revival of Guthrie, Leadbelly and the rest of the music that Moe Asch recorded for his Folkways label.

Guthrie and Leadbelly hadn't been forgotten in 1988. But at a time when roots aficionados bypassed self-defined folk singers for subcultural pop like rockabilly and urban blues, these reinterpretations packed a wallop -- they had texture, beat, soul. In the wake of "Mermaid Avenue," however, they sound mannered and pious. And if that isn't enough, the third of Smithsonian Folkways's painstaking Woody Guthrie reissues, the recently released "Hard Travelin': The Asch Recordings, Vol. 3" sounds sere and tuneless. Comparisons can distort as well as clarify, and these shouldn't be taken as final judgments on two estimable albums. But they suggest just how much magic has been worked on "Mermaid Avenue" (Elektra).

Without in any way dishonoring Guthrie (although a few leftist sobersides may demur), Mr. Bragg and Jeff Tweedy of Wilco have reimagined him. Moreover, the Guthrie they create is present in his biography and, since he did write these lyrics, in his work.

Anyone familiar with Guthrie's memoirs and, especially, Joe Klein's definitive "Woody Guthrie: A Life" knows that the homespun, ***working-class***, anti-Fascist Okie of Popular Front myth was also a creation. And while some may prefer to believe that the myth was foisted on him by political comrades with their eye on the heartland, it's more realistic (and far more respectful) to credit it directly to an artist whose own class background was a typical American muddle of thwarted success and half-realized gentility -- and to grant that it served an esthetic purpose that has now faded away.

Guthrie was a struggling entertainer and author who lived in Brooklyn and was married to a Martha Graham dancer. The folksy persona he projected -- the updated Wobbly hobo who had found solidarity among Soviet sympathizers and union men -- reflected his own convictions. But it could have been custom-made for his most loyal audience. It ignored Woody the compulsive writer, Woody the tragedy-stricken sufferer, Woody the hard-drinking rowdy, Woody the sweetly sex-mad amateur pornographer who once did time on an obscene-mail charge -- all traits brought front and center by his new interpreters.

Mr. Bragg grew up on the Clash and emblazoned one of his albums with the motto "Capitalism is killing music." But he has always been girl crazy for a left-wing guitar strummer (or a punk), while Mr. Tweedy is a backward-looking rock-and-roller who has never had much to say. They're the perfect pair to conclude that Guthrie, far from a predictable Popular Front totem, was a prophetic rock-and-roller with a whole lot to say. All he needed was a band and a little freedom.

So their Woody puts the make on a bunch of girls, including one who says she's Walt Whitman's niece and one named Nora, just like his own little one. He forgets the kiddie ditties he made a little money off and comes on to his wife with nonsense verse that mentions both diapers and some playfully adult-sounding "kissles." He worries about the Communist composer Hans Eisler and fantasizes about Ingrid Bergman rather more lewdly than he once did in the left press The Worker. Most important, he expresses purely personal longing, pain and insecurity and forlorn hopes -- with a vanity his friends knew well and fans of his shambling Everyman act rarely glimpsed -- that "this scribbling" will earn him a little immortality.

Not that the politics disappear, and certainly not that they should. There's a union anthem that sounds like the Band, some agitprop promoting Christ for President or even king, and a song that proffers a highly unconventional suggestion for 1942: "But I'm sure the women are equal, and they may be ahead of the men." But the broadened emotional context that Mr. Bragg and Wilco provide for these ideas turns the liberation they dream more literal and more seductive.

It was Mr. Bragg whom Nora Guthrie first approached with this audacious project, and it says a great deal for him that he recognized that his leftism only half-equipped him to bring it off. Woody Guthrie was as American as it gets, and the Missouri-based Wilco provided that element as few other contemporaries could have. Though Bragg's musical signature is a punkishly abrasive nasality, he has always been a surprising melodist, and on balance the tunes he contributes are even more memorable than those from Mr. Tweedy and Jay Bennett, Wilco's keyboard player. Mr. Bragg's "Walt Whitman's Niece" is an instant classic, and whether he found the notes of "Way Over Yonder in the Minor Key" in a Child ballad or some hidden cranny of his Scottish soul, it sounds as ancient and inevitable as "The Cuckoo" or "Black Jack Davy." But Wilco's signature, a spacious stylistic sweep from blues to bluegrass, brings all this music to a life no gaggle of well-schooled Brits or Nashville pros could have approached. In fact, when Mr. Bragg and his own punky band played "Way Over Yonder in the Minor Key" at the Guinness Fleadh concert on Randalls Island two weeks ago, the melody on the record vanished mysteriously into the frantic beats. The Guthrie songs in Wilco's Fleadh set remained undiminished, always bent to Tweedy's aw-shucks drawl and a groove that rocked as easily over a small-town oompah drum as a 50's plink-plink-plink ostinato.

"Woody had the Devil in him just as surely as Robert Johnson had the Devil in him," Bragg has said. But the rock-and-roll that Robert Palmer fancied Johnson forging would have confronted Satan more fiercely than Muddy Waters ever could have. The rock-and-roll Bragg and Wilco invent for Woody is different. It fobs Old Scratch off with humankindness and tomfoolery. It rewrites history a little, shaking off the inhibitions of the past with a post-modern shrug as it reminds us what hopeful music used to feel like. It's the best of two worlds.

**Graphic**

Photo: THIS BAND IS THEIR BAND: Billy Bragg, left, and Wilco concluded that Woody Guthrie was a prophetic rocker. (Pennie Smith)

**Load-Date:** June 28, 1998

**End of Document**



[***Much-Repudiated Napalm Finds Wary Acceptance, if Not Warm Welcome, in Texas***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3TC0-1TK0-007F-G37F-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 10, 1998, Monday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1998 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** National Desk

**Section:** Section A; ; Section A; Page 10; Column 1; National Desk ; Column 1;

**Length:** 1273 words

**Byline:** By RICK LYMAN

By RICK LYMAN

**Dateline:** DEER PARK, Tex., Aug. 5

**Body**

Four months ago, after residents and politicians in Indiana and Illinois screamed bloody murder, a train carrying 22,000 gallons of napalm on the way to an Indiana disposal plant was abruptly halted and turned back to California, where the napalm had been moldering since the end of the Vietnam War.

In July, another toxic waste company won the napalm disposal contract. But this time the company, GNI Group Inc., is situated along Houston's heavily industrialized Ship Channel, one of the globe's largest and densest concentrations of petrochemical installations. The result is that that very same first shipment of napalm eased its way into Texas three weeks ago with only the briefest flurry of complaint.

"The people of Houston deal with this kind of stuff all the time," said Robin Yocum, manager of media relations for the Battelle Memorial Institute, the Navy's prime contractor on the project and the company that hired GNI Group. "You say napalm to most people, and they picture the image of that little girl running down the road. But you explain to people in Houston that it's just gasoline mixed with benzene and styrene and they know right away what you're talking about and what you're dealing with."

Local environmentalists say it is still early in their campaign to stop the project, the highlight of which has been a protest outside a Navy recruiting station by someone dressed like a napalm burn victim. They are planning a gathering later this month in downtown Houston to ignite their protest.

"I would have to remind you that up there in Indiana it took them a number of weeks to get organized," said Neal Carman, clean air director for the Lone Star chapter of the Sierra Club. "You know, it's pretty hard to do things outside in this kind of summer. It doesn't make protesting a whole lot of fun."

The environmentalists have an alternative explanation, as well, for the relative lack of citizen outrage over the project, particularly in Deer Park, the community where the napalm will actually be processed.

"People along the Ship Channel don't feel they can do anything about it," said LaNell Anderson, a Houston real estate agent and a member of Grandparents of East Harris County. "They feel powerless, as though they've been designed as a national sacrifice zone. You know, these toxic companies looked for the place with the least resistance and that's why they came here."

Judy Starns lives along the Ship Channel in a ***working-class*** community, Channel View, just over the water from the Deer Park plant where the napalm will be processed. "We've already got a toxic soup around here," she said. "We've breathed, choked and slurped enough of that stuff that we're wise and we're fed up. California didn't want it. Indiana didn't want it. Just leave it to Texas."

Mr. Carman said that the argument that napalm is no worse than other Ship Channel chemicals was beside the point. "From my perspective, here we've got U.S. taxpayer dollars adding to the pollution hazards and burden that is already there," he said. "And it's unnecessary. The material could be disposed of out there in California using new, safe technology, without any of these transportation and incineration hazards."

Ron Crabtree, Deer Park's city manager, said his office had received only about 20 phone calls about the napalm project. "The overwhelming response from our residents," Mr. Crabtree said, "has been that this material was of much less hazard than what was already being handled or traveling through our community on a daily basis and that they saw no reason to be concerned."

Napalm, which engulfed villages in flames when it was dropped from planes in the Vietnam War, is a kind of jellied gasoline that burns intensely hot and tends to stick to what it touches, including people. A total of 3.4 million gallons of it had been stored so long in aging aluminum canisters at the Navy's Fallbrook installation outside San Diego that the metal had begun to deteriorate. Local politicians, spurred by residents' concerns, had pushed the Navy to find a disposal site.

In 1994 the Navy came up with the notion of getting rid of the notorious explosive through recycling. Battelle was awarded $28 million as prime contractor and built a $5 million plant at Fallbrook. The napalm was to be squeezed out of the aging canisters like toothpaste and placed inside 6,000-gallon isocontainers aboard railroad cars.

Battelle signed a $3 million contract with Pollution Control Industries in East Chicago, in northwest Indiana. Pollution Control would accept the isocontainers, blend the napalm with a solvent so it would burn at a lower and more predictable heat level, and then ship it to a cement kiln, where it could be burned as fuel, or to another site like a toxic waste disposal incinerator.

Then, in December, Representative Rod Blagojevich, Democrat of Illinois, caught wind that the Navy intended daily rail shipments of napalm through his state and began making noise about it. Local environmentalists joined the chorus, as did several other Illinois and Indiana politicians. Pollution Control decided that the project was more trouble than it was worth.

The GNI Group, which specializes in handling dangerous and toxic substances, had bid on the project the first time around. "We decided to try for it again," said Bill Reeves, GNI's vice president for regulatory affairs. "And then things started happening very quickly."

News reports in early July indicated that GNI was one of three finalists for the contract, leading to a public meeting in Deer Park at which officials from the company as well as from Battelle and the Navy set up booths to explain their plan. About 100 people showed up, Mr. Crabtree said.

"We took a lesson from what happened in Indiana," Mr. Reeves said. "We saw the politicians come out, saw the misinformation of what went around. We just felt that if we got this out to the public, quickly, it would be understood and, by and large, it was."

The first shipment -- 22,000 gallons aboard two railroad cars -- arrived on July 16 and is being stored in a warehouse on the GNI property, just across from the site of the battlefield where Sam Houston won Texas's independence.

The company hopes to bring two containers of napalm onto the property each weekday and feed the napalm into the blending process, shipping out the same amount every day. If GNI Group keeps up that rate, it will take two years to complete the disposal.

"We don't want to get into storage; we want to move it out at the same rate it's coming in," Mr. Reeves said.

But move it out to where?

The Navy would like the napalm shipped to cement kilns, but thus far neither of the two cement companies in Texas has expressed an interest in it. An easy and financially attractive alternative would be to send the material to a toxic waste incinerator on the property just adjacent to GNI. Some environmentalists and residents believe this is the company's real plan.

"Listen, we didn't just fall off the turnip truck yesterday," Ms. Starns said. "They have an incinerator just next door. There's not even a fence. They can take it over there on wheelbarrows, so why are they going to pay to transport it someplace else?"

Mr. Yocum, the media relations manager for Battelle, said that the institute was still looking for a cement kiln to accept the napalm, but that the company would not rule out the possibility that it would end up sending the material next door to be burned. It will take GNI another month or so to get its program up and running, so Battelle has until the end of the month or so to figure out where it will send the blended napalm, Mr. Reeves said.

**Graphic**

Photo: The first shipments of napalm, an unprocessed jellied gasoline, entered Deer Park, Tex., last month to be processed. Warren Norris of the GNI Group, which is recycling the chemical, handled a sample Thursday. (F. Carter Smith for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** August 10, 1998

**End of Document**



[***In Footsteps of Evita: Argentina's New First Lady***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4520-T5B0-01CN-H3DJ-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

February 1, 2002 Friday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2002 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Column 1; Foreign Desk; Pg. 3

**Length:** 1359 words

**Byline:**  By LARRY ROHTER

**Dateline:** BUENOS AIRES, Jan. 28

**Body**

She balks at any comparison to her idol Eva Peron, saying "there can be only one Evita." But Hilda Duhalde, Argentina's new first lady, seems to be everywhere these days: sitting at her husband's side at cabinet meetings, running the Social Development Ministry, organizing a new government welfare program for the unemployed, ministering to the poor.

The political descendants of Juan Peron are back in power, and with them the concept of "government by couple" that the general and his wife, Eva, pioneered more than half a century ago. Less than a month after Eduardo Duhalde took office, his wife, whose nickname is Chiche, has already established herself as what the local press calls the country's "de facto vice president" and "superminister" in charge of all social programs.

Outside Argentina, Juan Peron is generally remembered as a tyrant who crushed all opposition and squandered the country's wealth. Here, however, many recall the Peron years as a golden era when the government built low-cost housing, reduced working hours, offered subsidized vacations, capped food prices, and generally catered to factory and farm workers.

"My parents have always told me that compared to today, ordinary people were much better off back then," said Marta Scolari, a grocery store cashier. "What Argentina lacks nowadays are leaders who really care about and defend the interests of the people as Evita did. So if Chiche Duhalde will do that, how can I object?"

To outsiders, such attitudes might seem to reveal Argentina's enduring illusions about the grandeur of its tortured history. Few nations with so much potential have faltered so often, yet Argentines seldom seem to take the lessons of the past to heart.

At least, the country's latest economic crisis has not brought another of the military coups that darkened Argentina's past. But the country's ability to build a stable future free of myths like the one surrounding Evita Peron remains in doubt.

Mr. Duhalde himself signaled his wife's importance at his televised swearing-in ceremony early this month. In a break with tradition that was widely commented on, he summoned his wife to his side as he donned the presidential sash and then had her sign the formal registry of the act as an official witness.

The government initially announced that Mrs. Duhalde was to be made minister of social development. But after a public outcry about nepotism, it quickly withdrew the nomination, even suggesting that it had never been made. But Mrs. Duhalde has pressed on undeterred, confident that it is her destiny to exercise influence even without a title.

"I have to concern myself with the poor," Mrs. Duhalde insisted in an interview with leading Argentine newspapers over the weekend. "That is my role here," to "worry about those who I believe still do not have a voice in Argentina, even though there are millions of them."

Mrs. Duhalde declined to be interviewed for this article. But in Argentine newspapers she has defined herself as the champion of the same oppressed masses who were Eva Peron's constituency, and in much the same language as her venerated predecessor.

"My attitude is one that I would say is masochistic, an attitude of serving until it hurts, and it hurts a lot," she said. Argentina is full of provinces that "are resigned to their poverty,"she added, and "that is terrible, no?"

Her words directly echoed Eva Peron, who was just 33 when she succumbed to cancer in 1952. Shortly before her death, Evita proclaimed that her love for the Argentine people "hurts my soul, hurts my flesh and burns my nerves."

Whether the first lady's revival of Evita's style will be effective or merely hopelessly nostalgic is also an open question.

"There are very few models or niches for women in politics in Argentina other than the one provided by Evita," said Javier Auyero, author of a book published last year about Eva Peron's legacy. "There is no other way than trying to perform the role of the standard-bearer of the humble, or the bridge of love between the leader, whether Peron or Duhalde, and the people."

Hilda Beatriz Gonzalez de Duhalde, 55, was born and raised in the ardently Peronist suburbs of Buenos Aires and has insisted on continuing to live there rather than move into the official presidential residence. Her father was a worker in a soap factory, but she lived with her mother, a seamstress, until she married Mr. Duhalde, a dashing young lifeguard and law student who first spotted her at a public swimming pool.

"I remember when Evita died," Mrs. Duhalde said in a 1997 interview. "I was in bed and my mother came to tell me. I started to cry because mother was crying. We hugged each other and cried."

Mabel Muller, a Peronist senator, has been a friend of Mrs. Duhalde's since both were high-school students. She recalled that when they taught together in an elementary school in a ***working-class*** neighborhood some 30 years ago, they often discussed the legacy of Eva Peron and how it should be applied.

"For all of the women of our generation, Eva Peron is the model of what a woman should be, politically and socially, and we continue to nurture a great admiration for her," Ms. Muller said in an interview. "As Chiche understands it, that model continues to be relevant in a time of technology and globalizaton because it is based on social justice and love for the most needy."

Mrs. Duhalde's direct involvement in politics dates back to her husband's tenure as governor of the province of Buenos Aires, which surrounds the capital.

As director of his Human Development Council, she organized a "Life Plan" that recruited 30,000 women volunteers to distribute food to the poor, in what one newspaper here calls "a program with the purest Peronist lineage."

Once a week, the volunteers, known as manzaneras, or block captains, would deliver milk, eggs, sugar and cereal to 600,000 pregnant women, nursing mothers and children under 5. Though there may never have been an explicit exchange of favors for votes, Mrs. Duhalde soon made herself synonymous with the benefits being distributed.

In 1997, Mrs. Duhalde ran for Congress and won, leading a Peronist party faction that espoused a philosophy called "Evitaism." The rally starting the movement and her candidacy was held at a football stadium filled with her block captains, who sat under a gigantic portrait of Evita Peron and listened to a woman dressed as Evita sing "Don't Cry for Me, Argentina."

"It's not the same to give someone a bicycle or a wheelchair, a once in a lifetime favor like Evita used to do, as to provide everyday access to food," said Dr. Auyero, who is a professor of sociology at the State University of New York at Stonybrook. "In Chiche's case, you depended on her all the time, so the link was much more personal."

Mrs. Duhalde has said that her "Life Program" drew its inspiration from similar efforts in Costa Rica, Chile during the presidency of Salvador Allende, and Cuba, where she met with Fidel Castro and observed his Committees to Defend the Revolution. Besides food distribution, the program eventually came to include money to help the poor repair their homes, the elderly to obtain pensions and the sick to be provided with medical care.

But applying such ideas in today's Argentina strikes many as fanciful. Mr. Duhalde admits that Argentina is bankrupt, with the country's creditors on the lookout for the slightest sign of loose spending. Questions and doubts about Mrs. Duhalde's qualifications and administrative ability have been raised.

"There's no way" it can work, said Rosendo Fraga, director of the Center for a New Majority, a nonpartisan political research organization here. "This is just one more sign of the government's desperation."

But Mrs. Duhalde says she is determined to restore the role of first lady to its former prominence, in her own way.

"How am I different from the wives of other presidents?" she asked in a newspaper interview. "I know what I'm talking about, I know the social realm, I've worked in it all my life. Beyond that, my husband respects my opinion. I couldn't be here and not do anything. If I didn't have work to do, I'd invent some."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Eva Peron, who died in 1952, was revered by the Argentine masses. (Associated Press); Hilda Duhalde, known as Chiche, speaking with her husband, President Eduardo Duhalde, in his office in the presidential palace in Buenos Aires. (Marcelo Baiairdi/Clarin)

**Load-Date:** February 1, 2002

**End of Document**



[***THE TRANSITION: Clinton Selects Ex-Mayor for H.U.D. and an Ex-Marine for Veterans Affairs;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-6PF0-000P-24HT-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Cisneros Achieves Career Comeback With Nomination***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-6PF0-000P-24HT-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 18, 1992, Friday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1992 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** National Desk

**Section:** Section A;; Section A; Page 32; Column 1; National Desk; Column 1;; Biography

**Length:** 1080 words

**Byline:** Henry G. Cisneros

By ROBERTO SURO,

By ROBERTO SURO,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** HOUSTON, Dec. 17

**Body**

In the spring of 1989, as he prepared to leave the San Antonio mayor's office still bruised by disclosures of an extra-marital affair, Henry G. Cisneros looked to the future with subdued confidence, reminding a reporter that he would only be 53 years old at the turn of the century.

"History has a rhythm," he said at the time, reflecting on a career that had seemed headed for statewide or even national office before it was suddenly derailed. Not content to let history take its course, Mr. Cisneros set out with methodical zeal to resuscitate his personal and professional prospects.

In the last three and a half years Mr. Cisneros stepped back from the brink of divorce to reconcile with his wife, Mary Alice. He built a new career as an assets manager. He remained in the public eye with a relentless schedule of speeches and television appearances. And he extended his political capital by working hard for a few carefully selected candidates, including Bill Clinton.

Completing a Comeback

Today, at 45 years of age, Mr. Cisneros completed his comeback when President-elect Clinton announced his nomination as Secretary of the Department of Housing and Urban Development.

Several friends who spoke to Mr. Cisneros shortly before today's announcement described his reaction at least in part as one of great relief. "He's the happiest man in America; it's like a great burden has been lifted from him," said George Shipley, an Austin, Tex., political consultant who is a longtime adviser to Mr. Cisneros.

Mr. Cisneros never left any doubt that he wanted to re-enter public life after he decided not to seek re-election to a fifth term, but friends and associates said he has never quite been certain when and how he would do it.

Then, in the last few weeks he was suddenly obliged to agonize over two possibilities. Even as his name was being mentioned for a Cabinet position, he became a likely candidate to run for the Senate seat Lloyd Bentsen is vacating to become Treasury Secretary. Despite the fact that many Texas Democrats were pressuring him to enter the race, last Sunday he called Gov. Ann W. Richards, who must name Senator Bentsen's replacement, to remove himself from the running.

Fascinated by Public Policy

"I was very disappointed he chose not to run for the Senate because he had a good chance to emerge as a consensus candidate among the Democrats, but I wasn't surprised," said State Senator Rodney Ellis, a Houston Democrat. "Henry is very genuinely concerned about his family, but beyond that he saw an opportunity to help shape urban policy all over the country and decided it was in the world of policy, not politics, that he could best be of service."

Like Mr. Clinton, public policy fascinates Mr. Cisneros. Even while out of public office, he has been deeply involved with issues like teaching computer literacy in schools and improving the availability of credit to businesses in the inner cities.

A tall, athletic figure, Mr. Cisneros has proven abilities to translate his policy concerns into charismatic speeches. Having maintained his position as political leader of national repute despite his personal problems, he goes to Washington positioned to increase his standing a great deal.

"The cities and finding solutions to their problems are what really excite Henry," said Larry Macon, a lawyer in San Antonio, "and at this stage in his life he is ready and able to step forward as a high-profile spokesman on urban issues."

Henry Gabriel Cisneros was born in San Antonio on June 11, 1947. His father, George, was a civil servant. His mother, Elvira, was the daughter of a Mexican immigrant who owned a print shop in San Antonio.

Mr. Cisneros was raised in a tree-shaded neighborhood of clapboard homes. In 1968 he graduated from Texas A&M University as a member of the staunchly conservative, all male Corps of Cadets, having become the first Mexican-American commander of the Aggie band.

After earning masters degrees in urban affairs at Texas and at Harvard University he went on to get a doctorate in public administration at George Washington University in 1976.

Even before he had finished his doctoral work, Mr. Cisneros entered politics and won election to the San Antonio City Council in 1975 at a time when the city's growing Hispanic population was beginning to challenge the white business establishment that had long dominated City Hall.

Protests by Hispanic groups were regularly disrupting Council meetings when Mr. Cisneros was elected Mayor in 1981. A moderate, who maintained close ties to business leaders, Mr. Cisneros became a bridge between the city's increasingly assertive Mexican-Americans and its traditional power brokers.

During his eight years as mayor the city grew in stature, finally moving out of the shadows cast by Houston and Dallas to become a major business center in Texas. Mr. Cisneros aggressively courted corporations that were considering moves to San Antonio and oversaw a variety of large infrastructure projects.

Eventually gaining a reputation as brick and mortar mayor, he alienated some Hispanic groups who criticized him for focusing on big, splashy programs, like the Alamo Dome stadium now nearing completion, rather than efforts to improve life in poor and ***working-class*** neighborhoods.

After winning re-election in 1987 with 67 percent of the vote, Mr. Cisneros seemed like he could be Mayor for life or until he decided to run for higher office. But by the summer of 1988, San Antonio was swirling with rumors about the Mayor's private life.

On Sept. 12, 1988, Mr. Cisneros announced he would not seek re-election to the $5,000-a-year mayor's post the following year because he needed to tend to his family's financial concerns. His son, John Paul, required expensive medical treatments for congenital heart defects.

But, a month later after rumors of infidelity had made the local press, Mr. Cisneros was obliged to admit that he had been having an affair with Linda Medlar, who had worked on his political campaigns.

Seemingly undaunted by the public ordeal Mr. Cisneros set about building a new life. In June, 1989 he opened the Cisneros Assets Management Company, an investment firm based in Houston.

Even if he serves in a Clinton Administration for two terms, Mr. Cisneros will still be a relatively young man. People who have watched his career believe he is still planning for the long term.

"No one who knows Henry thinks that being H.U.D. Secretary is the last thing he is going to do," Mr. Macon said.

**Graphic**

Photo: President-elect Bill Clinton's latest nominees for Cabinet positions stood behind their future boss yesterday as he answered questions from reporters in Little Rock, Ark. From the left were Herschel Gober, who has been selected to be the Deputy Secretary for Veterans Affairs; Henry G. Cisneros, Secretary of Housing and Urban Development, and Jesse Brown, Secretary of Veterans Affairs. (Paul Hosefros/The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** December 18, 1992

**End of Document**



[***WASHINGTON TALK;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-MM20-0008-Y31F-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***THE PUBLIC RELATIONS BACKFIRE AND WHAT FOLLOWED***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-MM20-0008-Y31F-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 31, 1983, Monday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1983 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Page 16, Column 3; National Desk

**Length:** 1104 words

**Byline:** By FRANCIS X. CLINES, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** WASHINGTON, Jan. 30

**Body**

When the White House announced this month that it was attempting to shut off all unauthorized ''leaks'' of information to reporters, an attendant risk was implied: The Administration's public relations burden now would, by design and necessity, fall more heavily shoulders of President Reagan himself.

This is a situation, the President's aides conceded in the more candid days of the 1980 campaign, that involved running afoul of Mr. Reagan's penchant for unpredictable off-the-cuff remarks in public that sometimes left them holding their breath as he spoke. The new policy was clearly in effect last week when some of the most respected strategists on the White House staff had to work under a new bureaucratic overlay of reviewing subject matter and clearing comments to the press through the office of the commmunications director.

Last Wednesday, the ingredients of the Administration's attempt at tighter control of news events were on display as the President flew to Boston for a tour of the area's high-technology belt. This is a positive part of the nation's employment picture, and the schedule was thick with safe ''photo opportunities.'' The President was able to pose with such people as factory workers and inner-city residents who were not prominently featured on the White House campaign itineraries last fall when the strategy was to focus on safer Sun Belt constituencies.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 30 - When the White House announced this month that it was attempting to shut off all unauthorized ''leaks'' of information to reporters, an attendant risk was implied: The Administration's public relations burden now would, by design and necessity, fall more heavily shoulders of President Reagan himself.'Great Graphics'

The President's deputy chief of staff and reputed expert on bluecollar sensitivities, Michael K. Deaver, even added a drop-in appearance at a ***working-class*** tavern amid the noble triple-deck houses of Dorchester. It went well, with Mr. Reagan momentarily hoisting a glass of beer with the guys as the cameras zoomed in. ''Great graphics,'' the word came back to Administration workers waiting at the next stop, where Mr. Reagan was scheduled to speak extemporaneously.

There, the overall public relations goal of the trip, portraying a President reigning amid job growth and blue-collar cheer, was washed aside by the President himself as he devoted his most spirited remarks of the day to some upper-income complaints about taxes.

Answering questions from a group of business executives, Mr. Reagan first referred to what he considered a misunderstanding by the public that capital gains tax breaks were ''designed solely to benefit the rich, whoever the rich are supposed to be.'' By the end of his talk, the President, though cautioning himself aloud that he would regret his remarks, denounced the Federal corporate income tax as a ''myth'' unfair to stockholders and questioned whether it should some day be abolished with all corporate profits sent directly to stockholders for a single-step tax.

The best-laid plans of the President's political advisers thus closed on a somewhat plutocratic note. ''On the same day that the President sat down to drink with the working men of Boston, he showed his heart was still in the corporate boardroom,'' House Speaker Thomas P. O'Neill Jr. quickly complained.

No More Would Be Said

After considering the problem over night, the White House sought to deal with the unexpected headlines created not by unauthorized disclosures but by the President's own remarks. Mr. Reagan's spokesman, Larry M. Speakes, insisted that no more would be said on the subject, and he denounced the press.

He told reporters they were ''doing backflips and licking your chops'' over the President's words. This particular story was closed, Mr. Speakes contended. ''It ain't going to be looked at,'' he said rather heatedly when asked about the President's feelings on the corporate tax.

Whatever risks attend the Administration's new sensitivity over criticism from within and communications errors in public, the White House still is not above elaborate courting of some segments of the news industry. Last Tuesday, for example, the Roosevelt Room was alive with the sound of avuncular baritones as the nation's network television anchormen gathered for a private feed of lunch and advance information from Cabinet officials on the State of the Union Message. The celebrity of the scene was heightened as the President himself was ushered in to greet the guests. The relative toughness of the questions is indicated by example: ''Do you see this speech as crucial to you in a critical way tonight, Mr. President?''

Not Enough Copies

The members of the press corps assigned to daily stake-out at the White House might have laughed, had they been invited. Instead, they were the last to be briefed, five hours later, in a chaotic scene that, depending on one's estate, was either hilarious or outrageous. At the conclusion of one of the most crowded and least informative briefings of the past two years, copies of the text of the President's speech plus something termed a ''fact sheet'' were hurriedly piled on the ground outside the press room by the President's staff. ''Like dog food,'' said one reporter.

There were not enough copies and reporters anxiously plunged into the piles, rudely grabbing for any scraps of information they could reach as their deadlines approached. Members of the President's press staff leered, understandably, perhaps, for in their eyes here were the know-it-alls having to fetch for themselves. Only later did the reporters discover that the television anchors had long since finished with the hors d'oeuvres and handouts, accompanied by some friendly courting by the President. ''Fellows,'' the President had called them.

The two events could hardly be judged another case of the ''disarray'' so feared lately by the Administration's image protectors. Strategically, the double standard had a certain logic, since the anchors shepherd by far the larger audiences of the public, while a significant portion of those who cover the White House regularly prefer time for advance analysis to provide context for what the President says. The only thing that seemed at stake, after all, was information.

However, by week's end, Mr. Speakes was insisting the real issue was the willful ''denigration of the President'' by the press and its refusal to focus on ''upbeat'' news. ''Upbeat'' was what the President's strategists had in mind in mapping the Boston trip, with its photo opportunities and the chance to let the President speak extemporaneously.

**Graphic**

Illustrations: drawing

**End of Document**



[***NEW TESTS AT DEVASTATED TOWN TO DETERMINE IF FLOOD SPREAD DIOXIN***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-N0W0-0009-213H-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 27, 1982, Monday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1982 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Page 14, Column 3; National Desk

**Length:** 1077 words

**Byline:** By ROBERT REINHOLD, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** ST. LOUIS, Dec. 26

**Body**

Federal and state authorities said today that they planned to send teams of technicians into the devastated St. Louis suburb of Times Beach this week to determine if recent flooding has spread deadly dioxin pollution.

But nobody seems to know quite what to do about the town's 700 families, since many of them have scoffed at Federal warnings to stay away. First their homes were ravaged by the Meramec River, and then they were told that dioxin-contaminated oil sprayed on their unpaved streets a decade ago had left dangerous concentrations of the chemical in the soil in road ditches.

Generally speaking, dioxin, which is a waste byproduct of many manufacturing processes, is considered hazardous at levels above one part per billion, but there is a dispute over the exact level and what kinds of maladies it might cause.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 26 - Federal and state authorities said today that they planned to send teams of technicians into the devastated St. Louis suburb of Times Beach this week to determine if recent flooding has spread deadly dioxin pollution.

The new tests are to be taken in light of a warning Thursday by the Federal Centers for Disease Control, which urged a complete and immediate evacuation of the town on the basis of soil-sample tests it took shortly before the flood three weeks ago. It is not clear whether the flooding helped by washing away the chemicals or hurt by bringing them to the surface and depositing them in the homes.

Priority for New Tests

''It is our intention to move as quickly as possible to determine if there has been any shift in the dioxin as a result of the flood,'' said Morris Kay, regional administrator for the Federal Environmental Protection Agency, interviewed by telephone from his home in Lawrence, Kan. He said that the laboratory analyses would be given top priority and that the results should be known within two weeks.

In the meantime, he concurred with the scientists from the disease control agency, urging those residents who did return to their homes to wear protective garments. Few appeared to be heeding the advice, to judge from a tour of the town this weekend.

The tests will be done in cooperation with the Missouri Department of Natural Resources. Its director, Fred A. Lafser, said today that experts in soil mechanics would be sent to examine erosion patterns in the affected areas. ''The biggest problem is that we don't know how dangerous it really is,'' he said.

Meanwhile, state officials here were confronted with a considerable political problem in dealing with the pollution, whose full extent across the state is still unknown. By this weekend, no decisions had been made about evacuation or cleanup, or about who would pay for it. It appeared that there was no way to compel residents to leave Times Beach.

About a Third Have Returned

The town, just off Interstate 44, is a picture of wrenching devastation. Piles of twisted carpet, stoves, toys and other belongings lay outside the tiny clapboard houses and trailer homes, many torn apart. About a third of the 2,000 residents appear to have returned, at least to clean up, and few seemed to be taking any precautions; some wore rubber gloves.

Times Beach was named after the old St. Louis Times newspaper, which offered lots there back in the 1920's as part of a promotional campaign. What was meant to be just a summer resort later became a permanent ***working-class*** community. Many of the prideful ''river rats,'' as they call themselves, who settled here say they love the area and intend to stay on despite its twin afflictions of floods and dioxin.

''As long as I don't eat it, dig in it, rub it on my skin or breathe it, I'm O.K.,'' Susan Johnson, an alderman, told The St. Louis Post-Dispatch Saturday.

Others are less confident and would like to move. But they say they cannot afford to do so without government aid. Most families had already evacuated temporarily right after the flood, with assistance from the Federal Emergency Management Agency. An agreement has been worked out between that agency and the state Emergency Management Agency to allow those evacuees who continue to stay away because of the dioxin threat to retain their Federal relocation aid.

Very High Levels Found

The flooding greatly complicated management of the dioxin problem. The tests taken just before the flood found dioxin levels of more than 100 parts per billion in two of 38 soil samples analyzed; that is 100 times what is considered safe. Results from 76 other pre-flood samples are expected in a few days. The high levels were confined to the roadside ditches. Had it not been for the flood waters, Mr. Lafser said, it would have been possible to tell people to avoid the ditches and then to clean them out.

But he said it was now unclear whether the poisons were now stirred up or diluted to safe levels. This is what the technicians, who will wear face masks and special coveralls called ''moon suits,'' hope to learn this week.

Mr. Kay of the E.P.A. said that laboratory facilities were being assembled and that the tests would begin within a few days. Asked what advice he would give the residents in the meantime, he said, ''They should be at least be aware of the possibility of dioxin.''

''The E.P.A. is very sensitive to their situation,'' he said. ''We are moving as rapidly as we can. If there is dioxin, we want that information known; if not, we want that known. We will make the information known as we get it.''

Issue of Payment for Homes

The final decision on evacuation will rest with state emergency and health authorities. The Federal environmental agency's role is limited to testing the soil and performing whatever cleanup may be necessary. A major question, which arose in the Love Canal case in Niagara Falls, N.Y., is whether the residents would be paid for their homes if they choose to leave.

It does not seem likely that the residents can be forced to leave, except if they lived on a site that was a source of pollution and that had to be condemned for cleanup purposes. ''I don't see any mandatory relocation,'' said Mr. Lafser of the state Department of Natural Resources. He doubted, however, that many would want to stay while the ditches were dug up to remove the chemicals.

Meanwhile, efforts were being made to bring authoritative information to the residents. On Tuesday night Dr. Henry Falk of the Altanta-based Centers for Disease Control will address them at a public school down the road in Eureka, Mo.

**End of Document**



[***What's Wrong With 'All Lives Matter'?***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5F2D-KHF1-DY2M-W3CD-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times Blogs

(Opinionator)

January 12, 2015 Monday

Copyright 2015 The News York Times Company All Rights Reserved

**Section:** OPINION

**Length:** 3790 words

**Byline:** GEORGE YANCY and JUDITH BUTLER

**Highlight:** The philosopher Judith Butler argues that we risk missing the fact that black people have not yet been included in the idea of &#8220;all lives.&#8221;

**Body**

This is the fifth in a series of interviews with philosophers on race that I am conducting for The Stone. This week's conversation is with Judith Butler, Maxine Elliot Professor in the department of comparative literature and the program of critical theory at the University of California, Berkeley. She is the author of numerous influential books, including "Dispossession: The Performative in the Political," which she co-authored with Athena Athanasiou. She will publish a book on public assemblies with Harvard University Press this year. - George Yancy

George Yancy: In your 2004 book, "Precarious Life: The Powers of Mourning and Violence," you wrote, "The question that preoccupies me in the light of recent global violence is, Who counts as human? Whose lives count as lives?"  You wrote that about the post-9/11 world, but it appears to also apply to the racial situation here in the United States. In the wake of the recent killings of unarmed black men and women by police, and the failure to prosecute the killers, the message being sent to black communities is that they don't matter, that they are "disposable." Posters reading "Black Lives Matter," "Hands Up. Don't Shoot," "I Can't Breathe," communicate the reality of a specific kind of racial vulnerability that black people experience on a daily basis. How does all this communicate to black people that their lives don't matter?

Judith Butler: Perhaps we can think about the phrase "black lives matter." What is implied by this statement, a statement that should be obviously true, but apparently is not? If black lives do not matter, then they are not really regarded as lives, since a life is supposed to matter. So what we see is that some lives matter more than others, that some lives matter so much that they need to be protected at all costs, and that other lives matter less, or not at all. And when that becomes the situation, then the lives that do not matter so much, or do not matter at all, can be killed or lost, can be exposed to conditions of destitution, and there is no concern, or even worse, that is regarded as the way it is supposed to be. The callous killing of Tamar Rice and the abandonment of his body on the street is an astonishing example of the police murdering someone considered disposable and fundamentally ungrievable.

When we are taking about racism, and anti-black racism in the United States, we have to remember that under slavery black lives were considered only a fraction of a human life, so the prevailing way of valuing lives assumed that some lives mattered more, were more human, more worthy, more deserving of life and freedom, where freedom meant minimally the freedom to move and thrive without being subjected to coercive force. But when and where did black lives ever really get free of coercive force? One reason the chant "Black Lives Matter" is so important is that it states the obvious but the obvious has not yet been historically realized. So it is a statement of outrage and a demand for equality, for the right to live free of constraint, but also a chant that links the history of slavery, of debt peonage, segregation, and a prison system geared toward the containment, neutralization and degradation of black lives, but also a police system that more and more easily and often can take away a black life in a flash all because some officer perceives a threat.

So let us think about what this is: the perception of a threat. One man is leaving a store unarmed, but he is perceived as a threat. Another man is in a chokehold and states that he cannot breathe, and the chokehold is not relaxed, and the man dies because he is perceived as a threat. Mike Brown and Eric Garner. We can name them, but in the space of this interview, we cannot name all the black men and women whose lives are snuffed out all because a police officer perceives a threat, sees the threat in the person, sees the person as pure threat. Perceived as a threat even when unarmed or completely physically subdued, or lying in the ground, as Rodney King clearly was, or coming back home from a party on the train and having the audacity to say to a policeman that he was not doing anything wrong and should not be detained: Oscar Grant. We can see the videos and know what is obviously true, but it is also obviously true that police and the juries that support them obviously do not see what is obvious, or do not wish to see.

So the police see a threat when there is no gun to see, or someone is subdued and crying out for his life, when they are moving away or cannot move. These figures are perceived as threats even when they do not threaten, when they have no weapon, and the video footage that shows precisely this is taken to be a ratification of the police's perception. The perception is then ratified as a public perception at which point we not only must insist on the dignity of black lives, but name the racism that has become ratified as public perception.

In fact, the point is not just that black lives can be disposed of so easily: they are targeted and hunted by a police force that is becoming increasingly emboldened to wage its race war by every grand jury decision that ratifies the point of view of state violence. Justifying lethal violence in the name of self-defense is reserved for those who have a publicly recognized self to defend. But those whose lives are not considered to matter, whose lives are perceived as a threat to the life that embodies white privilege can be destroyed in the name of that life. That can only happen when a recurrent and institutionalized form of racism has become a way of seeing, entering into the presentation of visual evidence to justify hateful and unjustified and heartbreaking murder.

So it is not just that black lives matter, though that must be said again and again. It is also that stand-your-ground and racist killings are becoming increasingly normalized, which is why intelligent forms of collective outrage have become obligatory.

G.Y.: The chant "Black Lives Matter" is also a form of what you would call "a mode of address." You discuss questions of address in your essay, "Violence, Nonviolence: Sartre and Fanon," where Fanon, for example, raises significant questions about sociality in talking about his freedom in relationship to a "you." "Black Lives Matter" says something like: "You - white police officers - recognize my/our humanity!" But what if the "you," in this case, fails to be moved, refuses to be touched by that embodied chant? And given that "racism has become a way of seeing," is it not necessary that we - as you say in your essay "Endangered/Endangering: Schematic Racism and White Paranoia"- install "an antiracist hegemony over the visual field"?

J.B.: Sometimes a mode of address is quite simply a way of speaking to or about someone. But a mode of address may also describe a general way of approaching another such that one presumes who the other is, even the meaning and value of their existence. We address each other with gesture, signs and movement, but also through media and technology. We make such assumptions all the time about who that other is when we hail someone on the street (or we do not hail them). That is someone I greet; the other is someone I avoid. That other may well be someone whose very existence makes me cross to the other side of the road.

Indeed, in the case of schematic racism, anti-black racism figures black people through a certain lens and filter, one that can quite easily construe a black person, or another racial minority, who is walking toward us as someone who is potentially, or actually, threatening, or is considered, in his very being, a threat. In fact, as we can doubtless see from the videos that have swept across the global media, it may be that even when a black man is moving away from the police, that man is still considered to be a threat or worth killing, as if that person were actually moving toward the police brandishing a weapon. Or it could be that a black man or woman is reaching for his or her identification papers to show to the police, and the police see in that gesture of compliance - hand moving toward pocket - a reach for a gun. Is that because, in the perception of the police, to be black is already to be reaching for a gun? Or a black person is sleeping on the couch, standing, walking, or even running, clearly brandishing no gun, and there turns out to be evidence that there is no gun, still that life is snuffed out - why? Is the gun imagined into the scene, or retrospectively attributed to the standing or fleeing figure (and the grand jury nods, saying "this is plausible.")? And why when that person is down, already on the ground, and seeks to lift himself, or seated against a subway grate, and seeks to speak on his own behalf, or is utterly subdued and imperiled by the chokehold, he never stops looming as a threat to security, prompting a policeman to beat him or gun him down?

It may be important to see the twisted vision and the inverted assumptions that are made in the course of building a "case" that the police acted in self-defense or were sufficiently provoked to use lethal force. The fleeing figure is coming this way; the nearly strangled person is about to unleash force; the man on the ground will suddenly spring to life and threaten the life of the one who therefore takes his life.

These are war zones of the mind that play out on the street. At least in these cases that have galvanized the nation and the world in protest, we all see the twisted logic that results in the exoneration of the police who take away the lives of unarmed black men and women. And why is that the case? It is not because what the police and their lawyers present as their thinking in the midst of the situation is very reasonable. No, it is because that form of thinking is becoming more "reasonable" all the time. In other words, every time a grand jury or a police review board accepts this form of reasoning, they ratify the idea that blacks are a population against which society must be defended, and that the police defend themselves and (white) society, when they preemptively shoot unarmed black men in public space. At stake is a way that black people are figured as a threat even when they are simply living their lives, walking the street, leaving the convenience store, riding the subway, because in those instances this is only a threatening life, or a threat to the only kind of life, white life, that is recognized.

G.Y.: What has led us to this place?

J.B.: Racism has complex origins, and it is important that we learn the history of racism to know what has led us to this terrible place. But racism is also reproduced in the present, in the prison system, new forms of population control, increasing economic inequality that affects people of color disproportionately. These forms of institutionalized destitution and inequality are reproduced through these daily encounters - the disproportionate numbers of minorities stopped and detained by the police, and the rising number of those who fall victim to police violence. The figure of the black person as threat, as criminal, as someone who is, no matter where he is going, already-on-the-way-to-prison, conditions these pre-emptive strikes, attributing lethal aggression to the very figure who suffers it most. The lives taken in this way are not lives worth grieving; they belong to the increasing number of those who are understood as ungrievable, whose lives are thought not to be worth preserving.

But, of course, what we are also seeing in the recent and continuing assemblies, rallies and vigils is an open mourning for those whose lives were cut short and without cause, brutally extinguished. The practices of public mourning and political demonstration converge: when lives are considered ungrievable, to grieve them openly is protest. So when people assemble in the street, arrive at rallies or vigils, demonstrate with the aim of opposing this form of racist violence, they are "speaking back" to this mode of address, insisting on what should be obvious but is not, namely, that these lost lives are unacceptable losses.

On the one hand, there is a message, "Black Lives Matter," which always risks being misheard ("What? Only black lives matter?") or not heard at all ("these are just people who will protest anything"). On the other hand, the assembly, even without words, enacts the message in its own way. For it is often in public spaces where such violence takes place, so reclaiming public space to oppose both racism and violence is an act that reverberates throughout the public sphere through various media.

G.Y.: I've heard that some white people have held signs that read "All Lives Matter."

J.B.: When some people rejoin with "All Lives Matter" they misunderstand the problem, but not because their message is untrue. It is true that all lives matter, but it is equally true that not all lives are understood to matter which is precisely why it is most important to name the lives that have not mattered, and are struggling to matter in the way they deserve.

Claiming that "all lives matter" does not immediately mark or enable black lives only because they have not been fully recognized as having lives that matter. I do not mean this as an obscure riddle. I mean only to say that we cannot have a race-blind approach to the questions: which lives matter? Or, which lives are worth valuing? If we jump too quickly to the universal formulation, "all lives matter," then we miss the fact that black people have not yet been included in the idea of "all lives." That said, it is true that all lives matter (we can then debate about when life begins or ends). But to make that universal formulation concrete, to make that into a living formulation, one that truly extends to all people, we have to foreground those lives that are not mattering now, to mark that exclusion, and militate against it. Achieving that universal, "all lives matter," is a struggle, and that is part of what we are seeing on the streets. For on the streets we see a complex set of solidarities across color lines that seek to show what a concrete and living sense of bodies that matter can be.

G.Y: When you talk about lives that matter, are you talking about how whiteness and white bodies are valorized? In "Gender Trouble: Feminism and the Subversion of Identity," you discuss gender as "a stylized repetition of acts." Do you also see whiteness as "a stylized repetition of acts" that solidifies and privileges white bodies, or even leads to naïve, "post-racial" universal formulations like "all lives matter"?

J.B.: Yes, we can certainly talk about "doing whiteness" as a way of putting racial categories into action, since whiteness is part of what we call "race," and is often implicitly or explicitly part of a race project that seeks to achieve and maintain dominance for white people. One way this happens is by establishing whiteness as the norm for the human, and blackness as a deviation from the human or even as a threat to the human, or as something not quite human. Under such perceptual conditions built up through the history of racism, it becomes increasingly easy for white people to accept the destruction of black lives as status quo, since those lives do not fit the norm of "human life" they defend. It is true that Frantz Fanon sometimes understood whiteness in gendered terms: a black man is not a man, according to the white norms that define manhood, and yet other times the black man is figured as the threat of rape, hyper-masculinized, threatening the "virgin sanctity" of whiteness.

In that last formulation whiteness is figured as a young virgin whose future husband is white - this characterization ratifies the sentiments that oppose miscegenation and defend norms or racial purity. But whose sexuality is imperiled in this scene? After all, black women and girls were the ones who were raped, humiliated and disposed of under conditions of slavery, and it was black families who were forcibly destroyed: black kinship was not recognized as kinship that matters. women of color, and black feminists in particular, have struggled for years against being the sexual property of either white male power or black masculinity, against poverty, and against the prison industry, so there are many reasons it is necessary to define racism in ways that acknowledge the specific forms it takes against men, women, and transgendered people of color.

Let us remember, of course, that many black women's lives are taken by police and by prisons. We can name a few: Yvette Smith, 48, in Texas, unarmed, and killed by police; or Aiyana Stanley-Jones, age 7, killed while sleeping on her father's couch in Detroit. After all, all of those are among the people on the street, outraged and demonstrating, opposing a lethal power that is becoming more and more normalized and, to that degree, more and more outrageous.

Whiteness is less a property of skin than a social power reproducing its dominance in both explicit and implicit ways. When whiteness is a practice of superiority over minorities, it monopolizes the power of destroying or demeaning bodies of color. The legal system is engaged in reproducing whiteness when it decides that the black person can and will be punished more severely than the white person who commits the same infraction, when that same differential is at work in the question, who can and will be detained? And who can and will be sent to prison with a life sentence or the death penalty? Angela Davis has shown the disproportionate number of Americans of color (black and Latino) detained, imprisoned and on death row. This has become a "norm" that effectively says "black lives do not matter," one that is built up over time, through daily practices, modes of address, through the organization of schools, work, prison, law and media. Those are all ways that the conceit of white superiority is constructed.

G.Y.: Yes. Whiteness, as a set of historical practices, extends beyond the skin. And yet, when a person with white skin walks into a store, it is assumed that she is not a threat. So, there is an entire visual technology that is complicit here, where the skin itself, as it were, is the marker of innocence. It is a visual technology that reinforces not only her sense of innocence, but that organizes the ways in which she gets to walk through space without being profiled or stopped. Hence, she contributes to the perpetuation of racial injustice even if she is unaware of doing so.

J.B.: Well, of course, class is also there as a marker of how anyone is perceived entering the door to the public building, the office, the post office, the convenience store. Class is in play when white people fail to look "moneyed" or are considered as ***working class***, poor or homeless, so we have to be clear that the "white" person we may be talking about can be struggling with inequality of another kind: whiteness has its own internal hierarchies, to be sure. Of course there are white people who may be very convinced that they are not racist, but that does not necessarily mean that they have examined, or worked though, how whiteness organizes their lives, values, the institutions they support, how they are implicated in ways of talking, seeing, and doing that constantly and tacitly discriminate. Undoing whiteness has to be difficult work, but it starts, I think, with humility, with learning history, with white people learning how the history of racism persists in the everyday vicissitudes of the present, even as some of us may think we are "beyond" such a history, or even convinced that we have magically become "post-racial." It is difficult and ongoing work, calling on an ethical disposition and political solidarity that risks error in the practice of solidarity.

Whiteness is not an abstraction; its claim to dominance is fortified through daily acts which may not seem racist at all precisely because they are considered "normal." But just as certain kinds of violence and inequality get established as "normal" through the proceedings that exonerate police of the lethal use of force against unarmed black people, so whiteness, or rather its claim to privilege, can be disestablished over time. This is why there must be a collective reflection on, and opposition to, the way whiteness takes hold of our ideas about whose lives matter. The norm of whiteness that supports both violence and inequality insinuates itself into the normal and the obvious. Understood as the sometimes tacit and sometimes explicit power to define the boundaries of kinship, community and nation, whiteness inflects all those frameworks within which certain lives are made to matter less than others.

It is always possible to do whiteness otherwise, to engage in a sustained and collective practice to question how racial differentiation enters into our daily evaluations of which lives deserve to be supported, to flourish, and which do not. But it is probably an error, in my view, for white people to become paralyzed with guilt and self-scrutiny. The point is rather to consider those ways of valuing and devaluing life that govern our own thinking and acting, understanding the social and historical reach of those ways of valuing. It is probably important and satisfying as well to let one's whiteness recede by joining in acts of solidarity with all those who oppose racism. There are ways of fading out whiteness, withdrawing its implicit and explicit claim to racial privilege.

Demonstrations have the potential to embody forms of equality that we want to see realized in the world more broadly. Working against those practices and institutions that refuse to recognize and mark the powers of state racism in particular, assemblies gather to mourn and resist the deadly consequences of such powers. When people engage in concerted actions across racial lines to build communities based on equality, to defend the rights of those who are disproportionately imperiled to have a chance to live without the fear of dying quite suddenly at the hands of the police. There are many ways to do this, in the street, the office, the home, and in the media. Only through such an ever-growing cross-racial struggle against racism can we begin to achieve a sense of all the lives that really do matter.

This interview was conducted by email and edited. Previous interviews in this series can be found [*here*](http://opinionator.blogs.nytimes.com/tag/philosophers-on-race/).

George Yancy is a professor of philosophy at Duquesne University. He has written, edited and co-edited numerous books, including "Black Bodies, White Gazes," "Look, a White!" and "Pursuing Trayvon Martin," co-edited with Janine Jones.

**Load-Date:** January 12, 2015

**End of Document**



[***ENGLISH, THE LANGUAGE, RECONQUERING POLYGLOT INDIA***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-KKK0-0008-Y1V3-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 19, 1983, Thursday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1983 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Page 2, Column 3; Foreign Desk

**Length:** 1054 words

**Byline:** By WILLIAM K. STEVENS, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** NEW DELHI, May 18

**Body**

After three decades of often bitter squabbling over what the national language of this country of many languages should be, it appears that English is winning.

Despite longstanding official attempts to make Hindi the country's chief language at all levels, the language of the British colonizers has become the voluntary, preferred choice of urban Indians and India's educated, rapidly burgeoning middle class.

English is also the language of commerce, finance, science, technology and the social sciences. And, as even a casual look suggests, it is the main language of advertising, the most influential newspapers, the rapidly growing magazines and the budding national television network.

NEW DELHI, May 18 - After three decades of often bitter squabbling over what the national language of this country of many languages should be, it appears that English is winning.

No longer a language strictly for the British-educated elite of pre-independnce years, authorities say, English is now permeating areas it never reached before.

Schools Are Springing Up

***Working-class*** urban fathers who speak it a little are sending their children to school to learn to speak it fluently in the hope that better jobs will lift them into the middle class.

Schools in which English is the medium of instruction are springing up everywhere and cannot seem to keep ahead of demand. In the relatively affluent Punjab, there are said to be 5,000 such schools, although many are of uncertain quality, catering to that state's substantial middle class.

''Even the poorest person would like to send his child to a school where the medium is English,'' said Dr. S.P. Bakhshi, the head of such an institution. Dr. Bakhshi, principal of New Delhi's Modern School, which has 1,100 applicants a year for 200 places, added, ''They say, 'I'll cut back to only one meal a day to pay for it if you'll let my child in.' ''

Enhancing Marriageability

Fluency in English greatly enhances the marriageability of middleclass daughters. And a sort of English chic has developed. ''It is the fashion to learn English in the same way it is to have stereos and radios and electronic gadgets,'' Dr. Akhileshwar Jha, a linguist at Delhi University and a recognized authority on the subject, said recently.

English commands respect, as Rama Jha, a university English teacher and the wife of Dr. Jha, finds when she rides on city buses. ''The conductor is very polite when you use English,'' she said, ''but unpleasant and uncooperative otherwise.''

Many authorities cite more substantial and possibly more durable causes for the resurgence of English. One is that to the extent that English is becoming the language of the world and, particularly, of world commerce, science and technology, it is to the advantage of Indians to speak it.

Some authorities say further that the structure, vocabulary and flexibility of English give it an innate advantage over Hindi, which, according to Dr. Jha, ''is not able to cope with the experiences of the modern world.''

Finally, English is widely and increasingly viewed as a vital key to good jobs, financial success and personal advancement.

'You're Going to Be a Nobody'

''Some of the people believe now that if you don't study English you're going to be a nobody, an ordinary person,'' Dr. Bakhshi said. For urban jobs in the private sector, Dr. Jha said flatly, ''English is a must.''

Whatever the reasons, English is spoken the length and breadth of the land by many in India's modern sectors. ''Infinitely more than Hindi,'' Dr. Jha wrote recently, English ''has quietly established itself in India as its de facto national language.''

Not all experts agree with that conclusion. Some point out that even though English may be the premier language of emerging India, it is still spoken by only 15 million to 20 million of the country's 700 million people.

Furthermore, linguists say, Hindi has spread rapidly in the traditional, largely rural world in which most Indians live.

150 Million May Speak Hindi

As many as 150 million Indians may now speak Hindi, far more than those who speak any other language. It is being more widely accepted in non-Hindi regions, authorities say, not least because it dominates the movies.

''Only 10 to 20 percent of the people in all of India cannot understand Hindi at all,'' B.N. Tiwari, another Delhi University linguist, maintained.

He and others believe that Hindi therefore has a better claim to be the ''link language'' in a country with at least 50 major regional languages, 14 of which are officially recognized.

Some analysts see the strong emergence of English in India's modern sectors, and the parallel establishment and spread of Hindi, as one expression of a deeper conflict between modern India and traditional India. Unless and until this conflict is resolved, they speculate, India will probably never have a truly national language - and it may not have one in any case.

Some who favor English as the single national language argue that democracy demands it. Since the decisions that affect the lives of the most Indians are now primarily made in English, they argue, and the most trenchant discussions about what is going on in the country are carried on in the English news media, most Indians are increasingly cut off from public life.

Southerners Turn to English

Hindi and English are both established as official national languages for governmental use. Originally, Hindi was to stand alone. But opposition over the years from states where Hindi is not spoken, particularly in the south, has enabled English to hold its own in central Government use.

Analysts on both sides of the argument concur that, for all the new vigor and popularity of English, it faces a quality problem: although the use of English is increasing, authorities say, it is frequently spoken badly, and is even more frequently read and written with poor fluency.

Indian English has adopted many local words and expressions, as is the case in many other countries where the use of English has expanded. Articles in the country's many English-language newspapers, for example, are peppered with Hindi words.

Conversely, in a kind of cross-fertilization that may be producing a sort of ''Hindish,'' Hindi has incorporated many English words. Some authorities place the proportion of English in Hindi as high as 30 percent.

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photo of a resident of New Delhi

**End of Document**



[***Before the Downfall Of a Connecticut Priest, A Taste of the Good Life - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4KC8-NKW0-TW8F-G2JM-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 9, 2006 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

**Correction Appended**



Copyright 2006 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 1; Column 3; Metropolitan Desk; Second Front; Pg. 19

**Length:** 1605 words

**Byline:** By ALISON LEIGH COWAN; Alain Delaqueriere and Nate Schweber contributed reporting for this article.

**Dateline:** DARIEN, Conn., July 8

**Body**

The Rev. Michael Jude Fay had his hair highlighted each spring at a local salon at prices of $85 or more, his hairdresser said. His vacation getaway was an ocean-view condominium in Florida that he owned with a close friend from Philadelphia. And he repeatedly spent thousands of dollars on luggage, jewelry and designer clothes, even though his salary was a modest $28,000 a year.

To many of his parishioners at St. John Roman Catholic Church in Darien, Father Fay's lavish ways came as a shock nearly two months ago when the Diocese of Bridgeport demanded his resignation because of questions about his suitability for the priesthood, his lifestyle and his financial stewardship of the church.

To those parishioners, he was the dutiful son of a New Jersey police officer and an advocate for the poor in wealthy Fairfield County. At times aloof, he was also sensitive in dealing with grief-stricken parishioners and showed flair in producing Broadway-style plays with local talent.

''People loved him,'' said Richard Manegio, a Darien businessman whose ex-wife relied on Father Fay when she was battling cancer.

But a handful of parishioners, current and former employees and local merchants had nursed suspicions for years about the longtime pastor. In interviews, they -- and investigators, lawyers and church officials who came into the case more recently -- said Father Fay's taste for the gilded life seemed to have spun out of control in recent years.

''He was the most high-class priest I've ever seen,'' said Frank Colandro, the owner of a deli across the street from the church, mentioning Father Fay's expensive-looking shoes and watches. And the more Father Fay spent, his critics say, the more autocratic and secretive he became about the church's finances.

Parishioners say there were warning signs about his spending, such as a black-tie bash he threw for himself at the Pierre Hotel, one of the premier hotels in Manhattan, in May 2003 to commemorate his 25th anniversary in the priesthood. But the Bridgeport Diocese did not pressure him to step aside until this year, after private investigators hired by the parish's bookkeeper and associate pastor documented at least $200,000 in questionable spending by Father Fay.

Now, F.B.I. agents are investigating his case, and parish officials have been passing the plate at services with extra pleas for offerings to ease the parish's debt load.

The diocese, which violated its own policy by not auditing the parish's finances for more than five years, has said it will not comment on Father Fay until its own investigation is done.

Father Fay has not commented publicly, nor have the two lawyers who have told investigators they represent him. Attempts to obtain a comment from Father Fay were unsuccessful.

His 85-year-old mother, Mildred Fay, said in a brief interview, ''He's a wonderful person, and he's been wrongly accused.''

Even people who thought they knew him well now say Father Fay, 55, has become a riddle to them. ''This is a shock,'' said Ken Bruno, a building inspector in Palisades Park, N.J., whose children were confirmed by Father Fay about eight years ago. ''I'm still trying to make sense of it.''

Father Fay's story begins in Palisades Park, a tight-knit, ***working-class*** town that barely covers one square mile. His father, Martin Terrance Fay, was a co-captain of the football team at St. Cecilia High School in Englewood, N.J., just as a new assistant coach, Vince Lombardi, was taking the team to new heights.

Martin Fay served in the Marine Corps during World War II and played minor-league football briefly until an injury sidelined him. Joining the Palisades Park police force in 1946, he ultimately became its chief. And when he died 10 years ago, the borough mourned, according to Frank A. Patti, a mortician who doubled until recently as the town historian.

Father Fay ''comes from good stock,'' Mr. Patti said.

Michael James Fay, the third of the Fays' five children, attended the local parish school, was active in Catholic youth organizations and appeared in a school play.

None of Father Fay's siblings responded to requests for interviews.

After a stint at St. Francis University in Loretto, Pa., he earned a degree from St. Mary's Seminary in Baltimore in 1977, adopted the middle name Jude and earned a Master of Arts degree in 1986 from Manhattan College, according to school records.

After being ordained in 1978, he worked as parochial vicar at some of Connecticut's most prosperous parishes, including St. Paul in Greenwich and St. Aloysius in New Canaan.

In 1991, he was put in charge of another wealthy parish, St. John, Darien's oldest Roman Catholic church. Parishioners say he urged them to show compassion to the needy, and they obliged by putting $10,000 or more a week into the church's collection baskets.

Parishioners also appreciated the spirited theatrical productions he helped direct at the church, including ''Nunsense,'' ''Guys and Dolls'' and ''Fiddler on the Roof.''

Starting in 2000, Father Fay's star seemed to rise. Sacred Heart University honored him for community service in 2002, and the Bridgeport Diocese appointed him to a sexual misconduct review board that year.

For all his outward success, it was evident that Father Fay had an appetite for little luxuries, such as the blond highlights his Darien hairdresser said he put in his hair.

A small bridal shower he threw for a Sunday school teacher had a three-piece combo and jaw-dropping flower arrangements, a person who attended said.

Parishioners said he spent thousands of dollars sprucing up the church and expanding the house where the priests lived. When one parent questioned the cost of a tapestry, Father Fay cut her off by saying, ''What makes you think it wasn't a gift?'' said Regina Damanti, a parishioner who heard the exchange.

Investigators say that friends and family of Father Fay seemed to receive special privileges or favors from the parish. For instance, the church paid last fall to fly another priest from Baltimore to Fort Lauderdale, Fla., where Father Fay owns a condominium, parish records show.

Father Fay also asked the church's caretaker to paint his mother's home in New Jersey and to repair the bungalow he once owned in western Connecticut, on church time, the investigators said.

Ellen Patafio, who was the parish's secretary from November 2004 until she quit in February, said Father Fay ''really changed a lot over the time I worked there.''

Parishioners would call the office, wanting to discuss their problems with the priest, she said, and ''every time Jude would get on the phone, he'd roll his eyes.''

Over time, she and others said, they noticed that he left more of the pastoral work to his parochial vicar, the Rev. Michael J. Madden.

Father Fay learned he had prostate cancer, but Ms. Patafio and other parishioners said he cited problems from the cancer to avoid duties he disliked. He called it playing his ''cancer card,'' they said.

Bishop William E. Lori of Bridgeport told a recent gathering of parishioners that he may have given Father Fay latitude because he assumed the priest was in dire health. The severity of Father Fay's cancer problems is not known.

Father Fay did not relinquish his tight control over the church's finances, however, according to accounts provided by Ms. Patafio; the church's bookkeeper, Bethany D'Erario; her lawyer, Mickey Sherman; and the investigators she and Father Madden hired in May to look into possible improprieties at the church.

Father Fay typically kept donations to the church in his desk drawer instead of promptly depositing them in the church's bank account, making it difficult to track how the funds were used, said Vito Colucci Jr., one of the investigators hired by Father Madden.

In recent years, Father Fay also picked the members of the church's lay boards rather than let parishioners cast ballots, as they once did. None of the members of the parish's finance council returned calls seeking comment.

At least one member of the finance council, William Besgen, attended the black-tie event that Father Fay had at the Pierre Hotel in 2003, according to a seating list and Mr. Besgen's lawyer.

In the spring of 2005, Father Fay and his friend from Philadelphia, Cliff Fantini, a wedding consultant, jointly bought a $449,100 condo in Fort Lauderdale, property records show. Furnishings and monthly cable bills were charged to the parish, church records show.

The two men are also listed as tenants of a luxury apartment on East 63rd Street in Manhattan, the building's staff said. Mr. Fantini, known professionally as Cliff Martell, also stayed at the rectory for extended periods, Ms. Patafio said.

Ms. Patafio said Father Fay showered gifts, meals and trips on Mr. Fantini. ''Jude was always chasing after him,'' she said.

Mr. Fantini did not respond to multiple messages left at his home.

In April, the bookkeeper and Father Madden took their concerns to the diocese. Father Fay appeared before the bishop on May 9 to respond to the allegations but left without being relieved of his duties.

Frustrated, the bookkeeper and Father Madden asked Mr. Colucci and Wendy Kleinknecht, another investigator, to review records the bookkeeper had copied. On May 17, the investigators took their findings to the Darien police. The bishop asked Father Fay to resign and to leave the premises that same day.

Parishioners say they have not seen him since, although his sister Kathleen showed up recently to retrieve his personal belongings, including a cabinet full of Waterford crystal he left behind.

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

**Correction**

A picture caption on Sunday about a Roman Catholic priest in Darien, Conn., who is under federal investigation in connection with allegations that he misused church funds, misspelled his surname at one point in some copies. He is the Rev. Michael Jude Fay, not Faye.

**Correction-Date:** July 11, 2006

**Graphic**

Photos: The Rev. Michael Jude Fay, in red shirt, and Cliff Fantini bought a condo at this Fort Lauderdale building together. Below, Father Fay in Darien, Conn., in 1994. (Photo by Tom Ryan/The Advocate)

(Photo by Barbara P. Fernandez for The New York Times)(pg. 19)

Congregants leaving Sunday Mass at St. John Roman Catholic Church in Darien, Conn. (Photo by Douglas Healey for The New York Times)(pg. 20)

**Load-Date:** July 9, 2006

**End of Document**



[***FILM;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-6HN0-000P-20C6-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Two Vehicles Carry an Irish Actor to America***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-6HN0-000P-20C6-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 22, 1992, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1992 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Arts & Leisure Desk

**Section:** Section 2;; Section 2; Page 21; Column 1; Arts & Leisure Desk; Column 1;; Biography

**Length:** 1032 words

**Byline:** Stephen Rea

By MATT WOLF;

Matt Wolf is an American theater critic and journalist based in London.

By MATT WOLF;  Matt Wolf is an American theater critic and journalist based in London.

**Dateline:** LONDON

**Body**

Tell Stephen Rea that he's about to be a star, with a major film and play opening in New York the same week, and the actor tosses a napkin over his face. "It's a terrible word," he remarks wryly, slumping into his seat at London's Waldorf Hotel one rainy afternoon while his Belfast accent curdles in mock alarm. "I don't know, these things have a way of blowing up in your face."

Deciding on a more measured response, he continues: "It's exciting, but I think I'm mature enough not to take it the wrong way. It's a way of opening up other areas of work."

Beginning Wednesday, Mr. Rea can be seen in Neil Jordan's new film, "The Crying Game," playing an Irish Republican Army gunman whose life is upended politically and sexually when he moves from Northern Ireland to England. After the movie's premiere in September at the New York Film Festival, Vincent Canby wrote in The Times that it was "exceptionally well acted by Mr. Rea in a big, very complex role."

Furthering the actor's introduction to New York audiences, he makes his American stage debut tomorrow, playing an Irish hostage sharing a Beirut prison cell in "Someone Who'll Watch Over Me," the first serious play to open this fall on Broadway. Frank McGuinness's drama, directed by Robin Lefevre, and co-starring James McDaniel and Alec McCowen as American and English cellmates, arrives at the Booth Theater from London, where all three actors were highly praised.

For Mr. Rea (pronounced Ray), the American openings follow 20-odd years of juggling work in modest English and Irish movies (Neil Jordan's "Angel" and "The Company of Wolves," Mike Leigh's "Life Is Sweet") with leading stage roles in both countries. His theater credits range from Dion Boucicault's "Shaughraun" and Strindberg's "Miss Julie" to Trevor Griffiths's "Comedians" and even the Cole Porter musical "High Society" (in the James Stewart role).

For most of the last decade, Mr. Rea has spent at least five months of each year on the road with Field Day, the Londonderry-based company devoted to new Irish work that the actor co-founded in 1980 with Brian Friel, whose "Dancing at Lughnasa" won this year's Tony Award for best play.

Between bites of a steak sandwich, the actor apologizes for wanting his ketchup right on his fries -- "It's terribly vulgar, isn't it?" -- and explains that the increased voltage of his career is no accident. "I hate words like exposure, but I was very conscious I was doing a lot of work that was good and often not acknowledged, and I don't mean that in a childish way.

"It sounds like a Thatcherite marketing routine," he goes on, "but I just felt I wanted the work to be seen. I wanted to do work on a different level, to try and please myself a bit more. I did Neil's film last autumn; I did this play this autumn, both during that time I would ordinarily have been touring with Field Day."

Besides, he says of Field Day, which will stage a new play by Terry Eagleton next year, "We've lasted a lot longer than we would have anticipated; so, far from turning my back, I just wanted to do other things. It was time to be part of the outside world."

Mr. Rea's role as Fergus in "The Crying Game" represents the culmination of a long association with its director, Mr. Jordan, who, at 42, is several years Mr. Rea's junior. (Famously coy about his age, the actor joked that he "admits to 27 at dinner parties"; more likely, he is in his middle to late 40's.) Admiring of Mr. Rea's unadorned style as a performer, Mr. Jordan calls the actor "the only person who actually can do as little as he does to such effect; he's brave enough not to fill his characters with business."

Both artists' first film was the 1982 "Angel," in which Mr. Rea played a hapless saxophonist sucked into Northern Ireland's sectarian "troubles." They teamed up three years later on the revisionist fairy tale "The Company of Wolves," with Mr. Rea as one of the bloodthirsty beasts of the title. "The Crying Game" brings the two creators to maturity in another examination of what Mr. Rea sees as "an innocent in a world he doesn't understand."

Says the actor, his hangdog countenance brightening: "The films of Neil's I love -- 'Angel,' 'The Miracle,' 'Mona Lisa,' this -- are all about the same guy in a way: an innocent amid violence he doesn't think is touching him. Fergus faces his past and his future, and he says O.K. He's not tarnished; his redemption has been hard-won.

One of four children in a ***working-class*** Protestant family in Belfast, Mr. Rea recalls his experience of a divided city as "the situation you find yourself in, so you just sort of cope with it. In England, there's been no constitutional crisis for 300 years; in Ireland, there's always one. People live with emergency powers and special powers enforced upon them, and it's very awkward."

Nonetheless, Mr. Rea keeps homes in Belfast and London and is raising his young sons, Oscar and Danny, in the Northern Irish capital. "I want them to have an Irish childhood, to grow up with Irish accents," he said with a smile. "I'd find it kind of phony to bring up two English kids." And he does not think his performance in "The Crying Game" was informed by his marriage to Dolours Price, a onetime I.R.A. hunger striker convicted in 1973 for a car bombing campaign in London. "The only thing I can say is that I wouldn't regard anyone involved in that conflict as essentially evil, which is what we're told to believe. There may have been some empathy with Dolours's situation, but I don't really think that. It never consciously crossed my mind, and that's the truth."

Much more on his mind is the vitality of Irish writing as evinced in both of his current projects. Of Mr. McGuinness's play, Mr. Rea argues that "everything's pared to the bone, and yet it's hilarious and appalling at the same time, like Beckett. An Irish writer really can't write about a serious and terrible thing without it being funny."

And like "The Crying Game," "Someone Who'll Watch Over Me" is concerned with issues of redemption. "Nothing pleases me more than things about redemption through suffering; that's my fave.

"Both these pieces are very religious," adds Mr. Rea. "I must be, too, because I love them."

**Graphic**

Photo: Stephen Rea as an I.R.A. gunman, with Miranda Richardson, in Neil Jordan's new film "The Crying Game." (Miramax Films)

**Load-Date:** November 22, 1992

**End of Document**



[***EXPATRIATES AND IMMIGRANTS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-M940-0008-Y0W2-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 6, 1983, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1983 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 7; Page 28, Column 1; Book Review Desk; Review

**Length:** 1006 words

**Byline:** By Diane Cole; Diane Cole is a freelance writer living in New York City.

**Body**

STAND WE AT LAST By Zoe Fairbairns. 609 pp. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $15.95.

ELLIS ISLAND By Fred Mustard Stewart. 396 pp. New York: William Morrow & Co. $15.95.

NILE By Laurie Devine. 476 pp. New York: Simon & Schuster. $16.95.

IN ''Stand We at Last'' Zoe Fairbairns leads us on a journey through the 19th-century Australian outback, British-occupied India, a modern commune in Scotland and the ***working-class***, middle-class and aristocratic neighborhoods of London and its suburbs.

Diane Cole reviews novels, "Stand We At The Last", by Zoe Fairbairns, "Ellis Island", by Fred Mustard Stewart, and "Nile", by Laurie Devine.

''I did not come to Australia to be safe and conventional,'' Sarah Packham, the novel's pioneer heroine, declares on her arrival in the Australian bush in the late 1850's. Unmarried and alone, Sarah has set out to make an independent life for herself as a farmer; her younger sister, Helena, has stayed in England to marry the wealthy, tradition-bound Jonathan Croft. But Sarah's farm fails, Helena dies, and Sarah returns to England to salvage something more than self-pity from the wreck of her dreams.

Strong-willed, outspoken and tirelessly idealistic, Sarah becomes involved in work to ''reclaim'' fallen women. She also takes up residence in the home of her widowed brother-in-law. When she discovers that he has fathered and abandoned an illegitimate daughter named Pearl, Sarah the suffragist and Jonathan the paternal protector enter into a fierce struggle for the child's soul.

At times Sarah may be humorless, but few readers will find her unattractive. At 40 she mounts a bicycle and rides through London as a delivery ''boy.'' At 70 she marches off to prison and endures a hunger strike in support of women's rights. She is the stern, eccentric, yet finally lovable aunt whom we all yearn to find in our own families but whom we seldom meet except in novels.

Pearl and her female descendants endure hardships and tragedies of their own - in London, India, America and finally in an isolated Scottish commune - but it is Sarah's journey from England to Australia and back again that gives this book its resonance. With Sarah at its center, ''Stand We at Last'' succeeds as both a feminist and a family saga, instructing us subtly even as it entertains.

IN ''Ellis Island'' Fred Mustard Stewart takes us on a different journey - from the Old World, with its poverty and persecution, to the New World, with its energy and optimism.

Five immigrants meet in steerage on their trip across the Atlantic in 1907. To transform their dreams into reality they will find it necessary to transform themselves as well.

After having fled a pogrom in his native Russian village, Jacob Rubenstein discards his former life as a religious Jew to become Jake Rubin, a tunesmith on Tin Pan Alley who pals around with Florenz Ziegfeld. The O'Donnell sisters appear to be respectable young women, but in Ireland one of them is wanted for her part in a sensational political kidnapping.

The formerly idealistic Marco Santorelli cashes in his ideals to marry money. The Bohemian Tom Banicek eschews the easy life and devotes himself to the labor movement, where he finds a dignity and an identity that had evaded him at home.

''Ellis Island'' is paced as swiftly as a Scott Joplin rag played in triple time. Never mind that Mr. Stewart's energetic characters may draw on familiar stereotypes, that their dialogue can at times lapse into cliche or that their hearts are big as the land they have embraced. Disregard the amusing anachronisms. (In 1916, for instance, a couple of society swells order ''two from Column A and two from Column B.'')

Instead applaud the ease with which Mr. Stewart spins this racy, breezy yarn. ''Ellis Island'' may require a more than usual suspension of disbelief, but it is also a more than likable romp through America's early 20th century. It is by turns as vulgar, sentimental and romantic as America itself.

LAURIE DEVINE also proves herself a romantic in her ambitious novel, ''Nile.'' Set against the Arab-Israeli wars, ''Nile'' focuses on the conflicts faced by a well-to-do family of Egyptian Jews. Judaism means little to the al-Masri family, and Zionism counts for less. But in the years between the founding of the state of Israel in 1948 and the Sinai Campaign of 1956, the al-Masris find themselves systematically stripped of their wealth and dignity through a series of decrees that remind one of Hitler's Nuremberg Laws.

When young Youssef al-Masri flees at last from Egypt to Israel, he leaves behind Mona, the young Arab whom he has pledged to marry, and his Uncle Baruch, whose sympathies lie more with his Egyptian friends than with his Israeli relatives. While Laurie Devine skillfully dramatizes her characters' divided and confused loyalties, the plot grows heavy with melodrama: Will Youssef and Mona find true love at last, though their religions and countries divide them? Will Uncle Baruch renounce his ancient faith and cast his lot with Allah? And will Anwar el-Sadat and Menachem Begin meet in peace at last?

Miss Devine's heavy-handedness is particularly saddening because the al-Masris were not alone in their difficult plight as Egyptian Jews. According to the Jewish History Atlas, although 75,000 Jews lived in Egypt in 1948, by 1974 they had dwindled to 350. What really happened to those who escaped and those who remained? ''Nile'' raises the question but does not answer it.

Miss Devine makes every effort to balance both sides of the story, showing sympathy for Arab as well as Jew - and for her efforts she may end by alienating everyone. But the historical detail she brings to ''Nile'' is vivid and often fascinating. The novel opens, for instance, with a chilling account of a Moslem female circumcision as practiced in Mona's small Egyptian village. And throughout the novel Miss Devine enriches her narrative with lively descriptions of the many contrasting classes and peoples that make up modern Egypt.

But, finally, ''Nile'' cannot support its weighty plot.

**Graphic**

Illustrations: Photos of authors

**End of Document**



[***THE ONE-WOMAN WELCOME WAGON***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-MCG0-0008-Y3P5-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

February 27, 1983, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1983 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 11; Westchester; Page 18, Column 3; Weschester Weekly Desk

**Length:** 1044 words

**Byline:** By VIRGINIA FRANKLIN; Virginia Franklin lives in Thornwood.

**Body**

WHEN we moved to Thornwood shortly after World War II ended, my husband and I and our three small children were the youngest family on the block, and I was surely among the most bewildered and homesick housewives on any block. Uprooted from my city apartment, transported to the beyond, I had no idea how life was conducted in a singlefamily residential setting.

It never occurred to me, for instance, that there was a septic system to worry about (ours was actually a cesspool, but I thought that was a bad word at the time) or that I would depend for hot water on a coal-fired potbellied stove that went out when you looked the other way. Worst of all, I couldn't even admit to myself that I was lonely and wretched, because we had just attained our long-held dream - a house in the country with grass around it.

WHEN we moved to Thornwood shortly after World War II ended, my husband and I and our three small children were the youngest family on the block, and I was surely among the most bewildered and homesick housewives on any block.

To ease these pains there was not a great deal in the way of support. Things like the Newcomer's Club did not exist then, as far as I know; there was said to be a Welcome Wagon but it overlooked us. We arrived during summer vacation; instant involvement through P.T.A. was yet to come. But in place of these, before very long, I had Sally Forbes.

The Forbeses lived directly across the street from us, which enabled Sally to watch, and approve, as my husband carried me over the threshold on moving day. We were already unwitting objects of her sympathy because of the horrendous price (more than $13,000, for heaven's sake) that had been exacted for our house. So Sally marked me down early as a good subject for her morning visits.

Sally Forbes was gregarious to the extreme, and she wasn't all that keen on housework (it was a small house, anyway, for so many large Forbeses.) She didn't drive, and because she was quite stout and not at all interested in exercise, walking long distances was out. It followed that another near neighbor and long-time resident, Ella McAdams, and I received the bulk of her calls. I suspect I got more than Mrs. McAdams, in fact, because the trip to my front door was shorter.

Sally's visits were not scheduled in advance, but I always had notice of a sort, because she would arrive on my doorstep already launched on an anecdote or shaking with highly audible laughter over one she had just remembered and was about to pass along. All I had to do was say ''Come in,'' and bring out the coffeepot.

It was in this fashion, sitting at my dining-room table drinking coffee, Sally Forbes talking and me listening, that I received my real introduction to my new community. I heard a good deal, first and last, about what had gone on before we got there, and along the way, stopped feeling like a stranger.

There was a lot, of course, about the Forbes family, whose relationships reached into other local clans, old and new. Some of it was solid, tear-jerker stuff: the female relative, for instance, who was left behind with her father when her mother ran off with her other daughter and a married man; Sally wasn't up on psychotherapy, but she could spot a trauma and its ripples with the best of them. Present day Forbeses also came in for discussion and analysis, including Sally's husband, Charlie, who worked for Railway Express and was of English extraction. Sally's forebears were Irish - for her, the better origin. ''I hate the English,'' she used to announce with disarming candor.

She had other prejudices too: one of her sons was a jazz musician and worked with many black colleagues. Those Sally had met she obviously liked. ''I love the colored,'' she used to say.

Politics was almost as personal to Sally as family. A Democrat by virtue of her Brooklyn rearing, she gravitated naturally on arrival to her new town's Democratic Supervisor, Vic Materne; nor was she a whit less devoted after Mr. Materne was caught in some sloppiness about the tax money and sent off to Sing Sing for a spell. A lovely fellow, Vic Materne, Sally always maintained - too bad he got into trouble by being too generous to his friends.

When political controls shifted to the Republicans (never, as it turned out, to revert) Sally went easily along. After all ''Owni'' Quinn, the new Supervisor, was another lovely fellow, and Jim McGrath, who ran the party was a Thornwood neighbor. There was no philosophical aspect that I remember, but Sally did explain matterof-factly that if you wanted something from the town like a culvert under your driveway, it was only common sense to register Republican.

Most enlightening for me, though, was talk about the old days in Thornwood - the time between the wars, when people like the Forbeses bought lots at $25 apiece and settled the area around the railroad station. At no time an affluent suburb, Thornwood in those early days was strictly a ***working class*** community, with the fire house as the center of its social life. ''We had a barrel of laughs,'' Sally would recall, telling about long nights of dancing and beer drinking, with the children put to sleep on the pool table.

There was inescapable implication that has all gone downhill since then. The new people (she kindly excepted our family) were highfalutin' snobs. Look at my nextdoor neighbors, the Tietjens, for example …

These neighbors had, indeed done something monstrous. Not liking the way children crossed their yard on the way to school, they had built a chain-link fence between our properties. Fences were not common in Thornwood, and this one had the further effect off cutting off Sally's shortcut to Ella McAdams. She was on her way there one morning when she came upon it, stopped in her tracks and, hands on ample hips, bellowed, ''Well what the hell do you think of this?''

Young, wispy Mrs. Tietjens scurried out when she heard the roar and made placatory noises, which only provoked another salvo of ''What the hell ...'' from Sally. Vocally it was no contest. But from then on, Sally had to walk up to the corner and down the road to see Ella McAdams, so she had a point about the neighborhood going downhill.

I have always been grateful for the glimpse she gave me of the way things were before.

**End of Document**



[***'A HERD OF INDEPENDENT MINDS'***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-BG80-0007-H4DF-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 27, 1986, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1986 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 7; Page 12, Column 1; Book Review Desk; REVIEW

**Length:** 2400 words

**Byline:** Frank Kermode; Frank Kermode is a literary critic whose most recent book is ''Forms of Attention.''

**Body**

PRODIGAL SONS The New York Intellectuals & Their World. By Alexander Bloom. 461 pp. New York: Oxford University Press. $24.95. READING this book I was continually thinking of a moment - perhaps a critical moment, though Alexander Bloom makes nothing of it -in the summer of 1965. Dozens of people had been flown in to New Brunswick, N.J., from all over, their tickets paid for by some vaguely benign foundation, to take part in a Partisan Review conference on the Future. Happy as we all were to attend this grand affair, few of us visiting firemen made much of a mark on the proceedings, which were dominated by a large contingent of the very persons Mr. Bloom has been studying, the New York Intellectuals; full of polemical vigor, contemptuously anti-Socialist, they allowed no consideration of courtesy to old or new acquaintances to qualify their freedom of expression.

I was less familiar with their scene than I am now (though it is precisely because I have no part in it, no alliance, no inveterate quarrel, that I am writing this piece), so it came as a surprise, though now it wouldn't, to discover that considering the Future was apparently much the same thing as conducting a minute and acrimonious examination of New York intellectual life in the 30's. Since 1965 we have learned from many a memoir that the Future began around 1934, the year when Partisan Review was born. Thirty years later that periodical was being sponsored by Rutgers University, which is why we were all in New Brunswick to meet the people who had founded the Future.

They can hardly, in their old bohemian indigence, have dreamed that they would earn so costly a retrospective. But by now they were well accustomed to high life at conferences, many sponsored by the Congress for Cultural Freedom. Indeed, as many present were already aware, their true sponsor, working through front organizations, was the Central Intelligence Agency, and very soon this information was to break upon a largely impassive world. Whether the C.I.A. financed the Rutgers affair is still uncertain; if it did, the motive was of course not a desire to honor the radicalism of the 30's but to coordinate the talents of anti-Communist intellectuals, a task which at that time the C.I.A. thought very important.

Herbert Marcuse was there for the opposition - he was greeted, I recall, with some reverence; and Hans Magnus Enzensberger made a spirited attack on the ersatz poverty of middle-class American flower children. But the only address I remember in any detail was given by Leslie Fiedler. It was called ''The New Mutants,'' and as I was sharing the platform with him I had a grandstand seat. Leslie announced that on the way to New Jersey he had been possessed by an idea of such power that he threw away the speech he had originally planned to give (it wasn't the first time he had used this exordium). He liked his new idea so much that he appropriated nearly all of our two-hour allotment of time; I didn't mind this, as it was already clear to me that I had nothing to say about New York in the 30's or about anything else that would have been of the slightest interest to this company.

Leslie announced that we were at a turning point of time and that henceforth the human race would be sharply divided into the old, who would continue to use boring, archaic drugs like alcohol, and the young, whose daily fix was marijuana, with frequent psychedelic excursions into more splendid ecstasies. It was a brilliant and absurd performance. There is nothing like a proclamation that human nature is, at this very moment, being transformed, to enliven your listeners. Leslie also asserted that the mutants would have absolutely no interest in the past, so it was a reasonable inference that going on and on about the 30's would stamp you as obsolete as surely as if you asked for a martini. Anyway, Leslie was given a rough passage at question time - the Intellectuals have always been famous for bruising colloquies. Yet it must have occurred to some of them that perhaps times really were changing. They had come a long way since they lunched on potato chips and fought about Trotsky, and it was pleasant enough to look back, under the auspices of whomever, at those heroic times. But it might just have struck them that it was hard to see how national policy could benefit from the apocalyptic nihilism of Leslie or Marcuse's anticapitalism, or, for that matter, my own mild, aborted reflections.

Mr. Bloom's purpose in ''Prodigal Sons: The New York Intellectuals & Their World'' is to explain how the Intellectuals progressed from their original obscurity to positions of eminence and authority in American life and letters. He does the job very thoroughly and, where I've been able to check, accurately. His prose is somewhat flat-footed and he is often repetitive, probably because he quotes a lot from informants who all tell roughly the same story. An assistant professor of history at Wheaton College, he cultivates the detachment of the historian, perhaps too assiduously, so that the reader gets a wicked little thrill when his noncommittal prose can't quite conceal his deep dislike for some of the personalities he is discussing.

The historian's manner he cultivates is proper to the occasion, since he believes that the story of the New York Intellectuals has now ended. There are many happily surviving members of the group who might be reluctant to accept this premise, though they can hardly deny that the Family, as it is sometimes called, has been pretty thoroughly dispersed. Most of them are certainly remote from the political and literary avant-gardism of their youth, and most enjoy the measure of fame and fortune that the system they once ferociously condemned has bestowed on them. But they still look back to the 30's, and beyond, to their childhood, with understandable nostalgia, as to a past that for them at any rate is not dead.

Harold Rosenberg once described the group, of which he was so distinguished a member, as ''a herd of independent minds.'' The herd had assembled as if in illustration of Bishop Berkeley's contention that not only the course of empire but also the course of learning moves inevitably in a westward direction. From the ghettos of Eastern Europe the parents arrived in the ghettos of Brooklyn, whence their sons streamed over the bridges into Manhattan; there they studied, with a remnant of Talmudic fervor, the secular subjects offered by the universities of New York, and especially by City College. As Daniel Bell here remarks, none of them was of ''eminent pedigree,'' but all had inherited a desire to study and to succeed by studying. They became acquainted, they argued and fought, bringing to the life of the mind what Irving Howe calls their ''gutter-worldliness,'' their ''harsh and abrasive skepticism.'' They knew all about being underdogs and moved as naturally to the left as their gentlemanly contemporaries in the South moved to the right.

Their instrument was language - English, not the Yiddish of their homes. And the curse of all bright ***working-class*** boys, whether Jewish or not, fell upon them; for they grew rapidly away from their parents, whose ambitions had driven the children into the world they had no part in, and whose reward was at worst contempt and at best a vicarious success they did not understand. The bright boys had little time for traditional Jewish pieties; they were scaling the commanding heights of a secular radicalism. Later - too late for the parents - they would be forced to think seriously about their Jewish heritage.

They hit the streets at the time of the Depression, which, as it happens, was also a time of sharpening antiSemitism. The wonder is that they had time for anything other than political strife; but since there were among them talents as various, and as concerned with the arts, as Meyer Schapiro's and Lionel Trilling's, there never was a time when everything became wholly a matter of politics. Trilling himself remarked that it was the radical politics of the 30's that ''created the American intellectual class,'' but to him and to others modernist literature and the art of the avant-garde were necessary to an informed radicalism, essential agents of social change.

This alliance of politics and art didn't always take the same form. Partisan Review was founded with the stated purpose of criticizing literature from the point of view of ''the revolutionary ***working class***.'' That sort of criticism was essential to the program of opposing ''imperialist war, fascism . . . oppression,'' and of working for ''the abolition of the system which bred these evils.'' But soon the editors, William Phillips and Philip Rahv, had serious doubts about proletarian literature. A definitive split with the Communist Party meant that modernism in the arts was no longer closely associated with the defense of Soviet Russia. Partisan Review became fervently anti-Stalinist and flirted with Trotsky, who understandably exposed his doubt about the commitment of the editors to revolutionary Socialism. What they were really committed to was the belief that the avant-garde they represented was in itself a revolutionary force, independent of all parties, an intellectual elite whose freedom of expression was a precondition of social changes no longer to be sought on the barricades but in the operations of critical intelligence.

After a great deal of internecine strife Partisan accepted the necessity of American participation in World War II; and then began the move of the intellectuals into Government service, with the recognition that the System was for all its faults a lot better than the alternatives; and (for some) positions of some influence in Government and in the formation of middle-class political opinion.

So Partisan Review gave, and continues to give, a picture in miniature of what Rahv called the embourgeoisement of the New York Intellectuals. One can say of them, as of almost any such group, that they were continually thrown into convulsions of mind and conscience by events over which they had no control: the Moscow trials, the Nazi-Soviet pact, the war, the Holocaust, the Hiss and Rosenberg trials, Vietnam, the Beats, the Beatles . . . And the independent minds that formed the herd responded each in its own way to such events, so that the group was bound to lose its cohesion. The strongest voice was probably Trilling's, affirming that literature might still be subversive, but that its authority derived not from the proletarian but from the liberal imagination.

Other voices found other journals. Commentary, edited by the formidable Elliot Cohen and then by the formidable Norman Podhoretz, had a leftward move but has since become the organ of right-wing intellectualism, the terminus, as it now appears, of the younger members of the Family as they continue the business of ''making it.'' Some of the difficulties attendant upon liberalism were brought out by the challenge of Joseph McCarthy; the Senator threatened to corner the market in anti-Communism and make the more intelligent forms of it redundant. The sheer difficulty of maintaining a non-un-American liberal stance has hardly diminished - though the immediate threat of McCarthyism is long past - and the memory of such difficulties was with us at Rutgers. Indeed it persisted in recent years, when Lillian Hellman was at the center of certain quarrels about the past which ended only with her death.

Mr. Podhoretz has spoken of ''the lust for success'' as replacing sexual lust, but the expression may be a little too vivid. All these people are very talented and could hardly help succeeding - among the survivors of the 30's we still have Alfred Kazin, Mary McCarthy, Daniel Bell, Irving Howe, to give only a few instances. Their years of obscurity, their first steps toward making it, coincided with a moment when it was natural enough to choose a radical cause. They moved toward the center, as is quite usual; they looked back nostalgically at their origins and sideways suspiciously at new forms of political dissent, like the New Left. In remaining faithful to their genuine gifts they left the convoy and sailed on their various independent courses.

Irving Howe, whose fidelity to the past (and to the left) is as undoubted as his talents, remarked 30 years ago that when intellectuals are absorbed into the accredited institutions of society, ''they not only lose their traditional rebelliousness but to one extent or another they cease to function as intellectuals.'' This is a severe, and in the end probably a just judgment. And I suppose it could be said that when a lust for success replaces a passion for criticism, some kind of treason is committed. Yet as George Orwell remarked, in a passage quoted by Mr. Bloom, there are some things only intellectuals are crazy enough to believe, and if these intellectuals came to concur with the opinion of most of their compatriots, that the American system, whatever else you might want to say about it, is preferable to the Soviet system, who can honestly blame them? Yet they have changed less than might have been expected. They are still tenacious, loquacious, contentious. Most appear to have avoided the cynicism some will suspect in any alteration of opinion that also brings a higher degree of prosperity. They express these changed opinions with something of the forcefulness they learned in the old days, between classes at City College perhaps. None has opted for the really cozy solution, an easy skepticism.

And there is something more to be said. Mr. Bloom may in a sense be right in regarding the chapter as closed, the Family dispersed. But it did create an enduring style, urban and not urbane, based on hard reading, hard argument and constant self-examination. Few intellectuals can have spent so much time debating what it is to be an intellectual, and that in a society that doesn't care much about the question.

A great metropolis should certainly have some intellectuals who aren't ashamed of the title, and New York got some, nurtured improbably in the Brownsville to which they now look back with such fondness, in a Jewish tradition they no longer disregard. The city has rewarded them accordingly, and since they specialize in controversial self-examination we can safely leave them to argue about any embarrassment they may feel in consequence.

**Graphic**

Drawings of Irving Howe, Mary McCarthy, Leslie Fiedler, Lionel Trilling, William Phillips and Daniel Bell

**End of Document**



[***THEATER REVIEW;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3T1C-0H30-007F-G1WR-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Blues Riffs Blown on a Broken Heart***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3T1C-0H30-007F-G1WR-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 26, 1998, Friday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1998 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Movies, Performing Arts/Weekend Desk

**Section:** Section E; ; Section E; Part 1; Page 1; Column 3; Movies, Performing Arts/Weekend Desk ; Part 1; ; Column 3; ; Review

**Length:** 1211 words

**Byline:** By PETER MARKS

By PETER MARKS

**Body**

For evidence of how actors, given time and devotion, can grow in their roles, look no further than "Side Man."

Warren Leight's powerfully unsettling memory play has moved from Off Broadway to the Roundabout Theater, where it reopened last night, and where it has acquired the ineffable quality of something deeper, more penetrating.The memories dramatized here are those of Clifford (Robert Sella), a man recalling a treacherous childhood spent in the company of emotionally untrustworthy parents, and the itinerant jazz musicians whose world they all shared. It's an enormously moving play about the pleasure of music making, but also about the end of music, music that defined a way of life and filled a boy's heart. What happens when the music stops is so sad, it may have you in tears.

Under the sensitive direction of Michael Mayer, who with "A View From the Bridge" demonstrated a lively intuition for the dramatic currents in postwar ***working-class*** America, "Side Man," set in the same period, demands that attention be paid to Mr. Leight's marginal people and their carelessly arranged lives. Part situation comedy, part wistful family drama, the play occasionally gets stuck in idle, especially toward the meandering end of the first act.

Ultimately, though, "Side Man" is vindicated by the pure feeling it arouses and the wonderful, true-to-life characters it depicts, each as pain-racked and joyful as the blues.

The play has not been appreciably altered in the transfer to Broadway. If anything, it looks and sounds better than in its earlier incarnation this spring at the Classic Stage Company's theater on East 13th Street. Neil Patel's moody, impressionistic set and Kenneth Posner's blazingly effective lighting gain in personality on a larger stage; Mr. Posner's spectacular design for the play's centerpiece scene, in which three jazz musicians swoon silently to the recording of an intoxicating trumpet solo, is an example of how a light board can illuminate the soul.

The cast, save one actress in a central role, remains the same, and the performances have transferred even more successfully than the trappings. The portrayals are looser and more fluid, flowing more freely into the nooks and crannies of the characters' idiosyncrasies. This crisper attack is most profound in the work of Michael Mastro, Joseph Lyle Taylor and Kevin Geer, who play the roguish trio of musicians who share gigs and unemployment with Clifford's father, Gene (Frank Wood); think of a Scarecrow on bass, a Tin Man on drums and a Cowardly Lion on horn.

Mr. Mastro, in particular, is a comic wiz as Ziggy, a jazz nerd in horn-rimmed glasses who doesn't allow his speech impediment to get in the way of a good riposte. His sharp comebacks are in the best wise-guy tradition of Bob Hope's road movies. Angelica Torn, playing a hotblooded waitress with a short-order philosophy about romance, makes an even warmer impression than she did downtown; she's the mother Clifford should have had.

"Side Man" counts on these accomplished players for comic relief. "What do you do when an ex-junkie compliments you on your veins?" Clifford asks us after the goateed Mr. Geer peruses Clifford's arm and exclaims, "Nice rope!" In such moments, the play authentically captures the language and customs of the breed of jazzmen who reigned in nightclubs in the 1950's and early 60's. But it is a feeling of letdown, not uplift, that dominates the play, in the story of the declining fortunes of these men and the breakdown of the marriage of Clifford's parents.

Music is the connective force among the stories, the force that binds the jazzmen even as it destroys the family. Gene, the nearly invisible father, more wedded to his beloved horn than to his wife, Terry (Wendy Makkena), drives her to drink and the brink of madness with his inattention.

The enigmatic Gene is Mr. Leight's most original creation, the one he named the play for. Gene is by trade a side man, the sort of all-around musician who can fill any role required of him and his trumpet. That someone so solidly designed for backup could lend so little in his domestic life is the tragic dimension of "Side Man." Gene remains in the background, a position that works for him in a jazz combo, where contributions are meant to mix, but is a miserable role for a husband and father. It's left by default to Clifford to raise himself, and, impossibly, to try to impose some order on his lost parents.

Moving forward and back in time -- the play spans the years 1953 to 1985 -- Clifford relates the story of his family on the day of a reunion with his father after years of noncommunication. (Estrangement is too strong a term to apply to such a passive relationship.) Mr. Sella narrates with an almost stoic detachment that belies Clifford's pent-up anger, but it's a neutral posture that befits his predicament. Clifford doesn't choose sides in this war because neither, he knows, is a winning one.

Mr. Sella is now a stronger, more affecting presence in the difficult role of narrator. His character is at once open and remote: definitely his father's son.

As other cast members, particularly Ms. Torn and Ms. Makkena, do, he time-travels adroitly, applying and stripping away his character's years. And he's a touchingly tentative 10-year-old, trying to keep peace in the household by slipping his father a few dollars to buy his mother some liquor, or trying to emulate his father by shadow-trumpeting to a jazz LP with him. Shadows are all he gets to see.

Ms. Makkena, the newcomer in the cast, replacing the superb Edie Falco, who had other professional commitments, has a tough assignment, too. Terry is a hysteric who is seen mostly in stages of rage, furious at the hoax of a marriage into which she has fooled herself. Though too quick to shrillness in her tirade scenes, she's lovely in the quiet moments of Terry's youth and old age, before and after Gene's terrible blankness smothers the gentler aspects of her nature.

Then there is Mr. Wood, who finds some far-away island in his imagination and takes about three-quarters of his attention there. It's an artfully distracted performance -- he really does appear to hear the beat of that different drummer -- that makes Gene's disregard for anything but the music seem a virtue. Benign neglect rarely looks so forgivable.

Mr. Leight's subtle character-driven work is an anomaly on Broadway, the sort that Tony voters rarely get a look at anymore. The event here is simply the excellent writing and the equally memorable acting and stagecraft. Good for the Roundabout for recognizing a tide, and swimming in the other direction.

SIDE MAN

By Warren Leight; directed by Michael Mayer; sets by Neil Patel; costumes by Tom Broecker; lighting by Kenneth Posner; sound by Ray D. Schilke; production supervisor, Jay Adler; production stage manager, Andrea J. Testani. Presented by the Weissberger Theater Group, Jay Harris, producer; Peter Manning, and the Roundabout Theater Company, Todd Haimes, artistic director; Ellen Richard, general manager. At Criterion Center Stage Right, 1530 Broadway, at 45th Street.

WITH: Robert Sella (Clifford), Wendy Makkena (Terry), Angelica Torn (Patsy), Frank Wood (Gene), Joseph Lyle Taylor (Al), Michael Mastro (Ziggy) and Kevin Geer (Jone sy).

**Graphic**

Photos: Treacherous childhood: Frank Wood, left, and Robert Sella in "Side Man." (Sara Krulwich/The New York Times)(pg. E1); Furious, wounded, remote: From left, Wendy Makkena, Robert Sella and Frank Wood in "Side Man." (Sara Krulwich/The New York Times)(pg. E25)

**Load-Date:** June 26, 1998

**End of Document**



[***AMERICA WITH A LITTLE ENGLISH ON IT***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-N350-0009-23YX-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 19, 1982, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1982 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 7; Page 9, Column 1; Book Review Desk; Review

**Length:** 1110 words

**Byline:** By Nicholas Lemann

**Body**

THE AMERICAN CONDITION By Edmund Fawcett and Tony Thomas. 486 pp. New York: Harper & Row. $18.95.

IT'S heartening that after all these years the United States still has the capacity to bewilder Englishmen. ''There is a frozen supermarket dough which divides up by itself in the oven into small buns,'' Edmund Fawcett and Tony Thomas soberly report by way of beginning the last chapter of their pleasant and stimulating new portrait of American society, and they experience other odd epiphanies throughout their text. They see television soap operas as affirmation, for all the evil goings-on, of traditional family values; they see newspaper life-style sections as attempts to get people ''to recreate a manner of living that passed with the Gilded Age.'' They find American vacations ''astonishingly short'' and are amazed that Ronald Reagan could have been elected to the Presidency of a vast postindustrial nation in 1980 with a poster that depicted him as ''a ranger, a herd boss, a wagonmaster, or a cavalry captain,'' complete with Stetson hat.

Nicholas Lemann reviews Edmund Fawcett's and Tony Thomas's book "The American Condition"

The American correspondents of The Economist are working in a tradition that goes back 200 years and reached its first flower in such bilious works as Frances Trollope's ''The Domestic Manners of the Americans'' (1832). At first British visitors to this country uniformly found us crude yet possessing raw vitality. As the years wore on and America waxed, they became more respectful, admiring and even fond; D.W. Brogan's work during and after World War II comes to mind. Now that the United States has joined Britain in the ranks of nations past their peak -at least in Mr. Fawcett and Mr. Thomas's view -British Americaphilia may take on an elegiac tone. Nonetheless, we will probably always be found crude yet rawly vital. Mr. Fawcett and Mr. Thomas notice that we support the arts and scholarship far too little and professional football far too much, but they're impressed that, compared to Western Europe, the United States ''throws up so many risk-takers with an insatiable drive for success.''

It is not the authors' intention to present themselves as foreign observers, and it's perhaps a little unfair to place them neatly in that category. Each of the 15 chapters that make up ''The American Condition'' is energetically reported; the writing style smoothly synthesizes a wide range of information. The chapters on religion and public education, especially, stand out, because American journalism covers those subjects so halfheartedly. The chapter on farming is impressive in its clearheaded refusal to fall for the crisis-of-

---------------------------------------------------------------------

Nicholas Lemann is executive editor of Texas Monthly.

the-vanishing-family-farm view that most reporters find so hard to resist. But for the most part the ground covered, however interestingly, will be familiar to those readers who keep up with public affairs. For that reason the foreignness of the authors inescapably becomes the heart of their appeal to American readers. What do they notice, coming here and writing for a British audience, that we generally don't? And by seeing how they think, can we learn something about Britain as well as the United States?

It is on the subject of American culture - meaning the way people live their lives - that the authors' eyes seem freshest. They explain the universality of marriage here by saying that the European tradition of honorable celibacy never made it to our shores. They think so many more Americans than Europeans seek higher education because Europeans are willing to define their countries as having class systems, whereas

Americans aren't. Struck by the central position the child occupies in the American family, they theorize that much of our mass culture (McDonald's, for example) is aimed at children. More important, their instincts about the relation between the self-help boom and contemporary politics are unerring: They point out that Americans believe the individual can bring himself through the most radical changes in personality, character and appearance but completely distrust groups and therefore politics.

What they don't understand nearly as well is the elusive quality that Herman Melville, in coming to grips with a different beast, called ''the whiteness of the whale.'' Exactly what has always seemed most overwhelmingly American about America - its devotion to the rough mythologies of winning and progress as expressed through the medium of democratic capitalism - is what has always most mystified visitors here, and Mr. Fawcett and Mr. Thomas are duly perplexed. Like many Europeans they can't understand why the voice of socialism seems absent in the chorus of American politics and why Government ownership of industry is seldom even seriously discussed. They wonder why there is no self-proclaimed ***working-class*** culture here and why housing projects aren't built for the middle class. They are most stumped when trying to explain the heartland free-enterprise strain that produced President Reagan. In their view higher education, psychotherapy and Christianity ''are the only really important sectors in the land of free enterprise in which even mild competition any longer prevails.''

Behind these scattered observations is a coherent theory, put forth in the introduction, that America has become ''a mature country, a mature economy, a mature society,'' whose people are ''heirs … more than pioneers.'' They see our major institutions as established, its position in the world as no longer dominant, its days of exuberant growth as ended and its problems as increasingly those of maintenance (providing for an aging populace, cooling class resentments, repairing the roadbeds) rather than of progress.

There couldn't be a more propitious moment than this one to offer up an America whose myths are in need of retooling. Certainly, persuasive factual evidence can be marshaled - and the authors marshal it - to support that view. But at the necessarily gossamer level of belief, the level at which all perceptions must be based on feel, their feel seems off the mark. To see the United States as a country whose deep yearnings are still in the old and mysterious forward gears continues to seem accurate. That vision doesn't particularly imply a conservative political stance; books like ''U.S.A.'' and ''Babbit'' expressed it from the left. Mr. Fawcett and Mr. Thomas, though, at heart don't buy it. Their America is a land ripe for the realization that its condition is really quite like that of a certain scepter'd isle.

**Graphic**

Illustrations: drawing

**End of Document**



[***EX-DISSIDENT WINS ELECTION IN KOREA***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-6VG0-000P-23SW-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 19, 1992, Saturday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1992 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Foreign Desk

**Section:** Section 1;; Section 1; Page 1; Column 5; Foreign Desk; Column 5;

**Length:** 1135 words

**Byline:** By DAVID E. SANGER,

By DAVID E. SANGER,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** SEOUL, South Korea, Saturday, Dec. 19

**Body**

Kim Young Sam, who spent years under house arrest for his opposition to South Korea's authoritarian rulers and then joined forces with the ruling party two years ago, was elected President on Friday, the first in three decades to be drawn from outside the ranks of the military.

In a surprisingly strong showing after a hard-fought campaign, Mr. Kim received about 42 percent of the vote in what many here called the most peaceful and fair election in South Korea's tumultuous postwar history.

With about 92 percent of the vote counted this morning, the country's most famous dissident, Kim Dae Jung, received about 34 percent, according to tallies this morning by the Korean Broadcasting System. The billionaire founder of the giant Hyundai industrial group, Chung Ju Yung, drew about 16 percent.

Takes Office in February

Kim Young Sam, who turns 65 on Sunday, will take office in February, succeeding Roh Tae Woo. Mr. Roh, a former general who narrowly defeated both Kims in the country's first open election five years ago, is constitutionally prohibited from serving another term.

In a campaign dominated by fears that the country's competitive edge is eroding after years of remarkable growth, the vote for Kim Young Sam seemed driven by a national desire for stability.

While he promised moderate change, Mr. Kim merged his own party with President Roh's in 1990, abandoning a lifetime served in the opposition. Since then he has closely associated himself with the Roh Administration's policies on everything from keeping American troops based here to a growing dialogue with the Communist Government in North Korea.

Vote Shows 'Desire for Change'

Speaking at a news conference this morning to declare victory, Mr. Kim said the vote "shows the people's desire for change and reform amid stability."

Perhaps more importantly, he also won the grudging respect, though not the affection, of South Korea's military elite. In 1987, there were rumors of military intervention if anyone but Mr. Roh was elected. This year there was none of that, and Western diplomats here say they expect the military to stay out of politics in coming years.

"They can live with him," a senior United States official said not long ago.

Mr. Kim will inherit management of what may be the most critical transition Seoul has faced since the Korean War 40 years ago: Negotiating a permanent peace, and later a possible reunification, with the North, at a time that the Communist Government is still believed to be attempting to build nuclear weapons.

Seoul's fear is that the North Korean economy could collapse, costing the nation hundreds of billions of dollars that otherwise would be spent competing with Japan and the United States and moving South Korea to a more advanced phase of its development.

Though he has long been a fixture in South Korean politics Mr. Kim, the only son of a weathly shipping and fishing magnate, remains something of a mystery to many Koreans. At the age of 26, before the Korean War, he was secretary to the then prime minister, and was elected to Parliament nine times. At moments in his career he has taken large risks, once even staging a 23-day hunger strike to demand that the Government permit far greater liberty in South Korea.

Reputation for Honesty

In a country marked by political corruption, Mr. Kim enjoys a strong reputation for honesty. Yet he speaks in vague terms and sometimes seems to have a loose grasp on complex national issues. His critics have described him as an opportunist whose lifetme ambition to become President has compromised his judgment.

In 1990, Mr. Kim calculated that he stood a better chance of getting elected by joining Mr. Roh's party than by staying in the opposition. So he announced a merger with the ruling Democratic Liberal Party in return for what many suspsect was an informal guarantee that he would be the party's candidate for president this year. Though many of his supporters were angry and alienated, Friday's results showed that many more came back to the fold.

In the days leading up to Friday's election, Mr. Kim's candidacy seemed threatened by a scandal in his hometown area of Pusan, where the mayor and a variety of intelligence and police officials were secretly recorded plotting a way to assure his election. But there was no evidence that their activities were santioned by Mr. Kim, and in the end it seemed to have cost him relatively little support.

The surprise in the campaign was the relatively weak performance of Mr. Chung, whose enormous wealth -- he is reportedly worth $4 billion to $6 billion -- and his powerful reputation as a leader of Korea's best-known industrial group made him a daunting candidate. Kim Young Sam's supporters feared he would split the country's conservative vote, handing the election to Kim Dae Jung. But in the end, the 77-year old Mr. Chung's popularity waned.

A Final Setback

The results were perhaps the final setback for the 67-year-old Kim Dae Jung, who was making his third try for the presidency. Known in the West as the man who survived death sentences, imprisonment and exile in the cause of bringing democracy to South Korea, he was unable to persuade the country's voters that he would not quash the nation's economic miracle.

While he performed strongly in his southern stronghold of Cholla, where he had upwards of 90 percent of the vote, he barely won in the critical precincts of Seoul. He needed a big win in the capital, his supporters said, to make up for his unpopularity throughout much of the rest of the country.

Today, Kim Dae Jung conceded that he had feen fairly defeated and announced his retirement from politics.

Milestone for Democracy

For Korea, Friday's election marked a major milestone in the country's democratization. Unlike the 1987 election in which Mr. Roh took office with 36 percent of the vote, today there were no major accusations of disappearing ballots, intimidation at the polls or computer fraud in the counting.

"In 1987 there was a lot of vote buying," said Chung Won Bok, a 45-year-old worker at Korea Telecom, as he stood on the steps of a polling place in a ***working-class*** neighborhood on the western fringes of Seoul on Friay. "I even received a little present from a candidate then," he said.

But this year, he added, "I've seen very little of that."

All day long Korean families could be seen lining up, many with young children in tow, outside schools and neighborhood offices, clutching their national identity cards and the small stamps used in many Asian nations to seal important documents. Each was given a numbered paper ballot, stuffed into giant green metal bins at more than 15,000 locations across the country. At times the atmosphere seemed festive, with friends moving from the polling places to coffee houses and department stores after voting.

**Graphic**

Photo: Kim Young Sam, center, who was elected yesterday as South Korea's first President in three decades to come from outside the military. Mr. Kim spoke with reporters at his party headquarters in Seoul. (Agence France-Presse)(pg. 5)

**Load-Date:** December 19, 1992

**End of Document**



[***On The Couch;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SW9-WMD0-007F-G50M-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***It Keeps Them Up at Night***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SW9-WMD0-007F-G50M-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 7, 1998, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1998 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Magazine Desk

**Section:** Section 6; ; Section 6; Page 50; Column 3; Magazine Desk ; Column 3;

**Length:** 1232 words

**Byline:** By Liesl Schillinger;

Liesl Schillinger is a New York columnist for The London Independent on Sunday.

By Liesl Schillinger;  Liesl Schillinger is a New York columnist for The London Independent on Sunday.

**Body**

In his cultural history, "frozen Desire: The Meaning of Money," James Buchan calls money "incarnate desire" that "unites society more effectively than tyranny or blood." In Kander and Ebb's "Cabaret," the love of money's "clinking, clanking, clunking sound is all that makes the world go round." To Freud, however, excessive love of money divided man from society; it indicated a sublimation of the anal drive, by which pathological adults transferred a childhood fixation on the contents of their diapers to a fixation on the contents of their wallets. "This instinctual interest derived from the anal source passes over on to. . .the high valuation of gold and money," he explained.

Could be. But in today's vertiginously high market, it can be hard to tell pathological greed -- or self-destructive risk-taking -- from smart financial thinking. Robert Leahy, a cognitive therapist in midtown Manhattan, has built a practice on his ability to know the difference. Among Leahy's patients are some of the most successful people in the country -- they are Wall Street bankers and traders, independently wealthy market daredevils and any number of self-made men and women. Yet many of them are also narcissistic, insecure, unsatisfied and profoundly unhappy.

"When you ask them how much money would be enough, they can't answer the question," Leahy says. "It makes them anxious. They have what I call a market value of the self: 'What I possess determines my value.' In many cases, they have a fear of satisfaction and think, If I'm satisfied, then I'll get lazy and lose my edge."

Leahy recalls a recent patient -- "a young guy" -- who came in suffering from a deep depression. "He had been sleeping four hours a night for a couple of years, and he was very wrapped up in the idea that he had to be incredibly successful. He had a girlfriend who was very demanding financially. He didn't feel understood, and didn't feel at all loved, but still felt he had to take care of her financial demands. He told me he would need to make a million dollars a year to have this person as his wife -- and he was proud that he could pull it off. But this put tremendous pressure on him. He would sleep with three phones in his bed in case he got a call from Japan."

As Leahy has explained in an article titled "Cognitive Therapy on Wall Street: Schemas and Scripts of Invulnerability" in The Journal of Cognitive Psychotherapy, money obsessives are often "Messianics" who believe they were put on the earth to achieve wealth and distinction. No matter how much they have, it's never enough -- a phenomenon Leahy calls the "receding referent" -- and so they are dogged by a continual sense of failure.

With such patients, Leahy presents scenarios that help them acquire perspective on their achievements. He'll sometimes ask the patient to imagine his own funeral. Would he want mourners to remember him as "the richest man I know" or as "a loving and generous person"? More often than not, the patient prefers the latter, and once he begins to realistically assess his values, he is able to contemplate improving the quality of his life. One thankful -- but perhaps not quite fully cured -- patient showed his gratitude for his improved Weltanschauung by offering Leahy a Ferrari. (He did not accept.)

Neurosis similarly plagues rags-to-riches clients who don't believe they deserve their wealth and fear that their security is illusory -- no matter how big their bank balances. "People who go from having very little to having a lot tend to fear it will all be taken away from them," Leahy explains. "They think their wealth can just disappear at the stroke of midnight."

Leahy offers an example of this phenomenon. "One of my patients has had a good job for a long time and invested wisely in her company's stock," he says. Nonetheless, she has a pessimistic personality and suffers from a poor self-image because of self-consciousness about her ***working-class*** background. She credits luck for her achievements, discounting the role that her own acumen played in advancing her fortunes. "She believes that no matter what she does in terms of investment, it won't work out," Leahy says. "Her logic is, If I invest, it won't work out, and if I don't invest, the stock will increase and then I'll regret it."

A year ago, the patient decided to buy an apartment. She took 10 percent out of her stock holdings to pay for it but in the end backed out because she didn't trust her judgment. (She feared she might not like the apartment, after all, and worried irrationally that the apartment might fall drastically in value.) But after making the decision not to buy, she did not put her 10 percent back in the market.

In the intervening year, the worth of her portfolio increased by 100 percent. Rather than exulting over her good fortune, the patient lacerated herself for having withheld the 10 percent. "Her family and friends are being supportive, but she is depressed, paralyzed and regretful," Leahy says.

Such financial pessimists "focus on mistakes," so the therapist tries to get them to acknowledge past decisions that worked out. "I'll say, look at your job or the increase in your portfolio -- and get her looking at the fact that any decision is a trade-off, with advantages and disadvantages."

Whereas this woman is crippled by self-doubt, another of Leahy's patients developed illusions of infallibility after he made a killing on the market. The patient began to grandstand, pushing his investment choices on others. "A year and a half ago, he decided on the basis of the price-earnings ratio that the market was historically overpriced, so he sold a lot of his stock, put it into gold and told all his friends, colleagues and family members, 'Get out as soon as you can!"' But when the market gamboled into the 9,000's, the man became a pariah among the people who took his advice. Yet he still refused to admit that he was wrong and continually looked for evidence to support his action. "It's pure cognitive dissonance," Leahy says. "You've made a commitment to a behavior, and now you see it was not the best choice. So you try to convince people that you were right."

The therapist finds that in such cases, sometimes all it takes is to name the condition. "I use the term Vietnam Syndrome with such patients -- people really resonate to it. They understand overcommitment to past mistakes. Once people step back and separate themselves from their past behavior, they're in good shape."

Although Leahy has had considerable success helping his patients, one question lingers. Isn't it awkward extracting high therapist fees from patients obsessed with money?

Freud, nobody's fool, assumed that people who regarded their wealth as a physical extension of themselves would be loath to part with it and so took special care to insure that his patients paid their fees on time. He advised his colleagues to treat the question of payment "with the same matter-of-course frankness to which he wishes to educate them in things relating to sexual life."

Accordingly, Leahy has his patients sign a payment agreement ahead of time. So far, he reports, he hasn't had any problems.

Lucky for him. One therapist who ignored Freud's advice had a female patient who threw a tantrum at bill-paying time. Upon investigation, the analyst learned that the woman had received enemas as a child.

Maybe Freud was right, after all.

**Graphic**

Photo: (Photograph by Geof Kern for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** June 7, 1998

**End of Document**



[***Wide-Angle***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:57XR-N2K1-DXY4-X1H5-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 10, 2013 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2013 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section RE; Column 0; Real Estate Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 2608 words

**Byline:** By MICHELLE HIGGINS

**Body**

The subway commute to Manhattan is longer, and organic markets and stylish boutiques are fewer. But those are the trade-offs as the search for more affordable real estate in Brooklyn pushes deeper into neighborhoods that for some New Yorkers still evoke images of burned-out buildings, riots and poverty.

Many Brooklynites, priced out of Williamsburg, Boerum Hill, Carroll Gardens and Park Slope, are heading farther in. They are turning to neighborhoods like Sunset Park, Crown Heights, Bushwick and Prospect-Lefferts Gardens, bringing a willingness and an ability to pay more for housing than the waves of residents who came before them.

''What many clients have told me is that they like the old Brooklyn vibe of these up-and-coming areas,'' said Kristen Larkin, an agent with TOWN Residential. ''They like the sense of community, friendliness of the neighbors, and the mom-and-pop shops that come along with it.''

Brokers and developers say the cross-Brooklyn migration has picked up in recent years, as recent college graduates, artists and families, mostly white, seek new affordable neighborhoods. The median real estate price for Boerum Hill ($675,000), Carroll Gardens ($677,500) and Cobble Hill ($750,000), once viewed as out-of-the-way destinations for renters and homeowners unable to afford Manhattan, now rivals those in the northern reaches of the Upper East and West Sides and parts of Lower Manhattan, according to Streeteasy.com.

Park Slope reached a new median high of $670,500 last year. The median price in 2012 in prime sections of Williamsburg, including its waterfront, was $765,000, which outpaced even Manhattan destinations like the Gramercy Park area, where the median was $725,000 for the same period.

Housing prices in neighborhoods deeper inside Brooklyn are even competing with or surpassing real estate in solidly middle-class areas of Westchester County, Long Island and northern New Jersey, according to Trulia.com.

Sunset Park

Stretching along New York Harbor between Greenwood Heights to the north and Bay Ridge to the south, Sunset Park has long been a magnet for ***working-class*** immigrants. Once almost exclusively Scandinavian, the area is now home to large Chinese and Hispanic communities.

Its lovely hillside park offers striking Manhattan views and has a recreation complex with a gym and an Olympic-size outdoor pool. The local Chinatown is larger than Manhattan's, and express D subway line trains make the eastern area a bit more accessible than neighborhoods reliant on the F and other sluggish trains. Last year the median sale price was $280,000, according to Streeteasy.

A new green space, Bush Terminal Piers Park, is scheduled to open this summer along the waterfront between 43rd and 51st Streets, offering softball and soccer fields, tidal ponds, walking paths and a wooded area. Other stretches of the industrial waterfront are being refashioned to attract artists and artisanal food manufacturers. Last month the chocolatier Jacques Torres announced that he was opening a factory, designed with tourist viewing in mind, in a 40,000-square-foot space in the Brooklyn Army Terminal. In 2000, the opening of Jacques Torres Chocolate in Dumbo was among the clearest signals of the gentrification that was to come.

Erika Storella, a literary agent, and her husband, Daniel Heidkamp, a painter, were living in Greenpoint when they began hanging out at a friend's art studio on the industrial waterfront in Sunset Park a couple of years ago. ''We were drawn in by the sense of fresh creative energy in this neighborhood, as well as the beautiful park, the city views, and the historical details of the Finnish Co-ops,'' she said, referring to some of the first co-ops in the city, on 43rd Street between Eighth and Ninth Avenues.

In January of last year, the couple, who now have a 6-month-old son, bought a two-bedroom co-op a half a block from Sunset Park for less than $300,000. The listing agent was Peter Bracichowicz, a Corcoran broker who specializes in the area. Mr. Heidkamp also moved his painting studio to Sunset Park from Greenpoint.

Ms. Storella's commute to Midtown has doubled, to about an hour each way, and she pines for a good wine store. But there are benefits: ''We appreciate the natural beauty of the neighborhood,'' she said. ''We walk through the park almost every day with our son. We eat a lot of dumplings and burritos, and there is a new organic/local restaurant that we frequent called Café Zona Sur.''

Ditmas Park/ Kensington

A decade ago, buyers drawn to Ditmas Park's Victorians, complete with front porches, backyards and driveways, would have found 99-cent shops and vacant storefronts lining Cortelyou Road, the main business strip. Today Cortelyou has a number of popular restaurants, bars, cafes and shops catering to an evolving clientele. A recent addition, Brooklyn Industries, the hipster outfitter, opened its 16th clothing store at the corner of Cortelyou and Marlborough in December. That's a good distance from Bedford Avenue in Williamsburg, where the first shop opened in 2001.

Ditmas Park's increasing gentrification is helping attract and retain families who might previously have gone to the suburbs. ''There's more holding them here now,'' said Jan Rosenberg, who has lived in the neighborhood for more than 20 years and is a founder of Brooklyn Hearth Realty. ''It's more of a neighborhood.''

Younger families who bought one- or two-bedrooms and had another child are now selling those apartments and buying the next step up, she said. Sometimes that might be a grand Victorian, but more often it's a smaller home nearby in Kensington, a diverse neighborhood of Orthodox Jews and immigrants from Pakistan, the Darfur region of Sudan, and Poland, among many other places.

Just across Coney Island Avenue from Ditmas Park, Kensington offers five- and six-story pre- and postwar co-ops intermixed with single- and two-family homes with yards and driveways. The median real estate price there in 2012 was $260,630, versus $450,000 in Ditmas Park, according to Streeteasy.

Some of the best values can be found in the midcentury buildings that line Ocean Parkway, said Gerard Splendore, a Halstead Property broker who specializes in the area. ''It's kind of a hidden secret,'' he said. ''You do need to do work. Many of the buildings are in flux,'' with an older generation selling to the incoming younger group. ''Some of the lobbies haven't been touched since Ozzie and Harriet.''

But the apartments often have large, wide-open floor plans, and some are in doorman buildings. ''I call it gracious living,'' Mr. Splendore said.

Northern Crown Heights

You know hype about a neighborhood has reached a certain level when brokers and developers start using a portmanteau word to sell it. ProCro, though not exactly catchy, is the term being used to market properties in the western part of Crown Heights, which abuts Prospect Heights. Whether the name sticks or not, the area, which is near the Brooklyn Museum, is undergoing a transformation, with developments sprouting up, and cafes, bars and boutiques opening along Franklin Avenue.

''Many people who were priced out of Park Slope went to Prospect Heights,'' said Ms. Larkin, the TOWN agent. ''Now, prices in Prospect Heights have quickly become comparable with those in Park Slope, and people are starting to look in Crown Heights.'' In addition to new developments, she said, ''there are also plenty of large, beautiful town houses which offer space, and the same character people love in the more popular neighborhoods.''

That's what drew Kathryn Espiritu, the director of admissions at Fordham Law School, to Crown Heights from Cobble Hill, where she had lived on Atlantic Avenue near Court Street for eight years. She had become disenchanted with the big stores, including a PetSmart, that had recently moved to her street.

''I was definitely looking for a place that wasn't as commercialized,'' said Ms. Espiritu, who had lived in Carroll Gardens before moving to Cobble Hill. ''That's why I chose to live in Brooklyn in the first place.''

Crown Heights, she said, ''reminded me a lot of Carroll Gardens when I lived there 10 years ago. It's still very local. There are still a lot of mom-and-pop shops.'' The price was also right: she recently signed a lease for a $1,870-a-month rent-stabilized two-bedroom on the third floor of a row house; the rent was $230 lower than that of her smaller two-bedroom in Cobble Hill.

The median sale price in Crown Heights in 2012 was $425,440, up 13.5 percent from the previous year, according to Streeteasy. That's still a relative bargain compared with nearby neighborhoods like Fort Greene, where the median was $530,000, or Prospect Heights, where it was $572,000.

Buyers will find an area still very much in transition away from a turbulent past. In August 1991, to take a notable example, a Hasidic man in Crown Heights lost control of his car and killed a black child, sparking three days of riots that saddled the neighborhood with a reputation not easily shaken off. Community relations have vastly improved since then, thanks in part to residents' efforts.

Brokers say the word is quickly spreading. ''I didn't really have that many requests for Crown Heights before,'' Ms. Larkin said. ''But in the last year a lot more people are considering it that hadn't ever been considering it themselves before.''

Prospect-Lefferts Gardens

This historically West Indian enclave near the southeastern end of Prospect Park is full of prewar apartments and brownstone and limestone town houses. The proximity to the park, the architecture and the relatively easy access to Manhattan, on the 2, 5, B and Q trains, are among the assets that drew Bill Sheppard, an associate broker in the Brooklyn Heights office of Brown Harris Stevens, in 1987. Today, those same attributes are attracting families and young professionals priced out of closer-in neighborhoods.

''When I started selling there 20 years ago,'' he said, ''you could get a house for $250,000.'' Now, those same properties are topping out at $1.6 million, for a four-story limestone in the Lefferts Manor Historic District, he said. That's still a relative bargain compared with Park Slope, for example, where a similar home could go for $3 million or more.

''It tends to be two or three times as much money,'' Mr. Sheppard said, noting that the ratio had remained roughly the same since he made the neighborhood his home 26 years ago. The median price was $397,730 last year, according to Streeteasy.

Yet there have never been enough town-house buyers to draw commerce and take the neighborhood to the next level, Mr. Sheppard said. Some residents lament the lack of any notable restaurants. What's beginning to change things, he added, ''is a large influx of young renters who cannot afford Williamsburg, Greenpoint, the Lower East Side'' and are snapping up two- and three-bedrooms for $2,000 a month or less. One result: Flatbush Avenue, a main shopping hub, recently gained the Tugboat Tea Company, a 14-seat cafe with local art hanging on the walls.

Residents say more reasonable real estate prices help make up for any amenities they may miss. ''We both had some reservations about being a little bit farther away from stuff,'' said Emma Straub, a novelist who bought a three-bedroom 1910 limestone town house with her husband, Michael Fusco, a graphic designer, for under $1 million in 2009. ''But our decision was actually not that difficult once we saw the kind of space we could get for the money,'' she added. ''There's a treehouse in the backyard -- I mean, come on!''

Developers have taken note. Hudson Companies, which invested early in places like the meatpacking district and Gowanus, plans to begin construction in late summer on a 23-story, 254-unit rental building at 626 Flatbush. ''We sort of gravitate toward neighborhoods where the land is more affordable than prime neighborhoods,'' said David Kramer, a Hudson principal, ''but that still have so much going for them -- where it's easy access to the subway, retail that's good and getting better, and a safe environment.''

Mr. Kramer's interest in the neighborhood was piqued after a college roommate bought a house in Lefferts Manor and told him what homes there were going for. ''It occurred to me,'' he said, ''if you have a homeowner who is willing to pay that much in a landmarked district, it would be a compelling spot for a rental product that doesn't exist in these transitional neighborhoods, with a doorman, concierge, views.'' He says 626 will have all three, plus a fitness center, a screening room and roof-top garden plots.

East Williamsburg/Bushwick

When Lucy Lesser, 34, a television producer, moved to Brooklyn in 2001, she lived in a $950-a-month apartment in what was then called Bushwick but is now often referred to as East Williamsburg. Walking home from the Montrose subway stop, she often saw large rats scurrying across the sidewalk between abandoned storefronts. ''There was this woman who would frequently not rob me, but try to intimidate me into giving her money,'' she said. Things just got worse from there.

''We heard gunshots a few times,'' she said. ''I was hit by a car walking home on a first date one night and ended up in the Woodhull Medical Center.'' After eight months of toughing it out, she moved in with a friend in Williamsburg, swearing never to set foot in the area again.

About a year ago she ate her words, buying a 600-square-foot apartment just four blocks from her old one. It is on the top floor of a seven-story elevator building and cost $370,000.

''I really couldn't believe it,'' she said. In the past two years, the neighborhood, though still gritty, has gained amenities like Dun-Well Doughnuts, a vegan doughnut shop just around the corner from her home, and the Well, a beer garden. The Wick, a music spot, will open soon in a former brewery. ''It's definitely up-and-coming,'' Ms. Lesser said. ''Now, you couldn't pay me to live in Williamsburg. It's too obnoxious.''

The area in Bushwick around the Morgan Avenue stop on the L line, just one stop past Montrose, is being called Morgantown.

''It is very similar to what North Williamsburg used to be,'' said David J. Maundrell III, the founder of aptsandlofts.com, a New York brokerage that specializes in the marketing of new developments. ''Now, it's like that cool place to be.''

While migration along the J and L lines to parts farther east has been happening for some years now, brokers and developers say it has turned a corner. ''Bushwick is kind of exploding now,'' said Eric Benaim, the chief executive of the Modern Spaces brokerage. He says more and more postcollegiate creative types have been drawn to the area's thriving art scene and to restaurants like Roberta's, an artisanal pizzeria housed in a former garage.

The monthly average for a studio in Bushwick was $1,700 in January, according to MNS, a brokerage. That's $400 more than for the same month a year ago. The monthly rent for one- and two-bedrooms also increased during that time frame, to $1,750 and $1,996 respectively. The median sales price was $336,500 in 2012.

And developers are now looking even farther out. WyckoffHeights.org, a neighborhood blog, recently listed applications for six new developments along the J and M subway lines in East Bushwick. The new construction includes a 37-unit building at 39 Suydam Street near the Myrtle Avenue stop, and two four-story buildings on Kosciuszko Street between Bushwick Avenue and Broadway. The Weirfield Coal Company property at 386 Weirfield Street, a 105,000-square-foot development site, is on the market for $8.5 million.

[*http://www.nytimes.com/2013/03/10/realestate/moving-deeper-into-brooklyn-for-lower-home-prices.html*](http://www.nytimes.com/2013/03/10/realestate/moving-deeper-into-brooklyn-for-lower-home-prices.html)

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: Sunset Park is not just for amblers or, in this case, dancers. Once considered out of the way, the area is catching on with buyers. A two-bedroom one-bath condo on 44th Street with park views is listed at $420,000. Peter Bracichowicz (347) 342-8370

corcoran.com

Ditmas Park is known for its large houses. For something in a smaller size, buyers are gravitating nearby to Kensington. On Ocean Parkway, the for-sale sign says $262,000 for a one-bedroom one-bath co-op in a full-service building. Linda VanderWoude (718) 613-2030

halstead.com

Franklin Avenue in Crown Heights is a good place to grab a bite these days. A one-bedroom one-bath walk-up condominium on Park Place is listed for $349,000. Ayumi Otaki (718) 422-2521

corcoran.com

Town houses in the historic district in Prospect-Lefferts Gardens sell for well over $1 million. A renovated studio co-op in a prewar elevator building on Winthrop Street is a little less pricey, at $105,000. Barbara Brown-Allen (718) 780-8181

elliman.com (RE8)

Bushwick, as many pizza-loving non-Brooklyners know, is home to Roberta's and, often, the Mobile Vintage Shop. A one-bedroom one-bath condo with a private garden in a renovated row house on Decatur Street may be had for $435,000. Jessica Peters (718) 486-4429

elliman.com. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVE SANDERS FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (RE9) DRAWING (DRAWING BY JAMES LAISH)

**Load-Date:** March 14, 2013

**End of Document**



[***In Arkansas Toxic Waste Cleanup, Highlights of New Environmental Debate***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-7610-000P-21BT-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 2, 1992, Monday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1992 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** National Desk

**Section:** Section B;; Section B; Page 11; Column 1; National Desk; Column 1;; News Analysis

**Length:** 1207 words

**Byline:** By KEITH SCHNEIDER,

By KEITH SCHNEIDER,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** JACKSONVILLE, Ark., Oct. 28

**Body**

A fence and barbed wire are all that separate this ***working-class*** city from the rusted tanks and tons of toxic wastes at the abandoned Vertac Chemical Company pesticide plant.

For more than 30 years, Vertac's operators scattered thousands of steel barrels on the 93 acres surrounding the plant, each barrel filled with the byproducts of a panoply of agricultural poisons now outlawed as unsafe: the insect killers DDT, aldrin, dieldrin and toxaphene and the defoliants silvex, 2,4,5-T and Agent Orange.

After preliminary testing at the site found evidence of a poison considered even more dangerous -- dioxin -- Federal and state investigators went to Jacksonville in 1979 and found extensive dioxin contamination, not only at the plant, but also in water and soil several hundred yards away.

Vertac has since gone out of business, but its wastes and what to do about them have dominated civic debate here and consumed Gov. Bill Clinton and his aides in Little Rock, 15 miles to the southwest. And what has become clear from all the discussion is this: some environmental groups now say that some techniques used in toxic waste cleanups may be as damaging to the public health -- or perhaps more so -- than simply storing the wastes.

Mr. Clinton, who has overseen the investigation and cleanup at Vertac for most of the last 13 years, gave final approval on Tuesday to a plan to burn the chemical wastes in an incinerator in what would be the largest cleanup ever undertaken in the United States. But two days later, even as the burning began, a Federal district judge in nearby Batesville took control of the program and ordered the incineration temporarily stopped on Nov. 10 to give scientists time to review the results of safety tests.

If the Vertac project resumes, some two million pounds of wastes from the manufacture of Agent Orange, containing 50 to 100 pounds of dioxin, will be burned by January. Critics say the project could cause a public health disaster here, while supporters defend Mr. Clinton's decision, saying it would permanently rid Jacksonville of Vertac's poisons.

Is the Cure Worse?

The dispute here offers a lesson in one of the troubling inconsistencies of the modern environmental movement. More than a decade ago, after the discovery of toxic waste pollution in the Love Canal neighborhood near Niagara Falls, N.Y., environmental groups warned of thousands of abandoned toxic waste sites around the country. Congress responded by passing new laws to control hazardous wastes.

Now, many of these same groups are battling just as hard to slow or halt the cleanups. Among the national environmental groups that have helped opponents here are Greenpeace and the National Toxics Campaign, a Boston group.

Unfavorable publicity about the Vertac project contributed to Mr. Clinton's reputation as a leader with a less than sterling environmental record, his aides said. "He's been beaten up pretty bad over this," said Kenneth L. Smith, Mr. Clinton's top environmental adviser.

Because of the extent of the contamination at the plant and its location so close to Jacksonville's center, the Environmental Protection Agency regards the Vertac site as among the most dangerous toxic waste sites in the country. Along with the 2,700 barrels of wastes contaminated with dioxin, tens of thousands more barrels remain to be dug up and disposed. Cleanup work has already cost $24 million and could continue here for another decade at a total cost of $200 million, according to the latest estimate.

Arguing for Rule Changes

The Vertac project has become typical of toxic waste cleanups around the country in which the costs escalate amid interminable delays caused by Federal rules aimed at gaining public trust. Mr. Smith said the Governor believed that unless changes were made in the rules and the public began to accept some degree of risk, either fewer toxic-waste cleanup projects could proceed or ever larger sums of taxpayer money would be siphoned from the Government's budget for all environmental programs.

More than $11 billion in Federal funds are now spent annually to restore lands spoiled by chemical and radioactive wastes. According to Federal budget documents, the program is by far the fastest growing segment of the nation's environmental budget.

Officials in the Environmental Protection Agency, the Energy Department, the Defense Department and the Nuclear Regulatory Commission agree that the Government lacks enough money to conduct the thousands of cleanups now scheduled without altering Federal rules and changing public expectations.

In Jacksonville, the principal source of public concern has been the existence of dioxin, a chemical byproduct of heating chlorine-based chemicals. The hazards of dioxin are now a matter of considerable scientific dispute and are under evaluation by the E.P.A.

A Measure of Hyperbole

But opponents of the incineration project here, who have done excellent investigative work tracking the state's progress, have used a healthy measure of hyperbole to raise questions about how the burning of the Vertac wastes will affect residents. They assert that immune system disorders, sudden infant deaths, birth defects, breast cancer and other illnesses will result if the dioxin-contaminated wastes are burned here.

One resident, Sharon Golgan, described her work leading the opposition in an interview this week. "We are out to stop this project any way we can," she said. "We've found them lying to us about how good this incinerator is in destroying dioxin. And we've seen enough sickness in this community to make us worried about what they are doing to us."

To counter such criticism, Mr. Smith said, Governor Clinton has periodically visited Jacksonville and ordered his health department to review accusations that the wastes are causing illnesses. In 1985, after a Jacksonville family said poisons from the plant might have killed their infant son and caused an older child to develop seizures, Mr. Clinton asked the state health department and the Federal Centers for Disease Control in Atlanta to investigate. Both, said Thomas McChesney, the state epidemiologist, found nothing.

In 1986, state health authorities collected urine samples from 100 children in Jacksonville and 100 samples from children in Conway, Ark., which does not have a chemical plant. The study found that children in both communities had similar levels of chlorine-based compounds in their urine. All of the pesticides made at Vertac were derived from chlorinated chemicals.

In 1990, Governor Clinton gained Federal support for a new round of health studies in Jacksonville, the first phase of which has been completed but not yet released to the public. Ms. Golgan and other residents say the public disclosure of the results is being delayed until after the election because of the damaging information they say the study may contain. Mr. McChesney and other state officials denied that, saying that the study is being reviewed by other scientists, a normal procedure.

"The Governor always kept the goal in mind of doing something to eliminate the threat out there," Mr. Smith said. "He kept at it because he always felt that leaving the wastes just sitting there was the worst thing that could happen."

**Load-Date:** November 2, 1992

**End of Document**



[***Telling Shocking Tales in Trenton***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-6HM0-000P-20BK-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 23, 1992, Monday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1992 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk

**Section:** Section B;; Section B; Page 1; Column 2; Metropolitan Desk; Column 2;; Biography

**Length:** 1178 words

**Byline:** H. L. (Sandy) Schwartz 3d

By IVER PETERSON,

By IVER PETERSON,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** TRENTON, Nov. 22

**Body**

Just like a lot of newspaper publishers, H. L. (Sandy) Schwartz 3d keeps framed copies of memorable front pages on his office wall. He pointed to one from his first week on the job in 1989: "Severed Head in Hopewell."

"That one was seminal," Mr. Schwartz said. "I wrote it myself. The reporter quit after it ran."

Newspapers have always done a daily balancing act between the sizzle and the serious, weighing what the public likes against what editors think it needs. Mr. Schwartz believes that he has rewritten the equation, saving a once-faltering tabloid while serving his readers by turning what was a cozy neighborhood paper into the journalistic version of a shark.

Hard Turn to the Right

Where the old Trentonian ran pictures of pets and babies, it now features women in vampy poses and skimpy attire. Where it once covered a range of general news, The Trentonian staff now generates only three or four local articles a day, each chosen for its shock value, humor or political consequences. And in place of the liberal world view befitting its labor-union origins 48 years ago, The Trentonian has veered hard to the right, becoming the scourge of Democrats, bureaucrats and public employee unions.

Mr. Schwartz turned to another front page in his office, "Head Had AIDS," which ran during a heavy snowstorm a month after he started. "It sold out," Mr. Schwartz recalled fondly. "Despite the storm. I knew we were on to something."

There was also a storm of protest from readers unfamiliar with the kind of shock journalism Mr. Schwartz brought to Trenton as he embarked on the latest of several small-paper rescue missions that he has conducted for Joseph L. Allbritton and the Journal Register Company, which bought The Trentonian from Mr. Allbritton in 1990. Before coming to The Trentonian, Mr. Schwartz was publisher of The Mercury in Pottstown, Pa.

'Stud Snowman'

Here in Trenton, as the old pet and baby readers fell away, younger readers, many of them new to a daily newspaper habit, began to be drawn to The Trentonian with each new throbbing headline: "Outrage," when the Florio administration raised taxes in 1990; "Stud Snowman," about the snowman on a state tourism pamphlet that to some eyes looked "anatomically correct," as the paper put it, and the self-explanatory "Teen Slays Marauding Squirrel."

"The Trentonian," says one of the paper's billboard ads. "Love it. Hate it. Read it."

None of this would be worth reporting except for one thing: after losing its place as local circulation leader to The Trenton Times in the 1970's, The Trentonian's circulation is now on the upswing. Mr. Schwartz now has The Trentonian in an old-fashioned readership war with The Trenton Times, the region's "serious" paper.

According to the latest available figures from the Audit Bureau of Circulations, The Trentonian has surpassed its 1967 circulation peak. In the first quarter of this year, circulation was put at 73,200 compared with 82,700 for The Times, which is also a record. The gap between the two papers is wider on Sundays.

Taste Questions

The public has not always embraced The Trentonian's brand of journalism. For example, there was an outcry when the paper published an article headlined "Girl, 14, Raped on School Stairs" on the front-page next to a photograph of a model dressed for arrest.

Mr. Schwartz defended that particular decision and the general tone of the newspaper this way: "You can't preach to the people until you get them into church. That's what's wrong with American papers these days -- the editors and reporters aren't having any fun putting out their papers. We are. We're aggressive, we take positions, we're not afraid of anybody and we're having fun."

Along the way, The Trentonian has had an impact on the political life of the state. It conducted a crusade against the $2.8 billion tax increase passed by Gov. Jim Florio and the Legislature's Democratic majority, depicting it -- inaccurately, in the view of many analysts -- as aimed at the middle class.

When the "Outrage" headline was picked up by Trenton's firebrand talk-radio station, WKXW 101.5 FM, an explosion of taxpayer anger was ignited, leading to the founding of Hands Across New Jersey, a tax insurrection group. Mr. Schwartz duly printed the group's phone numbers. An arguably direct result was the election of Republican majorities in both houses of the Legislature last year.

"We're not a serious paper?" Mr. Schwartz demanded. "Driving politicians out of office isn't serious?"

Explanation for Success

Part of the explanation for The Trentonian's success is the nature of the city and the surrounding region, said Robert Cole, a professor of English at Trenton State College who teaches a course on the rivalry between The Times and The Trentonian.

Take away the state Capitol, and Trenton is an old factory town, Mr. Cole said, its blue-collar neighborhoods reaching from the city across adjoining Hamilton and Ewing townships, where The Trentonian has its circulation base among ***working-class*** families, lower-level state employees and the region's large black population.

"The Times was always the fat-cat paper," Mr. Cole said. "The Trentonian stuck up for the blue-collar guys."

Richard Bilotti, the publisher of The Trenton Times, does not quite roll his eyes when he is asked about The Trentonian. "I'm not really interested in talking about that kind of journalism," he said. "Sure, we compete, but we also compete with The Princeton Packet. We compete with The New York Times. We compete with Town Topics. We compete with everyone."

Mr. Schwartz concedes that The Trentonian draws more readers from the noncollege educated population as opposed to The Trenton Times's better-educated readership, and he acknowledges that The Times's high level of home delivery sales and broadsheet format make it the advertisers' favorite.

But The Trentonian does well among upper-income readers, Mr. Schwartz said, an assertion Mr. Cole agrees with.

Desirable Demographics

Mr. Schwartz also claims to get 54 percent of the region's demographically desirable 18-to-34-year-old newspaper readers. How? "The girls," he said.

"Whenever we ran a weather picture, I always asked the photographer to include a pretty girl," Mr. Schwartz said. "But it was hard to get them to think that way. So we made it an assignment."

Now each day features the Page Six Girl, a young woman competing with youthful immodesty for the $1,000 "Girl of the Month" prize.

Cheesecake is nothing new in the newspaper business, Mr. Schwartz pointed out. The Toronto Sun has its daily "Sunshine Girl," the popular British dailies regularly feature bare-breasted women, and even New York's Daily News ran photographs of demure bathing beauties before America's sexual winter set in.

"Oh, I know, 'It's not journalism,' " Mr. Schwartz said, mimicking those who object to what he does. "Can you imagine The New York Daily News featuring a pin-up girl today? They would have a war! The staff would revolt! There would be Guild grievances and pickets in the street!

"God, I'd *love* to have pickets in the street!"

**Graphic**

Photo: H. L. (Sandy) Schwartz 3d, the publisher of The Trentonian, has increased the paper's circulation and put it in a readership war with The Trenton Times. (Laura Pedrick for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** November 23, 1992

**End of Document**



[***Books Of The Times***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-MRK0-0008-Y33K-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 18, 1983, Tuesday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1983 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section C; Page 14, Column 1; Cultural Desk; Review

**Length:** 950 words

**Byline:** By Christopher Lehmann-Haupt

**Body**

THE BREAKS. By Richard Price. 446 pages. Simon & Schuster. $15.95.

BIT by bit, this talented young novelist, Richard Price, seems to be working his way up out of the violent world of his first two novels, ''The Wanderers'' and ''Bloodbrothers,'' both of which were about the lives of New York's ***working-class*** young. In his third novel, ''Ladies' Man,'' Mr. Price took one of these youths at the age of 30 and put him through a lonely week selling household sprays door-to-door by day, and in the evening trying to recapture the gang camaraderie of his adolescence. Now, in his latest novel, ''The Breaks,'' he has taken yet another proletarian youth and given him a serious chance to break out of his class.

Christopher Lehmann-Haupt reviews Richard Price's book "The Breaks"

At the opening of ''The Breaks,'' Peter Keller, whose family crest, if it existed, ''would be crossed AFL-CIO and CSEA union cards on a field of time clocks,'' has just graduated from Simon Straight College, ''the Harvard of Upstate New York.'' Peter, a fast-talking wisecracker, is the first of his tribe to make it to college and he's now even poised to go on to law school.

But some unseen anchor seems to be holding Peter back from advancing in his career. First, he only makes the waiting list at Columbia, the law school he wants to attend. Then he can't find the sort of job that will beef up his record during the year he decides to take off to achieve that purpose.

Then he is so oppressed by the experience of rejoining his father and stepmother in their Yonkers apartment and working at nothing jobs in New York that he not only gives up the idea of law school, but also performs a series of irrational acts that get him in deep legal trouble.

Finally, after moving back to his college town and landing a job as an English instructor at Simon Straight, he is torn between cashing in on his evident talent as a teacher and moving back to the city and trying to make it as an actor and stand-up comedian. For the rest of the novel, Peter thrashes about. His problems with finding himself have nothing to do with luck and everything to do with certain psychological problems he has. This, I suppose, is one of the ironies of the book's title, ''The Breaks.''

As usual, there are any number of things that Mr. Price does extremely well. Peter Keller's first-person narrative is an intoxicating brew of hipster argot and popcult references. Here, for a particularly rich example, is his description of a group of housing-project fathers who have just challenged their sons to a game of playground football: ''They were wearing Hush Puppies, shiny slacks. They were definitely not from camping trips and pyschology; just some Life-of-Riley heads, big stiffs on a goof bender that morning, and plus, they were in horrible shape: pot bellies, cigarettes, jowls - I don't think any of them had really thrown a football or broken into a dead run for at least ten years.''

Then there is the convincing way that Mr. Price has drawn Peter's sense of numbness and alienation once he moves back in with his parents after graduating from college - his longing for and inability to recapture his happy and unself-conscious college persona. And finally, there are the two love triangles that Peter finds himself trapped in over the course of the novel's action - first, the one involving his stepmother and father that leads him to commit an act of symbolic violence; and second, his involvement with Kimberley Fonseca and her estranged husband, Tony, which is played out over the last two-thirds of the story and leads to its denouement.

These two triangles so obviously reflect each other and so intricately dramatize Peter's problems with older men and women that it's impossible to believe Mr. Price isn't wholly aware of their Oedipal implications and isn't doing his utmost to exploit them. What Peter can't consciously express with his father and stepmother, he proceeds to act out wth Kim and Tony Fonseca. He courts and wins Kimberley, at least for as long as he really wants her, and he succeeds in turning Tony, his burned-out colleague on the English faculty at Simon Straight, into the dragon he must slay to win Kim's hand.

The only problem I have with all this is the strain it puts on the character of Tony Fonseca who, at least as a fantasy figure, is expected to be all things, both benign and malevolent, to Peter and Kim. This, I think, is why this wife-beater and ''failed-writer-in residence,'' this ''king of irreverence'' with his ''urban ditty-bop routine'' and his entourage of ''burbed out or boojy students'' (meaning suburban or bourgeoise students) following him around like baby ducks, never quite comes into focus. It's hard to believe in Peter's fear of him as a castrating father-figure, particular when Tony goes to such pathetic lengths to befriend him.

But this is a forgivable weakness in what is otherwise an entertaining and absorbing performance. One particular tour de force is Peter's tryout as a stand-up comic. At every other point in the novel, his jokes are strained and unamusing. But when he finally works up the courage to perform in one of those Greenwich Village nightclubs for amateurs and invents a wacky story about being molested as a child in Atlantic City, he convincingly wins his audience over. What's impressive here is not so much Peter surpassing himself in front of a larger audience, as the fact that Mr. Price dares to include us readers in that audience and still pulls off the effect. In the ultimate scheme of the novel, Peter's nightclub triumph may be of minor consequence. But it is typical of the many imaginative gambles that Mr. Price has taken in ''The Breaks'' and won.

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photo of Richard Price

**End of Document**



[***WILL THE 1980'S WITNESS A NEW SURGE OF BLACK POLITICAL GAIN?***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-MC00-0008-Y3BK-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

February 27, 1983, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1983 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 4; Page 5, Column 1; Week in Review Desk

**Length:** 991 words

**Byline:** By JOHN HERBERS

**Dateline:** WASHINGTON

**Body**

It has been 15 years since former Mayor Carl Stokes of Cleveland proved that a black can win at urban politics where members of his own race make up a substantial minority, provided he can hold on to his own constituency and appeal to a small percentage of the white majority.

United States Representative Harold Washington proved it again in Chicago's Democratic mayoral primary last week, when he was aided by a split in the white vote between Mayor Jane M. Byrne and Richard M. Daley, son of the late political boss. With about 10 percent of the white vote and 85 percent of a record black turnout, Mr. Washington won with a 37 percent plurality.

In between Mr. Stokes and Mr. Washington there have been notable winners and losers in the black search for political strength, but Mr. Washington's victory was a pointed reminder of how important the black vote can be both locally and nationally. With the White House occupied by Ronald Reagan, whom many blacks distrust, and a recession occurring at the same time, blacks across the nation have increased their turnout in elections and their tendency to vote to protect their economic interests.

WASHINGTON - It has been 15 years since former Mayor Carl Stokes of Cleveland proved that a black can win at urban politics where members of his own race make up a substantial minority, provided he can hold on to his own constituency and appeal to a small percentage of the white majority.

Mr. Washington's victory came as a surprise in part because Americans still see Chicago as a center of political entertainment and nostalgic reminders of a machine that continues to reward its friends and punish its enemies and steal votes if needed. In fact there is a new, overriding reality in the nation's second largest city.

Stanley Ziemba of The Chicago Tribune, noting demographic changes over the past decade, wrote recently that the city's neighborhoods, ''often portrayed as sturdy, ***working class***, ethnically diverse communities, instead are rapidly becoming warehouses for the poor.'' Aside from a few bastions of white middle-class, he pointed out, the neighborhoods ''increasingly are being populated by people - black, white and Hispanic - whose incomes fall below the poverty line.''

Demographic Shifts

Between 1970 and 1980 the median household income in the city dropped, after adjustment for inflation, by more than $1,000 to $15,301. Blacks, who made up only 23 percent of the population in 1960, made up 40 percent in 1980. Hispanic residents, who can be white or black and are frequently poor, accounted for another 14 percent.

The ''city of big shoulders'' is no longer Chicago but its suburbs, which dominate in both population and jobs. Not only did the number of blue-collar workers in the city decline by 138,000 to 406,000 during the decade, but the number of white-collar and service workers also declined slightly, to 829,000.

The Democratic machine's use of patronage and its custom of turning Federal aid programs into jobs for neighborhood people can no longer hold the tide of unrest. Harold Washington, who cut his political teeth as part of the machine, found it expedient to break with it several years ago as minority resentments mounted. Chicago has been called the nation's most segregated big city, as measured by the proportion of people living in all-black or all-white neighborhoods. In the 1960's, Mayor Daley began a long period of official defiance of Federal civil rights enforcement, persuading President Johnson to drop threats by the Federal Office of Education to cut off funds to Chicago schools for refusal to desegregate. Chicago has been in court almost constantly since.

Loss of jobs to the Sunbelt, the suburbs and the recession, along with declining Federal assistance to low-income people made the city ripe for a large turnout not only of blacks but of Hispanic and other poor minorities to vote for the candidate who seemed to them most likely to champion their cause.

Much the same situation exists in other large urban centers, where blacks have become a growing presence. As a result, it is easier now for blacks to elect their own to various local, state and Federal offices. They have done so in cities as diverse as Atlanta and Newark; Gary, Ind., and New Orleans; and in hundreds of communities across the South. Last year, they increased their strength in Congress from 18 to 21 seats. And their alliances with other minorities in last November's elections helped to defeat a number of Reagan conservatives and elect Democratic liberals on several levels.

But there is another side of the coin on the ability of blacks to vote in block and draw a portion of the white majority to their side. Los Angeles Mayor Tom Bradley, who had attracted many white votes in mayoral elections, was defeated in a close race for governor by about the same margin of people who told pollsters they would not vote for any black to be governor.

W. Wilson Goode, a black former Managing Director of Philadelphia, hopes to avoid that sort of reaction in May, when voters in that city will choose between him and former Mayor Frank L. Rizzo in the Democratic mayoral primary. While Mr. Goode may have been heartened by Mr. Washington's showing, his is just a two-man race and he would need more white support than Mr. Washington did. About 400,000 of Philadelphia's 900,000 registered voters are black, but Mr. Goode has made no public appeals for black support as such.

Still, precisely because of black cohesion at the polls when there are strong ideological differences at stake, the black vote is being taken more seriously by politicians than it was when both parties were closer to the center on social issues. ''If there is a national significance to the Chicago election,'' said Eddie N. Williams, president of the Joint Center for Political Studies, it is that ''it increases the credibility of the black vote in the minds of those who would seek national office.''

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photo of Harold Washington and Mary Smith

**End of Document**



[***Ferraro Gets An Apology From Abrams***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-76K0-000P-220N-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 1, 1992, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1992 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk

**Section:** Section 1;; Section 1; Page 49; Column 4; Metropolitan Desk; Column 4;

**Length:** 1192 words

**Byline:** By CATHERINE S. MANEGOLD

By CATHERINE S. MANEGOLD

**Body**

Ending weeks of behind-the-scenes negotiations with an apology and effusive praise, Robert Abrams said yesterday that he felt "genuine regret" for the tone of the recent Democratic primary battle against Geraldine A. Ferraro, and that "allegations and insinuations" about her links to organized crime "were unfortunate and inaccurate."

Mr. Abrams, who is challenging Senator Alfonse M. D'Amato in Tuesday's election, lauded his former rival Ms. Ferraro as an "outstanding leader" and a "pioneer for women," and he recalled that he was "proud to support her in her quest for the Vice Presidency" in 1984.

His dramatic statement came just three days before the election and after seven weeks of intense negotiations over what form of apology Mr. Abrams might provide to win over his still-bitter rival. His comments were released in tandem with a television advertisement featuring his defeated primary opponent announcing her support for Mr. Abrams, the State Attorney General, in the Senate race.

In the 30-second spot, Ms. Ferraro, looking drawn and somber, criticizes Senator D'Amato for working against abortion rights, "even in cases of rape and incest," and for "supporting the Bush economic policies that have devastated New York State."

Facing the camera and speaking in a monotone, she concludes by telling viewers: "I am not in this race any longer, but there's one candidate I support because he is right on the issues. That's Bob Abrams."

The Abrams campaign team was quick to embrace the advertisement as a turning point in the campaign. "It's great," said Ethan Geto, Mr. Abrams's campaign director. "It's a great day. We're happy."

Mr. D'Amato was just as quick to play down the impact of the late endorsement, telling reporters in Albany yesterday that the matter was an intraparty affair. "Geraldine Ferraro is a Democrat," he said, and he described her endorsement as "without enthusiasm" and "at the last minute."

But Mr. Geto said the Abrams campaign was "thrilled and delighted" with the spot and that Ms. Ferraro's stern demeanor "was the tone and tenor that we wanted, and I think Gerry felt the same way."

Ms. Ferraro could not be reached for comment yesterday.

Polls show that Senator D'Amato has picked up about one-third of Ms. Ferraro's former supporters, including Italian-Americans upset with the attacks on Ms. Ferraro during the primary. The difficult peace between Mr. Abrams and Ms. Ferraro was achieved after a final round of prodding from Gov. Mario M. Cuomo and other prominent Democrats and after Ms. Ferraro had faced repeated questions about her reluctance to endorse Mr. Abrams.

Mayor David N. Dinkins, appearing yesterday with the Attorney General at a rally in Washington Heights and at a Bronx luncheon for about 700 Democratic women, said he believes the Ferraro endorsement will give the Abrams campaign a clear lift in the last days of the race. "It'll help him a great deal," he said. "Geraldine Ferraro is very popular, and a tremendous segment of the vote in the state of New York consists of Italian-Americans. I think she'll help a lot."

Not everyone was so convinced. During Mr. Abrams's several stops yesterday, several people said the Ferraro advertisement would not sway their vote at all, and one woman who attended the Bronx luncheon said she had "serious questions" about the campaign and could not back Mr. Abrams. "Ferraro was my favorite," said the woman, who refused to give her name. "Since she's no longer in the race, I'm thinking of voting for D'Amato."

Mr. Abrams's statement yesterday, in a direct reference to Ms. Ferraro's longstanding complaint that the allegations aired in the primary amounted to a broad ethnic slander of Italian-Americans, said he would be working with her after the election to "raise sensitivities about ethnic stereotyping." Ms. Ferraro's statement also said she intends to pursue that issue after Nov. 3, "both with the Democratic National Committee and the new administration."

But lingering tensions between the two seemed clear. They did not meet for the commercial's taping on Friday and have set no specific plans to do so in the coming days.

Since the primary, Ms. Ferraro has criticized the Attorney General for joining Elizabeth Holtzman, the City Comptroller, in aggressive attacks against her background that raised questions about possible ties to organized crime. Mr. Abrams yesterday denied that he ever made such allegations.

"The allegations and insinuations that figured so prominently in the coverage of the primary to the effect that Geraldine Ferraro was somehow linked to organized crime were unfortunate and inaccurate," his statement said. "I hope it is clear that neither I nor my campaign ever engaged in or endorsed these kinds of tactics. It is my firm and sincere belief that Gerry Ferraro has never had a knowing association with any member of organized crime."

But it was not clear yesterday whether even that statement would put to rest the qualms of Ms. Ferraro's backers, especially since it did not entirely match the Attorney General's comments at the height of the bitter primary.

On Aug. 19, he described himself as "gravely disturbed" by an article in The Village Voice headlined "Gerry and the Mob." He then suggested that voters "seriously consider whether Geraldine A. Ferraro's lack of an ethical compass makes her fit to hold a high position of public trust." And on Sept. 11, just days before the primary, he released an advertisement that said, "While Bob Abrams was taking on the mob, Geraldine Ferraro was taking illegal campaign contributions."

In recent weeks, voters across the state have frequently mentioned the ugly tone of the primary as one of their chief reservations about supporting Mr. Abrams.

Senator D'Amato's own campaign team yesterday moved into the last stretch of the race by releasing a new advertisement attacking the Attorney General. Citing reports that Mr. Abrams was late in paying taxes for a Dutchess County country home and filed for excessive deductions for an office space used in his Manhattan apartment, the advertisement warns: "Bob Abrams never met a tax he didn't like -- except his own."

Mr. D'Amato made the same point repeatedly at stops along a barnstorming tour upstate, calling the Attorney General a millionaire and describing him as a man who would tax the poor and middle class while sidestepping responsibilities of his own.

"***Working-class*** families, they've got to pay their taxes, and what does he say?" Senator D'Amato asked reporters gathered in Albany. "He says he was too busy to open his mail."

Mr. Geto countered, as he has in the past, by emphasizing the difference between ethics investigations of Senator D'Amato and the recent revelations about irregularities in the Attorney General's tax record. "The fact that Bob Abrams may have had to pay over the years about $300 in late payments bears no comparison with the hundreds of millions and maybe billions of dollars that Al D'Amato has been responsible for diverting in government payments from where they were supposed to go," he said, charging that the incumbent Republican Senator has "a total lack of an ethical compass."

**Graphic**

Photos: Robert Abrams, top, held a rally yesterday in Washington Heights in Manhattan, as his opponent, Senator Alfonse M. D'Amato, left, arrived in Syracuse, N.Y. In a new ad, Geraldine A. Ferraro, above, endorsed Mr. Abrams. (Joyce Dopkeen/The New York Times; Edward Keating/The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** November 1, 1992

**End of Document**



[***The Thing About Lisbon***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:55RJ-12D1-JBG3-63P7-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 27, 2012 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2012 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section TR; Column 0; Travel Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 2287 words

**Byline:** By FRANK BRUNI

FRANK BRUNI, an Op-Ed columnist for The New York Times, was the restaurant critic of The Times from June 2004 to August 2009.

**Body**

WE meet the places we wind up loving much the way we meet the people we fall for: on purpose and accidentally; at precisely the right moment and exactly the wrong time; in the highest of spirits and the lowest of moods.

I met Lisbon in a snit. I was exhausted and impatient and thinking well past it, to the northern Portugal city of Oporto and the wine country nearby, my ultimate destination and real interest. Lisbon was just a 24-hour stopover, reached after a sleepless overnight flight from New York, and my hotel there didn't want to let my companion and me check in and nap and shower and get into clean clothes for another six hours. After some fruitless groveling, we staggered into the streets, lacking a map or an agenda or any particular desire.

Immediately we noticed the castle. You can't fail to. Medieval and partly Moorish, it sits astride one of the highest of the city's many hills, both a topographical and an emotional point of reference, somewhat like the Parthenon in Athens. Your eyes are drawn to it. The rest of you, too.

''What do you think?'' I asked my companion, Tom, nodding in its direction. I was contemplating all the eating and drinking we'd be doing in the week to come and calculating how useful some uphill walking would be as a metabolic down payment.

''Might as well,'' he said. ''The exercise will keep us awake.''

We didn't plot a route. We intuited one. So the beauty we encountered was serendipitous: the mosaics of black and white stone with which so many of the sidewalks, esplanades and plazas are paved; the tiles -- yellow, green, white -- with which so many of the buildings are faced. Mosaics like these I'd seen elsewhere, though they had a special dominance and whimsy here. But tiles like these, used this way, were a revelation. It was as if Lisbon wore a set of jewels that other cities didn't bother to.

We climbed higher. And higher. And soon two colors took precedence over the others: the red of the roofs, terraced on the hillsides below us; and the blue of the Tagus River and the harbor, flashes of which entered and exited our field of vision depending on where we were standing. A major port in a country with a rich and proud seafaring history, Lisbon has a connection to the ocean -- the Tagus meets the Atlantic only a dozen or so miles away -- that is essential, intimate and palpable. It's one of those places that's not just on the water but of the water.

''I'm coming back,'' I told Tom, because what I experienced during those first few hours, despite my exhaustion and wrinkled clothing and matted hair and overarching physical wretchedness, was a blush of the true, unfettered romance that I'd longed for and forced myself to feel in cities more clucked about, cities more fabled.

That was two years ago, and come back I did: not just for another 24-hour pause en route between Oporto and New York but again last September and then, yet again, in April. And that won't be the end of it, because Lisbon and I, we sparked. And as I continue to revel in that, I continue to try to figure it out.

After all those other European capitals, each so splendid in its own way, why this one?

I COULD argue that this is a particularly good moment to visit Lisbon, and for a few paragraphs I will, though the truth of the matter is that I don't think Lisbon needs any recommendation beyond the blessed fact of it. It warranted attention and favor years ago and will warrant them years hence.

As for now, well, there's a clear economic rationale. Times aren't flush, and Lisbon presents a noticeable price break from London, Paris, even Rome. It's faded imperial glory on the cheap: Western Europe marked down 20 to 30 percent. And Portugal's economic woes -- it's currently in a fiscally austere league with Greece, Spain and Ireland -- have in some sense unleashed a creative spirit among its people, who are taking chances, improvising and, as it happens, trying to boost tourism. Outside money is one answer to inside need.

I sensed this energy during my last two visits, when I repeatedly met or heard about former architects, bankers or lawyers who had started small, idiosyncratic enterprises, and I repeatedly stumbled upon new, clever projects. I stayed in one of them: the Lisbonaire, a hotel masquerading as an apartment complex, or maybe it's the other way around, where each spacious studio or one-bedroom unit has been decorated in a deliberately cheeky fashion by a different Portuguese designer or artist, with all the minimalist furniture made in Portugal. Each unit also has a fully equipped kitchen stocked with glassware, plates, utensils, pots and pans. All of this plus reliable wireless, a communal lounge in the basement and an ideal location sets you back as little as 65 euros (about $81 at $1.26 to the euro) a night.

Over the last few years Lisbon has experienced a boom in stylish hotels, including the lilac-colored Internacional Design Hotel on Rossio Square, the city's majestic nucleus, and the Altis Belem, right on the water in the quieter, palm-lined neighborhood of Belem, where bikers and runners use paths along the river. It has also become a more exciting place to eat, with two of its most acclaimed chefs opening intensely pleasurable restaurants. You can find a table without making a reservation as far in advance as you often have to in cities that draw a greater number of gastronomic pilgrims. Lisbon lets you in.

It also lets you be. Not every stroll and every reverie is shared with other travelers. I wandered one afternoon into the tiny Church of Sao Miguel, just a few minutes by foot from the main cathedral; slipped into one of just 10 rows of pews; looked around; and was stunned at how thoroughly the ceiling, walls, various nooks and a variety of objects had been covered in gold leaf or gold paint. Midas would say his rosary here. I was even more stunned to realize that not one other tourist was present. I kept company with three elderly Portuguese women, all in housecoats, scarves covering their hair, saying their devotions aloud. Their voices rose and fell; their bodies rocked. For nearly a half-hour I watched and listened, hunching down low so as not to distract or disrupt them.

Wandering is what I relish most in a place that I'm still learning, and Lisbon encourages it, because it doesn't come with the long inventory of must-see museums and must-photograph monuments that so many of its European peers do. There's no equivalent of Madrid's Prado, though I do recommend the Tile Museum, dedicated to the decorative fillip that makes the city so distinctive. There's no religious structure as visually iconic as Florence's Duomo, though you should treat yourself to the Jeronimos Monastery in Belem, just outside the center. It's a fascinating example of a peculiarly ornate, late-Gothic style of Portuguese architecture known as Manueline.

While the sort of checklist you carry in Venice or Berlin can be thrilling, it can also be oppressive, a gilded prison of obligations. In Lisbon I have freedom. I can sprint into a random cafe to wait out a sudden downpour, discover that I like the progressive English folk music (Fink) pouring gently from the speakers, learn that the house white wine is utterly drinkable and just 2 euros a glass, and decide to stay for an aimless hour. This is what happened 15 minutes after I left the Church of Sao Miguel, which sits on a round plaza with a single thick palm tree in the center, and this is the true meaning of vacation.

IN Lisbon it occurred to me that maybe our favorite places are simply those in which our expectations are routinely exceeded, happenstance cuts in our favor, and it doesn't matter which fork in the road we take. It leads somewhere we're happy to be.

''Psst!'' says a Portuguese woman standing about 15 feet from Tom and me. She's eavesdropping on our conversation with a hotel concierge, who has given us a lunch recommendation. She motions us over.

''Don't go there,'' she says. ''Go here.'' She writes down a name -- Pinoquio -- and gives us directions. When we arrive, we worry that she's led us astray: its location near the train station, its kitschy decor and its crush of outdoor tables scream ''tourist trap.'' But then the steak for two that she told us to get arrives -- gorgeous, glistening hunks of beef in a cast-iron vessel with blood and oil pooling at the bottom. These drippings are the rightful destiny of the hunks of bread in an adjacent basket. We dunk and dunk.

In Lisbon I pop out for a routine run and am treated to something better: the sharp incline of Eduardo VII Park, a slanting rectangle of cobblestone framing a network of precisely manicured hedges that resemble a maze. The park rises, steeply, from the top of Avenida da Liberdade, Lisbon's grandest boulevard, and my legs burn all the way to its summit, where I'm rewarded with a view of Liberdade and all the trees and 18th- and 19th-century buildings skirting it as it descends toward the city's main squares, which then give way to water. I can see for miles. Exhilarated, I do several laps -- restorative declines alternating with muscle-shredding inclines -- and am entertained along the way by someone playing fetch with his dog among the hedges. The dog has learned to leap acrobatically over them, like a horse in a steeplechase.

Lisbon is always tickling me like that. Ana, one of several friends I have made in the course of reporting stories about Portugal over the years, takes me to the neighborhood that has grown up over the last several years around the LX Factory in Alcantara. There's a network of boutiques, galleries and restaurants in industrial structures used decades earlier for manufacturing. My friend wants to show me a bookstore: a waste of time, I figure, given that most of the books aren't in a language I read. But this store, Ler Devagar, doesn't look like any other. It's in an enormous, multistoried space once devoted to a printing press that's still there. A series of staircases and ramps and catwalks have been created to lead you to and through shelves and more shelves of titles popular and obscure. It's a library cum Escher print, with a few bars tucked in. A browser needs coffee, and maybe even some wine.

Another new friend, Rui, says he'll swing by the Lisbonaire in his car to pick me up for dinner. To me that means a more pleasant, economical alternative to a taxi, but to Rui it means the chance to stage a thrilling roller coaster ride down (and up) some of the city's narrowest and most precipitous streets. The coaster pauses at Largo da Graca, a sort of square where there are trees and tables and a panorama stretching all the way to the 25 de Abril Bridge, whose reddish glow recalls the Golden Gate. (Much about Lisbon brings to mind San Francisco, including the trams, which are Lisbon's version of cable cars.)

But Lisbon puts a greater premium on public spaces than American cities do, and Largo da Graca has stiff competition from other gorgeously situated belvederes where you can find a seat, a beer, some company. My favorites include the Miradouro de Sao Pedro de Alcantara, with its bustle, and the Jardim do Torel, with its quiet. Measure your mood. Tailor your perch accordingly.

LISBON'S layout gives you clear, tidy options. From the relatively flat Baixa neighborhood, where the two grandest squares (Rossio and Praca do Comercio) are, you can choose to ascend into the scruffy past on one side or into the stylish present on the other. Two different hills. Two different sets of experiences and emotions.

Alfama represents the past. It's a ***working-class*** district spared by the 1755 earthquake that wiped out whole chunks of the city, turning much of Lisbon's history to rubble. I start my walks through it by fueling up at the Pois Cafe, which is about as pleasant a coffee and sandwich shop as I know, stuffed with curios and bric-a-brac and children's toys, the furniture an eclectic collection of stools and armchairs and couches, the walls sculptured from handsome stone. I wend my way down curving alleys, past fish stores and butcher shops, under low archways, up tiny staircases. There's laundry strung from one window to another, humble apartment buildings painted in yellow, pink and other pastels. Lisbon doesn't shy away from color.

On the opposite hill everything's fancier, better scrubbed. Fewer chipped tiles. More gleaming white cobblestone. On its slopes there are two neighborhoods. The slender byways, white walls and profusion of trendy bars and restaurants in one of them, Bairro Alto, give it the feel at times of a Greek isle. On weekend nights in particular it turns into a sprawling outdoor party -- crowds of young people drinking, smoking and posing.

Chiado is Bairro Alto's slightly more refined adjunct, with more conventional shopping and proper hotels. On the top of the Hotel do Chiado, I meet another new friend, Paulo, for a drink just after dark. We have the roof to ourselves and hover there above the soft lights of the city. Although there's a criminal surfeit of vermouth in my martini, my contentment is absolute.

Later, as we walk through one of Chiado's several small, elegant squares, I say how lovely Lisbon is.

''Really?'' Paulo answers, and in that moment I realize what -- more than the tiles, trams or water -- endears Lisbon to me. It has a humility that is rare on a storied continent with so much reason and readiness to boast.

I wasn't told to approach it on bended knee. I could instead stumble upon it, tumble into it and let it lift me up.

On that first day, Tom and I got to Castelo de Sao Jorge -- that's what the hilltop citadel is called -- before noon. We still had three hours before check-in. But we were no longer in any rush at all.

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

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: ABOVE: A tram, the city's version of San Francisco's cable cars, in the Alfama district. LEFT, FROM TOP: View from the Santa Luzia overlook

at Cervejaria da Esquina in the Campo de Ourique neighborhood

in Bairro Alto, a sort of roving street party of young people.(TR1)

FROM LEFT: Faces of the city: Young people in Bairro Alto

an older resident of Alfama

a natty walker in Alfama

a couple in Bairro Alto. (TR6)

CLOCKWISE FROM FAR LEFT: Red roofs seen from Largo da Graca

the Pois Cafe, in Alfama, ''about as pleasant a coffee and sandwich shop as I know''

Dulce Albuquerque makes costumes in Bairro Alto

1300 Taberna puts Portuguese staples through inventive paces

window shopping in Bairro Alto. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOAO PEDRO MARNOTO FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (TR6-TR7) MAPS (TR6)

**Load-Date:** May 27, 2012

**End of Document**



[***In Clubs, a Potent Drug Stirs Fear of an Epidemic***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:451B-S3T0-01CN-H24C-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 29, 2002 Tuesday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2002 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section B; Column 3; Metropolitan Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1391 words

**Byline:**  By ANDREW JACOBS

**Body**

Some know it as crystal. Others refer to it as Tina, a campy abbreviation of its other name, Christina. But among the habitues ofNew York's frenetic gay club scene, the extraordinarily powerful stimulant commonly known as crystal meth is earning a new nickname: the Evil One.

Once largely confined to California, the Midwest and the Southwest, where it has upended the lives of gay men and a blue-collar constituency of truckers, bikers and housewives, methamphetamine is increasingly becoming a conspicuous part of New York's clubbing landscape and a major worry for health care workers.

In New York, the drug, which gives its users a seductive rush of power, confidence and energy that can last for days, is still mostly confined to gay men. But law enforcement officials and drug abuse counselors fear that it could follow in the footsteps of Ecstasy and cocaine, widely used party drugs that gained cachet among gay club-hoppers but later spread well beyond their world.

"If it took off, it would be a disaster," said Bridget G. Brennan, special narcotics prosecutor in New York. "We are watching it very closely."

Prized as aphrodisiac and long-lasting stimulant, methamphetamine can be snorted, inhaled, swallowed or injected. Many experts say it is more addictive and toxic than heroin, crack or cocaine. It is also alluringly inexpensive: just one lung full of smoke, the equivalent of a few dollars' worth, can spark a night of euphoria.

But one toke, most users discover quickly, is never enough. "The first time I tried crystal I knew I was in love," said Eric Martin, 50, a behavioral researcher from Queens who injected crystal for several years but is now sober. "The second time I tried it, I knew I was in trouble. Wicked is the only word I can think of to describe it."

The drug is particularly popular as an energy jolt for club-goers who sometimes spend 10 hours on the dance floor. But what begins as a recreational pursuit can rapidly become all-consuming. Jobs, friends and lovers fall by the wayside. H.I.V.-positive men neglect life-sustaining drug regimens. Food, sleep and safe-sex practices become distractions. Over time, insomnia can lead to hallucinations and, with regular use, a psychotic state that mental health experts say is indistinguishable from paranoid schizophrenia.

There are no official statistics gauging the drug's spread in New York, but one telling measure can be found in a classroom at an old school in Greenwich Village. Three years ago, when Mr. Martin started the city's first Crystal Meth Anonymous meeting, at the Lesbian and Gay Community Service Center on West 13th Street, it had three regular attendees. Now there are four meetings around the city every week, each drawing 30 to 50 people.

"It was just a matter of time before it arrived here," said Michael P. Dentato, executive director of Body Positive, an organization that serves people infected with H.I.V. "Now we're on the cusp of an epidemic."

Two weeks ago, more than 100 health care providers, researchers and drug counselors gathered at New York University for a conference to try to assess the drug's prevalence here. A recent study by the Center for H.I.V./AIDS Educational Studies and Training found that more than half of gay men in New York who admitted using alcohol or drugs had tried crystal meth in the previous year. By comparison, a 1998 survey conducted at bars and clubs by the center found that 10 percent of gay men said they had tried it.

Dr. Perry N. Halkitis, a New York University psychologist who authored both studies, said he believed that crystal meth would continue to spread unless public health officials and gay leaders started publicizing the drug's destructive side. "There's no one out there warning people about crystal," he said. "At the moment, it is still considered chic."

Also known as crank, ice, speed or blue-collar cocaine, methamphetamines have been popular since the 1960's, when bikers and truckers in the West used the drug to stay awake. Easy to produce and cheaper than most narcotics, it gained wider appeal in the 1980's and 1990's, first with ***working-class*** men in the rural heartland and later, with well-heeled gays in San Francisco and Los Angeles.

These days, the drug is made in clandestine labs in Mexico and California, or on isolated farms in states like Missouri or Iowa. Recipes are on the Internet; essential ingredients like anhydrous ammonia and red phosphorus are available at farm-supply stores.

According to law enforcement officials, crystal meth is sold in the New York area by a handful of gay men who buy it from friends on the West Coast, with much of it arriving by express mail. For now, they say, it is a low-key enterprise supplying people who largely know one another. Investigators have made a few arrests, though seizures have been relatively small.

A more complex and powerful descendant of amphetamine, methamphetamine swamps the brain with dopamine, a chemical that regulates pleasure, motivation, attention and movement. Those who have sampled the flaky off-white substance describe a high both subtle and irresistibly empowering. Self-confidence soars, melancholy is banished, and users say they feel invincible. Sexual desire is also heightened to extreme levels, many gay men say, leading to behavior that is both excessive and dangerous.

"It makes any situation more pleasant, and gives you incredible stamina and energy," said Rick Whitaker, 33, a writer who details his addiction in an autobiography, "Assuming the Position." Unlike other drugs, he and others say, it can be integrated into daily life, at least in the beginning. Productivity improves. Even housework is enjoyable. With the appetite suppressed, losing weight is effortless. The shy and awkward suddenly feel charming.

"It's the perfect drug for a gay man in New York," said John, a 45-year-old publishing executive, who declined to give his last name, and who started a 12-step meeting in his apartment in 1998 when few had even heard of the drug. "It makes you feel brave, powerful, and for people dealing with H.I.V., it helps you overcome your fears."

But after the high comes the crash. Mr. Whitaker recalled running out of crystal after a 36-hour drug marathon and contemplating suicide.

Researchers say there are other dangers, too. Because a user's blood pressure is elevated for up to 72 hours, the risk of small-scale strokes or heart attacks increases tenfold. The drug is also extremely toxic to the brain. Dr. Nora Volkow, a psychiatrist at Brookhaven National Laboratory, has found brain damage among frequent users that resembles an early stage of Parkinson's disease. Although some recovery occurs with abstinence, many of the subjects in her study had impaired verbal and motor skills and degradation to areas of the brain associated with feelings of euphoria. "People are taking it to feel good but they're actually destroying their ability to feel pleasure," she said. "It's like selling your soul to the devil."

Public health officials say the drug is particularly dangerous for H.I.V.-positive men, who often begin ignoring their complex schedule of medications. Dr. Antonio E. Urbina, an internist at St. Vincent's Manhattan Hospital, said missing even a few doses can open the door to increased viral replication and even mutations that resist the existing AIDS drugs. He and other medical professionals say they fear that the drug will help spawn these so-called super viruses and, over time, encourage their spread to others high on crystal.

Eric Martin and other meth users say they expect their meetings to grow more crowded. More than 40 people, showed up for the meeting last Tuesday night, "Suicide Tuesday," as Mr. Martin calls it, the day when a weekend of partying comes to a crashing end.

After John gave an account of his destructive dance with crystal, a dozen other men, identified by first names only, took turns announcing their tentative triumphs. Then Craig raised his hand. Jittery and gaunt, he described a weekend lost in drugs and unsafe sex. The worst part, he said, was lying to his mother. "I feel like I'm trapped in a downward spiral and I don't know how to get out," he said.

Many of the men winced. Others looked at their feet. Everyone seemed to understand what he was going through, but in the end, there was nothing anyone could say.

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

**Load-Date:** January 29, 2002

**End of Document**



[***BRITAIN'S JOBLESS: LITTLE SUFFERING***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-N9K0-0009-21C2-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 27, 1982, Saturday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1982 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 1; Page 35, Column 1; Financial Desk

**Length:** 964 words

**Byline:** By STEVEN RATTNER, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** ACOCKS GREEN, England

**Body**

In this troubled country of nearly 14 percent unemployment, the jobless are discovering the true value of the phrase ''welfare state.''

Thanks to Government social programs, most of the unemployed have been able to maintain nearly the same living standards they had when working.

For Britain as a whole, purchases by individuals and families have risen over the past three years, despite the deepest recession since the 1930's, and, according to retailers, sales have also been strong here in the Birmingham area, where 17.5 percent of the population is without a job.

Other signs of the financial ravages of unemployment are similarly hard to detect. No families are known to have been turned out of their homes or to have had to sell their possessions.

ACOCKS GREEN, England - In this troubled country of nearly 14 percent unemployment, the jobless are discovering the true value of the phrase ''welfare state.''

''I don't think there's any real suffering,'' said Frank Ashford, an official at the Department of Health and Social Security in Birmingham. ''When they become unemployed their money drops somewhat but their style of life doesn't.''

That is borne out by the experience of those laid off in this small ***working-class*** community a few miles outside Birmingham. Take Tom Walker, for example, a voluble 52-year-old electrician who lost his job, he says, because his employer of 12 years failed to recognize that chrome automobile bumpers had been succeeded by soft black bumpers.

Out of work for 29 months, Mr. Walker said he had not suffered much - at least not yet - largely as a result of what is officially known as the ''safety net'' but what is more popularly called the ''dole.'' He left his job with a $12,000 tax-free ''redundancy payment,'' considerably more than his annual salary of $10,300 before taxes. Some of the money went to pay off the $3,000 mortgage on his trim, attached house, now worth $34,500. But the Walkers also used the cash to buy a car, a color television, a bed and a home beer-brewing kit.

The Walker family - which includes his wife, Kay; an 11-year-old son, Paul, and two grown children -also immediately began receiving payments of $81 a week. His take-home pay had been about $148 a week, but because the Walkers no longer have a mortgage expense, the difference is not quite so large.

Health Benefits Expanded

In addition, families like the Walkers receive expanded benefits from Government programs such as the National Health Service, which for the unemployed pays for dental as well as medical treatment. With one child at home, the Walkers also receive $9 a week in family allowance.

So numerous are the Government's various assistance programs that it issues a booklet called Which Benefit? 60 Ways to Get Cash Help. And for all of Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher's efforts to reduce Britain's social spending, benefits for families like the Walkers have risen faster than inflation since she took office.

The Walkers say that, all told, their standard of living has been only modestly affected. Last summer, for the first time, they did without a vacation trip. Mrs. Walker has given up the hairdresser. Less meat appears on their table.

''It's only this year that we're beginning to feel hard-up,'' Mrs. Walker said as she and her husband sat in their simply furnished green living room, decorated with religious ornaments.

The experience of the Walkers is largely mirrored by that of the Ivan Jacksons, who live with their two young children about a mile away in a small house on a tree-lined cul-de-sac. Mr. Jackson, a soft-spoken 37-year-old administration manager for a building supplies concern, lost his job eight months ago and, because of his short tenure in the job, did not receive a redundancy payment.

But the Jacksons' benefit of $122 a week is closer to Mr. Jackson's take-home pay of $160 a week than is Mr. Walker's, and like the Walkers, the Jacksons have had to make only modest changes in their way of living, such as forgoing cake and records.

Special Price for Theater

''We never went out a great deal before, but we never go out at all now,'' said Mr. Jackson's wife, Marilyn. ''The last couple of months things have been getting tighter.'' But Mr. Jackson, who loves the theater, can still go as a result of a special $1.70 ticket on Thursday afternoons for unemployed workers.

Mr. Jackson, who has remained a staunch supporter of the Conservative Government, spends his days doing volunteer work at his church, helping his wife around the house and applying for the occasional job that seems promising.

''The working day gets shorter,'' he said, as classical music played quietly in the background. ''I can't really say I've had many days of boredom.''

Both Mr. Walker and Mr. Jackson say they would like a full-time job but they have powerful reasons for not taking part-time or modestly paying work: The families would lose their Government support just about as quickly as other earnings were brought in.

''Some workers in their 40's, particularly those with large families, can't be better off by going back to work,'' Mr. Ashford said. ''They have no hope of earning any more than they get from the state so who can blame them for not working?''

Even for those who could do better financially with a job, the social benefits can forestall drastic steps, such as moving to a different part of the country. Both Mr. Walker and Mr. Jackson said they would not be inclined to move to the south of England, where unemployment is only one-third as high, in part because they believe the higher cost of living there would consume the higher income from a job.

For other families, financial survival is also assisted by continual turnover in the jobless pool. On average, a laid-off worker is without a job for about six months.

**Graphic**

Illustrations: Photo of Evan Jackson and wife, Marilyn

**End of Document**



[***Rearranging the Tables in Washington: Chefs Settle Down In 'the Real D.C.' - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4VCF-6VD0-TW8F-G1KR-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 14, 2009 Wednesday

Late Edition - Final

**Correction Appended**



Copyright 2009 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section D; Column 0; Dining In, Dining Out / Style Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1738 words

**Byline:** By KIM SEVERSON

**Dateline:** WASHINGTON

**Body**

GILLIAN CLARK calls fried chicken the curse of the black chef.

Ms. Clark's parents are from Panama. She graduated from a Long Island, N.Y., high school. She enrolled in a French-influenced cooking school and was first taught by French chefs. But whenever she opens a restaurant, people want her to fry some chicken.

''I'd be more at home making knish,'' she said.

But like politics, relationships and neighborhoods, cooks change.

Later this year, Ms. Clark plans to open Georgia Street Meeting House in her ***working-class*** neighborhood in Northwest Washington. The menu will be unabashedly Southern, in the style of the late Edna Lewis, with lard pie crusts and whole roast pigs at formal Sunday suppers.

Recently, Ms. Clark realized that she could draw a line connecting her West Indian ancestors with America's Deep South and the earliest African-American residents of this city, where she has lived for nearly 25 years. That Ms. Clark's new place is on a street she was once afraid to walk on after dark is a sign of another kind of change, too.

In Petworth, Columbia Heights, the U Street district and even the dicier parts of North Capitol Hill, a little restaurant revival is under way. Washington neighborhoods that for years were considered too dangerous or too poor for a viable sit-down restaurant are suddenly entertaining quite a few.

Some places, like Ms. Clark's ode to Southern food in Petworth and the pan-Latin Rumberos in Columbia Heights, reflect the flavor of their neighborhoods. Others could open just about anywhere, but they all are part of a renewed excitement among the segment of this city that doesn't wash in and out with each new administration.

''It's such an interesting time for the real D.C., because for years there has been a whole lot of nothing going on,'' Ms. Clark said.

You could trace the roots of the revival in part to developers who in the late 1990s took advantage of city-led urban renewal projects and began investing in neighborhoods that had been torn by riots, drugs and civic inattention.

In the ensuing years, Washington's population began growing instead of shrinking, and crime rates started to drop. But lately, something has been going on that is harder to quantify.

''For the past two or three years, you kind of feel this energy, this current, going through D.C.,'' said Neil Glick, who for eight years has served as the advisory neighborhood commissioner for Capitol Hill East. ''It's really kind of a hip place to be. Suburbia is dead.''

Diane Gross and her husband, Khalid Pitts, just wanted to live, work and eat out in their neighborhood, which bridges Logan Circle and U Street.

Initially, their brokers didn't get it. ''When we were looking for a space, they all wanted to show us the Hill,'' Ms. Gross said.

A year ago, they opened Cork Wine Bar. ''One thing we've been most surprised and delighted by is the diversity,'' Ms. Gross said. That not only means black eating next to white, but gay next to straight and young next to old. Ms. Gross, who is white, is a former civil rights lawyer. Mr. Pitts, who is black, directs legislative and issue campaigns for a labor union. They were looking to create a comfortable neighborhood place where all kinds of people could mix.

The place is all tin ceilings, bare wood tables and votive candles. The Eurocentric wine list features more than 40 wines by the glass; the chef, Ron Tanaka, prepares food like braised lamb shank set over flageolet beans and topped with Japanese eggplant chips.

Cork is riding the recent comeback of the nearby U Street district in the Shaw neighborhood. Long the cultural center for many in the city's African-American community, U Street went into economic free fall in the 1970s and '80s. By the late 1990s, business started to re-emerge in fits and starts. Now, dozens of clubs and restaurants stay open late, pulling crowds from all over town and even the suburbs.

One of those places is Marvin, which opened in the fall of 2007 as an homage to the singer Marvin Gaye, who grew up in a public housing project in Southeast Washington. The bar upstairs has a cool, P. M. Dawn feeling during the week and is too packed to move in on the weekends. Downstairs, where a huge folk art image of Mr. Gaye dominates one wall, the restaurant feels like a stylish American speakeasy.

The menu blends dressed-up country dishes like liver and onions (a well-seared slice of foie gras with caramelized Vidalia onions for $17) with moules frites (five versions, $16).

Just a few blocks away on U Street, Warren Brown opened his bakery, Cake Love, in 2002. ''No one was really doing much around me then,'' he said. But things took off fast. He has since opened five other retail locations in the greater Washington area and a cafe in Dupont Circle.

Ms. Clark, a veteran of seven restaurant openings, knows there is great opportunity in being an urban pioneer. For seven years, she ran the tiny Colorado Kitchen in Brightwood, a predominantly black neighborhood in the far northern reaches of the city. It was, she said, the first sit-down restaurant the area had seen in 20 years. Before she closed it last summer, she would see young tattooed emo-rockers sitting next to well-dressed church ladies, everyone enjoying the fresh donuts and cornflake-crusted pork chops.

She is about to open a restaurant called the General Store in Silver Spring, Md., and another spot called Avenue Oven in Takoma Park, a neighborhood on the Maryland border. But Ms. Clark sees the most potential in areas that are emerging from decades of high crime and neglect, like Petworth.

One good way to see the changes around Washington is to jump in Ms. Clark's car for a tour, which I did last week. She starts out with a stop at Columbia Heights Coffee. Five years ago, Ms. Clark said, good espresso from a La Cimbali machine was unimaginable in this neighborhood.

Columbia Heights, which is north of U Street and borders Howard University, was decimated by riots in 1968. Thirty years later, the city led a development project that brought a new Metro stop, the renovation of a 1920s theater and several stores and restaurants.

Ann Cashion, a chef who has helped start many food careers in Washington, including Ms. Clark's, lives there. The neighborhood, she said, ''is truly still black, Latino and Caucasian in almost equal measure, despite the introduction of lots of new housing and D.C.'s only Target and Bed Bath & Beyond.''

A short drive north is Petworth, where Ms. Clark has lived for a decade.

At the neighborhood's main intersection, the smell of grilling jerk chicken from Sweet Mango drifted over to the construction site that will be home to her Georgia Street Meeting House, a 4,000-square-foot restaurant she hopes to have open by late fall. Condos are being built on the top floors of the development, which will also house a new Metro entrance.

Neighbors, who have watched the open-air drug and prostitute markets go away and home values rise, are looking forward to the development, said Dan Silverman, who writes a blog called the Prince of Petworth. ''For sure people are excited because for many years in this neighborhood and Columbia Heights there were not options except take-out Chinese,'' he said.

A restaurant revival is also happening on H Street, so Ms. Clark pointed the car toward an even tougher neighborhood, bouncing over a few dozen blocks of rough asphalt northeast of the Capitol. Some people call it the Atlas District, others call it lower Capitol Hill and still others say it is Trinidad. The area had 22 killings in 2008.

''I don't care what you call it, it's still the 'hood,'' Ms. Clark said.

Still, new places to eat and drink are popping up among the barbershops, boarded-up corner stores and well-worn seafood carry-outs.

Joe Englert, a local developer who has opened dozens of clubs and restaurants over the years, bought up a bunch of vacant buildings a few years ago and began rolling out a series of eclectic restaurants and clubs. One of the most successful is Granville Moore's, where people line up on weekend nights to work through big, steaming bowls of large mussels simmered with bacon and wine, and dip perfect hot fries into curry mayonnaise. The place also has what might be the best Belgian beer list in the district.

The restaurant was named after an African-American doctor who worked and lived in the building in the '40s. The first floor felt like a Belgian tavern. Upstairs, old coolers held the beer and people huddled on bar stools. Eating there feels (not unpleasantly) like being part of a secret club that meets at night in an unfinished attic.

Ms. Cashion calls H Street ''a kind of post racial Georgetown, as it once was before the national retailers staked their claims there.'' She's consulting on the Mexican menu for the H Street Country Club, which is supposed to open in February. It will feature an irony-laden miniature golf course that requires putters to work through the swinging briefcases of K Street lawyers and shoot around Marion Barry, the former mayor and councilman.

''The D.C. culture has evolved now to a point where we can be proud of it,'' said Lee T. Wheeler, the artist who designed the course.

The most daring bit of expansion Ms. Clark has planned is in an area that might make H Street seem tame. She has signed a letter of intent to buy a shuttered restaurant called the Chef's Table in the Benning Heights neighborhood across the Anacostia River.

She was convinced a Southern-style meat-and-three restaurant could work after she saw the Denny's parking lot across the street jammed with cars at 11 a.m. on a weekday. It was the only restaurant with table service around. ''People won't open things down there because they think, 'those people don't go out to eat,' '' she said. ''So why is the Denny's so packed you can't even get into the parking lot?''

All the changes in Washington are not without challenges. Bloggers, some city officials and longtime residents worry about the people who get priced out of gentrified neighborhoods. There is grumbling about chain stores that threaten to paint over neighborhoods with a Starbucksian sheen. And no one knows whether the economic downturn will stop the restaurant revival cold.

''The thing I keep in mind is that D.C. is looking good,'' Ms. Clark said. ''We all feel like the sun is shining on us, finally.''

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

**Correction**

An article last Wednesday about Washington neighborhoods where a number of restaurants have recently opened misspelled part of the name of a neighborhood. It is North Capitol Hill, not North Capital Hill. The article also misstated the name of a restaurant. It is Georgia Avenue Meeting House, not Georgia Street Meeting House.

**Correction-Date:** January 21, 2009

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: AT THE CORNER OF THEN AND NOW: The restaurant Marvin, at 14th and U Streets in Washington, has an image of Marvin Gaye inside, and one of President-elect Obama outside. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD PERRY/THE NEW YORK TIMES

TONY CENICOLA/THE NEW YORK TIMES) (pg.D1)

HUNGRY TOWN: Clockwise from top left: Khalid Pitts and Diane Gross own Cork, where they serve a brioche sandwich with egg

the interior of the restaurant Marvin

Gillian Clark at the site that will be her Georgia Street Meeting House restaurant

goat curry and jerk chicken at Sweet Mango Cafe, below left. On the map: dining destinations. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD PERRY/THE NEW YORK TIMES) (pg.D9) MAP: Washington, D.C.

**Load-Date:** January 14, 2009

**End of Document**



[***U.S.S.R. TURNS 60, BUT SOME 'FRIENDS' WILL SKIP THE PARTY***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-N310-0009-23V8-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 19, 1982, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1982 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 4; Page 5, Column 1; Week in Review Desk

**Length:** 1181 words

**Byline:** By SERGE SCHMEMANN

**Dateline:** MOSCOW

**Body**

There was a time when the curse of ''revisionism'' or ''opportunism'' levied at Tito or Mao sent shudders through the world of Communism. Emanating from the Kremlin, the bastion of Marxism-Leninism, the capital of the first socialist state, they amounted to a threat of excommunication from the ranks of history's vanguard. Nowadays, revisionism, opportunism and the other swearwords of intra-Communist haggling fly freely from Moscow, Peking, the capitals of Eurocommunism and 100-odd other Communist parties, with little evident impact.

To Western ears, disputes over Marxist dogma evoke images of idealists of the 1920's and 1930's and seem to have little relevance to the ailing economies and aging Communist oligarchies of today. But disputes over doctrine can be critical in a disparate movement whose ideology purports to be scientific and universal. Just as debates over theological shadings masked great divisions in medieval history, disputes over dogma often have been critical tests for Moscow. Even the sharpest disputes among ''fraternal parties'' are often concealed behind rituals of public unity. Thus only the Albanians were conspicuously absent from Leonid I. Brezhnev's funeral, although they were invited. And party chiefs took precedence over Government leaders (enabling Gus Hall, the American party leader, to meet Yuri V. Andropov before Vice President Bush did). The Communist chieftains are expected to return Tuesday to celebrate the 60th anniversary of the Soviet state. But behind such appearences of unity, the picture is far different. Even Marxist rallying cries such as ''proletarian internationalism'' and ''dictatorship of the proletariat'' have been effectively dropped from Communist lexicons outside the Soviet bloc.

Serge Schmemann comment discusses USSR's dwindling influence with other European Communist governments

Party leaders in Western Europe now routinely denounce Moscow for its actions in Afghanistan or Poland. The Spanish Communists have even questioned whether the Soviet Union is a socialist state at all. Since World War II, the Russians have fought a plodding rearguard action against independent-minded parties. They have used force when available, as in Hungary and Czechoslovakia, and threats, harangues and reluctant retreats where force could not prevail - as in Western Europe, Yugoslavia and Rumania.

60 Years of Intolerance

During 60 years in power, Lenin and his heirs have remained consistently intolerant - purging old Bolsheviks, repressing dissidents, keeping iron control over information, suppressing independent workers in Poland. The Kremlin rulers' claim to legitimacy rests largely on their pretensions as successors to Marx and Lenin, sole arbiters of the ''science'' of Marxism-Leninism and ordained keepers of orthodoxy. When Enrico Berlinguer of the Italian party asserts that ''dictatorship of the proletariat'' is obsolete, Soviet legitimacy is seriously undermined.

Then there is the Soviet obsession with security. From this comes the unspoken tenet that the first duty of every foreign party is not necessarily revolution or the interest of the ***working class***, but the security and strength of the Soviet state. Moscow's simple credo is: You're either with us, totally, or with the imperialists. The position was dramatically applied against Solidarity in Poland and in the furious flailings at the Italian Communists when they reached for ''historical compromise'' with those in power.

But for all its ardor, Moscow's struggle to maintain control has been inept, marked by bungled efforts to manipulate conferences and to influence independent parties and unwavering refusal to adapt to change. Even its victories have often proved pyrrhic. Thus, to win West European support against China, Moscow allowed a measure of autonomy that sowed the seeds of Eurocommunism. Supression of reform in Czechoslovakia and Poland forced Western parties to disassociate themselves from the Kremlin simply to maintain credibility. And Mr. Brezhnev's long struggle to bring the parties together for a European summit in 1976 only resulted in even greater independence for the Eurocommunists. Instead of the resounding endorsement of Kremlin primacy that Mr. Brezhnev's lieutenants had hoped to orchestrate, the Yugoslavs, Romanians, Italians and Spanish succeeded in deleting any special status for the Soviet party from the final document. Adding insult to injury, they then disdained even to sign it. Moscow has been on the defensive ever since. The Kremlin's proconsuls to the movement -Boris N. Ponomarev for non-bloc parties and Konstantin V. Rusakov for the Warsaw Pact allies - have been reduced from influential bearers of the true word to harried defenders of the Soviet system and policies, especialy in Afghanistan and Poland.

How Mr. Andropov intends to assert Moscow's role in world Communism is so far unclear. In his most recent ideological address, eight months before he came to power, Mr. Andropov said that Marxism-Leninism is ''intolerant of all stagnation.'' But he also assailed any form of political ''pluralism'' and insisted that, while some adaptation of socialism to local conditions is fine, ''its essence is one.'' Evidence is accumulating that Mr. Andropov intends to retain the role of senior ideologist, a function Mr. Brezhnev left to Mikhail A. Suslov, even though Mr. Suslov's office was officially given to Konstantin U. Chernenko, Mr. Andropov's defeated rival for power.

The issue is not whether Mr. Andropov will bring world Communism under Moscow's suzerainty, but whether he will recognize that the movement has become as varied and fickle as the number of parties in it, and is likely to become more so. French Communists and Italian Communists are likely to remain as different from each other as Frenchmen and Italians and even Finland's tiny community of Communists has split. In the Soviet bloc, differences have become pronounced. Poland's party has effectively disintegrated; Romania's party is as Stalinist at home as it is independent abroad, and the Hungarians have swapped ideological fealty to Moscow for a measure of economic freedom. Cuba's Fidel Castro, often depicted in the West as Moscow's hired gun, entertains pretensions to an independent role among nonaligned or ''progressive'' nations.

Mr. Andropov may bow to reality and formally recognize the separate identities of the many parties, a move that could restore at least a semblance of surface unity. Moscow's opening to China, if it leads to reconciliation, could give powerful impetus to healing other rifts. But the centrifugal forces remain formidable, especially against reconstitution of anything resembling the Comintern disbanded by Stalin at the start of World War II. Russia's perception of anyone outside its orbit as threatening is unlikely to wane. And the West European parties are not likely to feel drawn toward Moscow as long as Stalinism remains an unexpunged legacy of Soviet Communism and the Soviet economy continues to provide an eloquent witness against the efficacy of the Soviet system.

**End of Document**



[***ELECTION RESULTS IN GREECE REFLECT DISCONTENT WITH SOCIALIST REGIME***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-NRK0-0009-21ST-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 18, 1982, Monday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1982 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Page 1, Column 4; Foreign Desk

**Length:** 1140 words

**Byline:** By MARVINE HOWE, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** ATHENS, Monday, Oct. 18

**Body**

Greece's governing Socialist party appeared to have lost ground to the right and to the left in urban areas in the first round of municipal elections Sunday.

Substantial but incomplete returns in Athens and other major cities seemed to reflect some voter disenchantment with the Government of Prime Minister Andreas Papandreou.

The losses for the Socialists mean that they will be forced to depend heavily on Communist support in a runoff poll next Sunday since most of the candidates in urban areas did not win the required 51 percent.

Athens Mayor Falls Behind

In Athens, generally a mirror of nationwide opinion, the conservative candidate, Tzanis Tzannetakis, took an early lead over the incumbent Socialist Mayor, Dimitrios Beis, with the Communists running third. If the Communists support the Socialist candidate in the second round, as has been the practice, Mayor Beis would be reelected.

ATHENS, Monday, Oct. 18 - Greece's governing Socialist party appeared to have lost ground to the right and to the left in urban areas in the first round of municipal elections Sunday.

Early this morning, leaders of the three main parties were claiming victory. Mr. Papandreou, clearly counting on Communist support in next week's runoff, spoke of ''a massive victory for the forces of change.''

''In an overwhelming number of cases, the representatives of change have won,'' he declared. ''True in some big cities the battle is continuing but the right will be completely crushed next week.''

Right Claims 'Significant Gains'

The conservative opposition leader, former Defense Minister Evanghelos Averoff-Tositsas, said there had been ''significant gains'' for New Democracy.

The Communist Party leader, Harilaos Florakis, stressed that the ''forces of change'' were successful where ''democratic forces'' cooperated, a reference to the alliances between Socialist and Communist candidates in the countryside.

Nevertheless, the partial returns clearly showed a degree of dissatisfaction with the Papandreou Government, which came to power one year ago on a program of radical reform but so far has made only moderate changes while it has been unable to resolve the deepening economic crisis.

Initial returns showed candidates backed by the conservative New Democracy party ahead in Greece's three major cities, with the Socialists second and the Communists third. In smaller towns and villages, a number of Socialist candidates who ran with Communist support won on the first round. Elsewhere the races were close between Mr. Papandreou's Panhellenic Socialist Movement and New Democracy.

At midnight local time, the Athens vote showed New Democracy with 38.5 percent of the vote, the Socialists with 38 percent, and the Communists with 18.7 percent. The voting in Athens in last year's parliamentary election was: Socialists 44.24 percent, New Democracy 34.42 percent and Communists 12.63 percent.

The Socialist losses appeared even greater in the two other main cities, Salonika and Piraeus. Initial results in Salonika showed New Democracy with 40.8 percent, the Socialists with 34.3 percent and the Communists with 23.5 percent. In Piraeus, a right-wing candidate backed by New Democracy was leading with 41.7 percent while the Socialist candidate had 37.1 percent and the Communist 15.8 percent.

In the fourth city, the industrial port of Patras, the Socialists were in the lead with 42 percent, with the Communists polling 30 percent and New Democracy 28 percent.

New Democracy rejoiced over its gains Sunday night and the party issued a statement calling the vote ''a disaster'' for the Socialists.

A Verdict on Socialism

Although the campaign has turned around such local issues as pollution and traffic control, the election was the first nationwide poll since the Socialists came to power and was therefore seen as a public verdict on the first year of socialism.

Prime Minister Papandreou acknowledged that while the election was a local one it would be ''relevant to the way people view the Government'' and pointed out that traditionally Greek governments do not fare well in midterm elections.

''If we maintain our strength of the last national elections, I would say this is a great victory,'' Mr. Papandreou said in an interview Friday. He discounted possible gains by the right, suggesting the main threat would come from the Communists.

The Prime Minister said that if the Communists made big gains it would be because ''the economic interests of the voters have not been adequately served.''

Greek political analysts saw the vote as a warning to the Government to come to grips with economic problems. Unemployment now stands at 8 percent, double the rate of last year under the previous New Democracy government. Inflation continues high, production has dropped, investments are stagnant and the incomes policy has not worked.

In treading a middle-of-the-road course between its radical aims and hard realities, the Socialist Government has apparently stirred dissatisfaction on all sides. The left criticizes it for ''abandoning'' its election pledges to close down the United States bases, pull out of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization and the Common Market and socialize key sectors of the economy. Conservatives on the other hand openly denounce the Government's radical labor laws and its failure to define its economic policy.

'Electoral Maneuver' Charged

In what appeared to be a late bid for conservative and center support, Mr. Papandreou came out early last week in support of the re-election of President Constantine Caramanlis, founder of New Democracy, whose term ends in 1985. The present New Democracy leader, Evanghelos Averoff-Tositsas, accused Mr. Papandreou of ''an electoral maneuver'' and asked why he had not spoken out for Mr. Caramanlis before the election campaign.

In the ***working-class*** suburb of Kesariani, many voters said they were voting for the incumbent Communist Mayor, Panayiotis Makris, ''because he is the best man.'' But a shopkeeper said, ''What people will be saying is how they feel about the Socialist Government.''

Dr. Kirk Pasalis, a neurosurgeon who has worked in Mount Sinai Hospital in New York City and the University of Buffalo, voted in the upper-class district of Kolonaki, a New Democracy stronghold. He said he had voted for Mayor Beis, the Socialist, because he hoped the Socialists would bring about needed reforms and modernization, particularly of the education system.

''Everybody is really voting for a party and it's too bad because they should be voting for the best administrators,'' Constantine Poulis, an employee of the state telephone company, said at a voting place in the lower-middle-class district of Pangrati. ''It will be a judgment of the Government and there's always a drop in the popularity of the ruling party because governments please some people and sadden others.''

**End of Document**



[***THE TRANSITION: Reconciliation;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-72G0-000P-21NT-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Bush and Clinton Proclaim End to the Election's Rancor***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-72G0-000P-21NT-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 19, 1992, Thursday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1992 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** National Desk

**Section:** Section A;; Section A; Page 22; Column 5; National Desk; Column 5;

**Length:** 1194 words

**Byline:** By GWEN IFILL,

By GWEN IFILL,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** WASHINGTON, Nov. 18

**Body**

President Bush and his successor, President-elect Bill Clinton, today declared a peaceful end to a rancorous campaign year, smiling, shaking hands and chatting about world and domestic affairs at the White House.

Sweeping noisily into Washington for the first time since the election, Mr. Clinton moved swiftly from the grandeur of the White House to the proletarian bustle of Georgia Avenue, from cocktails with a Washington interest group to dinner with the Washington elite.

Mr. Clinton's wife, Hillary, gave a speech at the reception for the Children's Defense Fund. Mrs. Clinton is to receive her own tour of the White House on Thursday and is examining a list of schools for their 12-year-old daughter, Chelsea.

Focus on Foreign Affairs

Mr. Clinton later described his meeting with Mr. Bush as "terrific" and told reporters the President "was very helpful."

"He gave me the benefit of his thinking on a lot of things," Mr. Clinton said.

According to accounts provided by both Mr. Clinton and by the White House, the discussion focused more on Mr. Bush's favorite subject, foreign affairs, than on Mr. Clinton's preferred turf, domestic concerns. Both men then walked into the Roosevelt Room at the White House to meet with their transition staffs.

"We talked about a couple of domestic issues," he said. "We talked about more than a dozen actual and potential trouble spots in the world."

Mr. Clinton said he and the President discussed Bosnia, Somalia and the republics of the former Soviet Union, and that they also talked about the North American Free Trade Agreement "in general terms."

"He gave me a lot of insight," Mr. Clinton said.

Moments of Awkwardness

There were warm words but also, perhaps inevitably from men who just finished calling each other bozos and hypocrites, there was some awkwardness.

Mr. Bush strode into the driveway to greet Mr. Clinton as he emerged from his limousine, and the two men posed for pictures before disappearing inside.

Even as the President put the best possible face on his first public task related to the imminent transfer of power, some of his White House aides were less happy with the whole ceremony, greeting the Clinton aides who accompanied the President-elect with what one Bush assistant described as "bare civility."

"Bush is being O.K. about it," one official said, describing the strain behind the smiles. "The fishing trip helped. But the President basically still believes he's the better man for the job. And if you still think you're better than someone and more competent and capable than someone, it's awfully hard to show him around the White House."

Some of the awkwardness spilled over onto the White House lawn, where Bush aides began herding reporters back indoors after they began interviewing Mr. Clinton's spokeswoman, Dee Dee Myers.

Several transition aides to both Mr. Clinton and Mr. Bush met at the White House today as well. Andrew H. Card Jr., the Secretary of Transportation; Chase G. Untermeyer, who headed the personnel operation under Mr. Bush, and Robert B. Zoellick, a White House official, represented Mr. Bush.

Mr. Clinton's representatives were Vernon E. Jordan and Warren M. Christopher, who are heading his transition team, as well as Alexis M. Herman of the Democratic National Committee and Mark D. Gearan, a senior Clinton adviser.

3 Transition Phases

Marlin Fitzwater, Mr. Bush's spokesman, said the transition would have three phases: establishing an office for the President in Houston, transferring authority to the incoming Clinton Administration and overseeing the transport of Presidential papers to the National Archives or a new Presidential library.

Mr. Clinton said today that he made one request of the President. He said he asked him to speed up the release of regulations governing the states' ability to bill the Government for reimbursement under the Medicaid program. State officials have long complained that the process is too cumbersome and drains state coffers unneccessarily.

Ms. Myers said Mr. Clinton, who has had his share of troubles on the subject as Governor of Arkansas, secured the President's commitment to release a new set of guidelines next week.

Speech by Mrs. Clinton

Mrs. Clinton also made her first official foray into post-election Washington tonight, calling for a renewed commitment to programs for children and youth in her speech at the reception for the Children's Defense Fund .

"All of us have to recognize that we owe our children more than we have been giving to them," said Mrs. Clinton, who serves on the board of the defense fund. "We need to begin paying back to them in the ways that count for children."

Mr. Clinton accompanied his wife to the reception but did not speak.

Like her husband has done in recent weeks, Mrs. Clinton adopted a tone that was far more sober and Presidential than the one that marked their appearances in the campaign. Avoiding any new ground, she instead praised the five students who received awards at the reception at the ornate National Building Museum.

"There is a role for each of us -- as there is for every adult in this country -- to do better for our children and our youth," Mrs. Clinton said. "We have not done what we should have done. It is not just a problem for us as political citizens, but a problem for us as human beings."

Walk in City

Mr. Clinton, moving this afternoon from the White House to Georgia Avenue in a ***working-class*** neighborhood of small businesses and single-family homes, walked the street from storefront to storefront with a cadre of local officials. He reveled in questions on the domestic issues that are closest to his heart.

He was accompanied by Mayor Sharon Pratt Kelly, Eleanor Holmes Norton, the District of Columbia's nonvoting delegate in the House of Representatives, and a half-dozen members of the District Council. The Rev. Jesse Jackson, who was elected to serve as a "shadow senator" for the District of Columbia, was not present.

Mr. Clinton told a woman in the crowd, however, that he had spoken to Mr. Jackson Tuesday night and that Mr. Jackson had recommended that he see the new movie "Malcolm X."

Along the way, he also reiterated his support for granting statehood to the District of Columbia. "I was for it early and I'm still for it," he said.

And he attempted to reassure the hundreds of people who came out to see him that his visit to the neighborhood was more than symbolic.

"I expect to be out in the city a lot," he said.

At the White House, Mr. Clinton's visit was not the day's chief concern, but remnants of the bitter campaign still dominated the thinking. One Bush aide said most Administration officials were more preoccupied with the contents of the State Department inspector general's report on the search of Mr. Clinton's passport files than they were with Mr. Clinton's visit.

In other ways, it was difficult to discern where the campaign ended and the transition began today. Along Georgia Avenue, Mr. Clinton offered snippets of his standard stump speech in response to questions about crime, small-business development, health care and the value of shoe repair. "I run through shoes faster than anybody you know," he told a cobbler.

**Load-Date:** November 19, 1992

**End of Document**



[***Columbus Runs Into Storm in Boston***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-7C90-000P-232Y-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 11, 1992, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1992 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** National Desk

**Section:** Section 1;; Section 1; Page 18; Column 4; National Desk; Column 4;

**Length:** 1121 words

**Byline:** By FOX BUTTERFIELD

By FOX BUTTERFIELD

**Dateline:** BOSTON, Oct. 10

**Body**

Buddy Marino Cuozzo is the grand marshal of the Columbus Day parade on Monday in East Boston, a ***working-class***, predominantly Italian-American section, and he is bitter.

"We're Italian-Americans, and they've taken all our heroes away from us," Mr. Cuozzo said, sitting in his office in a battered old row house. First, he said, Frank Sinatra was vilified by the press; then Geraldine A. Ferraro was defeated after a spate of rumors that her husband was linked to the Mafia.

"Columbus is the last hero we have," Mr. Cuozzo said, clutching an unlighted cigar. "He discovered America. Why don't they leave the guy alone?"

Mr. Cuozzo is angry because on the eve of what is expected to be the largest parade in the history of East Boston, to celebrate the 500th anniversary of Columbus's arrival in the New World, a group of protesters, including some American Indians, have petitioned the Mayor's office for the right to join the parade. A flier put out by the group, Mr. Cuozzo said, shows a picture of Columbus beside an Indian with the caption "Which one is the savage?"

Bitterness of Debate

The debate over how to treat Columbus has been raging all across America in this year of his quincentenary jubilee. But it is particularly sharp in Boston, where ethnic passions are always near the surface and where the large university population often gives politics a liberal cast.

Moreover, Columbus Day has been long treated as a more serious holiday here than elsewhere in the country. It has been an official holiday in Boston since 1892, and a state holiday since 1910. Ten percent of Boston's 574,283 residents are of Italian descent, according to the 1990 census.

The state government, expecting a battle over Columbus Day this year, established an official commission to conduct what it hopes will be nonpartisan events, including a dinner for 15 of Massachusetts' Nobel Laureates under the theme of celebrating "discovery" in all its forms.

But the traditional Columbus Day festivities, like the East Boston parade, will go on, and so some groups, dissenting from the view of Columbus as a hero, have organized alternatives.

The Children's Museum in Boston, a determinedly multicultural institution, has sponsored an exhibit called "Columbus: Through Native Eyes," which suggests that the European discovery of America caused the death of 30 million Indians.

Weary of Glowing Praise

"Native people are tired of the story that Columbus was a great navigator who discovered the New World," said Linda Coombs, a member of the Wampanoag nation from Gay Head on Martha's Vineyard, who directs the museum's Native American program. "We didn't want Columbus Day this year to be the same old story, that native Americans didn't matter because they were savages and not Christians.

"What Columbus did was worse than the Holocaust," Ms. Coombs said. She added that the Children's Museum had not sought to participate in the Columbus Day parade, or to invite the parade's organizers to take part in their festivities.

"It would be like jumping in the lion's den," she said.

Getting American Indians to participate in any of the parades scheduled around the state has been very difficult, said Paula Mountain Spirit Whynot, a member of the state quincentenary commission who is descended from Sioux and Micmac Indians. The town of Milford invited groups of Indians to its parade, but they declined, she said.

"People don't understand why we're still angry about things that happened hundreds of years ago," Ms. Whynot said. "They don't understand our land was taken away from us and that it was our livelihood."

In 1492, 100,000 to 200,000 Indians lived in New England and New York State, said Russell Thornton, a professor of sociology and native American studies at Dartmouth College. By the time the Pilgrims arrived in the early 1600's, there were reports of abandoned Indian villages, indicating that Indians were already dying of disease imported by Europeans, especially smallpox, he said. The Indian population of the region was then further decimated by war and by the colonists' clear-cutting of forests for their farms.

Still, for 100 years in Boston, Columbus Day has been Columbus Day, a day to celebrate. And so on Monday, Gov. William F. Weld, the descendant of an early Yankee immigrant; Lieut. Gov. Paul Cellucci, of Italian ancestry, and Mayor Raymond L. Flynn, whose family came from Ireland, will march at the head of the parade in East Boston.

Columbus vs. Cortes

Mr. Cuozzo, the grand marshal, is visibly annoyed about the backlash against Columbus, the navigator from Genoa. "Columbus didn't take his sword out and stab people," he said.

"What did Cortes do?" the 68-year-old Mr. Cuozzo asked, of the Spanish explorer who conquered Mexico and decimated its Indian population. "What did they all do in those days? That's the way life was in those days."

Mr. Cuozzo was surrounded by half a dozen friends, like him all veterans of World War II. James Manganello, a retired lieutenant colonel in the Army, said the real blame for killing Indians should be placed on the pioneers who settled the West, along with the Army itself. "We took their lands away; Columbus didn't," he said.

Mr. Cuozzo is still unsure who the protest group, named Coalition 500, really is or what they will do if they get into the parade. He dismissed them as "idiots" and malcontented young liberals from Cambridge "who don't have to work for a living." They can participate, he said, if "they dress properly and don't carry any anti-Columbus signs."

The group's telephone was out of order and no information could be found about them.

A Symbol of Heritage

To Mr. Cuozzo, Columbus is more than a historical figure. He is a living part of his own Italian-American heritage. He recalled that when he was a boy and his immigrant parents spoke only Italian, he used to recite a poem about Columbus for them, in English, to show his mastery of the language of their new land. And he can still recite these lines:

*What shall we say when hope is gone?*

*You shall say, at break of day,*

*Sail on, sail on.*

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
|  |  |  |
|  | -------------------- |  |

Protest Cancels Denver Parade

DENVER, Oct. 10 (AP) -- A Columbus Day parade was called off minutes before it was to begin today to avoid a clash with hundreds of American Indians, an organizer said.

About 100 would-be marchers, many wearing Italian folk costumes, left their floats behind and walked a few blocks to the State Capitol, where a crowd of about 200 sang songs and listened to speeches.

After the cancellation, the American Indian Movement leader Russell Means led more than 500 supporters to a rally at Civic Center Park, where a mock burned-out Indian village had been erected.

There were no confrontations between the two groups.

**Load-Date:** October 11, 1992

**End of Document**



[***The Fresh Air Fund;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SNB-CS60-007F-G44R-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Giving Children Another Summer at Play***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SNB-CS60-007F-G44R-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 10, 1998, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1998 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Connecticut Weekly Desk

**Section:** Section 14CN; ; Section 14CN; Page 8; Column 3; Connecticut Weekly Desk ; Column 3;

**Length:** 1144 words

**Byline:** By KAREN BERMAN

By KAREN BERMAN

**Body**

SUMMERS were always bustling when Carol Rawlins was growing up on Cape Cod. In addition to her five siblings, the house was full of visitors -- cousins from Providence, R.I., neighbors, and always, always, children from New York City sent by the Fresh Air Fund. "My Mom was so kid-oriented; she felt somebody had to do it," Mrs. Rawlins recalled.

Her husband, Philip Rawlins, grew up in a busy, bustling household too, but in a very different locale. As a child in the South Bronx, he could have been a candidate for the Fresh Air Fund himself. It was not until he was 13 that his parents decided the city was becoming too dangerous, and they moved with their six children to the fresh air of Bloomfield.

"If there's anything that was amazing about my father," said Mr. Rawlins, it was that "he extracted us from that environment." And so, with Mrs. Rawlins's memories of how summer in the suburbs affected her Fresh Air Fund visitors, and Mr. Rawlins's recollections of the contrast between city and suburb, it seemed only natural for them to welcome Fresh Air Fund children to their home in Trumbull. "Some of it may have been driven by where I came from, but more, it is the sense of family," said Mr. Rawlins, a former insurance executive who is now a consultant. "And the whole concept of trying to give something back."

Mrs. Rawlins, also an insurance executive who volunteers as chairwoman of the program for the Trumbull area, says "It really gives kids a chance to see that the universe is wide open to them."

An independent, nonprofit agency, the Fresh Air Fund has been providing free summer vacations to city children since 1877. Each summer, nearly 10,000 children aged 6 to 18 from low-income families in New York City participate. In 1997, nearly 6,100 youngsters spent at least two weeks with host families in 13 states and Canada, and another 3,000 attended the five Fresh Air Fund camps in Fishkill, N.Y. There is a year-round camping program for 1,000 teenagers each year.

Connecticut families were host to 400 youngsters last summer, up by 100 from the year before. Two of those children are 15-year-old Alia Layne of the Bronx and 13-year-old Jamil Ali of Brooklyn, both of whom have become members of the Rawlins's extended family.

Alia, also known as A.J., has been with the Rawlins family, particularly their daughter, Paige, since she was 7 years old.

"In the beginning, I went along with it," said 12-year-old Paige, a seventh grader. "In time, I grew to have another best friend. She's like a part-time sister to me."

The two talk on the phone, and for the past few years Alia's visits have extended well beyond the program's official two weeks to include the entire summer, as well as part of her Christmas vacation. Over the years, she has gone with the family on trips to Cape Cod, Disney World and Marco Island. One year, her younger brother joined her for a Christmas trip to Connecticut.

"We've become close with her family," explained Mr. Rawlins. "We talk about her and are concerned about her as if she was a daughter."

"We're like aunt and uncle," said Mrs. Rawlins.

Bien King, Alia's mother, agreed. "It's just been a phenomenal relationship," said Ms. King, a legal secretary. "I've had dinner there. They've been to my home several times. I know she's in good hands. After she came back the first time, I didn't worry about her any more than I would worry if she had been with my brother or sister."

Ms. King, who has six other children, several of whom have taken part in Fresh Air Fund programs, remarks on the ease and closeness of her daughter's relationship with the Rawlins family. "We live in the projects in the Bronx, but she's been doing this so long she's totally comfortable," she said. "I was a Fresh Air Fund child myself and I know that 'click' doesn't always happen."

Alia herself is enthusiastic about the program. "It's a lot more fun than staying in the city," said the high school sophomore. "I get to see other places and meet other people." She won't be visiting the Rawlins family during the official Fresh Air vacation this year due to a summer school conflict, but she will probably go later in the summer.

Jamil is a more recent addition to the household. A Fresh Air child since he was 6, he arrived at the Rawlins home several years ago, when the family he was originally assigned to had a crisis and couldn't take care of an extra child.

"He fell in love with Phil," Mrs. Rawlins recalled. "The chemistry hit."

Jamil listed "basketball, video games and walking the dog" as among his favorite activities. "For the first time, I have like a father-big brother helping me do things," he said.

His mother, Brenda Ali, is equally pleased with the program. "He loves going there," she said. "He can't wait to go. Phil is all he talks about; he doesn't have his father. I'm a single parent and basically struggling."

Ms. Ali, who works at a Head Start program in Far Rockaway, has sent all three of her sons to the suburbs via the Fresh Air Fund, and considers the program a lifesaver. "Carol and Phil have been excellent with my son. I know he's really being watched," she said.

She also speaks proudly of her eldest son, who is starting college, and she credits the Fresh Air Fund with enabling her children "to see the other side." "I want them to have things I didn't have," she added.

Although their life styles are very different, it's a sentiment that Carol and Philip Rawlins can relate to.

"We're from ***working-class*** families. We were both the first in our families to go to college. We've worked hard for everything we have," said Mr. Rawlins, who also serves on the boards of two Bridgeport-based youth groups.

Mr. Rawlins's father, Nathan Rawlins, lives with the couple, and he is also involved in the program. "I'm part of it," he said. "I do the sitting when they're not here. I answer all the telephone calls for the Fresh Air Fund when she's at work."

The telephone can become pretty busy in the spring, when Mrs. Rawlins lines up host families for the following summer. She's in charge of recruiting and screening participants for the Trumbull area, writing up profiles of the families (what ages their children are, whether they have animals) so that fund officials can match them with Fresh Air children, and then meeting the children at the bus for their trip to Connecticut.

She also offers new host families tips on what to expect.

"You have to look at them like they're your neighbors' kids. Sometimes they're really fun to have in the house and sometimes they're a pain. They're kids just like suburban kids. They need to know the rules of the house," she said. "Most people are looking for magic. It's there if you look for it."

Families interested in becoming hosts may call (800) 367-0003. Tax-deductible contributions may be sent to the Fresh Air Fund, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10018.

**Graphic**

Photos: Carol and Philip Rawlins with their daughter, Paige, in Trumbull on the eve of another Fresh Air Fund season. (Thomas McDonald for The New York Times); Jamil Ali of Brooklyn taking his ease in the Rawlins hammock. Alia Layne of the Bronx, right, celebrating Christmas with Paige.

**Load-Date:** May 10, 1998

**End of Document**



[***ART REVIEW;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3STC-SRW0-007F-G1SC-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Unexpected Vistas In Quilting by Men***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3STC-SRW0-007F-G1SC-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 29, 1998, Friday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1998 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Leisure/Weekend Desk

**Section:** Section E; ; Section E; Part 2; Page 35; Column 1; Leisure/Weekend Desk ; Part 2; ; Column 1; ; Review

**Length:** 1247 words

**Byline:** By HOLLAND COTTER

By HOLLAND COTTER

**Dateline:** WASHINGTON

**Body**

Back in 1991, the board of regents of the Smithsonian Institution in Washington unanimously approved the concept of a National African-American Museum, to open in the Arts and Industries building on the Mall. Legislation authorizing the museum was, however, repeatedly turned down in Congress, and the project as envisioned remains unrealized.

In 1995, resources that had been marshaled for the project were merged with those of an existing institution, a small neighborhood museum in the primarily black, ***working-class*** Anacostia section of southeast Washington. Called the Anacostia Museum and Center for African-American History and Culture, it was created by the Smithsonian in 1967 to give black American art a much-needed visibility and to help stabilize a vulnerable community during politically volatile times.

The Anacostia, in its expanded form under the direction of Steven Cameron Newsome, now has two locations. One is its original headquarters, recently refurbished, in the quiet residential area where the home of the abolitionist Frederick Douglass still stands. The other is a set of offices and galleries in the Arts and Industries Building.

Exhibitions are installed at both sites. (A traveling historical survey of sculpture by black women is at the gallery on the Mall.) But the neighborhood branch, though only four miles and a 10-minute car ride from the Mall, is a bit hard to find for first-time travelers.

It isn't on the city's subway line (though the W2 bus from the Anacostia stop takes you to the door). And a recent visitor trying to go by taxi from Union Station had to canvass three drivers before finding one who recognized the address.

But whatever the minor hassles, a trip to the Anacostia is amply rewarded by the exhibition "Man Made: African-American Men and Quilting Traditions." Organized by Gladys-Marie Fry, an art historian at the University of Maryland, it is one of those quiet, unspectacular shows that manages to open up unsuspected historical vistas.

The participation of men in "women's work" like quilting has only been glancingly acknowledged in scholarship, though this is beginning to change. Thanks in large part to the women's movement of the 1970's, once-firm hierarchical separations between fine art and crafts have relaxed. And increased attention both to non-Western cultures and identity politics in the 90's has produced new models for what constitutes gender-specific art.

Given this context, it makes sense that the bulk of the Anacostia show is made up of contemporary artists. But Ms. Fry has given their work a solid and resonant historical grounding through the presence of quilts created more than a century ago.

The earliest piece, an appliqued cotton quilt top dated 1852 and signed "Yellow Bill," is believed to have been made in the South by a male slave on the occasion of his owner's marriage. The bride's name, Catherine W. Dean, is stitched at the center and surrounded by a field of scattered flowers and by what Ms. Fry interprets as protective serpent designs of African origin.

A second 19th-century quilt, undated and unsigned but thought to be from South Carolina, is of exceptional beauty. It consists of a grid of square panels of dark blue-gray, red-brown and ivory, each embroidered in white thread, with sprigs of herbs, field flowers and basketlike shapes with arching, heart-shaped handles.

From this point, the show jumps to the 20th century and a dizzying range of styles. From around 1940, for example, comes a quilt by Joe Washington (circa 1879-1963) of Texas, made almost entirely of patches cut from worn-out denim overalls, work shirts and mattress ticking sewn into long strips. This strip technique, found everywhere in the show, has origins in both West Africa and in Britain, and it suggests the way far-flung influences merged in America to form a hybrid mainstream tradition.

Also characteristic of much of the work on view is a striking use of asymmetry. It is there, for example, in the irregularly shaped "Medallion" sewn around 1960 by the Mississippi-born Thomas Covington (1877-1979) from narrow rows of cloth printed with trotting horses and birds of paradise. And it is subtly at work in the flickering cascades of diamond shapes in strip-pattern quilts from the 1970's by Dennis Jones (1898-1988), who began quilting at the age of 77 after the death of his wife.

And nowhere is compositional balance more imaginatively played with than in the work of Benjamin Jackson from Texas. Born in 1885, he quilted up to the age of 105 and favored big, bold polka-dot patterns and appliqued cut-out organic forms resembling Christmas bulbs. And in the witty piece titled "Put-Together," he bunches the cloth and ties it with bits of blue yarn so the whole quilt surface turns into a field of puckers and sagging lumps.

Jackson's piece dates from around 1980, and by this time younger academically trained urban artists were exploring the medium. Among them was David Driskell, notable both as a painter and an art historian, who is represented by two pieces, both from 1973. "Child's Coverlet" has an improvisational composition very much in the spirit of Jackson's work. "African Mask Quilt" consists of a plain grid of red, yellow and white squares carrying silhouettes of sculptural forms cut from black cloth.

If Mr. Driskell in this piece balances African influences and traditional American quilt patterns, other artists give weight to one element or the other. Raymond Dobard ranges imaginatively through conventional forms, turning a classic evening star motif into an expressive nocturne of lavender, rose and indigo. And Thomas Mack, a tailor by trade, takes commercial cotton sacks once commonly used in America as backing material for quilts and elevates them, printed labels and all, to a primary design element.

In other quilts, traits associated with African textiles come to the fore. Such is the case in ElRoy Atkins's "Star Medallion" (1983), with its bold centralized pattern and panels of radiating diagonal stripes, and again in the strip-format quilts of Jeff Martin (circa 1902-91), which set up complex visual rhythms through the all-over use of a wide variety of plaids.

The pattern of three jagged-edged upright poles on a gray ground in Charles Cater's jazzy "Triangle Strip" (1985) suggests symbolic forms with African sources. And Paul Buford's narrative wall hangings partake of a figurative tradition in African textiles but apply it to American subjects: one piece depicts the home of the black poet Paul Laurence Dunbar in Dayton, Ohio; another is a vivid evocation of musicians performing on a New Orleans street.

In such work, the labels "African" and "American" meet in a rich interaction, and one has a clear sense of quilt making as a culturally embracing tradition very much alive. Its continuing vitality is evident in the quilts on display, in the work of the many black artists influenced by textile traditions (Emma Amos, Sam Gilliam, Al Loving, Howardena Pindell and Faith Ringgold spring immediately to mind), and perhaps most important, in the experience of a visitor to the Anacostia who stopped in front of one stunning piece in the exhibition and murmured, with a note of pride, to her companion, "I once made a quilt like that."

"Man Made: African-American Men and Quilting Traditions" remains at the Anacostia Museum and Center for African-American History and Culture, Smithsonian Institution, 1901 Fort Place S.E., Washington, through Sept. 7.

**Graphic**

Photo: "African Mask Quilt," by David Driskell, is on view in Washington at an exhibition on quilting by African-American men. (Harold Dorwin/Anacostia Museum)

**Load-Date:** May 29, 1998

**End of Document**



[***IDEAS & TRENDS;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-7GD0-000P-225F-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***The Royal Family Shows the Strain Of Trying to Have It Both Ways***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-7GD0-000P-225F-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 27, 1992, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1992 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Week in Review Desk

**Section:** Section 4;; Section 4; Page 6; Column 3; Week in Review Desk; Column 3;

**Length:** 1117 words

**Byline:** By WILLIAM E. SCHMIDT

By WILLIAM E. SCHMIDT

**Dateline:** LONDON

**Body**

Once upon a time, in the days before television or tabloid newspapers or telephoto lenses, nobody ever thought of the Queen of England as a working mother, or worried whether the monarchy was a model for what Dan Quayle might call royal family values. That King Edward VII kept mistresses, or William IV fathered bastard children, or the sons and daughters of King George V and Queen Mary suffered painfully unhappy childhoods were matters beyond either public reproach or scrutiny. "Its mystery is its life," said Walter Bagehot, the 19th century editor and royal counselor, whose advice helped define the palace's longtime public relations posture. "We must not let in daylight upon the magic."

How times have changed. These days, the royal family suffers, in more ways than one, from a bad case of overexposure. The Duchess of York is pictured bare-breasted in London tabloids, cavorting at poolside with a man who is not the Duke of York, and a book is atop the best seller list here, purporting to describe the loveless marriage between the Prince and Princesses of Wales. More recently, there were advertisements for a hotline on which callers listened in on what was said to be a tape recording of a telephone conversation between the Princess of Wales and an unidentified man who calls her Squidgy and says he loves her.

For some, this sudden and rather graphic explosion of royal public scandal is directly the fault of a much more aggressive -- some would say ruthless --tabloid press. While critics of press behavior now demand new and tougher privacy laws, to shield the royal family from the long lenses, the tabloids have attempted to defend their pursuit of the story by seizing, uncharacteristically, the journalistic high ground: They say they are only interested in determining whether these young royals have the character to be sovereign. A Non-Issue of Character

On its face, the claim is ludicrous. Character has nothing to do with whether Prince Charles will someday ascend to the throne. But, on the other hand, the editors have a point. After all, it was Buckingham Palace that changed the rules, eshewing Mr. Bagehot's advice some years ago, and setting out instead to aggressively market a new myth, holding up the royal family as Britain's ultimate happy family, and a living embodiment of stolid, upper middle class, deeply British family values.

The idea was advanced during World War Two, when young Princess Elizabeth and her parents were presented as examples of sacrifice and duty to the long-suffering nation, often dressed in military uniform as they visited hospitals and made dressings. After the war, with the advent of television, the saga continued, embellished with increasingly lavish pageantry and storybook weddings that all conspired to feed the public's growing appetite for the royal myth. To that end, each prince and princess, duke and duchess were enrolled as cast members of what has been described as the world's longest-running, performing monarchy. The problem is, the show simply could not live up to its billing.

Janet Daley, a columnist for The Times of London, suggested recently that that the royals have managed to impale themselves on their own petard by attempting to live what she described as a "self-contradictory image -- that of an ordinary, congenial family which happens to have inherited the consecrated spirit of the nation." This is a daunting challenge. "It is very difficult," Ms. Daley writes, "to be mythical and bourgeois at the same time."

True blue believers in the monarchy are even more outraged, arguing that the palace and the royal family, by allowing themselves to be presented as popular and even ordinary, have betrayed their essential origin. "Nebuchadnezzar did not do walkabouts around Babylon," complained Gregory Lauder-Frost, an official of the London-based Monarchist League, referring to the sort of perfunctory photo opporunties that are now the bread and butter of palace image makers. "The royalty is supposed to be above. Above you. Above me. Above all of us," he continued. "They ought to on a pedestal, their lives out to have a mystique and mystery."

At the other end of spectrum, among some ordinary, ***working class*** Britons, there is a completely different sort of resentment: How dare the palace try to hold up a group of pampered, self- indulgent, wealthy lay-abouts as public examples of dignity, discipline and family values? "Would Charles know if Diana left the top off the toothpaste?" asked Janet Gordon, writing recently in Today, a London newspaper. "Does it matter if the children make a dreadful noise?" The royal family is not an example to real Britons, she said: "We are an example to them."

A Hanging Offense

Even the notion of virtue and fidelty exact a completely toll among people who are the heirs to the blood of kings. To commit adultery with the wife of the heir to the throne of England, for example, is regarded, under British law, as treason to the crown. And treason is a hanging offense, one of the capital crimes still on the books after Britain abolished the death penalty in 1965. (The other is piracy on the high seas, with violence).

On a political scale, debates and scandals like this do have consequences. There is already talk around Parliament about cutting back on the estimated $14 million that is now doled out annually as compensation for the Queen and her family, for the performance of their public duties. A few more Republican-minded critics have even said it is now time to make the Queen and her family pay income taxes on their considerable private fortunes.

There is much darker talk too, a sense that the mystique of the monarchy has been fatally wounded by such common scandal. While most Britons still profess a profound affection for the institution and, especially, Queen Elizabeth 2nd, who celebrates the 40th anniversary of her reign next month, the question is asked repeatedly these days: could this be the end of the monarchy?

A novel published here a few weeks ago offers one splendidly comic sceario: uilding public antipathy over royal misbehavior, and the shrewd manipulations of anti-royalist factions in the television industry, result in the election of a republican government that not only throws the Queen and the rest of the family out of Buckigham Palace, but relocates them to a public housing project in the British Midlands.

"After everything that went on this summer, I really do think they are living on borrowed time," said Sue Townsend, the author of the novel, "The Queen and I," adding: "Let's face it: the whole Royal family elected to go into show business a couple of decades ago, and they just aren't very good at it."

**Graphic**

Drawing

**Load-Date:** October 22, 1992

**End of Document**



[***HOURLY PAY IN U.S. NOT KEEPING PACE WITH PRICE RISES***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4CWH-MXB0-TW8F-G2SX-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 18, 2004 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2004 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 1; Column 6; National Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1435 words

**Byline:** By EDUARDO PORTER

**Body**

The amount of money workers receive in their paychecks is failing to keep up with inflation. Though wages should recover if businesses continue to hire, three years of job losses have left a large worker surplus.

''There's too much slack in the labor market to generate any pressure on wage growth,'' said Jared Bernstein, an economist at the Economic Policy Institute, a liberal research institution based in Washington. ''We are going to need a much lower unemployment rate.'' He noted that at 5.6 percent, the national unemployment rate is back to the same level that it was at the end of the recession in November 2001.

Even though the economy has been adding hundreds of thousands of jobs almost every month this year, stagnant wages could put a dent in the prospects for economic growth, some economists say. If incomes continue to lag behind the increase in prices, it may hinder the ability of ordinary workers to spend money at a healthy clip, undermining one of the pillars of the expansion so far.

Declining wages are likely to play a prominent role in the current presidential campaign. Growing employment has lifted President Bush's job approval ratings on the economy of late. According to the latest New York Times/CBS News poll, in mid-July, 42 percent of those polled approved of the president's handling of the economy, up from 38 percent in mid-March.

Yet Senator John Kerry, the likely Democratic presidential nominee, is pointing to lackluster wages as a telling weakness in the administration's economic track record. ''Americans feel squeezed between prices that are rising and incomes that are not,'' Mark Mellman, a pollster for the campaign, said in a memorandum last month.

On Friday, the Bureau of Labor Statistics reported that hourly earnings of production workers -- nonmanagement workers ranging from nurses and teachers to hamburger flippers and assembly-line workers -- fell 1.1 percent in June, after accounting for inflation. The June drop, the steepest decline since the depths of recession in mid-1991, came after a 0.8 percent fall in real hourly earnings in May.

Coming on top of a 12-minute drop in the average workweek, the decline in the hourly rate last month cut deeply into workers' pay. In June, production workers took home $525.84 a week, on average. After accounting for inflation, this is about $8 less than they were pocketing last January, and is the lowest level of weekly pay since October 2001.

On its own, the decline in workers' wages is unlikely to derail the recovery. Though they account for some 80 percent of the work force, they contribute much less to spending. Mark M. Zandi, chief economist at Economy.com, a research firm, noted that households in the bottom half of income distribution account for only one-third of consumer spending.

Nonetheless, coming after the bonanza of the second half of the 1990's, the first period of sustained real wage growth since the 1970's, the current slide in earnings is a big blow for the lower middle class. Moreover, the absence of lower income households could also weigh on overall economic growth -- putting a lid on the mass market and skewing consumption toward high-end products.

''There's a bit of a dichotomy,'' said Ethan S. Harris, chief economist at Lehman Brothers. ''Joe Six-Pack is under a lot of pressure. He got a lousy raise; he's paying more for gasoline and milk. He's not doing that great. But proprietors' income is up. Profits are up. Home values are up. Middle-income and upper-income people are looking pretty good.''

Tales of tight budgets at the bottom are springing up across the country. ''I haven't had a salary increase in two years, but the cost of living is going up,'' said Eric Lambert, 42, a father of three who earns $13 an hour as a security guard at 660 Madison Ave. in Manhattan.

Silvia Vides, 43, who earns $11 an hour in a union job as a housekeeper at the Universal City Sheraton hotel in Los Angeles, said, ''Sometimes I don't know how I pay the bills and food and rent.'' She has cut back on all nonessential expenditures and she is four months behind on payments on $4,000 in credit-card debt.

Their woes are a product of supply and demand for labor. From 1996 through 2000 when employers were hiring hand over fist, real hourly wages of ordinary workers rose by 7.5 percent. Those for leisure and hospitality workers rose 9.6 percent, and retail workers' climbed 8.9 percent. The raises continued even as the economy slipped into recession in 2001 and businesses began to shed workers.

From 2001 to 2003, 2.4 million jobs were eliminated, as businesses sharply reduced their work forces, refusing to hire back even as demand started picking up. Over a million of these jobs have been regained this year.

Yet with the lowest number of people employed as a share of the population since 1994, there is still a plentiful supply of unused laborers looking for jobs.

As the rise in energy prices in the earlier months of this year led to rising inflation, pushing prices in June up 3.2 percent from the same month of last year, the lackluster job market has left workers in a weak position to demand more money.

''Since last November, we've had a pickup in hiring and a pickup in hours worked in virtually all of our businesses,'' said David Pittaway, a senior managing director at Castle Harlan, an equity investment company that owns everything from Burger King franchises to a shipping company.

But there is clearly still a lot of slack. When Castle Harlan advertised in the newspapers to fill 70 to 80 positions at a Morton's restaurant it opened in early July in White Plains, 600 to 700 people showed up.

Ms. Vides in California ticks off the items of a rising cost of living. She pays $850 a month for a one-bedroom apartment in Panorama City, $25 more a month than last year. The cost of a bus pass rose $10, to $45 a month. The electricity bill is much higher and food costs more. ''I've got to do miracles with my salary,'' she said.

So Ms. Vides said she was outraged that the hotels negotiating a new contract with her union were offering annual raises of 40 cents to 45 cents an hour each year for the next five years. The raise in 2004 would be about 4 percent, just enough to keep up with the 4 percent rise in prices in Los Angeles over the last year. ''This is miserly,'' said Ms. Vides, who said the union wants $1.25 this year and $1.50 next.

Colleen Kareti, president of the Los Angeles hotel employers' council, which represents the hotels, argued that negotiations had not yet gotten down to bargaining over wages. But she pointed out that times are hard for the hotel business, too. ''It's been pretty bad for the last three years. We're nowhere near the levels of business where we were in 1998 through 2000,'' Ms. Kareti said.

Some economists warn that if wages remain depressed for a long time they may end up weighing on the economy. ''The recovery will likely continue on despite the travails of lower-income households, but it cannot flourish,'' Mr. Zandi said.

So far, spending has been fueled mostly by debt, as consumers took advantage of bedrock-low interest rates to whip out their credit cards and refinance their mortgages. But as interest rates rise to keep inflation in check, continued growth in consumer spending will depend more on jobs and wages.

Spending is still holding up, led by strong corporate profits as well as higher salaries and bonuses at the upper end of the income distribution. But the lagging earnings at the bottom end are making for a somewhat lopsided expansion.

The upper echelons of consumer spending, at places like Saks Fifth Avenue, Neiman Marcus and Nordstrom department stores, are reporting gangbuster business. ''I'm surprised by how well we've sold high-priced fashion at this stage,'' said Pete Nordstrom, president of Nordstrom's full-line stores.

But at the other end, sales at stores open at least a year at big-box discounters like Target and Wal-Mart have disappointed, while sales of used cars are declining year over year, government figures show. ''We're not seeing the traffic, not even the same volumes of sales calls,'' said Richard Cooper, a sales manager at Jones Ford in Charleston, S.C.

Wages at the bottom should eventually recover, as businesses continue hiring to meet growing demand. The question is how fast. ''As unemployment slides down, more of the benefits of growth should flow to the ***working class***,'' Mr. Bernstein said. ''But not until we reach truly full employment are they likely to see their earnings rise at a level closer to that of productivity.''

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

**Graphic**

Photo: Silvia Vides works at a Sheraton in the Los Angeles area and says she doesn't know how she makes ends meet on her $11-an-hour salary. (Photo by Stephanie Diani for The New York Times)(pg. 21)Graph: ''Fewer Hours, Lower Pay''The average number of hours worked per week is falling and so are average weekly earnings.HOURS WORKEDGraph tracks the average weekly hours of production workers since 2000.WEEKLY EARNINGSGraph tracks the average weekly earnings, in 2004 dollars, since 2000.(Sources by Bureau of Labor Statistics

Economy.com)(pg. 21)

**Load-Date:** July 18, 2004

**End of Document**



[***TEXT OF THE SPEECH BY ANDROPOV***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-NFP0-0009-21C5-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 13, 1982, Saturday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1982 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 1; Page 4, Column 4; Foreign Desk; text

**Length:** 1029 words

**Body**

Following is the text of the speech, as translated and distributed by the Soviet press agency Tass, given by Yuri V. Andropov yesterday at a meeting of the Communist Party Central Committee before his election as Leonid I. Brezhnev's successor as party leader:

Our party and country, the entire Soviet people have suffered a heavy loss. The heart of Leonid Ilyich Brezhnev, the leader of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union and of the Soviet state, an outstanding leader of the international Communist and ***working-class*** movement, a fiery Communist and a true son of the Soviet people, has ceased to beat.

A most outstanding political leader of our times, our comrade and friend, a man with a big soul and heart, sympathetic and wellwishing, responsive and profoundly humane is no more. His boundless dedication to the cause, his uncompromising exactingness toward himself and others, his wise discretion in taking responsible decisions, his firmness of principle and boldness at sharp turns of history, his invariable respect, considerateness and attention to people - those were the remarkable qualities for which Leonid Ilyich was valued and loved in the party and among the people.

Following is the text of the speech, as translated and distributed by the Soviet press agency Tass, given by Yuri V. Andropov yesterday at a meeting of the Communist Party Central Committee before his election as Leonid I. Brezhnev's successor as party leader:A Minute's Silence

Let us honor the bright memory of Leonid Ilyich Brezhnev with one minute's silence. Leonid Ilyich said that not a single day in his life could be separated from the affairs of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union and the entire Soviet country. And that was really so.

The industrialization of the country and the collectivization of agriculture, the Great Patriotic War and postwar rehabilitation, the development of the virgin lands and exploration of outer space, all are great landmarks on the road of work and struggle of the Soviet people and at the same time landmarks of the life story of the Communist Leonid Ilyich Brezhnev.

The growth of the might of and the extension of comprehensive cooperation among the countries of the great socialist community, the active participation of the world Communist movement in tackling the historical tasks facing mankind in our age, the growing solidarity of all the forces of national liberation and social progress on earth are inseparably associated with the name and deeds of Leonid Ilyich.

Soviet Defense Capability

Leonid Ilyich Brezhnev will live forever in the memory of thankful mankind as a consistent, ardent and tireless fighter for peace and the security of the peoples and for removing the threat of world nuclear war looming over mankind.

We know well that the imperialists will never meet one's pleas for peace. It can only be defended by relying on the invincible might of the Soviet armed forces. As the leader of the party and state and chairman of the defense council, Leonid Ilyich constantly paid attention to insuring that the country's defense capability meets present-day requirements.

Assembled here in this hall are those who are members of the headquarters of our party, headed for 18 years running by Leonid Ilyich. Every one of us knows how much effort and heart he contributed to organizing the close-knit, collective work, so that this headquarters should pursue a correct Leninist course. Every one of us knows what an inestimable contribution was made by Leonid Ilyich Brezhnev to the creation of the sound moral-political atmosphere that is now characteristic of our party's life and activities.

The Tasks of Development

Our party's principled struggle in defense of Marxism-Leninism, elaboration of the theory of developed socialism, ways of solution of the most topical tasks of Communist construction are lined with the name of Leonid Ilyich. His activities in the world Communist movement were rightfully highly appraised by the fraternal parties, our foreign class brothers, comrades in the struggle for socialism, against the oppression of capital, for the triumph of the lofty Communist ideals.

The life of Leonid Ilyich Brezhnev came to an end when his thoughts and efforts were turned to solving the major tasks of economic, social and cultural development, specified by the 26th Congress and the subsequent plenary meetings of the Central Committee. It is our prime duty to accomplish these tasks, to translate consistently into life the home and foreign policy course of our party and the Soviet state, a course which was worked out under the leadership of Leonid Ilyich Brezhnev. This will be our best tribute to the bright memory of the leader who is no longer with us.

Welfare, Peace and Communism

Great is our grief and heavy the loss we have suffered. In this situation it is the duty of every one of us, the duty of every Communist to close more tightly our ranks, to rally still closer around the Central Committee of the party and to do at one's respective post and in one's life as much as possible for the welfare of the Soviet people, for strengthening peace and for the triumph of Communism.

The Soviet people have boundless trust in their Communist Party, they trust it because for the party there have never been and are no other interests than the vital interests of the Soviet people. To justify this trust means to go ahead along the road of Communist construction, to work for the further progress of our socialist homeland.

We, comrades, have such a force that helped and continues to help us at the most difficult moments, a force that enables us to tackle the most complicated tasks. This force is the unity of our party ranks, this force is the collective wisdom of the party, its collective leadership, this force is the unity of the party and the people.

Our plenum is meeting today in order to honor the memory of Leonid Ilyich Brezhnev and to see to it that the cause to which he gave his life is continued.

The plenary meeting is to decide the question of electing a General Secretary of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union.

I ask the comrades to speak on this question.

**End of Document**



[***WARSAW OUTLAWS SOLIDARITY UNION***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-NVJ0-0009-2081-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 9, 1982, Saturday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1982 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 1; Page 1, Column 1; Foreign Desk

**Length:** 1061 words

**Byline:** By JOHN KIFNER, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** WARSAW, Oct. 8

**Body**

The Polish Parliament overwhelmingly approved a law today that bans Solidarity, the independent trade union that once captured the imagination and allegiance of nearly 10 million Poles.

The law abolishes all existing labor organizations, including Solidarity, whose 15 months of existence brought exhilaration to many but drew the anger of the Soviet Union and other Eastern-bloc countries. It replaces them with a new set of unions whose ability to strike is sharply restricted.

Reaction of Work Force Uncertain

The scattered, fugitive Solidarity activists, more than 600 of whose leaders are in custody under martial law, have given no indication of their response to the Government edict outlawing their organization.

WARSAW, Oct. 8 - The Polish Parliament overwhelmingly approved a law today that bans Solidarity, the independent trade union that once captured the imagination and allegiance of nearly 10 million Poles.

More uncertain - and perhaps more crucial to the authorities - is the reaction of Poland's increasingly sullen and frustrated work force, hard-pressed by shortages of food and virtually everything else, shortages that will only grow worse as the winter draws on.

The reaction could range from grudging, passive acceptance by even more listless performance in the factories and mines - ''Italian strikes,'' as they are called here - that would harm the crippled economy even more, to the kind of food riots that have periodically toppled governments over the last 26 years or even outbursts of terrorism and violence.

But the hopes of the authorities, as voiced in the official press and the speeches today, were that the new unions would lead to ''normalization,'' a relaxation of tensions and the eventual lifting of the martial law imposed last Dec. 13.

Security guards stood all around the gray Parliament building and uniformed police scrutinized credentials as the members gathered. A chill wind wrapped the red and white Polish national flag around its pole on the roof so it did not flutter.

The special riot policemen, known as ZOMO, who have enforced martial law, were brought back into the city and barracked at several central Warsaw hotels. But no demonstrations developed during the day, and the police were kept mostly out of sight.

When the vote came to dissolve the first experiment in labor democracy in the Eastern bloc at 9 tonight, after nearly seven hours of droning speeches, there were only 10 votes against the Government's bill and 9 abstentions.

In the Parliament, whose 460 members include 262 representatives of the ruling Polish United Workers' Party and 113 representatives of its affiliated United Peasants' Party, the debate was less than heated.

''A new and brave proposal,'' said Jozef Barecki of the Workers' Party, one of 16 members who spoke on the bill. He added that it was ''a major step'' toward creating ''a trade union movement worthy of the contemporary needs of the ***working class***.''

Waldemar Michna of the United Peasants' Party said the new law ''would play a historic role'' and called it ''a momentous act on the road to normalization.''

Two speakers, members of small, independent parties, criticized the bill. One of them, Janusz Zablocki, a member of the Christian Social Association, said: ''Solidarity, whether we like it or not, has became in the society a symbol for renewal. Honest conditions should be created for the renewal of Solidarity, and no attempt should be made for its liquidation.''

The passage of the bill should come as a relief to other Eastern bloc nations, particularly East Germany and Czechoslovakia as well as the Soviet Union, who, fearful the contagion would spread, have been putting pressure on the Polish authorities to stamp out the independent union movement.

Introducing the bill to Parliament, Wlodzimierz Berutowicz, a law professor and Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, said that it ''fulfilled the agreement made with the workers'' at Gdansk in August 1980 - although it was that very agreement that gave birth to Solidarity.

Professor Berutowicz went on at great length to imply that the bill had met with the approval of the International Labor Organization. Tonight in Geneva, however, the I.L.O. director general, Francis Blanchard, said his organization had asked the Parliament to delay approval of the bill until the unions to be abolished, including Solidarity, were consulted.

Professor Berutowicz, other Government officials and the official press insisted that the new unions would be valid instruments because the legislation says they are to be ''independent'' of the management and the Government and because they have the right to strike.

However, the unions are to be linked with the party apparatus - the real political power here - and the ability to call a strike is so severely regulated that, as a practical matter, it would be almost impossible.

Any disputes must go through a complex arbitration process, and a seven-day advance notice must be given before a strike can be called. The Parliament has the ability to declare any strike illegal.

Many segments of the work force, including workers in the state radio and television, hospitals, banks, as well as those involved in delivering food or maintaining oil pipelines are forbidden to strike.

The link with the party, which officials today characterized as a ''partnership,'' is specified in the legislation that says the unions must ''recognize the leading role of the Polish United Workers' Party in the building of Socialism as defined by the Constitution.''

The Solidarity movement was to a large extent a revolt against the entrenched and frequently corrupt party hierarchy. But today the Warsaw daily Zycie Warszawy said that ''partnership between the party and trade unions is the best guarantee for respect of their independence by the authorities and the administration.''

----

Reagan Decries Ban on Unions

Special to the New York Times

SANTA BARBARA, Calif., Oct. 8 -President Reagan, arriving in Santa Barbara this evening, deplored the Polish Government's action and said he would make further comments Saturday in his radio broadcast.

''I think it's horrible,'' Mr. Reagan said. It was expected that Mr. Reagan would announce actions in response to the Polish situation, but it was unclear whether they would be in the form of further sanctions against Poland or against the Soviet Union.

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photo of Polish Parliament

**End of Document**



[***Brazil's Police Enforce a Law: Death***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-75P0-000P-20WP-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 4, 1992, Wednesday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1992 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Foreign Desk

**Section:** Section A;; Section A; Page 22; Column 4; Foreign Desk; Column 4;

**Length:** 1154 words

**Byline:** By JAMES BROOKE,

By JAMES BROOKE,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** SAO PAULO, Brazil

**Body**

Sao Paulo's military police quelled a prison riot in early October by firing 5,000 bullets in the space of one hour, leaving 111 prisoners dead and an equal number wounded. The police, who had refused to negotiate with the prisoners, suffered only minor wounds.

Many Brazilians were shocked, their outrage heightened by stark photographs of rows of rough pine boxes filled with bodies shattered by bullets and mutilated by attack dogs.

But in a poll taken shortly after the assault, 41 percent of respondents said they agreed with the action of the military police. The remaining 59 percent told Sao Paulo's Estado newspaper that they disagreed.

1,264 Killed so Far

"The next time the shock troops will kill 300," said Roberval Conte Lopes, a former military police captain who champions killing criminals, making his appeals on his radio talk show and on the floor of the state legislature where he is a deputy. "If they kill 1,000, it's fine by me."

Human-rights workers here say the prison killings were the outgrowth of a shoot-to-kill policy by Sao Paulo's military police, a state unit that patrols this city, the largest in South America, with 15 million people in the metropolitan area.

In 1988, the military police in Sao Paulo State killed 294 civilians -- fewer than one a day.

This year, not counting the prison killings on Oct. 2, police figures indicate they killed 1,264 civilians through the end of September -- almost five a day. About 85 percent of the killings are in the state capital.

Take No Prisoners

"The highest level of police-violence conflict among democratic countries in the world is in Sao Paulo," said Paulo Sergio Pinheiro, director of Sao Paulo University's Center for the Study of Violence.

By contrast, the New York City Police, in a city of 7 million, killed an average of 27 people a year from 1982 to 1991. New York's police wounded about two civilians for every one killed -- an average of 56 a year.

The Sao Paulo police over the last decade shot to death three civilians for every wounded civilian who was hospitalized.

"What happened in the jail is part of the ethic of the military police: They think it is their job to kill bad buys," said Paul G. Chevigny, a criminal-law professor at New York University Law School, who worked here in September researching police violence for Americas Watch, the human-rights group. "They kill people who are claimed to be criminals, and they get away with it because their superiors have no desire to discipline them.

"The military police feel in a very clear-cut way that they have no other way of showing efficiency to the public than by the numbers of criminals that they eliminate," Mr. Chevigny said.

The killing of criminal suspects, a national practice in Brazil, takes different forms in other cities: lynchings in Salvador, and death-squad activity in Rio de Janeiro. A report this month by the Sao Paulo chapter of Brazil's Bar Association said the military police and death squads paid by shantytown shopkeepers killed most of the nearly 1,000 street children slain here in 1990.

A 1991 survey showed that 71 percent of the victims were poor men between the ages of 15 and 25. By successfully portraying their victims as "marginals" and "bandits," the police win wide acceptance for the killings.

Colonel Justifies Killings

"If they are not considered 'humans,' their death is more socially accepted," Mr. Pinheiro wrote in a recent essay.

One Sao Paulo resident took exception to an assertion in the press that animals in Sao Paulo's zoo get better care than prisoners in San Paulo's jails. The resident, Renata Britto, wrote Veja magazine, "We should not forget that the animals in the zoo are not criminals."

There was some indignation after the prison assault, and it is being channeled into at least half a dozen inquiries. After condemnation from Brazil's press and international human-rights groups, Sao Paulo State's Governor, Luis Antonio Fleury, suspended five military police commanders, describing their actions as "criminal."

All crimes committed by the military police are tried in military courts.

No Criminal Record Needed

Although independent witnesses say the prisoners had no hostages and no firearms, a military colonel presiding over an internal inquiry has justified the mass killing as "a reaction to the tumult provoked by the prisoners."

During the police assault, much of the killing took place after the troops' commander, Col. Ubiratan Guimaraes was stunned by an exploding television tube thrown by a prisoner.

The prisoners, who had expelled guards from an overcrowded pavilion, skirmished with attacking police officers. Direction of the operation fell to two officers who started their careers in military counterguerrilla operations here in the 1970's. According to research by Claudio Barcellos, a Brazilian journalist, each of the officers is known to have killed 34 people -- before the prison operation.

Mr. Barcellos studied the cases of 4,170 people killed by the Sao Paulo Police over the last 20 years. In"ROTA 66," a book he published recently about an elite police unit, he reported that 57 percent of the victims had no criminal record.

Popular Support for Police

"It's the second-largest tragedy in Brazilian history, only surpassed by Brazil's war with Paraguay in the 19th century," Mr. Barcellos said in a telephone interview from New York. He said he took refuge in New York after receiving death threats from the military police.

Much of the autonomy -- and impunity -- of the military police comes from their popular support.

"The people back the ROTA," demonstrators chanted recently in support of the elite squad, Rondas Ostensivas de Tobias Aguiar, which is responsible for most of the city's police killings. "The military police are Sao Paulo's moral conscience."

After Sao Paulo's Roman Catholic Archbishop, Paulo Evaristo Cardinal Arns, held a memorial Mass for the dead prisoners, demonstrators shouted angrily at a priest walking by the state assembly,: "A priest's place is in the church!"

There is no death penalty in Brazil. Support for killing criminal suspects, instead of arresting them, seems strongest in Sao Paulo's impoverished ***working-class*** periphery.

"In the shantytowns, when someone steals your television it's a major blow, you want fast justice," said Mr. Lopes, the state congressman. Mr. Lopes, whose campaign photograph shows him with his .357 magnum Smith & Wesson revolver, boasts that he shot and killed a suspected car thief outside the state assembly in April, the latest of 100 suspects he is estimated to have killed since he first joined the ROTA in 1975.

With Paulo Maluf, president of Mr. Lopes's right-wing party, expected to win the mayoral race here on Nov. 15, few people predict that police violence will diminish here soon.

Indeed, in the uproar surrounding the prison massacre, Sao Paulo's new military police commander described the police operation as "perfect."

**Graphic**

Map of Brazil highlighting the location of Sao Paulo.

**Load-Date:** November 4, 1992

**End of Document**



[***BRAZIL PLUNGES WITH ZEST INTO NOVEL ELECTION FRAY***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-P0Y0-0009-20F9-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 23, 1982, Thursday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1982 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Page 2, Column 3; Foreign Desk

**Length:** 1068 words

**Byline:** By WARREN HOGE, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** RIO DE JANEIRO, Sept. 17

**Body**

''This space reserved for dishonest candidates,'' reads the inscription the owners of the Corazza Brothers furniture company have placed outside their warehouse in a Sao Paulo suburb.

From the look of things everywhere else, theirs could be the only wall in Brazil that campaign sloganeers have spared as the country exuberantly approaches its first free nationwide elections in 20 years.

The vote, scheduled for Nov. 15, is the latest step in the gradual liberalization program being conducted by the nation's President, Gen. Joao Baptista Figueiredo. Called ''abertura,'' the Portuguese word for ''opening,'' it has already prompted the lifting of most censorship, the freeing of political prisoners, the ending of restrictions against organizing political parties and an amnesty that affected thousands of Brazilians who fled the country or lost their political rights.

RIO DE JANEIRO, Sept. 17 - ''This space reserved for dishonest candidates,'' reads the inscription the owners of the Corazza Brothers furniture company have placed outside their warehouse in a Sao Paulo suburb.

Although the Government has gone to extreme lengths to establish rules designed to favor its own hopefuls, oposition candidates still believe they will score significant gains.

Returned Exiles on Ballot

Among those running are returned exiles, former President Janio Quadros, a star soccer player from Brazil's national team, and the Brazilian Ambassador to Britain, Roberto Campos, who is campaigning in the outback state of Mato Grosso, far from the striped pants set.

Few points of view are not represented. Among those running in the state of Parana are a voodoo practitioner, homosexual rights and black power advocates, feminists, an evangelical hymn singer and candidates assailing discrimination against the Ukrainian and the Japanese communities. A city council candidate in the city of Porto Alegre is offering himself as ''an intransigent defender of drinking and smoking.''

Voters will be choosing governors, senators, congressmen, state assembly and city council members and mayors of all cities except state capitals and those designated ''national security'' areas. They will also be determining the makeup of the electoral college that will formally select Mr. Figueiredo's successor in 1985. The body will be composed of the members of the Senate and the House and six representatives of each state assembly.

While the opposition is expected to win some key statehouses, the outcome will not amount to a telling exchange of power or a challenge to the existing system because of the overriding powers President Figueiredo holds and the ultimate authority wielded by the military.

Big Changes in Country

The last time most Brazilians were permitted to vote for all these offices was in 1962; several states held such elections in 1965. Unhappiness among the military over victories by opposition gubernatorial candidates that year led the generals to end direct elections for governor and to later create other devices to keep the opposition from gaining legislative majorities.

Of the estimated 55 million people eligible to vote, more than 30 million have never cast a ballot for governor. In the two decades since the last nationwide general elections, Brazil has changed from a country that was more than 70 percent rural to one that is more than 50 percent urban with a sizable growth in the influence of the industrial ***working class***, women and students.

President Figueiredo has repeatedly given his personal guarantee of this year's elections since taking office in 1979. Though strictly speaking he has kept his promise, his administration has loaded down the process with so many self-serving regulations and restrictions that some critics argue their real purpose is to produce enough void votes to invalidate the results.

The two principal distortions they have introduced have been a requirement for party-line voting and a ballot that requires voters, large numbers of whom are illiterate, to write in the names of the candidates for the six posts.

Certain Broadcasts Are Banned

The administration has also reneged on a pledge to relax a law left over from the days of harsh military rule that prohibits political advertising on radio and television during the two months before the balloting. Under the measures, only still photographs of each candidate with a voice-over listing his biographical data and party are allowed.

Broadcast debates, lively affairs in Brazil with lots of shouting and gesticulating and verbal stampedes on the outnumbered monitor, will also be outlawed. A Sunday night prime-time show on the nation's largest network featuring Mr. Figureido answering viewers' mailed questions will suffer no such restrictions.

''It is a journalistic program,'' said Carlos Atilla, in justifying the decision. Eager to divert attention from the country's three-digit inflation, its high unemployment and its swollen foreign debt, the Government Social Democratic Party has tied its campaign to the widespread popularity of Mr. Figueiredo. ''Lend a hand to Joao'' is the official party slogan.

Responding to polls that showed that voters approved of him but faulted his minsters and aides for the country's problems, strategists had Mr. Figueiredo make a speech saying that the judgement should focus on him and not the behavior of his associates. ''The opposition should have the courage to come into the street and say I'm the guilty party,'' he said.

Public Largesse Distributed

Fully recovered from a heart attack he suffered a year ago, he is expected to barnstorm the country in the closing weeks of the campaign. The Government plans to start announcing public assistance programs this month paid for by a new tax decreed by President Figueiredo in June on business transactions.

A computerized $60 million Interior Ministry program called County Aid Plan is busy devoting Government largesse to communities across the country whie the Federal Savings Bank got into the election year spirit by a Sweethearts Day announcement of its willingness to return for free the 380,000 pawned wedding rings in its possession.

There are four opposition parties, and together they will undoubtedly account for a larger vote than the Government party total. But, as foreseen by the Government bureaucrats when they agreed to allow parties to re-emerge, they are effectively dividing up the anti-Government vote.

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photo of Democratic Labor Party candidates

**End of Document**



[***Bayside's Popular Strip of Contention;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-7XC0-000P-235F-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Bell Boulevard Is Known for Night Life -- and Trouble, Too, Queens Neighbors Say***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-7XC0-000P-235F-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 30, 1992, Thursday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1992 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk

**Section:** Section B;; Section B; Page 1; Column 2; Metropolitan Desk; Column 2;

**Length:** 990 words

**Byline:** By STEVEN LEE MYERS

By STEVEN LEE MYERS

**Body**

Around midnight, just as the crowd of revelers started to thicken, three young women emerged from a bar and swayed carefree along the tree-lined sidewalk, explaining in inebriated giggles that when it came to night life, nowhere, not even Manhattan, compared to Bell Boulevard in Bayside, Queens.

"You don't have the traffic, you don't have the drugs, you don't have the bums you have in Manhattan," one of them, Randy Schiffman, said. "It's a different class. You've got the suburbs coming here."

With two dozen bars lining the strip between Northern Boulevard and 35th Avenue -- from older Irish pubs like Donovan's and the Minstrel Boy to newer trendy bars like Forty O Five and the Palm Club -- Bell Boulevard has become *the* late-night strip for hordes of young people from the boroughs and suburbs.

To the young men and women in muscle shirts and primped hair who carouse the neighborhood, the boulevard is everything Manhattan is not -- a comparatively safe, friendly answer to the bar hopper's mantra, "No Cover, No Minimum."

"It's like a giant human pinball machine," said Robert Goodrich, the co-owner of T-Birds, one of the most popular bars. "You come here, you park your car, and you bounce from place to place to place."

But to many residents and shopkeepers, the killings of an off-duty police officer and another man after a barroom brawl on July 18 have confirmed their worst fears about the nightly transformation of Bayside's Main Street U.S.A. into something wild and surly.

While many of the strip's regulars say the killings were an isolated incident -- that Bell Boulevard remains the safest place in the city to party -- the residents maintain that the killings were the culmination of a steady increase in rowdiness, drugs and violence among the young bargoers.

"There isn't a lot of other things young people can do around here," said Helen Philbin, the district manager of Community Board 11, which represents Bayside. "There's only so many times you can go to the movies. Then you go to Bell."

In the two weeks since the killings, though, the crowds have thinned. Scores of police officers have swarmed the street, zealously issuing tickets and ordering those who linger on the sidewalk to move along. Stark WANTED posters hang in the shops and boutiques -- but not in the bars -- asking for information on the whereabouts of the suspect in the killings, a bouncer at the Palm Club.

The boulevard, lined with trees and quaint storefronts, has long been the social center of Bayside, a 300-year-old farming village that became a bedroom community -- and watering hole -- for movie stars and celebrities in the early decades of the century.

In recent years, however, the bars and restaurants have proliferated. The bar-hoppers, almost all of them young, ***working-class*** whites from as far away as Long Island and New Jersey, fill the strip almost every night, crowding the bars and noisily cruising the sidewalks.

"I come here every night Wednesday through Saturday, and occasionally on a Monday or Tuesday," Victoria Pantucci, who is 25 and lives in Bellerose, Queens, said as she sat in B. B. Jr.'s. "If I go out, I go to Bell."

Complaints From Residents

As in other neighborhoods in the city, like Chelsea or the Upper East Side in Manhattan, where revelers' favorite late-night activity clashes with residents', the bars have irked those who live and work around Bell. They complain of congestion, incessant noise, litter and public urination. In recent years there have been increasing incidents of vandalism, assaults inside and outside bars and reports of drug dealing.

Jack N. Fried, who owns Benn's Hardware, the store his father, Benjamin, opened six decades ago, wistfully remembers when Bayside seemed pastoral -- a quiet, small town where farms abutted one side of Bell Boulevard.

As a young man in the 1950's, he hung out in a candy store that served egg creams. "Now, they come out of the bars, vomiting their guts up and saying, 'Boy, we had a good time,' " Mr. Fried said. "It's a different world."

Local officials have urged the police and the New York State Liquor Authority, which licenses the bars, to consider stricter controls on the nighttime revelry, though there is little they can do to keep bars from opening. Because Bell Boulevard is zoned for both commercial and residential use, owners can open bars or any other businesses. A bar owner needs only a liquor license.

The leaders of Community Board 11 have also urged the police to have a greater presence on the strip to create an atmosphere of intolerance toward any misbehavior.

Not everyone, however, agrees that the bars have caused the demise of Bayside. The bars, some say, have drawn a lot of business. While the rising rents on Bell Boulevard have forced small mom-and-pop stores out of business, the bars have quickly filled spaces that in other neighborhoods might remain vacant.

"There doesn't look like there's a recession on Thursday nights on Bell Boulevard," Sia Peters, the treasurer of the Bayside Chamber of Commerce, said. "We've gotten so many calls saying, 'No more bars! No more bars!' but it does not behoove us to knock down another business."

On the strip the other night, the regulars said that Bell Boulevard had gained its own momentum and that neither the killings nor any attempts to control it would keep the young people from coming.

At T-Birds, Mike Creco, the 32-year-old owner of a motorcycle shop who had driven from Port Washington, L.I., explained why he came.

"Look at this atmosphere," he said. "There's nothing like it in Long Island."

Across the street, outside the Palm Club, Kerry Bannon said she had driven from Bensonhurst, Brooklyn, that night with three girlfriends. They often go to Bay Ridge in Brooklyn or, sometimes, to the Upper West Side, but none of that compares to Bayside's smorgasbord of night spots, she said.

"How could it get boring?" Ms. Bannon, 23, said. "There are different people in each bar."

**Graphic**

Photos: Despite the killings of an off-duty police officer and another man after a barroom brawl on July 18, the revelers along Bell Boulevard in Bayside, Queens, consider it a safe place for a carefree night life. Tracy Procanyn, right, Monika Huska, center, and an unidentified friend enjoyed the scene at one of their favorite haunts. (pg. B1); To the youthful visitors, Bell Boulevard in Bayside, Queens, is a safe place for carefree nights -- everything that Manhattan is not. To the residents, the street is a rowdy, disturbing presence.; Patrons at T-Birds, a favorite haunt. "It's like a giant human pinball machine," said Robert Goodrich, the co-owner of the bar. "You come here, you park your car, and you bounce from place to place to place." (pg. B2) (Photographs by Nancy Siesel/The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** July 30, 1992

**End of Document**



[***Art Attempts to Imitate Iraq Life In All of Its Chaos and Misery***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4CY1-D4S0-TW8F-G1R0-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 25, 2004 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2004 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 1; Column 5; Foreign Desk; Pg. 1; THE REACH OF WAR: CULTURE

**Length:** 1354 words

**Byline:** By JEFFREY GETTLEMAN

**Dateline:** BAGHDAD, Iraq, July 19

**Body**

Adnan Abbas spends his days bent over an easel, turning bloodshed into art.

Twenty-seven years old, surrounded by violence and gloom, he spreads a newspaper at his feet, dips his brush in linseed oil and tries to paint what it feels like to be an Iraqi.

His whirls of color express the mayhem of a suicide bomb, the agony of a mother who has unearthed the dusty bones of her son, the confusion of his country today.

''Some people tell me, 'Hasn't Iraq had enough war, enough bad things? Why not make something bright?' '' Mr. Abbas said. ''But it's not that easy. Misery is part of humanity, especially here. How can anyone miss that?''

The war in Iraq has been especially disillusioning for young Iraqi artists, many of whom believed the American promises of freedom. As the old order fell, they sat in their cracked-window studios and at paint-splattered easels and dreamed of an Iraqi renaissance.

They dream still.

At the Baghdad Academy of Fine Arts, which Mr. Abbas attends, the school play last semester explored the humiliation of the American occupation and began with the sounds of helicopters and machine guns. In the academy's dance studio, taut young men leap and prance and wilt on stage in a dance called ''The Slow Death.'' In sculpturing rooms that smell of fresh, wet clay, students mold ceramic towers draped in chains.

The amount of violence has stunned these artists. It has robbed them of business, killed classmates and made it difficult to work and live.

But the war has also given them a lot to think about. Artists often have found fresh, dramatic material in conflict, and Iraqi artists , young and old, are no exception.

This spring, Fadel Hayat, a 58-year-old Kurdish painter, displayed two canvases, one he painted before the American invasion and one after. The first is a sunny scene of water and trees, the second a tableau of black and red squares. He is among many mature artists who say that all the recent death and destruction have turned them inward, seeking to make sense of a world that does not make sense.

''Of all the troubles we've been through, this period has been the hardest,'' Mr. Hayat said. ''In our own country, we now feel like strangers.''

Mr. Abbas has spongy black curls that he wipes away from his forehead when he works. He looks at people the same way he looks deep into his canvas. He comes from a traditional Shiite family of six brothers and five sisters, all ***working class*** -- carpenters, drivers, auto parts dealers. When he recently visited his family in Karbala, a Shiite pilgrimage site south of Baghdad, his father, wearing a long white beard and a black tunic, hugged Mr. Abbas so tightly that he nearly crushed the sunglasses floating on top of his mop of hair.

''I love you,'' said his father, Abdul, who used to paint boats and Arab horsemen and once dreamed of being an artist, too. ''Your artwork is our prize.''

Mr. Abbas, a fourth-year student at the arts college, is one of the leaders of the New Academy, an artists group that mixes modern Expressionism with classical flavors.

''See this nose?'' Mr. Abbas said, pointing to a woman's face in one of his paintings. ''It's a long nose. It's a Sumerian nose. It's our nose.''

In a traditional art education, students are exposed to nature and taught how to draw inspiration from the trees and the clouds and the living world around them. But these days in Baghdad, that is not easy. Miles of razor wire have spread across the city's buildings and sidewalks faster than kudzu. Concrete blast walls cast tall shadows over many neighborhoods. Most days, the only clouds to paint are clouds of smoke.

This spring, half a dozen young men and women from the New Academy took a field trip to a little village along the Tigris River where they had been before to paint landscapes.

They spilled out of the taxis that carried them there, scampered down to the riverbanks and scanned the reeds and water and flat blue skies.

''Kadem! Talaee! Look at this!'' Mr. Abbas hollered to his friends. ''Nature.''

The Tigris glowed in front of them. The wind stirred the palms. Barefoot boys emerged from huts along the river with cool glasses of yogurt. The villagers huddled around them as they worked.

''It's beautiful,'' one boy said to Mr. Abbas as he painted a scene of two grazing goats. ''More beautiful than life.''

Mr. Abbas smiled. But as he layered paint on the goats' backs, two American Apache helicopters roared over the horizon. They swooped low, as they always do, and their rotors chopped the tranquillity to pieces.

''I am sick of this,'' Mr. Abbas said.

In mid-April, the Ministry of Culture tried to put on a big show to celebrate the first anniversary of the fall of Saddam Hussein. The problem was, not many artists felt like celebrating.

''We don't consider this moment the end of Saddam,'' said Juma Shumran, manager of Baghdad's Hewar Gallery. ''We consider it the beginning of the occupation.''

Taha Wahaib, a 40-year-old sculptor who casts quirky bronzes, declined to participate.

''We've spent so long with the government telling us what to do,'' he said. ''Now they're doing it again.''

But Mr. Abbas wanted to do a piece. In Karbala last year, he watched neighbors excavate a mass grave. He saw one woman crumple to the dirt after she discovered the skeleton of her son.

So he painted ''The Story of Time,'' the story of his time. Half the canvas is muted, dominated by a woman clutching a skeleton. The other half is bright, with white birds flying out of a pot. Unlike his other big work, the ''Call to Humanity,'' a bleak sculpture he made this winter after witnessing a car bombing, ''The Story of Time'' is only half bleak.

''I wanted to show the exact moment we're at, between darkness and light,'' Mr. Abbas said.

The season that had passed was making a difference. Mr. Abbas was stepping away from pure darkness. Hope was trickling back.

But the anniversary show coincided with the one of the most violent periods this past year, when uprisings were erupting across Iraq. The arts college shut down for week. So did most of Baghdad. Only a handful of people saw Mr. Abbas's painting.

His business has been both helped and hurt by the war. Mr. Abbas used to sell pictures to tourists. But the war killed off the tourist trade. Now he makes money by painting portraits of American soldiers.

It is an interesting niche trade that has cropped up, with Iraqi translators who work for the Army bringing photos from American military bases either to art galleries or directly to artists. The going rate in Baghdad is $50 a head. Mr. Abbas said his first portrait was an American general named Jim.

But as the violence and chaos grind on, some artists are finding it harder to work. Like many other Iraqis, they are becoming numb to the killing.

Mr. Hayat, the Kurdish painter who was experimenting with brooding canvases this spring, now says he has nothing to paint. In his living room, crammed with plastic flowers and family photos, he has hung an empty picture frame on the wall -- for inspiration.

''I was hoping by staring at it I would know what to paint,'' he said.

So far, it has not worked.

Mr. Abbas said he had withdrawn a bit, too. He is painting classic Arab scenes again that are aesthetically accomplished but emotionally neutral.

''I'm hoping to get $500 for this one,'' he said, pointing to a six-foot-long canvas of Arab horn blowers.

This month, though, Mr. Abbas was excited about submitting a piece to a poster exhibition titled ''Democracy and Sovereignty.'' Many entries are political satire, like the poster made by Saad Abdul Ali, a 40-year-old graphic artist, that said ''Regain Authority'' with a bar code stamped on it.

''This is what Iraq has become,'' Mr. Ali explained. ''Goods to be sold.''

Mr. Abbas's poster is a vibrantly colored scene, more reminiscent of his prewar palate. Smiling women in bright blues and reds pull down a white cloth in front of them.

''It shows freedom,'' he said.

But a little pain is still there. Old women in black shrouds huddle in the background, clinging to the edges of his canvas, going, but not gone, not yet.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Adnan Abbas, an Iraqi artist, and his painting ''The Story of Time.'' (Photo by Lynsey Addario for The New York Times)(pg. 1)

Adnan Abbas, a 27-year-old artist in Iraq, created the sculpture ''Call to Humanity,'' left, after witnessing a suicide car bombing. Explaining the bleak mood that appears in many of his works, he said, ''Misery is part of humanity, especially here. How can anyone miss that?'' At right, students paint by the Tigris River during a landscape class. A recent riverside idyll was interrupted by the roar of American Apache helicopters.

Fadel Hayat, 58, a Kurdish artist in Iraq, hung an empty frame on his wall. ''I was hoping by staring at it I would know what to paint,'' he said. (Photographs by Lynsey Addario for The New York Times)(pg. 8)

**Load-Date:** July 25, 2004

**End of Document**



[***Delays in Athens Raise Concern On Olympic Security Readiness***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4CS8-SXR0-TW8F-G38Y-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 3, 2004 Saturday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2004 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Column 4; Foreign Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1521 words

**Byline:** By RAYMOND BONNER and ANTHEE CARASSAVA

**Dateline:** ATHENS, July 2

**Body**

Intelligence officials who have long feared terrorism at next month's Olympic Games say delays in completing the security apparatus and athletic facilities have left too little time to fully test systems meant to detect or respond to an attack.

Although officials say they have no evidence of a planned attack by terrorist groups, they have constructed a web of protective measures that includes Awacs surveillance planes, NATO sea patrols, radiation detectors and thousands of soldiers and police officers.

But a sophisticated security command center, meant to integrate information from thousands of surveillance cameras as well as sonar in the ports and helicopters overhead, will not be operating completely until mid-July. This will not allow enough time to debug the system and fully train technicians, according to officials from Greece and other countries involved in security planning.

Greek officials have said the American-led consortium building the system has provided defective software and failed to complete work on the command center by the May 28 deadline. The system's developer, Science Applications International Corporation, based in San Diego, declined requests for an interview and did not respond to questions sent by e-mail.

In addition, now six weeks before the opening of the Games, the main Olympic park and the soccer stadium are still construction sites with towering cranes hoisting workers and equipment to dizzying heights, dump trucks stirring up dust, and hundreds of shirtless laborers covered in sweat. Surveillance cameras cannot be installed until the complexes are finished, and the major stadiums have held no events, which would have allowed officials to test their security procedures, officials said.

''We're running out of time,'' said a foreign intelligence official advising the Greeks on security. ''The degree to which you run it down to the wire, therein lies the greatest risk.''

Intelligence and law enforcement officials from five countries working with the Greeks on security were interviewed in the past two weeks. None would allow their names to be used, nor their countries, primarily out of concern for Greek sensitivities.

The huge event, spread over 17 days and more than 100 sites, presents an enormous security challenge. And while any threat of a major attack remains paramount for security officials -- even if some of them view the risk as small -- they are also mindful of potential disruptions from a number of other sources, including Greece's small anarchist groups and Chechen and other rebel groups.

''We have done everything humanly possible,'' said George A. Voulgarakis, the Greek minister of public order. ''We have spent more than we could afford.'' The expected $1.2 billion security bill is four times that spent in Sydney, Australia, for the last summer Olympics in 2000.

''We have the most modern and sophisticated technologies,'' Mr. Voulgarakis said. ''We have the maximum intelligence that a country could have.'' And he said all systems will be ready on time.

But comparable security and communications systems for the Sydney Olympics, as well as those for the 1992 Olympics in Barcelona, Spain, were operational more than a year before the Games began, officials said.

In those cities, the stadiums were far enough along to hold several big events, including the world track and field championships in Barcelona and the National Rugby League finals in Sydney, permitting real-life testing of security systems, as opposed to the mock exercises predominately used here.

Athens 2004, the local Olympic committee, declined a request for an interview about security.

Athens also presents additional problems that could come into play in even a minor attack or a scare.

Temperatures can reach well over 100 degrees in Athens in August. If there is a prolonged heat wave, there is a question of whether the electrical grid here could handle heavy air-conditioning use.

It is likely that security vehicles for athletes and V.I.P.'s will have trouble maneuvering through the streets, even though Athens has set aside special lanes for Olympic vehicles, advisory officials said.

After Greek officials went to Barcelona and saw the city's computerized traffic control system -- cameras mounted on traffic lights and in tunnels -- they decided to experiment here and mounted 600 cameras around the city. But there was considerable protest by Greeks, who take a dim view of invasions of their privacy. A few cameras were destroyed by protesters, and the socialist mayor of Nikaia, a ***working-class*** suburb of Athens, has refused to install the cameras.

The construction delays have other ripple effects. Hundreds of volunteers need to be trained in searching bags, and that is more effectively done at a real event than in a classroom.

In Sydney, the authorities discovered at the rugby championships that they did not have enough metal detectors, which meant long, angry lines; to speed the flow, some volunteers simply shut off the metal detectors during the rugby games. At the Olympics, the organizers added more entrance points with metal detectors.

In Athens, American, British and Israeli athletes are considered to be at the greatest risk of terrorist attacks, officials from several countries said, and those countries have mounted massive intelligence and security operations. The United States has more than 200 agents and officers from the C.I.A., F.B.I. and Pentagon in Athens, Greek officials said. Spain, Australia, Germany and France are also officially working with Greece on security preparations.

Even the barest details of their operations have been kept secret, not so much for security reasons as for the Greek public's strong aversion to foreign services operating in their country.

A seven-country Olympic advisory group also told the Greeks that they needed to carry out background checks on construction site employees, many of whom are from countries where Al Qaeda has had cells. The Greeks say all the laborers have valid visas and working papers, but the advisory group was not reassured because Al Qaeda and other terrorist groups use false documents.

Security at the main sports complex has been lax. Two reporters without any special passes wandered around the site for more than an hour this week, into the velodrome, the basketball arena and the main stadium, until a police car approached and they were asked to leave.

NATO will play a major role in providing security, using Awacs surveillance planes and naval ships. Nearly all of the forces will be American, officials said. ''This gives me a lot more confidence in the security,'' a European official said.

Greece has thousands of islands and more coastline to patrol than the United States. The Greek Navy and Coast Guard do not have the resources, but the government will keep NATO ships in international waters.

If terrorists reached one of the islands, it would not be hard to get to the mainland, said a foreign intelligence official advising the Greeks.

But there are limits to what the Greek government will allow NATO to do.

Greece's borders are porous. If terrorists are planning a truck bomb, the vehicle has probably already been brought into the country, security experts said.

The terrorist attack in Madrid in March, carried out by a cell believed to have been hiding and plotting for more than two years, has increased the concern about the possibility of sleeper cells.

''There are no sleeper cells here,'' said Mr. Voulgarakis, the Greek minister of public order.

His confidence is not shared by intelligence officials from other countries.

There is a modest-sized Palestinian and Arab community here. Greek and Western intelligence agencies are now working to infiltrate it, officials said.

The greatest fear is of a chemical or biological attack, or of a ''dirty bomb.''

''We have been advised in very strong terms to be ready for a C.B.R.,'' said a senior Greek intelligence official, using the shorthand for chemical, biological or radiation.

One senior European terrorism expert said he thought the risk of an attack by Al Qaeda was minimal because it has changed tactics and begun to look for more political targets. Thus, an attack attempt in the United States before the November elections is more likely than one on the Olympics, he said.

Another senior Western intelligence official cautioned, however, not to make too much of the lack of intelligence suggesting that Al Qaeda is planning an attack. If the planning started two or three years ago, it would have been known only to the most senior members of Osama bin Laden's inner circle, he said, and not until about now would movements be picked up by intelligence agencies.

While considering the likelihood of a Qaeda attack minimal, officials say they are concerned that one of the small anarchist groups in Greece will set off a bomb. Their target might not be a well-protected Olympic venue, but a ''soft target,'' like Constitution Square, which is popular with foreigners and Greeks alike.

''The risk of a terrorist attack is small, but it exists,'' said a European official.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: A construction worker tended to the grounds on Thursday at the unfinished Athens Olympic sports complex. Officials worry that construction and security delays will leave little time to test facilities before the Games. (Photo by John Kolesidis/Reuters, for The New York Times)(pg. A1)

A Greek Army special forces soldier during an Olympic security exercise this week. Extensive Olympic security measures are being put into place. (Photo by Associated Press)(pg. A9)Map of Athens highlighting some of the Olympic facilities: Construction is still under way on some Olympic facilities in Athens. (pg. A9)

**Load-Date:** July 3, 2004

**End of Document**



[***REVISIONS;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SY1-G170-007F-G31M-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Daring to Take On the Status Quo in Farce and in Life***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SY1-G170-007F-G31M-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 15, 1998, Monday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1998 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** The Arts/Cultural Desk

**Section:** Section E; ; Section E; Page 2; Column 3; The Arts/Cultural Desk ; Column 3;

**Length:** 1199 words

**Byline:** By Margo Jefferson

By Margo Jefferson

**Body**

Despite all the reasons offered me, I just can't manage to feel exploited or condescended to by "Bulworth."

Is the Senator, as written and played by Warren Beatty, just another morally depleted white man who turns to African-Americans for spiritual renewal? I have no problem with African-Americans being seen as a source of spiritual renewal so long as there is a trade-off based on a good deal more than patronization or manipulation.

Worse still, is J. Billington Bulworth (and by extension, Mr. Beatty) a White Negro, who strides the meaner streets of black life savoring its dangers for recreation? I think not. What is intolerable about the true White Negro is that he plays -- just for the thrill of it, just for the funk of it -- in the costume of race. So intent is he on his own performance that he utterly ignores or dismisses the actual Negroes in his path and ends up feeling that when it comes to authenticity and hipness, he has just about eclipsed them.

Senator Bulworth starts rapping -- even briefly dressing, and trying to walk and gesture like a South-Central homeboy -- to deliver no-holds-barred political views. Middle-class whites, blacks, Asians and Latinos all over the world rap these days for all sorts of reasons, including fun, profit and testosterone gratification.

Bulworth's rapping has neither self-serving ambiguity nor all-purpose piety. That puts it many cuts above the average political speech. And he doesn't eclipse the blacks he meets. He listens to their talk about their circumstances -- you can see him taking it in with the shock of a man who has never had to think there was something he didn't know -- and he does what politicians are supposed to do. He takes those words to the larger world.

Besides, this isn't a naturalistic movie. When Bulworth bursts into rhyme, he is doing what people in musicals do: using some form of song to say what can't be said in everyday speech.

What we have here is partly an idealistic political fantasy, Frank Capra style, and partly a nihilistic musical, rap style. And if Mr. Beatty sounded like an authentically black rap virtuoso, he would undercut the movie's point and its comic charm. He is supposed to sound the way we all do when we come into contact with things that shake us up: awkward, then ardent; ricocheting from the embarrassing to the eloquent.

The movie is filled with those little shivers of exotic-erotic excitement that so often mark cross-racial and cross-class encounters and so often distress people who feel them despite their nobler intentions. It would be ridiculous to suppress these; the less naturalistic a movie is, the more emotionally forthright it has to be.

Bulworth looks pretty silly in that after-hours South-Central club, flailing around excitedly with the delicious young Nina (played by Halle Berry), spinning records, happy to be taken for Clint Eastwood and George Hamilton. But it's hardly surprising that he might prefer it to his usual round of activities.

And this goes both ways. The young black women who attach themselves to him find riding around in a limo and providing rap backup vocals at political fund-raisers a lot more interesting than working at McDonald's. Blacks can have just as much fun with these encounters as whites. "You're my nigger," Nina tells him with a smile, just the way black disk jockeys in the 1960's used to say, "Here come our blue-eyed soul brothers" whenever the Righteous Brothers began to croon "You've Lost That Lovin' Feeling."

It has been said that most of the black characters in "Bulworth" are all-too-familiar caricatures. But are those two loud, giggling South-Central girls, Shaneequa and her friend, any more laughable than the Senator's craven, hysterical campaign lackeys? Is Don Cheadle's gang leader more broadly drawn than Paul Sorvino's insurance lobbyist? Sometimes I think that caricatures of middle-class people seem less broad than those of ***working-class*** people because they remind us middle-class audiences of people we know. Besides, "Bulworth" is a farce and a romance. This means that all of the surrounding characters are types to some degree, while the pair at the center begin as types and struggle to become fully human.

It was accidental but instructive to read Lani Guinier's book "Lift Every Voice: Turning a Civil Rights Setback Into a New Vision of Social Justice" (Simon & Schuster) the same week that I saw "Bulworth." It, too, is a nasty but real-life political farce that made just a few of the people involved more human in the end.

The book begins with Ms. Guinier's account of how President Clinton nominated her as assistant attorney general for civil rights then left her to twist slowly in the wind (say nothing to the media, his people ordered her) as conservative opponents unleashed a successful campaign to discredit her views. Whereupon the President withdrew the nomination, declaring that while he had been unacquainted with those views, he now found them unacceptable.

Double-talk abounded. Political lackeys and emissaries scurried through halls delivering coded messages. And real life delivered some moments of pure farce that the best fiction can't top. (My particular favorite comes when, having withdrawn Ms. Guinier's nomination without ever, she says, telling her which views he disagreed with, President Clinton makes this impassioned declaration to reporters: "I love her. I think she's wonderful. If she came to me and asked for $5,000, I'd go down to the bank and give it to her, no questions asked.")

And if you think rap a low form of speech try some of the labels given Ms. Guinier by right-wing media pundits and critics: Bill Clinton's "Quota Queen," "Looney Lani," "The Czarina of Czeparatism."

Ms. Guinier spends the last two parts of her book re-examining the civil rights movement. She looks at some crucial cases from the 1980's, when she worked with the N.A.A.C.P. Legal Defense Fund in the South to make sure that the Voting Rights Act of 1965 was still being enforced. And she recalls crucial encounters with plain-spoken people she was defending, the local and little-heard citizens whom civil rights lawyers (like politicians) had to learn to speak with not just for.

She also makes some proposals for how we might have some national conversations on race that are more than touring melodramas: People might talk until some kind of trust developed and then be willing to go on talking. People might talk not only about race but also about how race can be a lens on other issues, questions and struggles. People might hope and plan not only to bond and make friends but also to think about public problems and about making changes.

Nothing could be more different in tone than these two works: "Bulworth," all wild farce and "Lift Every Voice," all sturdy thoughtfulness. But Ms. Guinier survived a farce and Mr. Beatty put plenty of thought into his entertainment. They have both taken risks (Ms. Guinier's political, Mr. Beatty's cultural) to give us something that can genuinely be called a social vision. And a vision isn't supposed to be a fixed, perfect thing. A vision is supposed to be a passionate, intelligent work in progress, whether a film, a book or a life.

**Graphic**

Photos: Lani Guinier, left, the author of "Lift Every Voice," and Warren Beatty as the Senator who raps, in the title role of his film "Bulworth." (Sidney Baldwin/20th Century Fox; Librado Romero/The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** June 15, 1998

**End of Document**



[***When It Positively Has to Be There Fast, J.F.K. Loses Ground***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4CTT-G600-TW8F-G2PR-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 10, 2004 Saturday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2004 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section B; Column 2; Metropolitan Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1463 words

**Byline:** By LYDIA POLGREEN

**Body**

Kennedy Airport was once the gateway to the world: in the golden age of air travel it was the shining portal through which the endless tide of people and goods from across the globe entered or left the United States.

The air cargo industry, feeding an insatiable demand for products from abroad, from semiconductors to sushi-grade tuna, has long been a mainstay of the city economy, employing 60,000 workers and sustaining 1,000 businesses at and near Kennedy, which for years was the top cargo airport in the world.

But in the past decade Kennedy's status as a cargo hub has steadily eroded. Choked off by a narrow, perpetually clogged highway -- the Van Wyck Expressway -- and facing stiff competition from newer airports across the country, Kennedy has slipped to fifth in the nation in air cargo tonnage. Fifteen years ago, it was the busiest cargo airport in the world.

The decline of the cargo industry in New York could be written off as inevitable, akin to the steady loss of manufacturing jobs, the blue-collar lifeblood of generations of New Yorkers.

But while manufacturing is in decline across the nation, the air cargo industry is growing rapidly. The Federal Aviation Administration's most recent forecast, released in March, predicted that the industry will grow by about 4.5 percent a year for the next decade, which could mean many new jobs at the airport.

Over the last 30 years, the number of jobs in New York has remained basically flat, but wages have risen sharply, reflecting the growth of salaries in fields like finance, law, insurance and real estate that have come to define New York as the hometown of global capitalism.

But industries that employed thousands of ***working-class*** New Yorkers, like manufacturing, have slowly disappeared. The city's unemployment rate remains well above the national average, and jobs for new arrivals with few skills and little education, like the immigrants who kept New York from losing population in the last census, are in short supply.

''New York doesn't have a whole bunch of industries that have potential for significant growth,'' said Jonathan Bowles, research director of the Center for an Urban Future, who has written two studies outlining the decline of the air cargo industry at Kennedy. ''It is one of the industries that provides decent-paying blue-collar jobs. At a time when manufacturing jobs are in decline, we need to do what we can to support other sources of these kinds of jobs.''

The struggle to keep air cargo aloft at Kennedy reflects many of the challenges facing dowdy, old-economy businesses that lack the pizzazz and high salaries that contributed to the 1990's boom. Attracting and keeping more air cargo business does not involve building shimmering new office towers, like the ones planned for Lower Manhattan and the far West Side, or the whiz-bang ingenuity that spurred the dot-com boom. Instead it requires some very mundane and potentially unpopular efforts, like expanding roads to make room for more trucks to get goods from the airport to their destinations in the city and beyond.

Yet the economic impact is profound. According to the Port Authority figures from 2003, the air cargo industry at Kennedy employs nearly 60,000 people at and around the airport, paying more than $2.6 billion in wages and generating $7.7 billion in economic activity. Based on these figures, the average wage for air cargo workers in 2003 was more than $43,000, which was higher than the Queens average of $37,719.

The number of jobs will doubtless increase as the industry grows. So far Kennedy is not keeping up with its competitors across the country, though government officials are now beginning to focus on the issue. According to the F.A.A.'s annual forecast, air cargo tonnage nationwide increased 7.2 percent in 2003 and will grow another 6.8 percent this year, but Kennedy grew by just 2.7 percent in 2003, according to Port Authority data, and has grown by an anemic 0.3 percent in the first four months of this year. Now that every state seems to have its own international airport, it is no longer a given that Kennedy will keep its share of the market.

Longtime cargo operators at Kennedy say that while the airport remains one of the best cargo hubs in the world, with some of the most sophisticated and extensive cargo-handling facilities and the ability to move incredibly delicate and precious items -- like diamonds, electronics and highly perishable food -- it has lost its competitive edge as the infrastructure surrounding the airport has crumbled and traffic has become a major headache.

The vast majority of cargo unloaded from planes is loaded onto trucks for distribution around the country. With just one road, the Van Wyck Expressway, available for trucks traveling from Kennedy, what should be a 30-minute drive into Manhattan can take hours.

''The access issue is one of the major deterrents to growth at J.F.K.,'' said Peter Diefenbach, senior adviser to Nippon Cargo Airlines, a major shipper at Kennedy.

The traffic, along with the overall high cost of doing business at Kennedy, prompted Nippon Cargo Airlines to shift a significant chunk of its business to O'Hare Airport in Chicago several years ago, Mr. Diefenbach said.

But solving the access problem is not easy. The opening of the Air Train is getting some cars off the Van Wyck, and Port Authority officials are optimistic that the number of train riders will continue to increase. But that alone will not solve the problem, and expanding the Van Wyck by a lane on each side or opening up the Grand Central Parkway to commercial vans, two other possible solutions, are likely to face huge public opposition.

''This is a different world we live in than when Robert Moses was around,'' said Jim Larsen, president of the Air Cargo Association. ''Nobody can say we are going to rip down 60,000 homes and extend the Clearview Expressway to J.F.K. It just won't happen.''

But speed is of the essence in the air cargo industry, said Lorena Murray, account manager for Alliance Airlines at Kennedy.

On a recent morning, a 9:30 a.m. flight from Santiago, Chile, arrived, its belly full of precious and perishable cargo -- stacks of gleaming gold bars headed for a bank vault, sea urchins caught in South American waters destined for Japan, waxy boxes of chrysanthemums and roses on their way to flower markets.

Ms. Murray's job is to get all of it out of her warehouse, a high-tech, low-slung building tucked off a runway at Kennedy, in an hour or less.

''It is all about speed,'' she explained, as workers stacked coffin-size crates containing headless, gutted swordfish.

But once that fresh fish leaves her warehouse on a refrigerated truck, it is anyone's guess when it will get to the Fulton Fish Market, or wherever else it may be headed. Because of traffic tie-ups, much of the overnight express mail business for New York has moved to Newark Liberty International Airport, accounting for much of the cargo growth there.

William R. DeCota, director of the Port Authority's Aviation Department, expressed optimism about the prospect of increasing Kennedy's share of the nation's air cargo boom. A decade-long effort to revitalize Kennedy's run-down passenger terminals and improve its internal roadways has helped make the airport a more attractive place to shippers, he said, pointing to several new cargo warehouses, many built with the help of the city's Industrial Development Agency.

''We know cargo is going to grow and that we are going to gain good, solid jobs because of that growth,'' Mr. DeCota said. ''Clearly access is a place we need to do better. We need to sit down with the city and state to come up with solutions to the access problem.''

Kate Ascher, vice president for infrastructure at the city's Economic Development Corporation, said that years of squabbling between City Hall and the Port Authority had hindered efforts to improve access to the airport, but that the relationship had improved. A task force of officials from each agency will begin meeting in a few months to come up with plans to improve access to Kennedy, Ms. Ascher said.

Mr. Bowles concluded in a report he wrote on Kennedy's cargo woes in November 2000, a year before Sept. 11 clobbered the industry, that ''without better access, the airport is going to die very slowly.'' He said that city, state and Port Authority officials seemed to be working toward a solution after years of inaction.

''It has definitely been one of those industries that has been ignored for too long,'' Mr. Bowles said. ''It is not sexy, it is way out in eastern Queens. Most people are not even aware of its importance. For a long time the city and even the Port Authority didn't give it the attention it deserves.''

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

**Graphic**

Chart: ''BY THE NUMBERS: Air Freight at Kennedy''While the national air cargo industry has grown, business at Kennedy Airport has been flat, and some market share has been lost to other airports.Graph tracks total air cargo, (in millions of metric tons) from 1997-2003.NORTH AMERICAN RANKING1997: 41998: 41999: 32000: 32001: 62002: 52003: 5(Source by Airports Council International)(pg. B2)

**Load-Date:** July 10, 2004

**End of Document**



[***Straight (and Not) Out of the Comics***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4K2B-YDX0-TW8F-G1HG-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 28, 2006 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2006 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 2; Column 1; Arts and Leisure Desk; Pg. 25; COMICS

**Length:** 1553 words

**Byline:** By GEORGE GENE GUSTINES

**Body**

X-RAY vision. Teleportation. Shape-shifting. Flight. The special abilities of superheroes are certainly diverse. But historically the faces behind the masks have been much less so. Out of costume the biggest difference was black hair or blond. Green skin was more common than any shade of brown. And on the rare occasion when nonwhite heroes were included, names like Black Panther and Black Lightning telegraphed the difference.

But this year will be a banner one for diversity in the $500 million comic book business. At DC Comics, an effort is under way to introduce heroes who are not cut from the usual straight white male supercloth. A mix of new concepts, dusted-off code names and existing characters, the new heroes include Blue Beetle, a Mexican teenager powered by a mystical scarab; Batwoman, a lesbian socialite by night and a crime fighter by later in the night; and the Great Ten, a government-sponsored Chinese team.

Over at Marvel Comics, Black Panther, king of the fictional African nation of Wakanda, will soon marry Storm, the weather-controlling mutant and X-Man. Luke Cage, a strong-as-steel black street fighter who married his white girlfriend in April, plays a key role in ''New Avengers,'' the company's best-selling book.

Comic books have featured minorities before, but the latest push is intended to be a sustained one, taking place in an alternate world that nevertheless reflects American society in general and comics readers in particular, in much the same way that the multicultural casts of television shows like ABC's ''Lost'' and ''Grey's Anatomy'' mirror their audiences. ''I'm glad we're at the point when they're being rolled out without flourish -- not 'Minority Heroes Attack!,' '' said Judd Winick, who has written many comics for both Marvel and DC. ''It's important just to see them as characters and not a story line about race.''

Credit is due in part to diversity behind the scenes. Reginald Hudlin, Black Entertainment Television's president for entertainment, is writing the Black Panther series. Joe Quesada is editor in chief at Marvel, the first Hispanic to have that job.

''I do look at the universe with a different set of eyes,'' Mr. Quesada said, ''but I don't let race enter or interfere with the story. There's nothing worse than thinking, 'We need three more black characters in the Marvel universe.' ''

In the DC universe, many of the heroes are closely tied to ''52,'' an ambitious, yearlong series, published weekly, that began this month. With the established heroes Batman, Superman and Wonder Woman mainly offstage trying to find themselves after a strained alliance in ''Infinite Crisis,'' the events of ''52'' force the new heroes into bigger roles.

''We're trying a lot at the same time,'' said Dan DiDio, DC's vice president and executive editor, ''but we don't know how it's going to be accepted.''

The concern is understandable given DC's uneven history with introducing minority characters en masse. In 1988 it published ''The New Guardians,'' about a super-powered team that included an aboriginal girl, an Eskimo man and Extrano, an H.I.V.-positive gay man who wanted to be called Auntie, who was dismissed online by a fan as a ''limp-wristed caricature.''

In 1993 DC printed and distributed the work of Milestone Media, an African-American-owned company specializing in comics with black, Asian, Hispanic and gay heroes. Some of the titles ran for nearly four years, but all ceased publication during a volatile time in the comic industry. One character, a black teenager with electrical powers, found greater success in the animated series ''Static Shock.''

In 2000 another batch of international heroes -- from Turkey, India, Japan, Argentina and elsewhere -- were introduced under the ''Planet DC'' banner. These champions of justice have had few adventures since.

This time around the writers and editors are taking pains to avoid that fate. Mindful that readers can be especially resistant to new faces, the creators are carefully orchestrating introductions and linking unfamiliar characters to ''legacy'' heroes.

The previous Blue Beetle, who was white, was murdered last year in a hot-selling story that paved the way for the new Blue Beetle, a k a Jaime Reyes, a Mexican-American teenager in El Paso. Fans of the old Blue Beetle posted online messages decrying his death and griping about DC's new, generally more somber direction. But comics devotees are notorious for buying titles out of loyalty, whether from completist compulsion or from a need to be able to complain about what they don't like, and DC knows it. ''It's hard to introduce any new hero,'' Mr. DiDio admitted. But, he said, if using familiar names ''gives us a leg up so they're more readily accepted, I think that's the way to go.''

In March, Jaime was spun off into his own book, which is as much about him coming to terms with his powers and the mystical scarab as it is about his ***working-class*** family and high school life. The first issue sold an estimated 50,000 copies and was reprinted to meet demand. Online reviews were generally positive, but fan reaction was typically mixed. ''The guy is Mexican?'' a reader wrote online, adding, ''Sure can't tell by the costume.'' Another responded, ''Would you have preferred a big blue sombrero?''

Another effort to link old and new characters centers on Kathy Kane, the gay Batwoman who will appear in costume for the first time in a July issue of ''52.'' Batwoman was introduced in 1956, but she was one of several, often silly additions to the Bat family, including Ace the Bat-Hound (1955), Bat-Mite (1959) and Bat-Girl (1961). In her latest incarnation, Batwoman is a wealthy, buxom lipstick lesbian who has a history with Renee Montoya, an ex-police detective who has a starring role in ''52.''

Even so, it's something of a surprise that there are any gay characters hanging out in Gotham City. Last year DC issued a cease-and-desist letter to a New York art gallery for displaying watercolors by Mark Chamberlain that depicted Batman and Robin in intimate positions. ''That's not what this is about,'' Mr. DiDio said. ''We're basically showing a different cross section of the world.''

The Chinese government-controlled Great Ten, making their debut next month, should prove less contentious. The team includes the Celestial Archer, with ties to Chinese mythology; Mother of Champions, who can give birth to a litter of 25 super-soldiers about every three days; and Seven Deadly Brothers, a martial arts expert who can divide into many.

If anyone is sympathetic to DC's struggles with new characters, it is Marvel, its rival. Mr. Quesada recalls the 2004 debut of Arana, a Hispanic girl with Spider-Man-like powers. She made a big splash and quickly received her own series in 2005, but it lasted only a year.

The company has had more success with two black characters who have been around for a few decades: Black Panther, created in 1966, and Storm, from 1975. Their marriage, in July, is the work of Mr. Hudlin. He started a new Black Panther series last year; one story line sent the title character and Luke Cage to post-Hurricane Katrina New Orleans to help in the cleanup. (Fittingly, Mr. Hudlin, who is also a film director, described the teaming of an ex-cop and African king as a ''a buddy action movie.'')

''The reality is that there's been so few black characters who have their own book, who have been consistently published,'' Mr. Hudlin said, ''let alone a black character who has been written by a black writer and the perspective that comes from that.''

He added: ''I'm not saying you have to be black to understand the character, but very often the best writer may be the writer who best understands the culture of the character.''

Fans have debated whether the new Black Panther title succeeds -- ''We all like the character, why can't we disagree on the writing?'' blkyoda wrote on hudlinentertainment.com -- but Mr. Hudlin proudly spoke of a man who reads the series to his son, two pages a day.

Mr. Winick, the comics writer who is perhaps still best known as a cast member of MTV's 1994 ''Real World,'' also emphasizes diversity in his work. He introduced a Japanese lesbian superhero during his tenure (2001 to 2003 ) on ''Exiles,'' a Marvel comic about mutants saving alternate realities from destruction. ''Outsiders,'' which he currently writes for DC, has a multiethnic cast that includes Grace, a rowdy Chinese-American powerhouse, and Thunder, the daughter of Black Lightning. Mr. Winick even had Green Arrow, as the mayor of Star City, legalize gay marriage.

''It's nice when a young reader can gravitate toward a character and feel represented,'' he said. Mr. Winick, who is white, said that wasn't always the case, citing the experience of his wife (and ''Real World'' cast mate) Pam Ling, a Chinese-American who, with her sisters, used to watch ''Wonder Woman'' because of her dark hair. ''That's as close as she was going to get'' to a sense of kinship, he said.

''When I get gripes for my need to force my social agenda into comics, I always ask: which social agenda are you complaining about? Is it the gay people? Or the black people or the Asian people?

''After a while, it doesn't look like a social agenda. This is the world we live in.''

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

**Graphic**

Photos: The cover of ''Black Panther'' (above left), showing the title character and Storm, the X-Man mutant who is his bride-to-be. Right, Blue Beetle used to be white, but now he's Jaime Reyes (far right), a Mexican-American teenager in El Paso. (Photo by Marvel)

(Photos by above and above right, Cully Hammer/DC Comics, 2006)

Batwoman, left and in action below, was introduced by DC Comics in 1956. In her new incarnation she's a lesbian socialite when not fighting crime. (Photos by above left, Alex Ross/DC Comics, 2006

above, Joe Bennett/DC Comics, 2006)

**Load-Date:** May 28, 2006

**End of Document**



[***THE MEDIA BUSINESS;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-7R10-000P-20XY-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Esquire Is Struggling Against GQ in Britain***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-7R10-000P-20XY-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 24, 1992, Monday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1992 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Financial Desk

**Section:** Section D;; Section D; Page 6; Column 1; Financial Desk; Column 1;

**Length:** 1210 words

**Byline:** By SUZANNE CASSIDY,

By SUZANNE CASSIDY,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** LONDON, Aug. 23

**Body**

In 1988, when Conde Nast started a British edition of GQ, the conventional wisdom was that British men didn't read general-interest magazines, did not care a whit about fashion, and did not want to be seen with some marketing man's idea of a male Cosmopolitan.

But GQ defied the odds and now leads a British market for men's general-interest magazines that it was instrumental in creating. Esquire, which started its British edition in February 1991, is seeking to challenge that market, but so far success has remained elusive.

Current and former Esquire employees and others in the British magazine business suggest that a number of problems held Esquire back at the start: lack of a focused editorial voice, a resistance by Britons to American ideas, and the start-up of the magazine in the throes of a huge worldwide advertising slump. To counter those problems, the magazine now is being led by -- a committed feminist.

'Unashamed to Be a Guy'

The latest figures from Britain's Audit Bureau of Circulations show that GQ has just surpassed the 90,000 circulation mark. Despite a recalcitrant recession, the magazine's average circulation for 1992's first half climbed nearly 28 percent from the period a year earlier.

The theory that British men were "too shy and reserved" to enjoy a magazine like GQ was "a complete misreading of the British man," David Jenkins, GQ's deputy editor, said.

Michael VerMeulen, GQ's editor, called GQ "a magazine that is about not being ashamed or embarrassed to be a guy." With its unabashed fashion spreads, covers featuring famous men, and articles on subjects ranging from international espionage to surefire ways to, as the magazine puts it, "pull the chicks," GQ seems to be attracting the "guys" that advertisers want to reach. The magazine's own market research indicates that nearly half its readers are from London and southeast England, most are executives, most are single, and their average age is 28.

"Rather like the Jesuits, we are catching them young and keeping them for life," Mr. Jenkins said.

To convince skittish British men that reading general-interest magazines would not compromise their masculinity, GQ has been assiduously heterosexual in content and tone. It is also consciously "classless," Mr. VerMeulen said, meant to appeal equally to upper-class Oxbridge graduates and former ***working-class*** "barrow boys" who, during the Thatcher years, hopped across the class divide to make their fortunes in London's financial district.

GQ has succeeded because it "has been a consistent editorial product since it started," said Roy Jeans, press-department director at Zenith Media Ltd., which buys media space for advertisers. Esquire "has been too variable," Mr. Jeans said, and its lack of a distinctive and consistent voice has hurt it. Esquire's first audited circulation, an average for the first half of this year, was 64,765.

Jamie Bill, Esquire's British publisher, said that because GQ had more than a two-year head start on Esquire, it was unfair to compare the progress of the two. His magazine's circulation goal, he said, was 70,000, a target he was confident it would reach.

"We have never felt more optimistic about the future of the title," Mr. Bill said.

'A Very Subtle Resistance'

The magazine was started with Lee Eisenberg, former editor in chief of Esquire in the United States, at the helm. An expensive promotional campaign helped the first issue sell nearly 98,500 copies, but then circulation sank. Mr. Eisenberg "was a hugely talented editor," but he brought an American sensibility to the British magazine, Mr. Bill said.

Mr. Eisenberg, now a founding partner of the Edison Project, which is creating a model of a for-profit national school system, said he found among Britons "a very subtle kind of resistance" to Americans and American ideas. He also started Esquire during a recession that was casting "a tremendous pall over the prospect of anything new."

"A magazine never springs fully blown from anybody's rib," he remarked. "It always goes through a period of change and evolution."

Mr. Eisenberg was succeeded by a British editor, Alex Finer, who in turn was succeeded, last January, by Rosie Boycott, a founder of the feminist magazine Spare Rib and the feminist publishing house Virago. She has also worked for The Village Voice.

Her feminist credentials may seem at odds with Esquire's masculine ethos, but Mr. Jeans of Zenith Media said he had already detected a change for the better since she took over. He believes that once Ms. Boycott's ideas really begin to "filter through to the product, Esquire will probably increase its circulation."

Ironing Out 'Glitches and Kinks'

Ms. Boycott, a descendant of Capt. Charles C. Boycott, the 19th-century English land agent whose ostracism by the Irish inspired the phrase "to boycott," said she and her staff had "ironed out some glitches and kinks," making the magazine "more unified, stronger, tougher" and "more essential."

She likes, she said, news-breaking articles, ones that explore issues of interest to the "inner-directed" man, irreverent and provocative features, fashion that does not take itself too seriously, and fiction by writers well known in Britain, like Martin Amis and Ian McEwan.

"We're trying to go for more reporting rather than just meditation," said Tim Hulse, Esquire's deputy and features editor. Esquire before, he maintained, "was slightly too old" and "a bit too cool and quiet, almost introspective."

And it did not sell on the newsstands, which British magazines must do to survive. At most, Ms. Boycott noted, subscriptions account for about 15 percent of British Esquire's sales. To strengthen Esquire's newsstand appeal, she has abandoned so-called concept covers for covers featuring well-known men photographed "with attitude." (John Cleese graces the latest issue.) Since May, the editor said, newsstand sales have risen 10 to 11 percent over each preceding month.

'Weird and Interesting Mix'

In the September issue, Ms. Boycott believes she almost achieved "the weird and interesting mix" she is after. Besides the cover piece on Mr. Cleese, the issue includes an "exclusive" article about the Reichmann brothers, a Martin Amis short story, a look at the "25 men who really run Britain," an intimate profile of Muhammad Ali, and a humorous article on the penis.

The men's market in Britain looks set to expand as GQ and Esquire are joined by other men's magazines -- albeit more specialized ones -- from the United States.

Distribution of Rodale Press's Men's Health just began here, with 20,000 copies hitting the shelves this month. And in October, Men's Journal, which focuses on adventure, participatory sports and fitness, will go on sale on British newsstands.

The two latest imports come here in their American form and so are a comparatively inexpensive risk for their publishers. But they have, perhaps, an even bigger obstacle to surmount than GQ and Esquire, which had only to tackle the British man's reluctance to examine his inner self and sartorial sense.

In a country where men wash down snacks like pork scratchings with pint glasses of dark beer and consider snooker and darts action-packed sports, magazines devoted to health and fitness may have an even rockier hill to climb.

**Graphic**

Photo: Esquire started its British edition early last year, while GQ began its British edition in 1988 and now leads a national market for men's general-interest magazines that it was instrumental in creating.

**Load-Date:** August 24, 1992

**End of Document**



[***FOR PALME, SOME THORNS ON THE ROSES***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-P1C0-0009-212P-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 21, 1982, Tuesday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1982 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Page 3, Column 1; Foreign Desk

**Length:** 1038 words

**Byline:** By R.W. APPLE Jr., Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** STOCKHOLM, Sept. 20

**Body**

Olof Palme sat in his spartan office in Sweden's Parliament Building this evening, surrounded by the trophies of triumph -vases of red roses, the symbol of his Social Democratic Party, victor in Sunday's general election.

But the 55-year-old Prime Minister-elect, who has already led the party for 13 years, expressed more caution than elation as he contemplated the task of restoring to health an economy, once the envy of Europe, that is now hobbled by foreign debt, low investment, an adverse balance of payment and even unemployment, which until a few years ago was unthinkable in this, the birthplace of the modern welfare state.

''The answers are not by any means clear,'' he said in an interview, ''but it is obvious to us that there is no possibility of improving the situation until we can get Swedish business back into action.''

Mr. Palme's short-term gamble is a major program of Government investment in projects he hopes will create jobs throughout the economy without sucking imports into the country and setting off a new orgy of consumer-led inflation. He plans to spend $100 million and hopes to attract private investment of $350 million, creating 30,000 new jobs in the process. Sales taxes would be raised to finance the plan.

Prime Minister-elect Olof Palme must work to restore Sweden's economyDrawbacks Are Conceded

His critics argue that it is time to cut back, not spend more, and he readily conceded that his proposal has drawbacks. One obvious question is whether private capital will follow where the Government leads, given the low level of company profits in recent years.

But Mr. Palme, who will begin his second administration on Oct. 8, said he was convinced that his own remedies bore little resemblance to those tried, so far without conspicious success, by President Francois Mitterrand of France. Sweden's non-Socialist parties have taunted Mr. Palme throughout the campaign about the supposed failings of his fellow Socialists, but the Swedish leader argued that the two countries faced different problems.

''Mitterrand,'' he said ''came to power after a long period of bourgeois government, and he was forced to respond to his constituents' pent-up desire for consumer goods. So he stimulated demand and ran into trouble. Things are different here - we have had almost 15 years of Socialism, and we have no great gaps between the ***working class*** and others. We have a far better chance to stimulate savings and investment, which is what Western economies need.''

Mr. Palme won, politicians and commentators here agree, for two reasons: because he promised to halt the rise in unemployment and to maintain welfare benefits, and was believed because of his party's traditions; and because the non-Socialists who have ruled for the last six years were seen by many voters as inept and quarrelsome.

Key Issue Is Employment

From Mr. Palme's viewpoint, the key issue was fear of unemployment, which currently stands at only 3.5 percent but which, he said, is ''moving very quickly toward 4 or 5 - a tiny rate in many countries but one that Swedes won't stand for.'' His greatest electoral strength, he said, came in Norrbotten, the Swedish region with the highest unemployment, where the Social Democrats pulled almost twothirds of the votes.

A committed Socialist and internationalist, Mr. Palme has upset the United States in the past as a critic of American policy in Vietnam and as a fervent advocate of disarmament and of much greater Western assistance to the third world. Here at home, he has upset people in the past not so much by his policies but by a certain hectoring, Calvinist streak in his personality that many people take as condescension.

During the campaign this summer, however, he aroused controversy mainly through a plan for ''wage-earner funds'' - an innovation, typical of the Swedish Social Democrats, that appears to have been tried nowhere else. It would involve the use of revenues from payroll and excess-profit taxes to buy shares in Swedish industry on behalf of the workers. The plan amounts to indirect, partial nationalization of industry, and it has been bitterly denounced by Swedish corporations.

Stocks Narrowly Held

Sweden is something of a paradox; it has had a Socialist government for most of the last half-century, yet it has far fewer nationalized industries than Italy or France or Britain, which have often had right-wing governments. In addition, stocks are narrowly held; a little over 1 percent of the households control 75 percent of all shares, and 90 percent of Swedish families have no shareholding at all.

Mr. Palme wants to change all that and to buoy the economy at the same time. ''It's a basic problem in advanced industrialized societies,'' he said. ''How do you generate capital? You can nationalize outright and put tax money in, but that has always struck me as a conservative, old-fashioned method. You can increase profits, which is fine, but not if they all go to a few people and into bank accounts in Switzerland and Liechtenstein.

''This is a reasonable way of tackling the problem, which will help to increase productive saving and to redistribute wealth. By the 1990's, I imagine the funds owning 10 to 15 percent of industry, which does not seem excessive to me.''

Key Questions Unresolved

Mr. Palme said that two key questions - who controls the funds and, what are the investment rules? - had yet to be settled. But he predicted that the fund administrators would not be trade union leaders ''because they are more and more uncomfortable with the idea of representing both ownership and labor.'' Some form of democratic election would have to be devised, he said.

''On investment policy,'' Mr. Palme added, ''it is crucial that we find rules to see to it that we don't pour money into albatrosses. That's why I say to corporations, 'Help us to see that the money goes to good companies and not bad ones. You know the difference.' ''

So far big business and its allies seem unwilling to cooperate. So successfully have they propagated the idea that the Social Democrats are ready to turn Sweden into a state on the Eastern European model that a visitor was greeted today by three friends with variants on the comment, ''Welcome to Poland.''

**End of Document**



[***THE MAKING OF A BEST SELLLER, 1906***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-8CH0-0007-J387-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 22, 1985, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1985 The New York Times Company

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

**Length:** 2438 words

**Byline:** By Christopher Wilson; Christopher Wilson, who teaches American studies and English at Boston College, is the author of ''The Labor of Words: Literary Professionalism in the Progressive Era.''

**Body**

THE story of Upton Sinclair and ''The Jungle'' has receded so far into the back pages of American literary history that it was a bit surprising to see the tale resurrected, if only as a television statistician's ad-lib during a major league baseball All-Star Game. As the game played itself out in a flurry of home runs and fielding errors, a commentator introduced one of those statistics that serve not so much to enlighten as to divert - a televised version of the newspaper sidebar. The script was altogether routine: citation of the baseball statistic from 1906 (''most home runs in an All-Star Game''); transition to author and best seller (''the same year a man named Upton Sinclair published a book called 'The Jungle' ''); tie-in about novelist and hitter having had a good year. Pause. Next pitch. Sinclair's cameo appearance was pretty inconsequential - not unlike other instances since the Bicentennial in which little-known episodes in American history are rendered as a series of ''spots'' on commercial television. But the episode roughly coincided with the purchase of the New York Mets in 1980 by an investment group headed by Doubleday & Company, the parent company of the house that originally published ''The Jungle.'' That acquisition, of course, was only part of a larger pattern of the last 20 years best described in Thomas Whiteside's ''Blockbuster Complex: Conglomerates, Show Business, and Book Publishing'' (1981) - the diversification of independent houses like Doubleday into entertainment industries; the transfer of once-privately owned publishing houses to multinational conglom-erates (I.T.T., Gult & Western, M.C.A.); the new emphasis on orchestrating books and Hollywood ''concepts'' through million-dollar auctions and promotional tours.

The baseball anNouncer's unconscious recourse to sales logic (home run, best seller) invoked a major preoccupation of the conglomerate era - the block-buster novel. That ''The Jungle'' should serve such ends was thus, after all, curiously appropriate. According to the Oxford English Dictionary, the term ''best seller'' first came into use in the 1890's, the very years when Upton Sinclair began making his way in the new literary marketplace of his day, one soon to be characterized by a superheated publishing climate.

FOLLOWING passage of the first International Copyright Act in 1891 (which eliminated the competition of a cheap reprint industry based on material from foreign sources), publishing entrepreneurs - Frank Doubleday among them - challenged the supremacy of the older, Eastern ''family'' houses by promoting local talent. This new class of publisher initiated an aggressive sales orientation - the commissioning of articles, advance payment systems, ingenious promotional techniques - that created its own frenzy period between 1900 and 1910. In fact, in the more conservative magazines of these years, one can find jeremiads nearly identical to recent complaints about the blockbuster complex: the parasitism of literary agents; the waning of fellowship between authors and publishers; ruthless bidding wars; the demise of true literary editing.

On the whole, however - as with many so-called breakthroughs in a consumer society (compare the advent of the home computer) these developments were also greeted with a certain amount of euphoria and democratic rhetoric. Even among authors themselves, as aggregate sales by native-born writers surpassed foreign works for the first time, International Copyright passage was hailed as a professional Declaration of Independence from the dominance of European tastes. Indeed, the new financial resources made available to American writers by book publishers, syndication agencies, newspapers and magazines were viewed as the means by which American authors could transcend the supposedly stale, academic elitism of the Gilded Age and create a more realistic and democratic literature. Successful careers like Upton Sinclair's - muckraking novelist, socialist, eventually even a California guber-natorial candidate - were singled out as examples of the power the new marketplace could bestow.

Sinclair later described himself as having been initially disdainful of the new climate. Born in Baltimore in 1878 to the improverished descendants of a proud Confederate military family, he was uprooted by his ne'erdo-well father and brought to the boardinghouses and streets of New York City. Declasse, yet positively snobbish about democratic politics and popular tastes and prone to Thoreauvian retreats to the woods of Quebec, Sinclair claimed he originally thought of himself as a latter-day Hamlet in conflict with a sordid world. ''It was my idea at this time that the human race was to be saved by poetry,'' he later wrote sarcastically. But when what he regarded as his first two serious literary efforts, novels that centered on this poetic persona's martyrdom, sold poorly, Sinclair perpetrated a hoax - his little-known ''Journal of Arthur Stirling'' (1903). This book, which passed itself off as the diary of a neglected poet who had recently committed suicide, signaled the author's resolve to use the devices of the marketplace for his own ends.

Almost simultaneously, Sinclair converted to socialism, abandoning Hmalet-like indecision in favor of activism on behalf of the American ***working class***. In a few short years, he was calling himself a ''proletarian writer,'' a man ''who thinks no more of 'art for art's sake' than a man on a sinking ship.'' ''The well-springs of joy have been dried up in me....I hve become like a soldier upon a hard campaign - I am thinking only of the enemy.'' The first major salvo in this war was, of course, ''The Jungle.''

That, at least, was again the story Sinclair liked to tell; the actual process of conversion was much more complex. Writing ''The Jungle,'' in fact, only returned Sinclair to a routine he had learned as an adolescent in New York - that of an apprentice dime novelist. He may not have considered it literary, but well prior to his poet phase, Sinclair had written jokes, cartoon captions and adventure tales for periodicals in the New York area. To him, that market was a source of diversion and upward mobility, just as other mass entertainments (amusement parks, nickelodeon houses, even films) were to other regional outsiders and immigrants.

Such work offered financial independence from his troubled home and proved to be the first attempts by this transplanted Southerner to try out his developing street sense. (''I was a young shark,'' he later said, ''ready to devour everything in sight.'') He earned his first paycheck at the age of 14 from Frank Munsey's Argosy magazine, and went on to write adventure tales about cadets at West Point and Annapolis for Street & Smith. During the late 1890's, Sinclair received about $40 per 30,000-word novel per week, and produced well over a million words, an output he liked to compare with the career total of Sir Walter Scott.

It was during this period that Sinclair developed literary habits that would serve him well in the popular market. He set himself to a rigid daily schedule of eight hours' study, eight hours' writing and eight hours sleep. He kept notebooks for scribbling down jokes or for frowning over vocabulary words. Moreover, he dictated novels - sometimes two at a time - to stenographers, thereby starting a career-long practice of thinking a plot through entirely and only then recording it. Perhaps most important, in writing hes cadet stories, he took to visiting the academies disguised as a plebe and mapped out his novels like campaigns. \* \* \* ''The Jungle'' drew on these reflexes. Sinclair's original plan had been to tell the story of a well-born young man who is dragged down into the proletariat. But as he began to visit the Chicago stockyards, and even to disguise himself as a worker, he found himself plotting a more ambitious book. The result was a modern ''Pilgram's Progress'' about a Lithuaniam immigrant worker who moves from the industrial meatpacking inferno to the salvation of socialism. Following his usual practice, Sinclair did not put pen to paper immediately; he kept some notebooks, but again composed mostly in his head, then wrote the novel in the ''hut'' in Princeton, N.J., he had built himself.

Certain long-recognized formal inconsistencies of the novel - its oratorical flourishes, its freewheeling plot, its often digressive narration - are partly byproducts of his reworked plan. (The novelist Robert Cantwell once accurately compared Sinclair's plots to landgran railroads, weaving about so as to take in as much terrain as possible.) Ultimately, Sinclair conceived of the book as a demonstration of the industrial forces ''driving the workingman into socialism,'' a novel ''as authoritative as if it were a statistical compilation,'' yet also ''a definite attempt to write something popular.''

The best-seller process, however, imposed changes on Sinclair's intended meaning. The book's public career began when it was finally picked up by Frank Doubleday's company and became the project of the jouralist-promoter Isaac Marcosson. In his memoir, ''Adventures in Interviewing'' (1919), Marcosson speaks proudly of having given ''The Jungle'' the first fully modern campaign of news promotion. According to Marcosson, a few months prior to the novels hardcover release, Doubleday had been alerted to the threat of a lawsuit by a major meatpacker. Consequently, Marcosson himself - and a Doubleday lawyer named Thomas McKee - traveled to Chicago to do their own advance scouting.

The promoter's visit gave a few revealing twists to Sinclair's earlier expedition. Like Sinclair, Marcosson resorted to disguise, but unlike Sinclair, he dressed up as a meat inspector rather than as a worker. He interviewed not social workers or laborers (as Sinclair had), but city bacteriologists, meat inspectors and a physician. What is clear from Marcosson's memoir, of course, is that the publicist was interested in the book's charges about sanitation, not labor. Everything Marcosson did emphasized the issue of meat packaging. He sent well-timed advance page proofs to newspapers and wire services; he brought Sinclair together with Theodore Roosevelt (who was pushing reform of the meat packing industry); and he advised Sinclair to write follow-up letters and articles in national periodicals. (In one of those articles, in fact, Sinclair mentioned that he went over the manuscript with McKee and cut out every phrase the lawyer considered an exaggeration.) The language of this publishing campaign was self-consciously military. Marcosson commented that he kept Sinclair ''shoulder to shoulder'' in the ''front lines of publicity,'' or down in the ''trenches'' with other ''allies'' like T.R. It is important to note that Marcosson thought he was helping his author's case; the promoter later said that he was ''bulwarking'' and ''fortifying'' Sinclair's position. And Doubleday's plan was hardly aimed at heading off controversy. In fact, adopting one of the mass market's characteristic strategies, Doubleday advertisements to booksellers deliberately fanned the flames of debate by using the company's own investigation - and presolicited reactions pro and con - to hint that the book's charges about sanitation would be sensational.

THE irony of all this, as political historians have long known, is that meat inspection was clearly a rather peripheral matter to Sinclair himself. The gruesome descriptions of the slaughter of livestock in ''The Jungle'' are meant to insprie not indigestion inthe reader, but concern for working conditions. Nonetheless, the book was mobilized int he campaign for sanitary methods of meat handling and packaging - and the novel's main plea for the American ***working class*** went wholly ignored. (As one reviewer quipped, no novel had ever done so much for vegetarianism.) Naturally, opportunistic politicians and packers themselves (some of whom favored inspection) were partly to blame. Yet what had mainly happened was the Marcosson's promotional ''bulwarking'' encirculed a much narrower meaning in the text and thereby set the terms for much of the novel's public reception - and political misfire. Marcosson even intimates that he improved onthe case of his author. One can only imagine Sinclair's perplexity when Doubleday, marketing the book inFrench, renamed it ''Les Empoisonneurs de Chicago'' (roughly, ''Chicago Poison'').

Much of the recent public discussion of the blockbuster complex has focuse don matters of taste, ont he detriment to the careers of ''mid-list'' authors, onthe more ominous (if still debatable) charge of corporte censorhsip, and onthe sheer silliness of hype. These are important soniderations; Isaac Marcosson's case is certainly an instance of what Thomas Whiteside calls the ''emotional romoteness'' of thepromoter from his material. Yet the history of ''The Jungle'' also anticipates a more serious efect of the blockbuster system, an effect that has consequences for politics and social change. True, Sinclair's rise from poverty to public prominence should remind us that the literary mass market, like other modern entertainment markets (infilm, rock music, professional sports), has the power to vault artists from all walks of life into the national limelight. By constantly circulating writers of many origins in the public eye, seemingly irrespective of their political views, the market orchestrates its image as an agency of cultural democracy - ''culture for the masses.''

Yet for all this potential, one is struck by how the promotional campaign for ''The Jungle'' actually altered - for the public - the meaning of Upton Sinclair's words. Implicitly, this was a campaign of selective strikes rather than Sinclair's war - it was more concerned with impact than with any long-term social or political consequences. Indeed, we have to consider, as the Marxist literary critic Raymond Williams has written, the limitations of a world in which impact are ''smash hit'' have become descriptions of successful communication. This is the language of the long ball, an idiom which, for all its bluster, is inescapably a language of the ephemeral. In the end, it was quite appropriate that ''The Jungle'' surfaced in the telecast of the All-Star Game, itself largely a promotional spectacle. With its endless pregame hype, its relentless assurances that all the players take the game seriously and its revolving door of superstars and highlights fromt he blockbusters of yesteryear, the All-Star Game is a cultural signature of our time. But who remembers the score?

**Graphic**

Drawing of Upton Sinclair

**End of Document**



[***Turkish Hunger Strikers Risk Body and Mind***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:44PD-1M00-0109-T4WT-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 18, 2001 Tuesday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2001 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Column 1; Foreign Desk; Pg. 3

**Length:** 1382 words

**Byline:**  By SOMINI SENGUPTA

**Dateline:** ISTANBUL, Dec. 17

**Body**

Ismail Hakkisalic's memory is shot to pieces. He can read only a few paragraphs at a time. He has great difficulty concentrating, closing his eyes for several minutes as he struggles to form a sentence.

When he finally does, his speech is often chillingly childlike. "I wish for a world in which there is no torture," he said the other day, sitting on the floor of a damp, cold apartment he shares here with a number of his equally wasted comrades. "I wish for a world in which hands would only be used for handshakes, for rubbing each others backs."

For 129 days earlier this year, Mr. Hakkisalic was on what is known here as a "death fast," to protest the isolation of political prisoners like himself. The government said he was a member of a terrorist group.

Carried out mostly from inside the country's prisons by members of a half-dozen banned leftist organizations, the fasts have left dozens dead and hundreds disabled, and have gained macabre notoriety for being part of the longest hunger strike in modern times, with some fasters surviving more than 200 days.

Today, a full year after the death fasts began, no solution to the standoff is in sight. The government has not agreed to the strikers' demands -- chiefly, to allow political prisoners to live in large communal dormitories, as they once did. The crowded compounds of the past, government officials say, became breeding grounds for terrorist organizations.

The hunger strikes have been carried out by members of a handful of marginal, mostly Marxist organizations, some of whom subscribe to armed struggle, some of whom agitate against the policies of the International Monetary Fund.

What unites them is their belief that confinement to cells that hold one to three prisoners, often with little contact with other inmates, is dehumanizing and that the new prison structure is designed to dismantle their very convictions by cutting off their interactions. They also say the new cells leave them vulnerable to torture by prison officials.

More than that, their cause is clearly an effort to shame a government with a spotty human rights record at a moment when it is struggling with issues about just how open a society it is willing to allow as Turkey vies for entry into the European Union.

Even though the death fasts have generated wide attention and protest marches in Turkey and abroad, the government has been largely unmoved.

It contends that it is too risky to let these groups operate unchecked inside the prison system. To do so, the director general of the prisons said in a statement, would "make it impossible for inmates to break ties with the terrorist organizations when they wish to."

A bill introduced in the Turkish Parliament last month seeks to prosecute those who encourage death fasts, with sentences of up to 20 years.

According to official figures, 154 prisoners are currently on hunger strikes; estimates of the number of hunger strikers outside prison, from a half-dozen to a dozen. Roughly 40 of the hunger strikers have died, according to rights groups here; prison officials say 24 have died in prison.

Outside, there are some 340 former death fasters who, like Mr. Hakkisalic, are now free and working to rehabilitate themselves.

After losing consciousness, Mr. Hakkisalic was taken to a hospital and released from prison on medical grounds in July. Since then, he has been eating, writing in his diary, exercising each morning -- walking a straight line between two strips of masking tape in the hallway of this apartment.

At the moment, though, it is unlikely that he, or any of the hundreds of former hunger strikers who have made the drastic U-turn from starving to nursing themselves back to life, will ever again be whole.

The apartment Mr. Hakkisalic shares in a dense, ***working-class*** neighborhood is a gallery of determined self-destruction. One man trembles uncontrollably, as if from Parkinson's disease. Others, having lost their balance, have great difficulty with the simplest physical gestures -- getting up from a sofa, walking a straight line. Most have lost a lot of hair.

Their eyes have a hard time focusing from one object to another. They can remember events from years ago, but not from yesterday. Most have lost the ability to produce new memories.

"It's almost impossible to bring them back 100 percent," said Dr. Onder Ozkalipci, a physician with the Human Rights Foundation here who supervises rehabilitation.

"Some of them were once leaders in their communities -- teachers, intellectuals," the doctor said. Today, he said, they are like "plants."

Hunger strikers usually don't last more than 60 to 70 days. But the Turkish hunger strikers have developed new ways to stretch starvation. They keep the body's metabolism going with huge amounts of sugar -- the equivalent of 60 sugar cubes a day -- along with an average of about 12 glasses of water.

One woman, Oya Acan, who fasted for 200 days, was known to have kept up yoga practice for much of that time. She read three newspapers, wrote letters, spoke to her parents about what they would do after her release -- all intended to maintain consciousness.

"I never believed I would die," a chain-smoking Ms. Acan, 42, who has spent eight years in prison for writing for a banned leftist newspaper, said the other day as she displayed a hollow-cheeked photograph of herself taken at the end of her fast. "I always thought there would be a solution."

But there has been no solution.

A report by Amnesty International points out that while similar three-person cells exist elsewhere in the West, Turkish prisons severely limit the inmates' ability to come together for meals, exercise or study.

But a statement released by the director general of the Turkish prison system last week noted that inmates are now allowed to sign up for all manner of communal activities, from reading at the prison libraries to playing table tennis. Inmates sentenced on terrorism charges, the statement continued, have "chosen their own isolation."

In a report released last week, the European Committee for the Prevention of Torture called on the Turkish government to appoint a mediator to resume talks between both sides. It also urged the government to lift provisions of its terrorism laws that restrict freedom of expression. "Criticism of the existing provisions concerning this freedom forms an important part of the backdrop to the hunger strike campaign," the committee said.

Meanwhile, the country's four largest bar associations floated a compromise last month to permit the inmates to socialize with one another in the day. The director general rejected the proposal, saying that to allow the inmates to interact in groups "would again lead to negative practices," including hostage taking and rebellion.

Of the 59,000 inmates in Turkey's prisons, nearly 8,600 are charged, like Mr. Hakkisalic, with a violation of the state's antiterror laws, according to a recent report by the state-run news agency.

Mr. Hakkisalic, the son of a military officer and a stay-at-home mother, was studying the solar system at Ankara University when he was seduced by radical politics, he says. He was imprisoned in 1995, on a charge of belonging to a terrorist organization. Why did he join the death fast?

"If they were going to strip us from our thoughts, from our identity, if their aim was to kill us that way, we told them here was our flesh and bones," he said, one slow word at a time, "But they couldn't take away our thoughts."

When he regained consciousness after 129 days of fasting, he says he has a vague recollection of waking up in a hospital room with intravenous tubes in his arms and his parents at his bedside. "The first thing I asked them was, 'Does resistance still continue?' "

Yes, he was told, the fast continued in prison, but his had been ended.

He, like others who joined the fast, when asked if they really wish to die, say no. It's a tactic, they say, the only one they believe available to them.

If he really wished to die, Mr. Hakkisalic says, he could have killed himself much more easily than starving for 129 days. A death fast requires a devotion to the cause.

"The essence of the thing is decisiveness to the point of death," he says, a finger pressing hard on his temple. "It is actually a struggle for life."

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

**Graphic**

Photo: Ismail Hakkisalic, who staged a hunger strike for 129 days in a Turkish prison, is struggling to recover physically and mentally, along with other former strikers in an apartment in Istanbul. (Staton R. Winter for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** December 18, 2001

**End of Document**



[***EARNING IT;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SFC-8FX0-007F-G3S6-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Chasing Michael, or, How to Corner a Corporate Nemesis***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SFC-8FX0-007F-G3S6-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 12, 1998, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1998 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Money and Business/Financial Desk

**Section:** Section 3; ; Section 3; Page 11; Column 1; Money and Business/Financial Desk ; Column 1;

**Length:** 1205 words

**Byline:** By HUBERT B. HERRING

By HUBERT B. HERRING

**Body**

HE'S back.

Michael Moore ambled irrevocably onto the scene with his 1989 documentary "Roger and Me," which chronicled his often comic effort to ask Roger Smith, then chairman of General Motors, why he was laying off so many people.

Now he has a new movie, "The Big One," in which he tries to ask various chief executives the same thing. So it seemed high time to shove a microphone -- a notepad, at any rate -- at Mr. Moore himself.

For a while, this quest was shaping up almost as "Michael and Me." Mr. Moore gives the sense of someone who moves his jovial bulk casually through life, a man you call up and, 10 minutes later, meet for a beer.

But over several days, with Mr. Moore in the midst of a not-at-all-casual blitz of promoting the movie, calls poured in from no fewer than five people -- some in public relations, some with Miramax, the film's distributor. Yes, there should be some time on Monday. At 1 P.M., in midtown Manhattan. No, make that 1:30. No, at Miramax's office, downtown, at 3:15. No, still 3:15, but at Mr. Moore's office across from Carnegie Hall. Whew!

An assistant opened the door to a warren of small rooms, the hallways stacked high with file boxes. Michael Moore Central. Four or five people bustled about, one making travel reservations, another keeping tabs on Mr. Moore's site on the World Wide Web ([*www.michaelmoore.com*](http://www.michaelmoore.com)).

What to expect? Half the new movie is Mr. Moore as (quite funny) stand-up comedian, the other half Mr. Moore as shining crusader.

In person, he was as imposing as on film, a great mass of denim-shirted man hunched over his computer, his back to the door. After finishing his work, he plopped down on an overstuffed couch, put his feet up and burst out, "I was kidding about O.J.!" (In his book "Downsize This!," published by Random House, he has a tongue-in-cheek chapter titled "O.J. Is Innocent.")

So it was to be Mr. Moore the comedian? Not at all. To the suggestion that with all the comedy, "The Big One" is less political than "Roger and Me," he responded seriously and emphatically: "No, it's more political. The outrage is stronger. But I'm a film maker, not a political activist. We are all citizens in a democracy. That alone implies we are all political activists. Plus there's nothing wrong with giving people who work hard all week 90 minutes of a good cathartic laugh at the expense of the powers that be."

And his message is clear: "It's no longer about just making a profit. Corporate America is now running on pure greed. This whole economic recovery is financed on the backs of overworked and underpaid people."

In his films, his book, and his series "TV Nation," he has hammered away at the economy's inequities -- the rich getting richer, the rest clawing along on two or three jobs. Does he believe that some new economic cycle is brewing, in which workers will assert their rights to a bigger slice of the American pie?

"Yes, I do," he said firmly. "That's why I ended the movie with the kids at the Borders bookstore in Des Moines organizing a union -- to end on an optimistic note." Soon, across the nation, "you'll see a rise in unions," he said.

Surely things are not as bad as in his hometown of Flint, Mich., in the 1930's, when it was the site of a pivotal auto strike. For workers to rebel, he conceded, "things have to get pretty bad."

But he quickly added: "For some people, it doesn't have to get too much worse. Unions were born when people had to work 60 or 70 hours a week. But today, a lot of people are working two jobs." Unions, he added, also were born in reaction to child labor. "But in the Midwest, I see 14-year-olds working at McDonald's, not so they can buy Nikes but because they need to help pay their family bills."

At a Borders store in Philadelphia, Mr. Moore had come across striking workers and asked them to speak out at a book signing. Mr. Moore says Borders later banned him from its stores, while Borders says that only one event was changed, because of overcrowding and a fire hazard.

"After finishing the movie, I talked to the head of Borders Inc. and told him: 'The workers didn't need a union organizer. You've organized the union by doing things like withholding money from their paychecks for an H.M.O. that had no doctor in their city.

"It is short-range thinking to downsize, to make one person do the job of two," he went on, growing animated. "If you wear your workers down, they get sick more often, and because you've shoved them into these worthless H.M.O.'s, they don't really get help."

To Mr. Moore, the "old days" loom large. "My dad used to work from 6 A.M. till 2" at G.M., he said. "He'd be home by 2:30, before we were even home from school." It was clear that he treasured this memory. "Workers were encouraged to make suggestions on making cars better," Mr. Moore continued. "These days, if you're suddenly forced to do the jobs of two people, the creative part of your mind turns off. What does that do to society? Great inventions come from those moments of 'Aha!' And often it's from people with little or no formal education. I wonder if people in factories now will have the time, energy and desire to do that."

But isn't this just nostalgia? Isn't change inevitable? Absolutely, he said: "When you come from the ***working class***, the way I do, you don't romanticize hard labor. You welcome advances like robots."

Other changes he doesn't welcome. "There's a shift to making money from money, not from labor," he said. "What new ideas aren't being explored because everyone's logging onto the Internet to find out how their stocks are doing?"

Mr. Moore, 43, who lives on the Upper West Side with his wife, Kathleen Glynn, and teen-age daughter, Natalie, has made money -- plenty of it -- but he keeps it in a savings account. "My accountant probably thinks I'm a little strange," he said. "I don't own stock partly for political reasons. But I'm not making a judgment on people who do. It's partly just the way I was brought up.

"We did put a little money into a Broadway musical -- I don't want to say which one -- that's starting a road company. That's our total investment."

In his films, Mr. Moore is concerned -- one might say obsessed -- with job losses in Flint, where for a decade he ran a newspaper. What about opening a business there now?

"No," he said quickly. "But since 'Roger and Me,' I have given away $520,000 in grants, and a fifth of that has gone to Flint, for things like scholarships and job training."

THE 45 minutes was nearly up, and an assistant poked her head in. "Two-minute warning," she said, then closed the door.

So, a last question: Do any chief executives have a conscience?

A blanket condemnation would have been no surprise, but Mr. Moore resisted that. Rather, he mentioned an auto executive: Alex Trotman, chairman of the Ford Motor Company.

"Last year, there was a strike at Johnson Controls -- they fired the strikers and hired replacement workers," he said. "But Trotman refused to buy car seats made by replacement workers. And his action forced Johnson Controls to settle with the union. It may be because he grew up in Scotland. There's a different tradition over there -- even conservatives believe in fair play and a social safety net."

As does Mr. Moore, all joking aside.

**Graphic**

Photo: Michael Moore says his latest film, "The Big One," is more political than his 1989 effort, "Roger and Me." (Philip Greenberg for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** April 12, 1998

**End of Document**



[***Tomb May Hold the Bones Of Priest Who Judged Jesus - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-7TB0-000P-246B-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

**Correction Appended**



Copyright 1992 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Foreign Desk

**Section:** Section A;; Section A; Page 1; Column 5; Foreign Desk; Column 5;

**Length:** 1056 words

**Byline:** By MICHAEL SPECTER

By MICHAEL SPECTER

**Body**

Israeli archeologists have discovered the family tomb of Caiaphas, the Jewish High Priest who presided at the trial of Jesus and delivered Him to the Romans to be crucified.

Buried in an ancient cave on the outskirts of Jerusalem, the family's bones were sealed in ornate and elaborately carved ossuaries, ceremonial boxes used widely by the Jews of the late first century.

Archeologists say no comparable evidence exists for the remains of any other such major figure mentioned in the New Testament. And after 2,000 years, the presence of Caiaphas's bones in the tomb cannot be finally verified either. But the age of the bones, the inscriptions on the ossuaries and the artifacts that surrounded them all point directly toward his influential family.

One of history's most reviled and enigmatic men, Caiaphas has often been portrayed by historians as malevolent, mad for power and blindly eager to please Pontius Pilate, the Roman governor. The Gospel describes Caiaphas's condemnation of Jesus in John 11:49-50: "Ye know nothing at all, nor consider that it is expedient for us that one man should die for the people and that the whole nation perish not."

Like many such discoveries, this one came by accident, when workers widening a road in Jerusalem's Peace Forest in 1990 stumbled across an unusually large burial site.

Researchers' Assurance

Although it has been nearly two years since the site was uncovered, researchers have taken until now to assure themselves through the writing on the walls of the tomb and artifacts found with the bones that the remains were indeed those of the priestly family.

"I can hardly imagine a more significant discovery from that period," said Bruce Chilton, a professor of religion at Bard College and an expert on early Christianity and Judaism who has written widely on Caiaphas. "The type of writing, the method of burial, the names used, their location -- all those things will bring to light important historical information about the era in which Jesus lived. Such a pristine site is incredibly rare. We are so lucky."

The burial cave was in excellent condition, according to Zvi Greenhut, Jerusalem's chief archeologist, who began excavating the ruin within hours of its discovery. His article describing the contents of the cave, along with one by Ronny Reich of the Israeli Antiquities Authority discussing the significance of the Aramaic writing, will appear next week in the September-October issue of The Biblical Archeology Review.

12 Boxes in Cave

Twelve such ossuaries, limestone boxes in which the bones of the dead were often stored, were discovered in the cave, which had a pit in the floor making it just tall enough for mourners to stand in. As was the custom of the time, the bodies were almost certainly first laid out in a niche of a burial cave. After the flesh had decomposed, the bones were gathered and placed in the ossuary, possibly to await resurrection, Mr. Greenhut and others say.

Many boxes had been broken and their contents ransacked, ancient evidence, it appears, of grave robbers. But others seemed untouched and one in particular stood out in splendor. It was decorated with a rare, intricate pattern of rosettes and carried the inscription "Joseph, son of Caiaphas." Joseph was the nickname of the Jewish High Priest now known as Caiaphas, who ruled in Jerusalem from A.D. 18 to 36. Inside this uniquely elaborate ossuary were the bones of a 60-year-old man.

"The writing on the side is the equivalent of his nickname," Mr. Reich said in an interview. He noted that the Aramaic writing on the wall and the ossuaries was the language used by ***working-class*** people of the time, cemetery workers, for example.

The New Testament provides the name Caiaphas only in Greek, but Flavius Josephus gives his full name as "Joseph who was called Caiaphas of the high priesthood." Josephus, the first-century Jewish historian, provides the only contemporary mention of Caiaphas outside the Talmud and the New Testament.

The writing on the ossuary is also the first contemporary evidence of the name in a Semitic language.

There is further evidence to place the burial site as first century: A bronze coin minted in A.D. 43, during the reign of Herod Agrippa I, was found in one of the ossuaries. It is the first known example of that pagan custom practiced at a Jewish burial site.

Caiaphas was one of the most important High Priests of Israel, largely, historians argue, because of his unusually close relationship with Pontius Pilate. It was during Caiaphas's reign, the Talmud says, that the Jewish high court, the Sanhedrin, was removed from the Temple Mount, thus weakening its power. And it was Caiaphas, according to the Gospels, who encouraged money changers and the sellers of animals to enter the main court of the Temple, strengthening his control of trade.

2,000 Years of Debate

Academic debates about Caiaphas's purpose or role in condemning Jesus and his desire to please the Romans have raged for nearly 2,000 years. Some historians contend that he played only a minor historical role; others, supported largely by the Gospels, suggest that without the decision by Caiaphas, Jesus would surely have lived.

In the Gospels, Jesus' expulsion of the vendors and money lenders from the temple is a central event: "It is written, My house shall be the house of prayer," Jesus is quoted as saying in Matthew 21:13. "But ye have made it a den of thieves."

This may have provided the crucial conflict between him and Caiaphas.

The denunciation of Jesus by Caiaphas may have been enough by itself to seal Jesus' fate, according to Mr. Chilton and others.

Although it was Pilate who put Jesus to death -- and crucifixion was a uniquely Roman punishment -- many historians have directed the blame toward Caiaphas, arguing in effect that the High Priest was well enough liked in Jerusalem to successfully protect Jesus from death.

"Caiaphas surely disliked Jesus," said David Flusser, a professor of religion at Hebrew University who specializes in the study of early Christianity. "He saw in Jesus a danger for the Romans, for the Jews and for his rule. I don't think it's hard to see why he did what he did. Perhaps it was not one of the noblest acts of history, but certainly it was understandable.

"Like many others, he was a man who by violence and condemnation retained his power."

**Correction**

A picture caption last Friday about the discovery of bone boxes near Jerusalem belonging to Caiaphas, the Jewish High Priest who tried Jesus, incorrectly translated the Aramaic inscriptions shown. They contained letters of Caiaphas's name, not the phrase "Joseph, son of Caiaphas."

**Correction-Date:** August 21, 1992, Friday

**Graphic**

Photos: Two boxes of bones probably belonging to Caiaphas, the Jewish High Priest who tried Jesus, have been found. A translation of the Aramaic inscriptions, center, contains letters of Caiaphas's name. (Israeli Antiquities Authority; Garo Nalbandian) (pg. A10)

Map of Jerusalem showing location of Caiaphas family burial site. (pg. A10)

**Load-Date:** August 14, 1992

**End of Document**



[***CLASS AND WELFARE IN THE UNITED STATES***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-PW20-0009-20TS-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 27, 1982, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1982 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 7; Page 11, Column 1; Book Review Desk; review

**Length:** 1140 words

**Byline:** By BOB KUTTNER; Bob Kuttner is the editor of Working Papers magazine and the author of ''Revolt of the Haves.''

**Body**

THE NEW CLASS WAR Reagan's Attack on the Welfare State and its Consequences. By Frances Fox Piven and Richard A. Cloward. 163 pp. New York: Pantheon Books. Cloth, $11.50. Paper, $4.95.

THE American welfare state has proved surprisingly vulnerable to Ronald Reagan's assault. Programs for the ''truly needy'' - food stamps, public housing, aid to families with dependent children, CETA jobs, Medicaid - have been washed out, with little outcry from the broader public. The high ground of defense turns out to be the larger and better-entrenched welfare state of the middle class: Social Security, college loans, tax-deductible mortgages, Medicare. Indeed, the President is in deep political trouble today, not for his sorcery against the poor, but for the failure of the human sacrifice to bring results.

Bob Kuttner reviews Frances Fox Piven's and Richard A Cloward's book "The New Class War"

The welfare state of the poor was never the picnic Mr. Reagan claimed. Income-support programs for poor people are typically means-tested, stigmatizing and invasive. The Government wants to know whether you've exhausted your bank account, why you need the fridge repaired and who is sharing your bed. For the deserving middle class, welfare is a much better deal. Programs like Social Security and unemployment compensation, to say nothing of tax deductions, operate as a matter of right. The administrative bureaucrats respect your privacy and only occasionally inquire what you have in the bank.

Frances Fox Piven and Richard A. Cloward are well known as the welfare state's most persistent radical critics. In their previous works they argued convincingly that, unless accompanied by political power, welfare programs for the poor must be understood as instruments not of compassion but of control. Income maintenance, they wrote in ''Regulating the Poor'' (1971), has essentially two functions: assuring civil order and maintaining the discipline of work. Ever since the English poor laws (which date back to 1601), poor-relief schemes have been a balancing act performed by the ruling elite, designed to provide just enough charity to prevent mass unrest but on such unattractive terms that the able-bodied will choose low-wage work.

This thesis continues to inform Piven and Cloward's latest work, but with one notable revision. Historically, they argue, most poor relief still should be viewed as political control. But the modern welfare state represents a real shift of power to working people after all. And that, say Piven and Cloward, is what explains the force of the Reagan backlash. Today's welfare state, with its unemployment compensation, its pensions and its goal of full employment, cushions the discipline of the marketplace. The result is an erosion of corporate profits. Taxation and regulation cut the return on capital still further. Thus the Reagan counteratttack is simply ''part of a larger strategy'' to restore business profits, according to Piven and Cloward.

But Mr. Reagan's ''New Class War'' must ultimately fail, they contend, precisely because the modern welfare state has such a broad middle-class clientele. The social-service state is linked to a vast public through a dense web of agencies and entitlements. Since the 1930's, ''a century and a half after the achievement of formal democratic rights, the state has finally become the main arena of class conflict.''

There was a time when this line of analysis might have seemed implausibly Marxian. Although the ruling class as evoked by Piven and Cloward remains a bit willful for my taste, it is hard in this era of Crusades for Capital Formation to fault anyone for exaggerating the love affair between the White House and business. F.D.R. and J.F.K. may not have been very convincing as capitalist tools, but under Mr. Reagan the state really does seem the ''executive committee of the ruling class.'' With 10 million Americans out of work and management able to choose between industrial robots at home or 50-cent-an-hour human labor in the Philippines, even shopworn phrases like the ''reserve army of the unemployed'' seem less stilted.

PIVEN and Cloward's great contribution is to insist that in a business-oriented society, social policy should be viewed as a form of social control until proved otherwise. For Americans accustomed to seeing history as a natural unfolding of progress, that is a useful corrective.

But if their Marxian lens gives Piven and Cloward their analytical power, they are also careless with it. With Mr. Reagan wrecking the programs that serve the neediest, it is hard to credit the authors' claim that the welfare state will ultimately bounce back because of the historic shift of power to the ***working class***. This is the voice, in economist Joseph Schumpeter's terms, of Marx the Prophet, not Marx the Sociologist.

Indeed, the most surprising lapse in this book is its refusal to confront squarely the political ramifications of our two-class welfare state. American social programs have utterly failed to cement a political alliance among the middle class, industrial workers and the very poor, in the manner of the European social democracies. The political consequence is that the constituency for ''poverty'' programs blows away in stormy weather while middle-class programs endure. Issues of class and distribution today remain astonishingly submerged in the national debate over economic policy. The White House is practicing a quite unvarnished politics of class interest, while the opposition Democratic Party remains quite unsure whose interest it should represent.

The book's organization is also peculiar. It opens with a cogent discussion of the dynamics of the welfare state and Mr. Reagan's attack on it. It closes with a jeremiad about the sources of the welfare state's resilience. In between is a 75-page historical interlude that takes us from the War of the Roses to the War on Poverty. This quick history contains some useful analogies between English workhouses and Reagan workfare, as well as a provocative thesis explaining how American business has kept most economic questions off the political agenda. But in the main it is neither novel enough to justify its length nor pithy enough to justify its brevity.

MR. REAGAN has surely given us a ''New Class War'' but not necessarily a politics of class. For the moment Piven and Cloward's analysis more accurately decribes the welfare states of Western Europe, which are more universal, better entrenched and frankly predicated on class politics. Yet, even in Europe, the welfare state has come on hard times.

After two more years of the Reagan Administration, of course, real class conflict could come home to the United States. In that light, ''The New Class War'' is worth reading despite its limitations, because we had better become conversant with the idiom.

**Graphic**

Illustrations: drawing of boots

**End of Document**



[***CHANGING THE GUARD: THE SUCCESSOR; AOL Time Warner Turns to a Diplomat***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:44KV-BNX0-0109-T2B8-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 6, 2001 Thursday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2001 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section C; Column 2; Business/Financial Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1290 words

**Byline:**  By SAUL HANSELL with SETH SCHIESEL

**Body**

In choosing Richard Dean Parsons as its chief executive, AOL Time Warner entrusted its future to a diplomat, a leader who has traveled the halls of the White House and the sidewalks of 125th Street in Harlem -- not an imperious media chief or Internet visionary.

So from his arrival as president at what was then Time Warner six years ago to his promotion to the top job yesterday, his advances in the world of media and entertainment, with scant previous experience, struck many as a surprise.

"When I brought him into the company," said Gerald M. Levin, the chief executive of AOL Time Warner, who announced his retirement yesterday, "I got calls saying, 'You are crazy, he has no experience in any of your businesses,' which was true at the time."

But Mr. Levin chose Mr. Parsons as his No. 2, and then his No. 1, because of his ability to deal with the strong egos inside and outside the company.

"Because you feel comfortable with him, he cares about you, he has the political sense of understanding what you need or what you want and trying to help," Mr. Levin said, noting that Mr. Parsons's role was critical in negotiating Time Warner's merger agreement with AOL two years ago and then spending a year persuading regulators and competitors to allow its completion.

"In order to close the AOL Time Warner transaction, somebody had to make deals with Michael Eisner, Rupert Murdoch, Sumner Redstone and Barry Diller," Mr. Levin said of the chiefs of Walt Disney, the News Corporation, Viacom and USA Networks. "Dick did that. That's a skill."

Now Mr. Parsons, joining the small but expanding circle of blacks who head major corporations, will become the atypical leader of a media and communications behemoth.

"Dick is not a mogul of the movie set," said Alberto Cribiore, a former Warner Communications executive who has been Mr. Parsons's neighbor in Briarcliff Manor in Westchester County, N.Y., for three decades. "He can provide insight to Kofi Annan, then have a wonderful conversation with a taxi driver." Mr. Parsons's summer home is on Block Island, not East Hampton, Mr. Cribiore noted.

Mr. Parsons, now the co-chief operating officer, won his new job over the other man with that title, Robert W. Pittman, an AOL veteran long considered the leading candidate.

But if there are some people whose lives seem to flow out of their pedigrees, there are also people like Dick Parsons.

He vaulted from an early childhood in Bedford-Stuyvesant to being a hard-partying leader of a fraternity at the University of Hawaii. He went on to become an aide to Nelson A. Rockefeller, a Wall Street lawyer, a bank executive and then the president of Time Warner. What he brought to all of those roles was the ability to herd people in his direction, without leaving bruises.

His political and civic activities have, meanwhile, nearly formed a parallel career. Earlier this year, Mr. Parsons, a Republican, was appointed by President Bush to be co-chairman, with former Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, of a commission to recommend changes in Social Security. Once a key campaign supporter of Mayor Rudolph W. Giuliani of New York, he is now a member of Mayor-elect Michael R. Bloomberg's transition team.

In Harlem, he has led a community development group and helped rescue Harlem's Apollo Theater from financial difficulties; he now serves chairman of the foundation that runs the theater.

Six feet four inches tall with a booming voice, Mr. Parsons fills a room, but not with fear.

"He is a big gregarious teddy bear with a wonderful smile," said Fay Vincent, a former baseball commissioner and longtime Time Warner director. "He'll grab your arm and be as nice and charming as he could be. Then he will dissect a problem."

Mr. Parsons has been an important complement to the much more aloof Mr. Levin, Mr. Vincent said. "Jerry is very much the strategist who loved thinking about the future of the business," Mr. Vincent said. "The details of the negotiations, the quasi-legal stuff, bored him. Dick was good at all that politics."

While some media executives and analysts predicted that Mr. Parsons would fade once America Online and Time Warner merged, Mr. Vincent said that his handling of key responsibilities helped persuade the board to choose him as Mr. Levin's replacement.

Recently, as the person in charge of negotiations with C. Michael Armstrong of AT&T over Time Warner's proposal to combine their cable operations, Mr. Vincent said, "Dick kept making very crisp and really brilliant presentations to the board about what was going on.

In a business known for feuds and back-biting, Mr. Parsons is notable for how few enemies he has accumulated. One exception has been Mayor Giuliani, whose career has crossed paths many times with Mr. Parsons's. They both worked in the Ford White House and then in the old-line law firm of Patterson, Belknap, Webb & Tyler. Mr. Parsons even turned down a job as a Giuliani deputy mayor.

But by the time of Mayor Giuliani's run for a second term, the two were hardly speaking. Mr. Giuliani had pressed Time Warner to put the Fox News channel, which competes with Time Warner's CNN, on its New York cable systems; tensions flared again in 1999 when Time Warner temporarily blocked Disney's ABC network from its cable system in a contract dispute.

Mr. Parsons's background is ***working class***. He was born on April 4, 1948, in Brooklyn, later moving to South Jamaica, Queens. His father was a technician with Sperry Rand on Long Island. His academic career at the University of Hawaii was, by his own genial admission, undistinguished, apart from his time playing varsity basketball.

While in college he met a fellow student named Laura Bush, whom he later married. They have two daughters and a son.

Later, in law school, Mr. Parsons turned his attention to his studies. He graduated first in his class at the Albany Law School and earned the top score of anyone taking the bar exam in New York in 1971.

Mr. Parsons worked as a lawyer for Governor Rockefeller of New York and followed him to Washington when he became vice president in 1974. Mr. Parsons had a previous connection to the Rockefeller family: his grandfather was a grounds keeper on the Rockefeller estate in Pocantico Hills.

After President Ford left the White House, Mr. Parsons moved back to New York and joined Patterson, Belknap. In 1988, he passed up the opportunity to be managing partner of that firm.

Instead, he became president of the Dime Savings Bank, working for Harry W. Albright Jr., another former Rockefeller aide. Mr. Parsons, who ultimately became Dime's chief executive, saw the bank through a few tough years as it was hobbled by bad loans. He left for Time Warner shortly after it merged with the Anchor Savings Bank.

Mr. Parsons's connection to Time Warner first came through Laurence Rockefeller, who introduced him to Steve Ross, then the company's chief executive. In 1991, just after Time Inc. merged with Warner Communications, Mr. Parsons was asked to join the board. There he got to know Mr. Levin, who asked him in 1995 to take his old job as president when Mr. Levin became chief executive.

"Dick was able to bring people together as a way to harmonize the company," said Richard J. Bressler, chief financial officer of Viacom, who had the same job at Time Warner before its merger with America Online. Mr. Bressler said, for example, that Mr. Parsons was able to persuade the company's units to accept long-range planning that they had initially rejected as a waste of time.

Confrontation is generally not Mr. Parsons's style. "One of my sisters said to me once, 'You're not threatening to people,' " he said. "I'm much happier when everybody's happy. If I'm the only one who's happy, then somewhere we went wrong."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Richard D. Parsons, who will be chief executive of AOL Time Warner, is known for an ability to deal with strong egos inside and outside the company. (Chester Higgins Jr./The New York Times); A MEDIA EMPIRE WITH PLENTY OF PARTS -- AOL Time Warner's businesses include cable television; magazines like Time, Fortune, People and In Style; movies, including the hit "Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone"; and AOL, the popular online service for computer users. (pg. C1)

**Load-Date:** December 6, 2001

**End of Document**



[***HISTORIANS USE CINEMA TO STIMULATE STUDENT INTERESTS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-P5Y0-0009-21F2-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 5, 1982, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1982 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 4; Page 8, Column 1; Week in Review Desk

**Length:** 1071 words

**Byline:** By ROBERT PEAR

**Dateline:** WASHINGTON

**Body**

When Woodrow Wilson saw ''The Birth of a Nation'' in 1915, he described the movie epic about race relations after the Civil War as ''history written in lightning.'' His comment referred not only to the flicker of light upon the silver screen, but also presumably to the emotional effect of the film.

More than 60 years later, historians and scholars have now just begun to use film as a means of communication and as a gold mine of information about the values and concerns of a particular era. History professors say that film is fast gaining popularity and respectability in college classrooms across the country.

Discussion of use of films by historians and scholars; medium is fast gaining respectablity as teaching tool

Leon F. Litwack, professor of history at the University of California, Berkeley, said that he shows films in four of the 30 lectures for his survey course on American history. Film figured prominently at the annual meeting of the American Historical Association in Los Angeles in December, he said, noting that 10 or 15 of the 125 sessions were devoted to film.

Ronald G. Walters, a history professor at Johns Hopkins University, described one reason for the interest in film, observing that ''you can say things with images that you can't say in print.'' A film, for example, can give a richer feeling for the way in which a political orator harangued his audience in the age of Andrew Jackson, Professor Walters said. He noted that the Organization of American Historians had just established a prize for historical films and television productions.

But on many campuses, the making of movies still does not count for much in faculty decisions about promotion and tenure. ''Historians are professionally a conservative lot,'' Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr. wrote in the foreword to ''American History/American Film,'' a book in which 14 historians analyzed individual movies for insights into American values. ''Movies have had status problems ever since they emerged three-quarters of a century ago as a dubious entertainment purveyed by immigrant hustlers to a ***working-class*** clientele,'' he said. ''Conventional history has recorded the motion picture as a phenomenon, but ignored it as a source. Social and intellectual historians draw freely on fiction, drama, painting; hardly ever on movies.''

The neglect, he said, was inexcusable because ''film is the only art where the United States has made a real difference - film has been the most potent vehicle of the American imagination.''

In college history courses today, it is not unusual for professors to show films such as ''Birth of a Nation,'' ''Dr. Strangelove,'' ''Hearts and Minds,'' ''All the President's Men'' or ''Triumph of the Will'' to illustrate a point, respectively, about Reconstruction, the Cold War, the Vietnam War, the Watergate scandals or Nazi Germany. Such films obviously are not works of historical scholarship, but can be seen as artifacts of the years in which they were written, revealing as much about the producers as about the subjects.

On another level, some scholars have examined films and the film industry as part of a broader cultural analysis. For example, Robert Sklar, in his book ''Movie-Made America,'' studied motion-picture technology, the nature of the audience, the organization and business tactics of the industry and government policies toward movies.

Films are used, in a third way, as a mode of expression for historians. For example, Prof. Howard R. Lamar, dean of Yale College, made a 90-minute film on the life of a Texas cowboy, Charles Siringo, to illustrate the history of the American West - the reality of a cowboy's life as opposed to the romantic myths, the thin line between enforcing and flouting the law.

Robert Brent Toplin, a professor at the University of North Carolina at Wilmington, developed a 90-minute film about an abortive slave rebellion in Charleston, S.C., in 1822. Professor Toplin said that he had an advisory board of 12 historians and had depended heavily on court transcripts and other records relating to the leader of the revolt, Denmark Vesey, his followers and the authorities in South Carolina. The movie, which cost nearly $1 million, was televised by the Public Broadcasting Service last February. It was one of many films supported by the National Endowment for the Humanities, which provided $572,000 for the project.

Historians do not suggest that films replace books, but they see film as a way to stimulate their students' interest. ''It works much better than a book as a starter,'' said Professor Toplin. ''It's a stimulus to reading,'' said Mara Mayor, a program officer at the humanities endowment, noting that the circulation of library books on related subjects often increased after the broadcast of a film.

''Students respond so strongly to film that the learning process is enormously accelerated,'' Prof. Michael A. Roemer of Yale said. ''They are dealing with a medium that talks about things in their own language.''

One of film's main attractions for historians is its ability to draw a big audience. ''Even a film that draws a relatively small audience on television is still reaching several million people,'' Mrs. Mayor said. But she adds: ''Projects that have an abstract focus are harder to deal with visually than projects with a narrative line. It is particularly difficult on film to show the complexity of varying historical interpretations. It's easier to present consensus history or the view of a particular group.''

Social and cultural historians have been in the forefront of those using film. Professor Litwack, for example, has put together a montage of film, slides and sounds to impart impressions about America ''from Hiroshima to Woodstock.'' The impressions, he said, would be difficult to capture through a lecture or through any book that might be assigned.

The Endowment for the Humanities expects to make 70 grants totaling $8.4 million for television and radio projects this year, Mrs. Mayor said. The budget, in keeping with cutbacks in many nondefense programs, will probably be about half that size next year. The endowment has supported many documentaries, including ''The Life and Times of Rosie the Riveter,'' about women working in industry in World War II; ''America Lost and Found,'' a social history of the United States in the 1930's; and ''Image Before My Eyes,'' a study of Jews in Poland between the world wars.

**Graphic**

Illustrations: Photo of scene from The Birth of a Nation

**End of Document**



[***Gunfight Steals Dreams for Rebirth in Bronx***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-7P80-000P-253W-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 28, 1992, Friday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1992 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk

**Section:** Section A;; Section A; Page 1; Column 1; Metropolitan Desk; Column 1;

**Length:** 1025 words

**Byline:** By STEVEN LEE MYERS

By STEVEN LEE MYERS

**Body**

Lydia Suarez cried yesterday as she stared at the storefront pocked by bullets, the sidewalk stained with blood, the Spanish-language newspapers recounting the wild shootout outside her apartment building in the Bronx early Wednesday morning that left two of her daughters wounded, with one of them paralyzed.

Three months ago, she had only heard the shots that wounded her son, Angel, in a robbery, but this time, she had watched from a fire escape. For Mrs. Suarez, life at 871 Longwood Avenue in Hunts Point had finally become unbearable.

"It's too much," Mrs. Suarez, a Puerto Rican immigrant, said in Spanish, as friends and relatives comforted her. "I'm leaving here. I'm moving away, to Manhattan or New Jersey, where my brothers live. I can't take it anymore."

A day after a handful of assailants unleashed a ferocious barrage of bullets at a crowd gathered on the sidewalk, wounding 12 people, the police said they still did not know who opened fire or why. But many of the people who live and work on Longwood Avenue said it did not really matter.

Longwood Avenue is one of those places in New York living on the edge of rebirth, a neighborhood that believed it was starting to climb back from the devastation of the 1970's and early 80's to resemble what it once was. The shootout -- which the police said was so intense that it was a miracle that no one had died -- has shaken that hope.

For some residents and community leaders, the shooting was an aberration, an isolated, inexplicable convulsion of violence driven by drugs. For others, though, it confirmed the notion that for their own safety, they had little choice but to surrender the streets, especially at night.

"There is always a real battle with the drugs," said Diane Santana, who lives with her 2-year-old daughter, Doreen, across the street from the site of the shootout. "It's not safe around here. So I stay upstairs. I go to the store and the supermarket, but I come right back."

Confident of Revival

But the Rev. John W. Redic 2d, the executive director of the Longwood Historical District Community Association Inc., said that the neighborhood had long ago hit bottom and that the shooting would not halt its rebirth.

"If you had been here the day before the incident, you would have seen kids on that sidewalk, and people taking lunch breaks, and new construction nearby -- in effect, all the things that make for a vibrant neighborhood," he said. "And if you came back a week after the incident, you'd see the same thing."

The block of Longwood Avenue, just east of Westchester Avenue and the Prospect Avenue subway station, symbolizes the contradictions of Hunts Point.

Tenement apartment buildings, one of them cemented shut, rise atop ramshackle stores, including a Salvation Army thrift store and a long-shuttered bar. But on one of the vacant rubbly lots that straddle the block, newly dug earth signals the construction of 50 two-family town houses by Mr. Redic's organization and the New York City Housing Partnership.

The houses, being built for families with incomes from $33,000 to $53,000 a year, abut the Longwood Historic District. It comprises eight blocks of stately brownstones, the values of which have more than doubled in recent years to $130,000, that still reflect the stability of a neighborhood once filled with ***working-class*** Italians, Germans and Jews.

Reid S., who opened a stereo repair shop on Longwood Avenue 30 years ago, said he had watched the area change from a safe, friendly neighborhood to one ravaged by the fires and drugs of the 1970's.

Standing outside his store, only a few feet from where the gunfire erupted, he pointed to the vacant lots and empty stores that used to be homes, restaurants, a barbershop and doctors' and lawyers' offices. The sidewalks used to have trees, he said, but those are all gone.

'No 2-by-4 Neighborhood'

Just across Westchester Avenue, a nightclub, whose name long ago escaped him, once featured such blues and jazz stars as John Coltrane, George Benson and Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis. Gen. Colin L. Powell, the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff and a hero to many in the neighborhood, grew up a few blocks away on Kelly Street and went to school at P.S. 39 on Longwood.

"It was no two-by-four neighborhood," the shopkeeper said. "It was grand."

But the neighborhood, he said, declined as the families moved out and drugs moved in. The worst came after the blackout on July 13, 1977, when every store on the block except his was looted.

"I'm really committed to this neighborhood, because I saw it in its better days," he said. "I'm really reluctant to leave, but bullets are another matter."

Mr. S., who moved to the Bronx from Jamaica in 1955, said he would speak only if his last name was not used because his four children had pleaded with him to leave the neighborhood. If they saw his name in the newspaper, he said, "they'll say, 'I told you so.' "

"Just about everybody I know," he added, "thinks I'm crazy to live up here."

Capt. Harvey Katowitz, the commander of the 41st Precinct, who grew up in the 1950's near Longwood Avenue, said that Hunts Point reached its low in the 1970's, but "has stabilized considerably" since then, with the construction of parks and playgrounds and scores of new homes. Crime has fallen, he said, while arrests have risen.

Captain Katowitz, who is 45 years old, said that the block on Longwood was "not the most notorious" in Hunts Point for drugs, although the precinct has responded to residents' complaints of dealing and the Bronx Narcotics Squad made three arrests on the block last month.

Other blocks not too far away, though, are rife with drugs -- blocks the police routinely call "known drug locations." And Captain Katowitz and other police officials said yesterday that the shooting might have resulted from a battle between rival drug gangs trying to make Longwood Avenue their turf.

Detective Louis L. Suarez, the community affairs officer in the 41st Precinct, said the shooting "doesn't reflect what's going on in this neighborhood."

"People here have been through a lot," said Detective Suarez, who also grew up in Hunts Point. "And we've always bounced back."

**Graphic**

Photos: Joined by friends and family members yesterday, Lydia Suarez, right, stood outside the Bronx store where two of her daughters were wounded in a shootout early Wednesday. Three months ago, a son was also wounded in the Hunts Point neighborhood. "It's too much," she said. "I'm leaving here"; Richie Mena was one of the 12 victims wounded in the wild shootout. It has residents wondering if the neighborhood will ever reclaim itself. (Photographs by Ruby Washington/The New York Times) (pg. B2)

**Load-Date:** August 28, 1992

**End of Document**



[***Pinch-Hitting for Dostoyevsky***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-8560-000P-225K-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 28, 1992, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1992 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Book Review Desk

**Section:** Section 7;; Section 7; Page 14; Column 1; Book Review Desk; Column 1;; Review

**Length:** 1182 words

**Byline:** By Bill Kent;

Bill Kent's latest novel, "Down by the Sea," will be published next year.

By Bill Kent;  Bill Kent's latest novel, "Down by the Sea," will be published next year.

**Body**

THE BROTHERS K

*By David James Duncan.*

*645 pp. New York:*

*Doubleday.*

*$22.50.*

THE 19th-century Russian novel has been born again in "The Brothers K," David James Duncan's wildly excessive, flamboyantly sentimental, tear-jerking, thigh-slapping homage to Dostoyevsky and Tolstoy -- and the game of baseball.

For the title isn't merely a spin on "The Brothers Karamazov," though Mr. Duncan makes frequent references to that heavy tome. "K," we are reminded, is also the baseball-scorecard symbol for striking out -- and thus, as Mr. Duncan extrapolates it, for failing, flunking, pratfalling, making a bad situation even worse. But it can have a positive side as well. "To lose your very self for the sake of another," he adds, "is . . . the only way you're ever going to save it."

The strikeout kids are the brothers Chance, four boys of the baby-boom generation born to Hugh Chance, a worldly-wise and weary fastball-slinging minor-league pitcher, and Laura, Hugh's staunchly conservative Seventh-day Adventist wife. Kincaid, the novel's principal narrator; his brothers, Everett, Irwin and Peter, and their twin sisters, Beatrice and Winifred, grow up in Camas, Wash., a ***working-class*** town where Hugh supplements his meager baseball salary by working at the local paper mill.

Everyone believes that Papa Chance is destined for the big leagues -- until an accident at the mill crushes the thumb on his pitching hand. Laura declares that this, like all tragedies, is God's will, and that nothing can be done to make it better. The family settles for a life of noisy desperation until a foulmouthed surgeon offers to repair the injured thumb with bones from Papa's toe. Thus Hugh Chance is reborn as his team's pitching coach and "stupid situation reliever," known, of course, as Papa Toe.

For a while, the national pastime, seen on television and from rump-punishing bleachers far from the bright lights of the major leagues, becomes a complex metaphor for all that Papa Chance and his sons hold sacred. Everett, the eldest, even goes so far as to mark the beginning of the turbulent 60's not with the Kennedy assassination or the arrival of the Beatles but with the day Roger Maris became "the assassin of a legend," hitting 61 home runs and breaking Babe Ruth's single-season record.

But the family romance with baseball fades a bit as the brothers mature. In a manner similar to Dostoyevsky's manipulation of the Karamazovs, Mr. Duncan's Chance brothers become representative types of America's countercultural youth, whose passions, he suggests with oversimplified hindsight, were due more to spiritual uncertainty than to politics, the Vietnam War or that famed hedonistic trio -- sex, drugs and rock-and-roll.

Everett declares himself an atheist and becomes a long-haired campus radical, eventually fleeing to Canada to escape the draft. Peter, the family intellectual, embraces Eastern mysticism and departs for India to study obscure religious texts. Irwin, who clings to his mother's rigorous faith, trusts blindly that God will protect him when he is drafted and sent to Vietnam. And Kincaid, who escapes the military because of an eye injury, tries to hold an increasingly estranged family together as he sees his older brothers venture out into the world beyond Camas.

After taking a swipe at the sentimental, up-from-despair endings of Frank Capra movies, Mr. Duncan delivers a more drawn-out but no less crowd-pleasing conclusion. Along the way we are shown that evil exists in the world to make more good, that villains are needed to bring out the heroic in common men and that faith in some kind of divine presence lies at the end of all quests, whether or not we are aware that we are questing.

Those who have lived through, perhaps even inhaled, the intoxicating fervor of the 1960's and early 70's will delight in Mr. Duncan's flip wisdom and period nostalgia. The pages of "The Brothers K" sparkle with puns and jokes, with tie-dyed references to pop culture. And they're tinged with Mr. Duncan's steadfastly romantic view of baseball and its thankless, gritty farm-team circuit.

Still, one can't help noticing that Mr. Duncan's attempt to define the secular passions of the era in spiritual terms avoids two major movements: civil rights and feminism. Blacks are hardly seen or heard in this book and, with the exception of proud, suffering Laura Chance, women surface mostly as incomplete characters content to be the objects -- or victims -- of male desire.

Mr. Duncan's first novel, "The River Why," celebrated and satirized the Emersonian quest for mystical transcendence in fly fishing. "The Brothers K," published almost a decade later, goes further to plumb America's soul, trying to find common ground between the rigid fundamentalism of the religious right and the feckless, go-with-the-flow spirituality of the counter culture.

In trying to justify the ways of God to man, fathers to sons, sinners to saints, the United States to Vietnam and baseball to everything under the sun, Mr. Duncan seems a trifle overambitious. And this, along with his tendency to sermonize, leads him away from his book's true strength: his warm, unabashedly sentimental celebration of the American family. As individuals, the Chances may be strikeouts. But as a family, they can survive the stolen bases, spitballs and dumb luck that keep life, and the national pastime, interesting. In "The Brothers K," this message lands with the loud, confident smack of a high fly ball caught in an outfielder's glove. One leaves Mr. Duncan's stadium with a happy glow.

'K' IS FOR FAILURE

David James Duncan had been working on his second novel for two years when he happened to reread "The Brothers Karamazov." "I found there were a lot of parallels," he said in a recent telephone interview from his home in Portland, Ore. "There's an inquisition scene of sorts, an exile, a murder scene, a public scandal." He decided to call his own novel "The Brothers K," and use it "to poke fun at the similarities."

"But the main thing I was thinking," he added, explaining the book's title, "is the baseball statistician's lingo. A 'K' is a strikeout, which is a personal failure. I love the fact that a man who is considered a success in baseball has a 30 percent success rate -- in other words, a 70 percent failure rate."

Like Hugh Chance in the novel, Mr. Duncan's father was a pitcher. "He was an outstanding city-league softball pitcher. He batted about .500 every year." Like Peter, one of Hugh Chance's sons, Mr. Duncan studied Eastern religions. But unlike Irwin, the youngest, he did not go to Vietnam.

"I was spared that one by a high lottery number," he recalled. "I was actually a fruitarian at the time and was planning to escape the draft by being underweight."

Also like the Chance children, Mr. Duncan, who is 40 years old, was raised in the Seventh-day Adventist faith. "I knew I was going to take on the fundamentalist upbringing," he said. "It feels natural to me to waffle between extreme reverence and extreme irreverence -- and nothing makes me feel less reverent than a church." -- SUSANNAH HUNNEWELL

**Graphic**

Photo: David James Duncan. (Douglas Frank/Doubleday)

**Load-Date:** June 28, 1992

**End of Document**



[***Immigrants Hear God's Word, In Chinese, by Conference Call***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4K0V-3WW0-TW8F-G20R-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 21, 2006 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2006 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 1; Column 1; Metropolitan Desk; Second Front; Pg. 33

**Length:** 1592 words

**Byline:** By MICHAEL LUO

**Body**

Just before midnight, the calls start coming in to the church on Allen Street in Chinatown. They come from Chinese restaurant workers across the United States.

Chen Yingjie, 25, is one of those on the other end, dialing the Manhattan church, the Church of Grace to Fujianese, on a recent night from his room above the China Garden in Dowagiac, Mich., a town of 6,000. ''Every time I call in, I know that the Lord is alive and that there are brothers and sisters by my side,'' Mr. Chen said. ''I don't feel as empty.''

The callers -- more than a hundred crowd the line on many nights -- are for the most part like Mr. Chen, illegal immigrants from the Fuzhou region of Fujian province, coming off bone-wearying 12-hour shifts as stir-fry cooks, dishwashers, deliverymen and waiters at Chinese restaurants, buffets and takeout places.

For the next hour, led by a pastor sitting in front of a speakerphone in Chinatown, they will sing praises to God over the phone and study shengjing -- the Bible -- together.

With limited English and even less time, often isolated in small towns across the country, most Fujianese Chinese restaurant workers find it impossible to attend church on Sundays. But strung together by cellphones and free night-and-weekend minutes, these workers have come to form a virtual church on Monday through Thursday nights, deriving spiritual sustenance and companionship from an unusual conference-call Bible study organized by the Church of Grace.

''It's like there is a giant net, connecting people from all different places together,'' said Mr. Chen, speaking in Mandarin.

The Bible study is the brainchild of the Pastor Paul Chen, a minister at Church of Grace, and himself an emigrant from the Fuzhou region, which has become China's leading source of illegal immigrants smuggled into the United States. Three years ago, he said, he had been praying about how to tend to the thousands of Fujianese working in Chinese restaurants across the country.

''In the Bible, it states that you are never to stop gathering together,'' he said, speaking in Mandarin. ''For those who are out of state, having fellowship and being together, it is not that easy.''

The conference-call idea came to him, he said, when he saw someone at the church use the three-way calling feature on his cellphone one day. Early on, the gatherings over the telephone were organized haphazardly, with one restaurant worker calling into the church and then conferencing in a friend; the friend would in turn conference in another friend. The chain expanded, growing to 20 or 30 people on the line at once. Sometimes it would take 20 minutes just to get everyone together.

Different parts of the Bible are studied on different nights: Psalms on Tuesday; New Testament on Wednesday; Old Testament on Thursday. On Mondays, there is a short devotional and then a time of prayer.

Eventually, the church bought conference call lines able to handle 40 callers at a time. When that proved too few, they expanded to 100 lines.

Although reliable numbers are difficult to come by because most Fujianese are here illegally, it is estimated that 300,000 immigrants from the Fuzhou region are in the United States, with the largest concentration, about 60,000 to 70,000, in New York City, said Kenneth J. Guest, a Baruch College anthropology professor who wrote the book ''God in Chinatown'' (New York University Press, 2003).

By all indications, they are continuing to come. Church of Grace, the largest Protestant church in Chinatown catering to Fujianese, gets newcomers almost every week at its services. Last year, more than 500 visitors, most of them fresh from China, passed through the church, said Stanley Chan, a deacon. About 450 to 500 people attend services weekly.

New York City is the central node of a vast ethnic economy that provides labor to the country's Chinese restaurants, of which there are more than 36,000 -- more than the number of McDonald's, Burger King and Wendy's outlets combined -- says the Chinese Restaurant News, an industry publication.

Fujianese workers line up at dozens of ramshackle employment agencies under the Manhattan Bridge. On the wall are postings advertising jobs available at restaurants across the country, generally paying $1,800 to $2,600 a month. After short telephone interviews, the workers are trundled off on van lines that drop them off at their new jobs.

''We've got this little diaspora in formation,'' Dr. Guest said. ''The workers are not settling in these places. The restaurant owners are going and establishing these outposts. The workers are still moving back and forth. It's really a ***working-class*** internal migration between New York and other parts of the country.''

But the migration has a high cost for many workers, who often find themselves stranded in places with few other people like them and little ability to interact with the English-speaking world.

''They're particularly vulnerable and lonely,'' Dr. Guest said. ''The churches and temples serve as very important community centers for this very transient population. The conference calls are an extension of that.''

Many Fujianese restaurant workers found yesu jidu, Jesus Christ, at churches back home in China, while others converted after coming to this country. Christianity is enjoying a renaissance in China. Among the areas where the greatest growth has occurred is in Fujian province and other parts of southeastern China. By early 2001, there were 1,500 registered churches and an additional 2,500 official meeting points in Fujian, Dr. Guest says in his book. Residents meet in underground churches, as well as open ones. There are also unregistered churches that simply function with the tacit approval of the local government.

Mr. Chen's parents raised him as a Christian, although he rarely went to church. He paid human smugglers to sneak him into the United States two years ago, first flying to Guatemala and then making his way to Mexico, where he swam a river to cross the border. He declined to say how much he paid them, but the price these days is generally more than $60,000. It will take him at least two more years, he said, to pay off his debt.

Soon after he arrived in New York City, he sought out the Church of Grace.

''Coming to America, I just felt that I was really alone,'' he said. ''I saw something in the newspaper about the church, and I went.''

Several months ago, seeking to move out of New York City, he found a job through an employment agency as a waiter at a Thai restaurant in Indiana. After a brief stint, he decided that being a waiter did not suit him, so he quit and went to Chicago. There, at another employment agency, he learned of an opportunity answering the telephone and working the cash register at China Garden, the lone Chinese restaurant in Dowagiac, in the southwestern part of the state.

Dowagiac, which sit in the heart of the largest hog-producing county in Michigan, might seem an unlikely place for a Chinese restaurant. But located on the town's main thoroughfare, a few doors down from Bill's Vac Shop and Marci's Variety Store, China Garden draws a steady line of customers. General Tso's chicken is the most popular dish. On the wall, a framed certificate from a local newspaper honors the restaurant as having the best buffet in town.

Upon his arrival in Dowagiac in late April, Mr. Chen was assigned a 9-by-12 room upstairs from the restaurant. The restaurant's owners lived in an adjoining room; other employees camped out in the living room.

But Mr. Chen quickly soured on life in Dowagiac. (He left last weekend to go back to Chicago.) The restaurant owners locked the doors every night, making it impossible to leave. Even on his days off, without a car, he had few options other than walking to the public library down the street.

''It's like I'm living in a cage,'' he said.

The Bible study offered him a lifeline, a rare chance to escape.

''For us brothers and sisters who are out of state,'' he said, ''the Bible study over the phone is central to our lives.''

His favorite Bible verse? Psalm 49:20. ''A man who has riches without understanding is like the beasts that perish.''

Wu Jishu, 33, has worked in more than 10 states since he came to the United States five years ago and has been calling in to the Bible study since its early days. Now he works at a takeout restaurant outside of Pittsburgh.

He appreciates the opportunity to ask questions about parts of the Bible that confuse him, he said. Occasionally, the pastor will also open up the line for participants to share news about their lives and to pray for one another.

''We can't see each other,'' Mr. Wu said. ''But we can hear each other.''

On a recent night, Mr. Chen, of the Church of Grace, led the participants through a passage in the Gospel of Mark where Jesus heals the sick and demon-possessed in Galilee. He impressed upon them that their purpose in the United States was not simply to zhuanqian, earn money, but to spread the Gospel as well.

Like a preacher revving up his audience, he challenged his listeners to respond, hitting a button to open up the lines.

''We're here to what?''

''Spread the Gospel,'' they said in a cacophony of Mandarin.

''We're here to what?''

''Spread the Gospel.''

Later in the passage, Jesus calls on his disciples to come with him as he preached to other villages. Mr. Chen drew an analogy to the restaurant workers. They could go from buffet house to buffet house, planting seeds of faith wherever they went.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Pastor Paul Chen of the Church of Grace to Fujianese leads Bible study by telephone. (Photo by Robert Stolarik for The New York Times)(pg. 33)

Chen Yingjie, 25, a restaurant worker from Fujian province, listens on his phone to a prayer group in Chinese, a consolation in his often bleak life. (Photo by Kenneth Dickerman for The New York Times)(pg. 36)

**Load-Date:** May 21, 2006

**End of Document**



[***THE 1992 CAMPAIGN: In the Heartland;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-80Y0-000P-21DT-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Clinton Is Reaching Restless Reagan Democrats***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-80Y0-000P-21DT-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 18, 1992, Saturday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1992 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** National Desk

**Section:** Section 1;; Section 1; Page 8; Column 3; National Desk; Column 3;

**Length:** 1103 words

**Byline:** By ISABEL WILKERSON,

By ISABEL WILKERSON,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** HOMETOWN, Ill., July 17

**Body**

When Gov. Bill Clinton of Arkansas took to the podium to accept the Democratic nomination for the Presidency and wax moderate about the needs of working people, he was likely hoping that a guy like Joe Madden was listening from his sky-blue velour recliner, nodding in agreement. And he was.

Mr. Madden, a maintenance supervisor in this ***working-class*** suburb southwest of Chicago, is a Democrat's dream. He is white, male and suburban, a family man who is a Democrat at heart, but was stolen away by the Republicans many elections ago.

He lives in a town full of Reagan Democrats and Kmart Republicans, a tidy suburb of tract homes in Buick country, where a majority of citizens, regardless of their party affiliation, have voted Republican for the last 12 years, twice for Ronald Reagan and once for George Bush.

Like most of his neighbors and millions of suburbanites across the nation, the 58-year-old Mr. Madden is the kind of voter the Democrats have been trying, and failing, to win over for years.

Willing This Time

But this time, people like Mr. Madden seem willing to believe in them. He and more than a dozen other voters interviewed here since the closing of the Democratic convention on Thursday night said they felt betrayed by the Republicans and were looking over the fence again.

After Governor Clinton's acceptance speech that night Mr. Madden turned off his wide-screen television feeling better about Democrats than he had since he cast his last vote for a Democrat, John F. Kennedy in 1960. For now, he said, with the economy stalled, the Arkansas Governor has his vote.

"I feel he's going to bring the country together," Mr. Madden said. "We're deep in the hole. If he can do half of what he said, four years from now we'll be a much better country."

He sighed when asked about the last vote he cast, the one for President Bush. "I can't see voting for him again," Mr. Madden said. "He's a big wheeler and dealer. The country's going backward instead of forward. We fell for his promises and what did we get? There's too much money going to foreign countries when we got problems right here at home. Bush has been feeding the big guys. The working people can't carry the load anymore."

Hometown (population 4,769) is an unpretentious, aluminum-siding kind of town, where houses have pickup trucks out front and basketball hoops out back, where adult children live a few doors down from their parents and where the mayor has hung a poster in his office that says, "I Am the Flag."

God and country are important here. And the Democrats' red-white-and-blue banners, the close-up shots of Mr. Clinton's mother, her eyes misty, the cheers and banners and orchestrated show of unity during the Democratic National Convention were not lost of Hometown residents.

"I'm listening," said Ronald Jeffrey, an electrician in Hometown. "It's one of the best tickets they've had in a long time. They seem more unified. There isn't all the bickering. They seem to be more towards the center. I like what I see and I'm ready for a change. What wrong can this ticket do?"

Mr. Jeffrey, 42, is the kind of American who remembers going to ball games growing up and getting chills down his spine whenever he heard the national anthem. So when the Democrats play the patriotism card it seems almost a homing device for people like Mr. Jeffrey.

It is a strategy that for now is playing well in Hometown. The town has seen its population and tax base decrease in the years since Mr. Reagan took office. Many point to the local shopping center as proof that the Republicans have presided over a deteriorating economy.

"We're hurting," said Mr. Madden, who is the maintenance supervisor at the shopping center, and serves as the town's director of public works in his off-hours. "We have seven vacant stores. We had a food store, a bakery, a children's store, a shoe store, a Kresge's. All gone."

Mention George Bush here, and unemployment, recession and drugs spill from many people's lips. They seem infuriated that President Bush reneged on his pledge of no new taxes. They express a deep sense of alienation from the President, seeing him as an advocate for the elite, not them.

"He goes on vacation too much," Mr. Jeffrey said. "Every time you look around he's at Kennebunkport or something. Who's running the shop?"

What on the face of it would seem to be Mr. Bush's strengths are seen as weaknesses here. For one, Hometown residents tend to view Mr. Bush's first term as really the third term of the Reagan-Bush Administration. The argument that he needs a second term to complete the programs of the first -- an incumbent's standard line -- does not wash here.

"They've had 12 years to do something, and they haven't," said Joan Doberwits, the town clerk, who like most everyone else is a registered Democrat who has been voting Republican since 1980. "In my heart, I feel Bush has had enough time. He's had his chance."

William Cochrane, a telephone repairman, who has not voted for a Democrat since Harry S. Truman, said: "He's been a do-nothing President. I don't think Bush has done anything. Personally, I feel let down by the man."

The Persian Gulf war is a touchy subject with many residents, who say they are angry that Saddam Hussein is still in power.

"They spent millions of dollars and accomplished nothing," Mr. Corcoran said. "It was such a waste of time."

On the other hand, people seem not as troubled by Mr. Clinton's debits. Gennifer Flowers is long forgotten, whether he did or did not inhale is, to them, talk-show grist and people, for now, seem to be looking past his attempts to avoid Vietnam.

The charges of womanizing, in particular, seem to be a nonissue, and some seemed impressed that Gov. Clinton had weathered the scrutiny. "That kind of gossip irritates me," said Nancy Jeffrey, a nurse who is married to Mr. Jeffrey and has voted Republican with him.

Mr. Jeffrey sees both President Bush and Governor Clinton as morally flawed. "Bush's son was involved in the savings and loan mess," Mr. Jeffrey said. "You could sling mud back and forth all night long. They cancel each other out."

Some residents here say they like the idea of a Democratic Congress and President working together to get something done and others simply like the fact that Bill Clinton is not George Bush, especially now that Ross Perot is no longer in the picture.

"If one has to get in, let it be Clinton," came the voice of a retiree, Patricia Eisner, who until Thursday was a Perot supporter. "I want to believe what Clinton says because it sounds great. But face it, none of them would say what you wouldn't want to hear. They'd be a fool."

**Graphic**

Photo: "We're deep in the hole," said Joe Madden, a maintenance supervisor in Hometown, Ill., a suburb of Chicago. "If he can do half of what he said, four years from now we'll be a much better country." (Jack Spratt for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** July 20, 1992

**End of Document**



[***THE 1992 CAMPAIGN: Political Memo;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-7X60-000P-22YJ-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Quayle's Words Show Plan for Attacking Clinton***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-7X60-000P-22YJ-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 31, 1992, Friday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1992 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** National Desk

**Section:** Section A;; Section A; Page 12; Column 1; National Desk; Column 1;

**Length:** 1160 words

**Byline:** By KEVIN SACK,

By KEVIN SACK,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** WASHINGTON, July 29

**Body**

It has been difficult in recent weeks to hear Vice President Dan Quayle's words above the static about his job security and his views on abortion, not to mention his spelling skills. But what has been obscured by the din is an early blueprint of the Bush-Quayle campaign's strategy, particularly its plans for attacking Gov. Bill Clinton.

The formula telegraphed by Mr. Quayle in his speeches, interviews and news conferences relies on the predictable labeling of Mr. Clinton and his Vice-Presidential nominee, Senator Al Gore, as tax-and-spend liberals. But Mr. Quayle also has experimented with a more subtle subtext aimed at reinforcing doubts about Mr. Clinton's character.

For instance, he has used every opportunity to refer to Mr. Clinton and his campaign as "slick," a reference to "Slick Willie," the unflattering sobriquet given to Mr. Clinton by critics in Arkansas. At virtually every appearance in the last 10 days, Mr. Quayle has mentioned Mr. Clinton's "slick campaign," his "slick convention" and/or his "slick bus tour."

Although the Vice President has refused to speak directly about suggestions of Mr. Clinton's infidelity and his avoidance of military service, he has been quick to say that character will be an important issue in the campaign. This repetition seems designed to jab at a Clinton vulnerability and also to hint at the possibility of damaging revelations in the fall.

Assails Patriotism

And Mr. Quayle has repeatedly criticized Mr. Clinton for saying at a rally in St. Louis last week that the United States has become "the mockery of the world." Mr. Clinton was referring to the effects of Mr. Bush's economic stewardship, but Clinton aides said that Mr. Quayle distorted the comment so as to assail the Democratic nominee's patriotism.

"I'm a little sick and tired of people running down America," Mr. Quayle said Monday in Cincinnati, calling on Mr. Clinton to apologize for the statement. "America's still the greatest country in the world."

The Vice President's delicate approach to the task of defining Mr. Clinton typifies the Republican dilemma in a year when the political mood is far different than in 1988.

Republican strategists recognize that it will be difficult to chip away at the current Democratic lead without attacking Mr. Clinton. But the Republicans are wary that the heavy-handedness of their 1988 campaign could well backfire this year; Mr. Clinton has conditioned an already surly electorate to be vigilant for low-blow tactics by repeatedly predicting an ugly campaign.

Bush-Quayle campaign officials deny that they are using subtle means to remind voters of Mr. Clinton's difficulties with marriage, marijuana and the military. But they said they viewed Mr. Clinton's handling of those issues during the primary season as a reflection of his integrity and honesty.

"The larger issue is that he's evasive and he's slick," said Mary Matalin, the Bush campaign's political director. "We've never said to the press that he's a philandering, pot-smoking draft dodger."

"The way you just did?" Ms. Matalin was asked.

"The way I just did," she conceded. "But that's the first time I've done that. There's nothing nefarious or subliminal going on."

Campaign's Guinea Pig

Mr. Bush and Mr. Quayle may well resort to tougher tactics after the Republican convention, particularly if they remain far behind in the polls. But for the time being, the Republicans are using more moderate methods, and it has been Mr. Quayle's job to road-test new themes.

"I think he thinks it's legitimate to raise questions but that it's too early for a frontal assault," said one Quayle associate, who spoke on condition of anonymity.

Many of the lines of attack taken by Mr. Quayle -- whether his focus on family values, his argument that the Democrats are stealing Republican ideas or his assault on Mr. Clinton's trustworthiness -- eventually have found their way into Mr. Bush's playbook.

But Mr. Clinton and his advisers have been quick to point out what they regard as the inherent weaknesses in some of Mr. Quayle's debating points, starting with his argument that Mr. Clinton and Mr. Gore are liberals in disguise.

"They came out of New York and said, 'We are these raging moderates,' Mr. Quayle said last week on the CNN television program "Larry King Live."

"That is a bunch of hooey," he insisted. "Al Gore's voting record is the same as Ted Kennedy's. Now, is Ted Kennedy a moderate? No. Bill Clinton as Governor raising taxes something like 128 different times. His record down there is not a record of moderation."

Tug-of-War Over Trust

Mr. Quayle then raised the issue of trust by saying he was skeptical of Mr. Clinton's pledge to raise taxes only on the wealthy.

But Mr. Clinton said Tuesday in Chicago that Mr. Bush was himself vulnerable on the issue of trust, particularly where taxes are concerned.

"This is a guy who said 'Read my lips,' four years ago," Mr. Clinton said. "And he wants to be trusted?"

Mr. Quayle has also labored to blame the country's economic drift on the Democratic Congress. "We wouldn't have had this recession if the Congress had gone along with the President," he argued in Cincinnati on Monday. He also has labeled the 1990 tax increase as "the Democratic Congress's tax increase" and suggested that Mr. Bush agreed to it only because the President did not want a budget crisis in the middle of the Gulf war.

Mr. Bush first spoke of the possibility of increased taxes more than a month before Iraq invaded Kuwait.

Mr. Quayle regularly implores his audiences to put an end to divided government by giving Mr. Bush a Republican-majority Congress. "When you think of change I want you to think of changing the Democratic Congress," he told supporters on the tarmac of the Lexington, Ky., airport last week.

Sometimes Mr. Quayle's characterization of the Clinton campaign as slick seems paradoxical. The Vice President inevitably levels the accusation during heavily scripted campaign events, like recent visits to housing construction sites, where advance men advised photographers how to get the best shot of Mr. Quayle hammering a nail.

Mr. Quayle has also made frequent use of what his aides refer to as "impromptus," surprise campaign stops in diners and coffee shops that are not spontaneous but are meant to look that way.

On Monday, Mr. Quayle led a large contingent of cameramen, reporters and Secret Service agents into a suburban Chicago bowling alley. As Mr. Quayle chatted with a pair of bowlers, his military aide used one hand to keep a firm grip on the aluminum suitcase containing the country's nuclear codes while using the other hand to bring Mr. Quayle his red and black bowling shoes.

This mixing of Executive Branch and ***working-class*** symbolism was a specialty of Mr. Bush in past campaigns. So far, Mr. Quayle has had the franchise mostly to himself. Despite the talk of dumping him, many Republicans see his speeches and appearances as the liveliest part of the Republican campaign so far.

**Graphic**

Photo: Vice President Dan Quayle and his sons arriving yesterday at Glacier Park International Airport in Kalispell, Mont., for a five-day vacation. (Associated Press)

**Load-Date:** July 31, 1992

**End of Document**



[***Sit Down, Cool Off And Fire Up a DVD***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:55K2-M4G1-DXY4-X2YN-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 6, 2012 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2012 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section MT; Column 0; Arts and Leisure Desk; Pg. 22; SUMMER DVDS

**Length:** 2587 words

**Byline:** By CHARLES TAYLOR and STEPHANIE ZACHAREK

**Body**

'Barbarella' (1968)

''Are you typical of Earth women?'' David Hemmings asks Jane Fonda's Barbarella, and you can practically imagine every straight man in the audience moaning, ''If only.''

Has anyone ever brought erotic comedy the freshness that Ms. Fonda did? That air of a curvy innocent who's a cheerful participant in her own debauching is what makes her so perfect for the quasi-pornographic shenanigans of Roger Vadim's futuristic sex spoof. Barbarella is the wide-eyed astronaut sent to carry Earth's message of love to the savage reaches of the galaxy.

Adapted from Jean-Claude Forest's comic strip, the screenplay is credited to a host of writers -- including Vadim (Ms. Fonda's husband at the time) and Terry Southern, among them -- and maybe that's why it has no dramatic impetus. Part of it may be that Vadim was preoccupied with the special effects, though they are (and were) rather cheesy. The shag-carpeted interior of Barbarella's spaceship looks like an unfurnished double-wide, and the optical effects outside her window make the galaxy appear to be a vast lava lamp. (The new Blu-ray high-definition remastering was unavailable for preview, but any improvement on the film's previous murky DVD release is welcome.)

''Barbarella'' works best as a mod space-age gloss on the old one-panel nudie cartoons of artists like Bill Wenzel. It's a series of excuses to get the pop-eyed, often undressed Barbarella in one supine fix after another.

John Phillip Law's role as the blind angel who is Barbarella's ally has a masochistic ickiness. Ms. Fonda finds a better playmate in Ugo Tognazzi's hunter (when he removes his furs, he's just as hairy underneath) who upends her preference for detached future sex by converting her to the ''savagery'' of the old-fashioned method. And when a rebel leader (Mr. Hemmings, doing a hip version of Ealing-comedy befuddlement) wants to try the newfangled lovemaking (the lovers touch palms to achieve union), he and Barbarella are so suited that both their hairdos go up in curls and steam shoots from their fingertips. There's also, as the dark queen of the city of night, Anita Pallenberg, decadence itself, seeming more so because she's dubbed by the purring Joan Greenwood.

But the movie is Ms. Fonda's triumph. It was once fashionable to dismiss her work in ''Barbarella'' as evidence of her pre-radicalized frivolousness. Maybe people were too busy looking at what else was on display to notice her prodigious comic gifts were as well. In ''Barbarella'' she's a sexy Buck Rogers, the all-American hero as lewd buttercup. (Paramount, Blu-ray, $29.99, July 3.) CHARLES TAYLOR

'Next of Kin' (1989)

John Irvin's police thriller starts from a smart idea. Patrick Swayze plays Truman Gates, a Chicago cop who hails from rural Kentucky. When a younger brother who has followed him to the city is killed by the mob, the rest of Truman's family has no patience with the wheels of justice. Led by Truman's older brother (Liam Neeson) these mountain folk descend on the city to get the gangsters who killed their blood, and the movie becomes a study in two kinds of clannishness fighting to the death.

The hoods know Chicago, but the Kentuckians have stealth on their side. Michael Jenning's script doesn't develop this idea of warring cultures as fully as it might. But contemporary American movies have become so sloppy and juvenile that the craft and pacing Mr. Irvin shows here reminds you how a good, tight B-movie can feel like something for adults.

Mr. Irvin, whose work includes ''The Dogs of War'' and the fine, unheralded Vietnam drama ''Hamburger Hill,'' brings a sense of detail to the (mostly nighttime) Chicago locales. And he's wonderful with actors. As a preening junior mafioso, Ben Stiller is funnier than in many of the comedies he's made since. Michael J. Pollard's gnomish mug has never seemed at home as it does among his fellow hillbilly headhunters.

Above all the movie is a reminder of the charisma of Patrick Swayze. He was one of those rare performers who made his masculinity graceful and funny. (What a Tarzan he would have made.) Swayze may be best remembered for dancing done in another movie. But I'll take the scene here where, stripped to the waist, he sweeps his wife (Helen Hunt, right, with Swayze) into an impromptu waltz. It's one of those little gifts movies give you: a fleeting image of the sweet eroticism of married life. (Warner Brothers, July 17, Blu-ray $19.98.) CHARLES TAYLOR

'Camelot' (1967)

As extravaganzas go, Joshua Logan's adaptation of Alan Jay Lerner and Frederick Loewe's hit Broadway musical wasn't the sensation it might have been. No one speaks of it with the flushed admiration they might lavish on, say, ''The Sound of Music.'' But even if the picture is slow going in places, the forests of Camelot have aged a lot more gracefully than those Trapp-ridden Alps. The ''Camelot'' tale of a king who loses his utopian dream and his queen resonates with a deep, gorgeous sense of melancholy.

It doesn't hurt that the picture looks stunning on Blu-Ray, showing off, in particular, John Truscott's Oscar-winning costume design. We're not talking ren-faire tat here but shimmery fish-scale gowns and geometric-pattern velvet tunics that blend historical accuracy with futuristic vision. They're what medieval court seamstresses might have dreamed up on their way to being reincarnated as Paco Rabanne, Ossie Clark and Mary Quant.

And then there are the performances: the great Irish actor Richard Harris makes a superb, multidimensional King Arthur, very much like the one in T. H. White's wonderful and witty novel ''The Once and Future King'' (on which the original musical was based). This Arthur is eminently sensible and romantic at the same time. It's hard to tell what hurts him more, the death of his ideals or the loss of his queen, Guenevere -- played by a luminously sensual Vanessa Redgrave -- to his best friend and knight extraordinaire, Lancelot.

Lancelot is played by the Italian stud muffin Franco Nero (he had to learn English to play the role), who fell in love with Ms. Redgrave while making the movie. (Below, Mr. Nero, right, with Harris and Ms. Redgrave.) It's not hard to see why. Her strength is so subtle and deep-rooted that it makes Guenevere's eventual emotional crumbling painfully resonant to watch; the performance gleams like faintly tarnished sterling, all the more beautiful for the tracery of darkness around its edges. (Warner Home Video, Blu-ray, April 24, $35.99) STEPHANIE ZACHAREK

'Children Of Paradise' (1945)

Sure, the truth is all well and good. But there's so much beauty in artifice, how can we turn away? That's the paradox and wonder of Marcel Carne's exquisite ''Children of Paradise,'' set in 19th-century Paris -- a Paris of theater people, raconteurs and women of easy virtue -- and made in France during the German occupation. The story unfolds as if set in the most luxurious toy theater imaginable: the mime Baptiste (Jean-Louis Barrault, right) has fallen instantly in love with the actress and unchained spirit Garance (played by the serenely stunning Arletty), but he hesitates and loses her to someone else. That would be the flamboyant actor Frederick (Pierre Brasseur), but Garance is so intoxicating that she can't be possessed by one man. Others in her orbit include the suave Comte de Montray (Louis Salou) and the scoundrel Lacenaire (Marcel Herrand), whose heart is as black as his catfishy mustache.

The characters are cutouts at first, but become rounded and warm before our eyes. Carne uses the world of the theater to suggest that sometimes artifice and beauty get us through the day -- just as the picture, made in a country under siege, emerged as an enduring model of emotionally and visually rich storytelling.

Beauty can also, of course, be a mask, and one of the film's bitter footnotes is that after the war Arletty served time in prison for having an affair with a Nazi officer. The choices she made in her personal life may be disconcerting, but they're not necessarily anathema to the movie's conflicted spirit. At her trial Arletty professed loyalty to her country but stopped short of granting it ownership of her life. ''My heart is France's,'' she said. ''My body is my own.'' She may have betrayed her country, but her actions were true to the spirit of Garance. (The Criterion Collection, two-disc DVD $29.95; Blu-ray $39.95, mid-September.) STEPHANIE ZACHAREK

'Summer With Monika' (1953)

Suffering through the chapped torment of his spiritual interrogations, you could forget that Ingmar Bergman, a great filmmaker who gravitated to the solemn and ponderous, could also be a sensualist. (For long periods he forgot it, too.) The pleasure of rediscovering ''Summer With Monika'' in the new restoration from Criterion is slipping into that sensuality at its most tender.

The story is simple: A middle-class boy, Harry (Lars Ekborg), falls for a ***working-class*** girl, Monika (Harriet Andersson, right with Mr. Ekborg). They leave crummy jobs and escape to the country, living in the motorboat of the boy's father. They wander, make love, scavenge. Summer ends, the idyll fades, the world reasserts its claims.

Bergman, imbuing the film with a lyricism both unrushed and lapidary, allows us to drift alongside Harry and Monika. Gunnar Fischer's black-and-white photography, alert to subtle gradations of natural light, conveys the feel of the breeze and sun and water on their skin. Everything -- their lazy nuzzling; Monika waking in the morning, relieving herself and then making fresh coffee for Harry -- is natural and unforced.

The melancholy that overtakes the film lies in how easy it is to imagine the two a few years hence. Harry, the delicate dreamer, accepting adult responsibilities but prone to reveries of his lost paradise. Monika, whose dreaminess is more petulant, becomes resentful of life's compromises.

Ms. Andersson, who suggests Rita Tushingham and Tracey Ullman, has a kitten's indolence, as well as its toying selfishness. You may be reminded of the newlyweds on the barge in Jean Vigo's romance ''L'Atalante,'' as well as Jacques Demy's ''Lola.''

Bergman is still defined by his heavy-spirited explorations of God's silence. ''Monika,'' the forebear of films aware of the blush of youth and chill of adulthood, seems a far more worthy legacy. (The Criterion Collection, May 29. Blu-ray $39.95, DVD $29.95.) CHARLES TAYLOR

'Perfect Sense' (2012)

End-of-the-world movies can be divided between grim prophetic visions of where we are headed (''The Road,''''Children of Men'') and mindless invitations to get off on watching as the present world is trashed (anything by Michael Bay). David Mackenzie's grave, elegant and quite brave ''Perfect Sense'' -- which opened on one screen in New York in February -- is something else: a deeply unfashionable statement of radical optimism.

The catalyst here is a stealth pandemic that, cruelly and methodically, strips people of most of their senses. Smell goes first, then taste, hearing, sight. Each loss is preceded by a passing yet devastating reduction to a primal state: grief, terror, hunger, rage.

In the midst of these allegorical subtractions, the screenwriter Kim Fupz Aakeson has placed his own version of the archetype that Jean-Luc Godard once called ''the last romantic couple,'' an epidemiologist (Eva Green), reeling from a shattered love affair, and a womanizing chef (Ewan McGregor). You can see the mechanics beneath the setup: She has to learn to trust; he has to learn to need. But Ms. Green and Mr. McGregor elude the programmatic, achieving a near-sublime balance of movie-star charisma and human empathy.

Mr. McGregor (near right, with Ewen Bremner) is among the most likable and grounded of actors. Ms. Green, with downturned mouth, smoky voice and those eyes capable of both amusement and withering wit, is such a stylized creature that you can hardly imagine her in everyday life. It's that innate dramatic glamour that sharpens and magnifies every situation, every emotion.

Watching her cower in her car as a riderless horse gallops in confusion through trashed streets can make your feel as if the earth really were slipping its axis. Watching her smile bravely for a lovers' snapshot, you sense what the gesture costs her, and you know this is one of those moments all moviegoers cherish, something that nicks you whenever you recall it.

Working on a modest scale, and aided by the fall-gray chill of Giles Nuttgens's cinematography, Mr. Mackenzie does a remarkable job of making you believe that you're seeing the whole world. As in the work of Chris Marker, which ''Perfect Sense'' echoes, this is a planet where people are defined not by their nations but by the very condition of being human. What makes ''Perfect Sense'' courageous is its vision of people faced with catastrophe rising to the best versions of themselves. Using the faces of his actors and his spare Glasgow setting, Mr. Mackenzie makes a case for the world as sacred, and human interaction as the holiest thing in it. (MPI Home Video, May 22, Blu-ray $29.98, DVD $24.98.) CHARLES TAYLOR

Other Releases

The former mixed-martial-arts champion Gina Carano tears it up, and does it fetchingly, in Steven Soderbergh's elegant kick to the head ''Haywire'' (May 1). Also out that day on Blu-ray is the director's cut of Guillermo del Toro's elegant and squishy monster-cockroaches outing, ''Mimic.''

Joe Dante's joyous and anarchic ''Gremlins 2: The New Batch,'' a sequel better than the original, makes its way to Blu-ray on May 8, as does Bill Gunn's landmark of African-American cinema ''Ganja & Hess'' and Fritz Lang's enduringly nasty noir ''The Big Heat'' starring Glenn Ford and an unforgettable Gloria Grahame. May 15 sees the DVD and Blu-ray release of a three-disc set of Bernardo Bertolucci's staggering historical-political panorama ''1900,'' presented in its original 5 hour 15 minute version. And the release of all three ''Walking Tall'' films on that day includes the director Phil Karlson's bruisingly effective original.

The great Italian actor Gian Maria Volonte starts in the spaghetti western ''A Bullet for the General'' on May 22. And on May 29 comes another of Kino's releases of the French horror auteur Jean Rollin's work; this time it's his tastefully titled ''Rape of the Vampire.'' The good-natured and profane hockey comedy ''Goon'' is also out that day, and the Blue Meanies pose a threat to Pepperland and all good people everywhere in the Blu-ray release of ''Yellow Submarine.'' June 5 sees Blu-ray releases of ''The Grapes of Wrath'' and ''Hondo.''

The ultimate May-December romance, Hal Ashby's ''Harold and Maude,'' starring Bud Cort and Ruth Gordon, hits DVD and Blu-ray on June 12, as does Charlie Chaplin's ''Gold Rush,'' both from Criterion. On June 19 comes Guy Maddin's latest, ''Keyhole,'' with Jason Patric and Isabella Rossellini. Alfred Hitchcock's ''39 Steps'' is out on Blu-ray on June 26, as is the DVD release of last year's surprise delight ''The Artist.'' And the 40th-anniversary release of ''Deliverance'' comes that day to make us all thank heaven for the city. Bela Tarr's self-proclaimed final film, ''The Turin Horse,'' will be released on July 17. The 25th-anniversary edition of Stanley Kubrick's Vietnam epic ''Full Metal Jacket'' comes to Blu-ray on Aug. 7, and just when you thought you had made it through summer without a fright, Steven Spielberg's scary and funny and utterly devious ''Jaws'' arrives on Aug. 14 to give the season some teeth. CHARLES TAYLOR

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

**Graphic**

PHOTOS (PHOTOGRAPHS BY WARNER BROTHERS/EVERETT COLLECTION

PARAMOUNT/PHOTOFEST

WARNER BROTHERS PICTURES/PHOTOFEST

HALLMARK PRODUCTIONS/PHOTOFEST

NEIL DAVIDSON/IFC FILMS

PATHE CINEMA)

**Load-Date:** May 8, 2012

**End of Document**



[***VIOLENT INCIDENTS AGAINST ASIAN-AMERICANS SEEN AS PART OF RACIST PATTERN***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-9CM0-0007-J22D-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 31, 1985, Saturday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1985 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 1; Page 8, Column 1; National Desk

**Length:** 2421 words

**Byline:** By FOX BUTTERFIELD, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** BOSTON, Aug. 30

**Body**

Two Cambodian refugees were followed by a car one night as they drove home from a party in a ***working-class*** suburb of Boston. They stopped and got out, only to be severely beaten by a gang of white men. One of the Cambodians suffered a skull fracture and died 10 days later.

The assault, on Aug. 4, is the latest in a series of recent violent incidents against Asian-Americans in the Boston area. Others have included a fracas between a middle-age Chinese immigrant and a Boston policeman, a midnight attack on three young Vietnamese by a gang of drunken white teen-agers and the burning of a house where 37 Cambodians lived.

''The U.S. has been perceived by Cambodians as a country of freedom and security,'' said Daniel Lam, a Cambodian who is executive director of the Massachusetts Office of Refugee Resettlement. ''But now we must face the reality of racism in America.''

Article describes recent violent incidents in Boston, Mass, that Asian-American leaders and Govenrment officials say are evidence of what appears to be growing pattern of bigotry and animosity toward Asian across US; US Civil Rights Commission started study in August 1984 to determine whether discrimination against Asian-Americans is increasing; photo (L)Sign of Growing Animosity

Asian-American leaders and Government officials say the incidents in Boston are perhaps the most dramatic evidence of what appears to be a growing pattern of bigotry and animosity toward Asians in many parts of the country. ''No one has any reliable statistical information,'' said Dr. H. John Bunzel, a member of the United States Commission on Civil Rights. ''Is the problem serious nationally? We just don't know.''

The commission began a study in August 1984 in an effort to fill that information void. Dr. Bunzel, a senior research fellow at the Hoover Institution, at Stanford University, who has been studying minority communities in California for 30 years, said he asked for the study after receiving ''an increasing number of reports citing discrimination against Asian-Americans.''

New immigrants have particularly faced ''a variety of difficulties when they come here,'' he said. ''In New York, Seattle, Boston, Houston and Philly, there have been different kinds of incidents.''

Report Due in the Spring

''What one doesn't know is whether or not these incidents are racially motivated exclusively,'' he added, or whether other factors play a role. The study is to be completed next spring.

Wallace Warfield, associate director of the Community Relations Service of the Department of Justice, said discrimination against Asians ''is definitely a growing problem in all parts of the country.'' He said every part of the country had ''some incident that it could point to as a sign of this kind of problem.'' Some conflicts are with blacks, he said; others are with the Hispanic or other whites.

He said some of the worst troubles occurred where Indochinese refugees had settled in poor urban areas or where Korean merchants had moved into black or Hispanic communities.

'Racially Negative' Graffiti

Dr. Alan Seid, a fourth-generation Chinese who heads the Asian-Pacific American Advocates of California, an umbrella organization of several hundred Asian-American community groups, noted the recent appearance of anti-Asian graffiti in high schools in San Jose, where he lives. ''There are words like Japs, gooks, Nips, slanteyes and slopeheads - racially negative words we haven't seen since World War II,'' he said.

These signs of animosity are appearing at a time when many Asian-Americans are winning academic and professional success and have finally begun to be assimilated into American society after a century of legal discrimination, including laws barring Chinese from immigrating and laws barring Asians from owning land in California. In World War II, 110,000 Japanese-Americans were imprisoned simply because of their ancestry.

Prosperous and Educated

Today, as a group, Asian-Americans are among the best educated and most prosperous Americans. They account for only 2 percent of the population, yet will make up 11 percent of the incoming freshman class at Harvard University this fall, 21 percent at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and 25 percent at the University of California at Berkeley.

Economically, the median family income of Asian-Americans is $22,713, according to the 1980 census, as against $19,917 for all Americans and $20,800 for whites.

When community leaders discuss what they see as new animosity toward Asian-Americans, they speak of new elements such as the recent explosion of Asian-American immigration, economic rivalry with poor residents of inner-city neighborhoods where the immigrants settled, and such diverse factors as the 10th anniversary of the end of the Vietnam War and the trade deficit with Japan.

''There's a certain amount of hostility because the Japanese are thrashing us in trade,'' said Representative Don Edwards, a California Democrat. He said one executive in a high-technology concern suggested that his employees ''Zap the Japs.'' #4.8 Million Asian-Americans Asian-Americans are the fastest-growing racial group in the country, according to Leon F. Bouvier, vice president of the Population Reference Bureau in Washington, a private demographic research group. The extraordinary growth of the Asian-American population started with the dropping of quota-based immigration restrictions in 1965. From 1970 to 1980 the number of Asian-Americans jumped from 1.4 million to 3.47 million, and it climbed again to 4.8 million this year, according to the Census Bureau.

In New York City, Asian-Americans numbered 230,000 in the 1980 census.

Mr. Bouvier projects there will be 6.5 million Asian-Americans by 1990 and almost 10 million by the turn of the century. By the middle of the 21st century, he estimates they will be as big a proportion of the United States population as the Hispanic are now, 6.4 percent.

Equally important, he said, are dramatic changes in where the immigrants come from and where they go after they arrive in the United States.

In 1970 two-thirds of all Asian-Americans were Japanese or Chinese, but by 2000 these groups will only be a third of the total, Mr. Bouvier predicts. In recent years 728,000 Indochinese have joined their ranks, along with an even larger number of Koreans and Filipinos. By 1990, Filipinos will become the largest Asian group.

Spreading Out to New Areas

These new Asian immigrants, whose predecessors largely settled in together in a few cities, have spread to many parts of the country where they have had more contact with white and black communities. The result has been outbursts of violence in cities including Los Angeles, Houston, New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Providence, R.I.

One area of conflict was the Gulf Coast, where many Laotians settled in the 1970's, working as fishermen. ''The Southeast Asian fisherman worked a lot longer hours than the traditional American fisherman,'' said Mr. Warfield of the Justice Department. ''They maximized their profits quicker. Many now have as many boats on the Gulf Coast as the white fishermen.''

Glenda Joe, coordinator of the Council of Asian-American Organizations, an umbrella group in the Houston area, said ''it's a competition thing'' for jobs, housing and Federal aid. ''Nobody likes an overachiever,'' said Miss Joe, who is half Chinese and half Irish, ''and that's how Asians are viewed - as overachievers. They are accomplishing in a short time what blacks and browns have been trying to do for years.''

In Philadelphia a group of 5,000 Hmong hill people from Laos and about 40,000 Koreans have moved into predominantly black areas in the past few years. Violent attacks last September on a number of Hmong prompted some to leave the city. Their assailants often believed the Hmong were getting extra welfare benefits, later testimony before the city's Commission on Human Relations showed.

Koreans who opened small businesses like dry-cleaning and grocery stores in Philadelphia have often been raided by blacks who resent their commercial success, said James A. Lineberger, deputy for community relations in the District Attorney's office. ''Hoodlums will take cases of stuff and dare the owner to call the police,'' he said. ''Many of the owners are afraid and acquiesce and then they are identified as an easy mark.''

Conflict in Harlem Eases

In New York a similar conflict between blacks and Korean store owners led to a boycott last winter against a number of Korean shops on 125th Street in Harlem, with several heated and violent confrontations. Black residents charged that the Koreans were rude, overcharged their customers and were giving nothing back to the community.

A number of projects have eased the tension, including a program this summer in which black merchants hired Korean youths and Korean merchants hired black youths, said Lloyd A. Williams, president of the Uptown Chamber of Commerce. ''The situation has improved considerably,'' he said. ''Blacks and Koreans still have a long way to go to establish a long-lasting relationship, but we're on the road.''

In Washington, a Cambodian who owns a gas station in a black section of the capital says he has been robbed several times by black youths who worked for him and has been shot at twice. One time, said the Cambodian, who asked that his name not be used, a black woman drove up in a new Mercedes and said to the station owner's brother-in-law, a new arrival from Cambodia: ''Hey, Chinese, how long have you been here? Only two weeks? Only two weeks here and already you're taking jobs away from young blacks.''

Such misidentification, confusing the Cambodian for a Chinese, is a constant source of complaint by Asian-Americans. Many contend it is a sign that they are being lumped together as a stereotyped group.

'They See Us as One Race'

Paul M. Igasaki, who handles Asian-American liaison for the Chicago Commission on Human Rights, recalled a 1982 incident in Detroit in which a Chinese-American, Vincent Chin, was beaten to death with a baseball bat by two unemployed automobile workers angry about Japanese imports. ''They see us basically as one race, and that's what racism is all about,'' Mr. Igasaki said.

In Providence two Cambodian widows were recently burned out of their house in a black section of the city, said the Rev. Daniel M. Trainer of the city's Indochinese Advocacy Project. It was the sixth in a series of arson attacks against Indochinese there in the past year.

Arson has also occurred in Boston, where most of the trouble has come in white ***working-class*** neighborhoods. In Revere, just north of Boston, several Asian-Americans' homes have been burned, including an old three-floor tenement house where lived five Cambodian families, numbering 37 people. Catherine Penn, a City Councilor, said such crowding was contributing to racial tension because of a belief that it led to neighborhood deterioration. The Cambodians say they must live together in large numbers to afford housing and save money.

The two Cambodians who were beaten Aug. 4 were living in Revere. Two white men have been charged with murder in the case.

In East Boston, a predominantly Italian-American section where church groups have begun finding Cambodians places to live, four Cambodians were beaten by eight whites last month after the Cambodians asked the whites to stop touching a new red automobile that belonged to one of the refugees.

Economic Factor Seen

''I have a feeling a lot of this trouble is economic, not racial,'' said Mayor Raymond L. Flynn. ''You have poor white kids out of work, and then they see these refugees buying shiny new cars.''

But Mayor Flynn said he gained an added perspective after one of the victims urged him to see the movie ''Rambo: First Blood Part II,'' with Sylvester Stallone as a former Green Beret back in Vietnam to rescue Americans missing in action. Mr. Flynn said he was ''outraged'' by the way the film encouraged violence against Vietnamese as a form of retribution for America's defeat in Vietnam.

''Media stereotypes have a lot to do with how Asians are treated in their communities,'' said Stewart Kwoh, director of the Southern California Asian-Pacific Legal Center. He said he had noticed more and more Asian roles on television, but all were gangsters.

Since its opening Aug. 16, the film ''Year of the Dragon,'' about a white policeman fighting drugs and youth gangs in New York City's Chinatown, has drawn criticism and demonstrations at the Loew's Astor Plaza at Times Square as well as in such cities as Chicago, Detroit, Boston, San Francisco and Los Angeles. As a result, MGM/UA has put in the film a disclaimer of intent to demean Asian-Americans.

Film Is Termed Racist

Opponents of the film, who include Robert Daley, author of the book from which the film was adapted, say the film is racist in its portrayal of Chinese-Americans. It ''portrays Asian-Americans as gangsters and mobsters,'' said Virginia Kee, a City Council candidate who has taught school in Chinatown for 20 years.

A more subtle discrimination charge has arisen in colleges and universities, where Asian-Americans would appear to have made the most progress. Asian student activists at a number of schools contend they must have better records than other applicants to gain admission. At Harvard, for example, 12.5 percent of Asian-American applicants were accepted this year, as against 15.9 percent of all applicants.

Henry Rosovsky, former dean of the faculty at Harvard who is now a professor of Japanese economic history, said some admission standards, such as athletic ability, extracurricular activities and family ties to the institution could work against Asian-Americans.

'Very Valuable Addition'

''But if you start playing the numbers game, they are the most overrepresented group in the universities,'' Mr. Rosovsky said, adding, ''I think that's fine - they are a very valuable addition to American society.''

Some Asian-Americans say they have never encountered ethnic animosity.

''I've never been aware of any social or professional discrimination,'' said Dr. Mariano Ezpeleta, a Filipino physician who lives in Andover, Mass. In part, he conceded, that may be because he is a Harvard-educated physician who speaks English virtually without an accent.

Lisa Sun, 30, a computer programmer from Taiwan who lives in Prospect Heights, Ill., agreed that her middle-class life may have helped her avoid discrimination. ''I'm a yuppie,'' she said with a laugh. ''People don't mistreat yuppies.''

**Graphic**

Photo of members of a Cambodian family visiting their burned-out home in Revere, Mass. (NYT/Rick Friedman)

**End of Document**



[***HOLMES VS. COONEY: THE RICHEST FIGHT***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-R1J0-0009-215W-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 11, 1982, Friday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1982 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Page 21, Column 1; Sports Desk

**Length:** 965 words

**Byline:** By MICHAEL KATZ, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** LAS VEGAS, Nev., June 10

**Body**

In a ring on a parking lot at Caesars Palace, two undefeated fighters from different backgrounds will compete in 120-degree temperature for sport's richest prize in boxing's richest event Friday night.

Larry Holmes, the 32-year-old son of a former Georgia sharecropper, will defend his world heavyweight championship, fighting for posterity and his place in boxing history.

Gerry Cooney, the 25-year-old product of a comfortable Huntington, L.I., ***working-class*** home, will challenge for that title, typifying not the Great White Hope but the Great American Dream.

''There is nothing greater in sports than the heavyweight championship,'' Cooney said. Both are ready. Holmes weighed in today at 212 1/2 pounds, the same as he was a year ago when he was razor-sharp in knocking out Leon Spinks in three rounds. Even Richie Giachetti, Holmes's estranged former trainer, said it was ''beautiful weight, perfect for him.''

Michael Katz analyzes the upcoming Cooney-Holmes fight

Cooney, who weighed in separately as part of the campaign to keep the two fighters apart, was a wiry 225 1/2.

Holmes Still Seeks Recognition

Holmes will be a strong favorite -the man-to-man odds are 8-5 and the late money is expected to land on the champion and push the total betting here on the fight to about $10 million. But Holmes has more to lose than his World Boxing Council heavyweight title. It is the recognition he will earn if he wins, the recognition that has been denied him in his four years as champion despite a 39-0 record with 29 knockouts, and despite 10 knockouts in 11 successful title defenses.

''This is the greatest underrated heavyweight champion we've ever had, but he happened to follow Muhammad Ali,'' said Ray Arcel, the 82-year-old trainer who will be part of Holmes's corner.

To get the delayed recognition, Holmes believes he must retire undefeated. But he may be ready to be taken. He has slowed a bit, although his left jab, the punch Cooney will have to get past in order to win, is still strong and accurate and quick.

''I'm scared,'' said the champion's publicist and close friend, Luis Rodriguez. ''because it looks too easy. There's always that lucky punch.''

Cooney is untested against anyone in Holmes's class and has never answered questions about his ability to take a punch, his stamina or his boxing skills. He has not regained his form following a shoulder strained in training five months ago that forced the postponement from the original March 15 date.

Cooney Boasts Knockout Punch

But his left hook makes him extremely dangerous, especially in the early rounds. His record of 21 knockouts in 25 pro fights has been compiled mainly against stationary targets; hitting Holmes will not be that easy.

What incenses Holmes, what makes him talk about being ''on a mission,'' is that Cooney has been led down a primrose path to what should be a more than $8 million (but less than $10 million) payday - the same money the champion is getting.

Holmes has paid his dues. He worked his way through the small fight clubs in preliminaries and was a sparring partner for Ali, Joe Frazier and Earnie Shavers.

''Cooney has fought only setups,'' he said. ''If he weren't white, do you think he'd be here, getting the same money as me?'' That kind of talk has led to accusations that Holmes is a racist. Holmes, who works for his Easton, Pa., hometown chapter of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, believes ''we are all God's children if we've been born under the sun.''

Cooney's managers, Dennis Rappaport and Mike Jones, have decried the racial issues and have blamed Holmes for them. The slogan in Cooney's camp, worn on shirts, is ''Not the White Man, but the Right Man.''

Both fighters are involved in charitable work - especially with children - outside the ring, which makes it disappointing that black-white has overshadowed boxer-puncher in describing the matchup.

Money, Money, Money

The crowd of 32,000 in the temporary outdoor arena will produce a record live gate of $8.4 million and enrich the local economy by about $150 million. The ''drop,'' or money spent, at the host casino was $59 million for the three-day period surrounding the Holmes-Ali fight in 1980. This one is expected to break that record.

It is also expected to break the record gross receipts of the $37 million-$38 million from the Sugar Ray Leonard-Thomas Hearns fight here last Sept. 16 by about $5 million.

The referee will be Mills Lane, whom the Cooney camp preferred, although the veteran referee is also highly acceptable to the champion's camp. The three judges, all from Nevada, will do the scoring. They are Duane Ford, Herb Santos and Dave Moretti, and they are probably superfluous since no one expects a 15-round fight.

Cooney, whose stamina is suspect, will have to go for a quick knockout. ''He will have to set a great pace,'' said Eddie Futch, Holmes's 70-year-old chief trainer, ''and after that he will be ready to be taken.''

The champion has a strong edge in corners, where Futch will be joined by Arcel and Bill Prezant, one of the best cutmen in the business. Cooney's 64-year-old trainer, Victor Valle, has hired another cut-repair specialist, Artie Curley, to work the challenger's corner.

The Holmes-Cooney bout is expected to start around 11 P.M., New York time. On the preliminary card are two 10-round heavyweight contests. In the main one, the undefeated Page, ranked third in the world, meets Trevor Berbick, ranked fifth and the only challenger to have lasted the distance in a title fight with Holmes. Shavers, still fighting at 37 after an operation to repair a detached retina, meets James (Quick) Tillis, who is trained by Angelo Dundee.

Wilfredo Gomez of Puerto Rico will make the 15th defense of his W.B.C. superbantamweight title, against Juan Antonio Lopez.

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photo of Larry Holmes photo of Gerry Cooney

**End of Document**



[***Alvarez Bravo's 'Lens of Revelations'***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:44NB-52T0-0109-T16F-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 13, 2001 Thursday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2001 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section E; Column 2; The Arts/Cultural Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1437 words

**Byline:**  By BERNARD WEINRAUB

**Dateline:** LOS ANGELES, Dec. 12

**Body**

Manuel Alvarez Bravo, one of the masters of modern photography and perhaps the most significant artist in Mexico today, looked around inside the J. Paul Getty Museum, where more than 100 of his photographs, spanning eight decades, are on display through Feb. 17.

"This is the first time I've left Mexico City without a camera," he said softly in Spanish, as he sat in a wheelchair.

At 99, Mr. Alvarez Bravo is one of the last of a generation of artists who directly experienced the creative ferment of post-revolutionary Mexico that drew artists and intellectuals from all over the world: Edward Weston, Sergei Eisenstein, Henri Cartier-Bresson. The Getty has mounted this exhibition, "Manuel Alvarez Bravo: Optical Parables," to celebrate his 100th birthday on Feb. 4.

"When I was a youth and picked up a camera, I had great admiration for this amazing invention," Mr. Alvarez Bravo said through a translator. "There was an incredible means of expression that this incredible technology provided."

Asked what he sought before taking a photograph, he said simply: "I don't look for anything. I discover things."

Weston Naef, the Getty's curator of photographs, said Mr. Alvarez Bravo's work was characterized by contradictions and contrasts. "On the one hand, he absorbs the influences of high modernism," he said. "On the other hand, he has an instinctive interest in the commonplace occurrences unique to Mexico." Mr. Naef also called Mr. Alvarez Bravo highly unusual "because he stayed in his homeland and became one of the first photographers to be completely committed to a body of work that had its grounding in the soil from which he came."

He added: "Photography is an art that often leads you to travel in order to take pictures. For Alvarez Bravo, almost all of his greatest pictures were made within 100 miles of his home."

The works on display range from the mysteriously dreamy to cool documentaries. They are strikingly different: some capture the contradictions between urban life and personal solitude; others explore surrealist themes of death and the erotic; still others explore perceptions of reality and the blurring of the line between photographer and subject. Octavio Paz, the Mexican poet, once described Mr. Alvarez Bravo's camera as a "lens of revelations."

One of the most famous works in the show is "Striking Worker Murdered" (1934). While making a film with Eisenstein in Tihuantepec, Mr. Alvarez Bravo heard what he thought were fireworks at a nearby train station. Walking over, he discovered that the noises were gunshots during a demonstration at the station by striking sugar mill workers. The workers' leader had just been killed. With two frames left in his camera, Mr. Alvarez Bravo created a close-up of the dead man -- for this artist, a rare photojournalistic image.

But for art scholars, the photograph resonates with complexity. The dignified and noble-looking young man lies on the ground, his eyes open as if he were still alive and thinking. The triangular shape of a flag in the background is echoed by the triangle formed by the man's bent arm. And the arm itself reaches toward the viewer as if it were about to form a plea or perhaps a fist, like those painted by David Alfaro Siqueiros and other Mexican muralists of the period.

Other well-known works in the show include "Daydreaming" (1931), in which Mr. Alvarez Bravo, on a visit to the courtyard of the house in which he grew up in Mexico, chanced upon a beautiful young girl immersed in a reverie. The dark grays of the photograph, the sunlight lingering on the girl's shoulder, the serpentine lines of her body, the weathered state of the building and the listlessness of the scene have been characterized by art scholars as reflecting everything from the social conditions of women at the time to the holy images of a church painting to the contrast between the harshness of the architecture -- and the surrounding life -- and the yearning of the girl.

Also on display is "The Crouched Ones" (1834), in which five seated men, their backs toward the photographer and their heads obliterated in darkness, are seated in a comedor, a modest storefront cafe. The title is ambiguous. The men are sitting, not crouching. There are two shoeshine boxes at their feet. Scholarly interpretations of the photograph have ranged from a commentary about workers who appear almost chained to their seats to an exploration of visual playfulness, as the viewer cannot see the men's faces or what they are eating.

Although there have been previous exhibitions of Mr. Alvarez Bravo's work, notably one at the Museum of Modern Art in 1997, this show is different. "The theme we wanted to focus on, which has not been addressed sufficiently in previous exhibitions and publications, was the way he draws the act of viewing into his photographs," said Mikka Gee Conway, co-curator of the show with Roberto Tejada, who teaches art theory at the State University of New York at Buffalo and is a specialist in the works of Mr. Alvarez Bravo.

"Alvarez Bravo is very canny about the way he looks at the world," Ms. Conway said. "His pictures are often very much about how photographs, how the eye works, how you perceive things visually. His subject is Mexico, but he is also coming out of an international cosmopolitan tradition of modernist photography and modernism in general."

"Although the pictures are beautiful," she added, "he's not setting out to make things that look good."

At the Getty, Mr. Alvarez Bravo said he was deeply influenced by Eugene Atget, the idiosyncratic French photographer whose work reflected the changing architectural, social and political mood of Paris in the early 1900's.

As a result, Mr. Alvarez Bravo became fascinated, especially in the 1930's and 40's, by street scenes, storefronts, signs and vendors. He photographed those subjects against a backdrop of a rapidly changing Mexico City, caught between modernity and the reminders of indigenous civilizations. A striking example is "Kiln Number Three," made from a 1957 negative. In this photograph, Mr. Tejada said, the kilns used for the production of bricks in the Mexican countryside suggest the same violent destruction that took place in the New World encounter between Spanish colonizers and the native civilizations of Mexico.

Mr. Alvarez Bravo's work, Mr. Tejada said, cannot be isolated from that of others who helped stir Mexico City's creative ferment in the 1920's and 30's: Weston and his lover and protege, Tina Modotti, as well as the photographers Paul Strand and Cartier-Bresson and filmmakers like Eisenstein and artists like Diego Rivera.

But unlike Rivera or Modotti, Mr. Alvarez Bravo was never a Marxist or overtly political. Instead, he took to the streets to photograph everyday objects and ordinary situations in a way that allowed unexpected moods and stories to unfold. Mr. Tejada said the Alvarez Bravo photographs represented a concise vision of Mexico as an actual and symbolic landscape. He added that the photographer's subjects -- mostly ***working-class*** and middle-class Mexicans -- were locked in a dream world of "longing, solitude, candor and foreboding."

The Getty show comprises photographs from the museum's holdings, as well as from the collection of Daniel Greenberg, a Los Angeles businessman, and his wife, Susan Steinhauser, a lawyer.

Mr. Alvarez Bravo himself has never offered interpretations of his work. He has suggested that viewers ask his photographs, not him, what they mean. Over the years, he has told students: "Shoot what you see, not what you think. A photographer's philosophy should be not to have one."

One of his most puzzling and most analyzed photographs was created in 1939 when the writer Andre Breton asked Mr. Alvarez Bravo to take part in a surrealist exhibition at a Mexico City gallery. The photographer obliged him with "The Good Reputation Sleeping," a portrait of a nude woman partially wrapped in bandages and lying on a blanket surrounded by cactus buds. The triptych print, which is in the Getty show, has been called confounding and mysterious by curators and art historians.

Mr. Alvarez Bravo has said that he is not sure what inspired the photograph. "You bring your accumulated life to the moment that something sparks you to make an image," he said in an interview years ago. "Everything influences you. And it's all good."

Now he barely lifts a camera anymore. When asked at the Getty if he still took photographs, he replied, "Very little, very little." Mr. Alvarez Bravo was asked his opinion of digital photographs. "It's not a bad thing," he said, "as long as it's a means to an end."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: "The Crouched Ones," by Manuel Alvarez Bravo, has been seen as a commentary on workers or as a form of visual playfulness. (J. Paul Getty Museum)(pg. E1); Manuel Alvarez Bravo at the J. Paul Getty Museum in Los Angeles. (Jill Connelly for The New York Times)(pg. E9)

**Load-Date:** December 13, 2001

**End of Document**



[***ANGER AND ANGST TEST BONN'S CLUBBY POLITICS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-PR10-0009-2170-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 11, 1982, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1982 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 4; Page 3, Column 1; Week in Review Desk

**Length:** 1117 words

**Byline:** By JOHN VINOCUR

**Dateline:** BONN

**Body**

New talk of political payoffs by West German industry - the fresh names this time include leaders of both the ruling Social Democrats and the opposition Christian Democrats - is reinforcing factions trying to turn around the economic and security policies that have been constants here since the end of World War II.

The congruence last week was striking. While Willy Brandt, the Social Democratic Party chairman and former Chancellor, was denying he took any money, and Helmut Kohl, the Christian Democratic Party chairman and Chancellor candidate, was acknowledging he received and legally declared a contribution from the same suspect firm, an opinion poll offered the political mainstream an unsettling conclusion. If national elections were held now, it said, the Greens, more a collection of maximalist/minimalist demands than a standard political organization, would be elected to the Bundestag for the first time.

BONN - New talk of political payoffs by West German industry - the fresh names this time include leaders of both the ruling Social Democrats and the opposition Christian Democrats - is reinforcing factions trying to turn around the economic and security policies that have been constants here since the end of World War II.

The Greens, originally an environmental group, tend to reject economic growth, atomic energy and many aspects of West Germany's relationship to the Atlantic Alliance. Their strength is among relatively young, relatively well-educated people - precisely those who dislike German establishment politics and are driven farther from the middle by the kind of scandal talk running again through Bonn.

If the Greens are consistent, it is in their protestations of moral superiority. They have it easy when practitioners of rectitude such as Mr. Brandt and Mr. Kohl must devote time to explaining the presence of what appear to be their names on a list that enumerates money purportedly paid to politicians by the Friedrich Flick group, a privately owned industrial holding company.

The new details are part of a scandal that had slumbered since February when the federal prosecutor announced that three members of Chancellor Helmut Schmidt's Cabinet - Finance

Minister Manfred Lahnstein, Economics Minister Otto Lambsdorff and Hans Matthofer, the Minister for Post and Telecommunications - were under investigation on suspicion of taking bribes. Their case involves tax advantages obtained by the Flick group and some kind of exchange, possibly in the form of contributions to political parties, as recompense from the firm. Over the last five months, tens of witnesses have been interviewed by investigators, and Mr. Brandt has acknowledged he was one of them.

According to press accounts, none denied by the prosecutor's office, the investigators have come upon a list, kept by Flick, of 40 prominent names (some politicians say it is more like 80) with sums written next to them. There are a series of entries next to the name ''Brandt.'' This has been confirmed by the former Chancellor's office, which also expressed his denial of any involvement, and his outrage at being dragged into the messy business. Privately, some Social Democrats have suggested that the list could have been drawn up either out of vengeance or as an attempt to conceal an embezzlement.

Little Investigative Journalism

In any case, the story is one that almost no one in Bonn likes because it touches every corner of the political establishment. There were a few headlines on Monday, but by Thursday not a line appeared in any of the major national newspapers about the scandal. Since there is no tradition of investigative journalism in the West German daily press, and most newspapers have strong party affiliations, the scandal was not likely to have daily installments - short of the prosecutor bringing criminal charges against one of the politicians.

But the alienation factor among voters is real. Among the reasons that the Greens have gained strength is that Bonn politics, like politics in many other capitals, can seem clubby and most concerned with survival and self-perpetuation. That the Greens have become a national force was confirmed by last week's poll, which ranked them the country's third party, ahead of the Social Democrats' coalition partners, the Free Democrats. It was also confirmed by the Social Democrats beginning discussions with the Greens in Hamburg last week about a possible cooperation arrangement for the fall in the state parliament.

For some West Germans, this was an extraordinary event, a case of a weakened democratic party courting a group that some politicians say is only barely attached to basic notions of a parliamentary society. The loudest cries, predictably, came from the Free Democrats who feel most threatened by the Greens. Wolfgang Mishnick, the leader of the Free Democrats' parliamentary group and an ally of the Chancellor, said that although he found merit in the Greens' concern about ecology, ''other elements in their present structure represent a considerable danger for democracy.'' A party economics expert, Hans Gattermann, was quoted as saying that the Greens and their allies include ''Communists, blood-and-soil ideologists and self-appointed protectors of the environment.''

The reference to Communists apparently related to a statement by Richard Meier, chief of the federal internal security organization, that people elected to the Hamburg parliament in June on the Green/Alternative List ticket included members of Communist organizations. The ''blood-and-soil'' comment seemed to be aimed at the occasional tones of romantic purity that have drawn both the far left and far right to the Greens and their allies.

Those, on the other hand, who argue in favor of talking to the Greens see this as a way to convince them of the need for compromise and for what is described as responsible politics. In the case of the Social Democrats, the question may be one of pure survival. Recent regional elections have shown they are losing the most young voters to the Greens and that significant numbers of their traditional ***working-class*** supporters are either staying home or switching to the Christian Democrats.

Many of these voters would disagree with the Greens' zero-growth theories and support of illegal demonstrations (the Alternative List people co-organized the court-enjoined rally against President Reagan in Berlin last month). But the scandals make their mark. Some of the heaviest Social Democratic losses in Hamburg came in districts where voters live in houses built by Neue Heimat, the union-owned construction company whose leadership was shown this year to be pocketing profits on real estate speculation deals.

**End of Document**



[***BRITISH STORES BUSTLING, BUT LIFE IS OFTEN AUSTERE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-PXF0-0009-22JR-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 21, 1982, Monday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1982 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Page 2, Column 3; Foreign Desk

**Length:** 1091 words

**Byline:** By STEVEN RATTNER, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** LONDON, June 19

**Body**

To the casual visitor to this cosmopolitan city, signs of prosperity abound. Shoppers crowd fashionable Bond Street boutiques and make the aisles of Harrods department store virtually impassable on busy days. Prices in London remain high, and restaurants of even modest culinary pretensions seem extraordinarily expensive, even to New Yorkers.

But such impressions belie the fact that Britain has shown only modest improvement in living standards in recent years and has slipped badly in relation to other countries. The crowded stores and imposing 19th-century townhouses, symbols of past prosperity, bear little relation to the way of life pursued by most Britons today.

LONDON, June 19 - To the casual visitor to this cosmopolitan city, signs of prosperity abound; but belie actual living standards

Indeed, Britain has fallen to 10th of 15 major countries in standard of living, according to a recent survey by the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development.

'Doesn't Surprise Me at All'

''Most other European countries are moving well ahead of Britain,'' said Morris D. Morris, an American economist specializing in development. ''The inability of the British to get their act together in the last 5 or 10 years doesn't surprise me at all.''

By most economists' reckoning, the costs accruing from the Falkland Islands war can only accentuate these trends, although they have not yet had a noticeable impact.

The comparatively low standard of living here has resulted largely from earnings that are very low by American standards. In Britain, the average wage for unskilled workers is $175 a week, against $255 a week in the United States. In addition, taxes in Britain are significantly higher than in the United States. Workers face a basic income tax rate of 30 percent with almost no deductions permitted. The ''free'' National Health Service is financed by additional taxes - nearly 9 percent of pay for the average worker.

Take, for example, Steve Briggs, 31 years old, a contract scaffolder who earns $360 a week working for a municipal council, an above average wage. But local governments have been subjected to pressure by Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher's Government to tighten limits on their spending, limits that have resulted in an equally tight hold on Mr. Brigg's wage increases. To make ends meet, Mr. Briggs's wife must work. and despite that added income, Mr. Briggs was forced by money problems to stop renovations on his house before they were completed.

''My money hasn't gone up in two years,'' he said, regretfully but without rancor.

Years of Stagnation

The slow growth of living standards in Britain represents the most tangible manifestation of the years of economic stagnation and of the price of Mrs. Thatcher's efforts to restructure the economy.

The modestness of the living standards of most Britons often becomes apparent after only a short time here. Homes are often not repainted for several years, and even in fashionable parts of London plumbing pipes are often attached to the outer walls rather than buried within them. A certain frumpiness and lack of means are apparent in the dress of many Britons, who in 1980 spent an average of $320 each on clothes and shoes.

To be sure, British living standards in absolute terms are now higher than they have ever been. All told, British consumers have about 12 percent more money left over after taxes and inflation are taken into account than they did in 1975. But in the United States over the same period, ''real disposable income'' grew by 19 percent.

''My standard of living is exactly the same, but the whole of my bank balance has vanished in the last five years,'' said Ray Low, 34, a watchmaker.

Investment Suffers

In Britain, to a greater extent than elsewhere, individuals have been able to go on consuming in recent years only at heavy cost to investment - in effect, by borrowing from the future. Total capital investment, after adjusting for depreciation and inflation, dropped from $18.3 billion in 1970 to $12.8 billion in 1980.

Much of that has occurred in the public sector, which in Britain includes industries such as railroads, automobile manufacturing and steel. As Mrs. Thatcher has encountered difficulties in reducing spending on welfare programs, she has moved to cut Government investment instead.

The Government has also been able to leave welfare and other transfer programs relatively intact because of the rush of revenue from taxes on the production of North Sea oil, a total of $11 billion this year.

Living standards have also been sustained at the expense of corporate profits - at one point last year the average company's return on investment was down to 2 percent. In essence, companies were forced into accepting high wage settlements that they could not recover through higher prices.

Booming Underground Economy

The average Briton has tried to mitigate the effects of low wages in a variety of ways. The underground economy is booming as workers take on side jobs and a variety of ''fiddles,'' as unreported income is known.

Perhaps most significantly, Britain may not have high earnings, but it still has a lot of wealth, the legacy of decades as the world's richest country. Britain, in decades past, made big investments in ''infrastructure,'' such as urban mass transit, that other nations are now having to make at great cost.

In many cases, the head start Britain had on the rest of Europe is being overtaken. In 1974, Britain had 366 telephones per thousand inhabitants, compared with France's 236 and West Germany's 302. But by 1980, the three countries were virtually identical - the United Kingdom had 477 telephones per thousand people, France 459 and West Germany 464.

Private wealth is still considerable in Britain, and helps to cushion families against economic setbacks. In the upper middle class, many young couples survive in their modestly paying jobs with small trust funds, a family weekend cottage, or a generous aunt who provides for children's schooling.

Sometimes, so do members of the ***working class***. When Derek Seymour, a chauffeur, bought his first home, he did it partly with money borrowed from his wife's parents. ''You have to get a leg up the first time,'' said Mr. Seymour, whose wife also works.

As for the crowded London boutiques, a major reason is that in Britain an unusually large part of personal wealth is concentrated among a small group of people. Some 24 percent of Britain's private wealth is controlled by 1 percent of the population, significantly higher than in the United States.

**End of Document**



[***CATHOLICS IN BRITAIN ARE QUITE BRITISH INDEED***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-R2W0-0009-2312-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 6, 1982, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1982 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 4; Page 8, Column 3; Week in Review Desk

**Length:** 1087 words

**Byline:** By RICHARD EDER

**Dateline:** LONDON

**Body**

The public embrace of the heads of the Roman Catholic and Anglican Churches last weekend exorcised the pain of a great religious schism, if not the schism itself. Less obvious, perhaps, as Pope John Paul II and Archbishop Robert Runcie knelt side-by-side in prayer in Canterbury Cathedral, was the exorcism of what might be called an embarrassment. It was symbolized by a chair.

The chair belonged to St. Augustine, the man who brought Christianity to Britain. Neither Archbishop nor Pope sat in it. Instead, St. Augustine's Bible was placed on the seat.

LONDON - The public embrace of the heads of the Roman Catholic and Anglican Churches last weekend exorcised the pain of a great religious schism, if not the schism itself.

It was, in a way, an amiable joke, denoting that a once historic question, which spilled blood and broke societies, had leached away into good-natured irony: Who has the right to sit in Augustine's chair - the Catholic Church that first owned it, or the Anglican Church that took possession of it, along with Canterbury Cathedral and other papal properties, under Henry VIII?

The issue no longer distresses either religious group. When British Catholics came out from under three centuries of repression or restrictions, they simply built new churches. Still, the notion of dispossession has played a role in developing the sensibilities of British Catholics and, to a degree, the sentiments of the non-Catholic British toward them.

British national feelings have a touch of pantheism to them: The countryside, the grace of an old building or church call forth not just a regard for beauty, but patriotism as well.

And so the lurking, traditional notion among the majority that British Catholics are somehow not totally British stems in part, and ironically, from the fact that their churches are not the weatheredstone and square-towered affairs of the 1500's, but the red-bricked and pointy-steepled structures of the 1900's.

That notion is vestigial by now to most British citizens, although a relatively small group of hard-line Protestants holds to it. It was they who criticized the Pope's plans to visit Great Britain and the Anglican Church's plans to receive him. And it was this vocal minority that turned out, several hundred strong, to protest the Pope's presence in Glasgow last week.

Sometimes, even the vestiges can crop up, as in a BBC radio program on the first day of the Pope's visit. A commentator observed that ''many people feel there is something not quite English about the theatricality of the Catholic ceremonies.'' This in a country whose ceremonies - a coronation, an opening of Parliament, a royal wedding - are so splendidly theatrical.

However, most of the special qualities of British Catholicism and the British Catholic community - as against Catholic communities elsewere -are diminishing. Indeed, in all senses except the strictly religious, the differences between this nation's minority Catholic and majority Protestant communities are much smaller than the similarities, and smaller, still, than the differences among the Catholics.

The reason for this lies in part in there having been two distinct Catholic communities. The first, and smallest, was the remnant left after the Church of England was established and the state first repressed Catholicism, and then restricted it. By the early 19th century, there were only about 80,000 Catholics in Britain.

The Old Guard

For many years, restrictions were severe. Catholics could not hold office, vote or practice their religion outside the confines of their homes or private chapels. Their property was subject to a double tax. No Catholic could own a horse worth more than 5, a restriction some gentry evaded by stabling their horses with Protestant neighbors. All such burdensome strictures were lifted by the middle of the last century, although as late as 1924, Catholic churches were allowed only a single bell, not a peal.

The leaders of this old Catholic community were not the clergy, since bishops and a Catholic hierarchy were not introduced until the 1850's, but prominent gentry and nobility who considered themselves more authentically English than their friends and cousins among the Anglicans.

There was pride in having held to the old faith. It is reflected, for example, in the Crouchback family portrayed in Evelyn Waugh's war trilogy, ''Sword of Honor,'' and in a saying inculcated at Ampleforth, a distinguished Catholic boarding school in Yorkshire. ''We are what Eton was - a school for the sons of English gentlemen,'' Ampleforth professes, clearly implying that Eton had slid some by lining up on the other side back in the 16th century.

In the 19th century, this small bastion of Catholicism was all but swamped by migration, chiefly from Ireland. An urban Catholic ***working-class*** society emerged (today there are more than 5,000,000 British Catholics, about a third of them first- or second-generation Irish), the restrictive laws were repealed and a church hierarchy was introduced, headed by strong figures such as Nicholas Cardinal Wiseman and Henry Cardinal Manning. From being largely rural and led by gentry, British Catholics became lower middle-class, led by clergy and by a hierarchy that had been named in Rome.

Thus, the interreligious tensions generated in the land had as much to do with the fact of immigration and with the reactions of the host community to immigration as they did with religious differences.

Middle-Class Identity

Most of this is history now. A Catholic professional middle-class has grown up that distinguishes itself very little from other segments of the same class. Recent studies of British Catholics show that three-quarters of them approve of birth control, for example, and over 60 percent approve of divorce in some circumstances.

Still, the percentage of regular Catholic churchgoers is relatively high - 40 percent as against about 4.4 percent among Anglicans - and there is a strong preference for sending Catholic children to Catholic schools, at least on the elementary level.

The changes in the Catholic community in Britain are reflected increasingly in the clerical hierarchy. Basil Cardinal Hume, the present Archbishop of Westminster and head of the Roman Catholic Church in Great Britain, is a man of great openness and warmth, who maintains close relations with other religious leaders. Cardinal Hume puts less emphasis than his predecessors on enunciating specifically Catholic themes, and more on exploring general social and ethical questions.

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photo of Pope John Paul II celebrating mass in Coventry

**End of Document**



[***As Campaign Picks Up, Kerry Turns to Old Circle***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4CJ9-NTW0-TW8F-G251-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 5, 2004 Saturday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2004 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Column 5; National Desk; Pg. 12

**Length:** 1598 words

**Byline:** By DAVID M. HALBFINGER

**Body**

When word broke on May 21 that Senator John Kerry was thinking of delaying his acceptance of the Democratic nomination for president until after the convention next month in Boston, the reaction to the news there was swift, blunt and negative.

And that was among Mr. Kerry's friends.

All weekend long, as the idea met with an avalanche of public scorn, the men who have known Mr. Kerry longest and best made their opinions known in private. David Thorne, a college classmate whose sister was Mr. Kerry's first wife, brought it up face to face that Saturday and again by phone on Sunday.

Ron Rosenblith, Mr. Kerry's political director 20 years ago, traded calls with Mr. Kerry while comparing notes with others out of town. Finally, Michael Whouley, who volunteered for Mr. Kerry at the age of 23 and is now the Democratic Party's pre-eminent field general, drove his point home for 20 minutes that Monday night.

Two days later, Mr. Kerry's campaign announced that he would, indeed, accept the nomination at the convention.

Characteristically, no one in Mr. Kerry's close-knit circle, which had known of the proposal, would say exactly what he had advised, except that all sensed that the candidate needed to put a speedy end to the bruising news media coverage that had followed.

''This is a group that doesn't tend to have a lot of disagreements,'' Mr. Rosenblith said.

The episode underlined the low-profile high-impact role of a graying coterie of hometown advisers who have ridden in the backseat with Mr. Kerry throughout his career. This year, they are helping out again -- in positions high and low, official and unofficial, big and small.

The core group of advisers -- some on retainer, some working without pay and all wielding wide influence with the campaign -- include Mr. Rosenblith, Mr. Thorne and Mr. Whouley, as well as John Marttila, a strategist who first worked with Mr. Kerry in 1970; Tom Kiley, a veteran Boston pollster; and a number of friends and former staff members who are involved in this campaign to varying degrees. They seldom speak for or about Mr. Kerry, at least on the record. But they know him well enough to tell him when he is wrong. Or when he is taking too long to finish a speech or make a decision. Their history with him, they say, makes for a kind of conversational shorthand.

''We don't have to say very much without the other one knowing what he's thinking.'' Mr. Thorne said.

They know Mr. Kerry's often-concealed sense of humor, too, they say -- and his loyalty. And they know how much he depends on theirs.

''This is a group that's remained incredibly close for 30-plus years,'' said Mr. Marttila, a strategist who first worked with Mr. Kerry in 1970. ''One of the reputations that John has is for being aloof. But I think the existence of this extended family over this long period of time, a family of considerable numbers, completely belies that phenomenon.''

Back in November, the old friends proved their staying power when Mr. Kerry shook up his dysfunctional staff, replacing a campaign manager who had tried to sideline them. The candidate said he had been missing a certain ''comfort level'' with the people around him.

What was missing, apparently, was the collection of professionals who had cut their teeth with Mr. Kerry, carried him to the Massachusetts Statehouse as lieutenant governor and to four terms in the Senate.

''This is the best group of political talent Massachusetts has produced in 40 years,'' said Louis C. DiNatale, a political analyst at the University of Massachusetts-Boston who has followed the senator's career. ''Kerry's guys -- they've been playing for this day all their life.''

The nucleus of his crowd coalesced in 1970, when as a political nobody Mr. Kerry entered a preprimary liberal caucus for a Congressional seat. The Rev. Robert F. Drinan, an antiwar Jesuit who was dean of the Boston College Law School, won the caucus. But Mr. Kerry gave a stirring speech and was rewarded when he bowed out by being named Father Drinan's campaign chairman.

The man whom Father Drinan hired to run the campaign shortly thereafter was Mr. Marttila, an up-and-coming strategist who was born in Detroit. His political origins are not widely known. In the late 60's, Mr. Marttila, though a union organizer's son, went to work organizing inner-city blacks for Elly Peterson, the Republican state chairwoman in Michigan. That dalliance with the Republicans ended, he said, when he jumped at the chance to run Father Drinan's race.

Mr. Marttila was not alone. Mr. Kiley, another son of Detroit, had been studying for the priesthood when he heard about the priest's race. He wrote twice to Mr. Marttila offering to help -- both letters were thrown out -- before showing up and talking his way into a position as a field organizer.

That collaboration began a long partnership. In 1971, Mr. Marttila and Mr. Kiley helped the liberal mayor of Boston, Kevin H. White, fend off a challenge from the leading opponent of school busing, Louise Day Hicks.

The next year, they worked for Joseph R. Biden Jr. of Delaware, who won his first election to the Senate at age 29, and for Mr. Kerry, who won a crowded Congressional primary in Lowell, Mass., but lost the general election.

Mr. Thorne, Mr. Kerry's brother-in-law, managed his race in 1972. Another consultant from Detroit was Dan Payne, a onetime classmate of Mr. Marttila. Although Mr. Kerry lost and quit politics for a time, what would long rank as Boston's leading political shop had crystallized, Marttila, Payne, Kiley & Thorne.

The firm quickly became known for representing liberal Democrats like Mr. Biden, Senator Thomas F. Eagleton of Missouri and Representative Morris K. Udall in Arizona, as well as Massachusetts politicians like Representative Barney Frank, Senator Edward M. Kennedy and Michael S. Dukakis. Mr. Thorne, who specialized in fund-raising, left in 1978 but stayed active in campaigns. Last fall, he oversaw a revamping of his Internet fund-raising operation, which has since set records.

Mr. Payne, who also left the firm in the 1970's, was a media consultant for Mr. Kerry until his re-election campaign in 1996, when he was succeeded by Bob Shrum, who has become Mr. Kerry's top consultant.

Mr. Kerry re-entered politics in 1982 with a bid for lieutenant governor in Massachusetts. With his brother Cameron running his campaign, he had a new supporting cast, including Mr. Whouley, a hungry young pol who grew up in the Dorchester area of Boston and idolized Mayor Richard J. Daley of Chicago. He became Mr. Kerry's statewide field director.

''I was the junior varsity,'' Mr. Whouley said. His mentor was Mr. Rosenblith, whom Mr. Kerry had hired as his political director after Mr. Rosenblith accosted him and belittled his strategy for qualifying for the primary ballot.

When Mr. Kerry won, Mr. Rosenblith and Mr. Whouley, nominally his director of state and local relations, became his political brain trust. It was Mr. Whouley who arranged for Mr. Kerry to support Raymond L. Flynn for mayor of Boston in 1983. Mr. Flynn won an upset, and months later he returned the endorsement, giving Mr. Kerry, a first-time Senate candidate, a huge boost among ***working-class*** whites.

Besides his closest advisers, the people around Mr. Kerry include many in lesser roles who have resurfaced after years or even decades. Luis Granados, who volunteered in Mr. Kerry's campaign in 1972 while a college freshman, is a corporate lawyer in Washington but is donating his afternoons to the campaign. Another 1972 alumnus, Marco Trbovich, left his job as a spokesman for the United Steelworkers of America to become a policy adviser.

John Hurley, a fellow Vietnam veteran, befriended Mr. Kerry while running Father Drinan's re-election campaign in 1972. A year ago, he shuttered his law practice to become Mr. Kerry's unpaid veterans' coordinator. Frank O'Brien, who learned direct-mail advertising in Mr. Kerry's 1972 campaign, went on to run fund-raising at the Democratic National Committee but is back handling Mr. Kerry's direct mail.

Larry Carpman, who became Mr. Kerry's spokesman in 1982, is coaching members of the Kerry family on dealing with the news media. Michael Meehan, once Mr. Carpman's intern, is a spokesman who specializes in adversarial situations.

Marginalized for months, Mr. Kerry's old aides and advisers reasserted themselves once and for all after Mr. Kerry dismissed Jim Jordan, his campaign manager, in November. Mr. Kiley, the pollster, bluntly reported that Mr. Kerry was 25 points behind in New Hampshire, prompting him to place all his chips on Iowa.

Mr. Marttila, the message expert, sharpened the attack on the front-runner, Howard Dean, to depict the supposed straight talker as inconsistent. By mid-January, Mr. Whouley and Mr. Rosenblith were reusing tactics like sending Mr. Kerry in a helicopter to make the television newscasts in multiple markets.

Mr. Payne, a former Kerry adviser, said Mr. Jordan had erred in trying to sideline Mr. Kerry's Boston crew. ''Jordan saw the people in Boston as kind of old-guard friends who didn't really want to put in the time, who weren't ready to move to Washington,'' Mr. Payne said. ''They wanted to just kibbitz and second-guess everything he was trying to get done.

''The shortsightedness of that is that people like Marttila and Kiley, they know how to deal with John Kerry. They know how to move him when he doesn't want to do something or stop him from something that he is doing. The people who go back 20 or 30 years believe they can tell it to John straight.''

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

**Load-Date:** June 5, 2004

**End of Document**



[***School Where Facts of AIDS Are the Facts of Life***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-89M0-000P-2333-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 7, 1992, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1992 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk

**Section:** Section 1;; Section 1; Page 33; Column 1; Metropolitan Desk; Column 1;

**Length:** 1186 words

**Byline:** By JOSEPH BERGER

By JOSEPH BERGER

**Body**

Within the spare halls of Manhattan's Louis D. Brandeis High School, AIDS is not an academic idea like Manifest Destiny or the theory of evolution. Three teachers there have died of the disease and so have many relatives of students.

Indeed, it is the kind of school where if a student asks a gym teacher for a condom, the response will not be an interrogation, but only: "Lubricated or nonlubricated?"

And when teachers and students discuss the current Board of Education debate about the merits of emphasizing sexual abstinence over condoms in AIDS instruction, they wonder whether the board's seven members are in touch with the everyday realities of students' lives and the lessons that teachers actually teach.

For one thing, most lessons that teachers now offer on AIDS deal neither with abstinence nor condoms. Five of the six lessons that the board requires for seniors largely describe what AIDS is and how it infects the body. The lessons deal with coping with fears about AIDS, the civil rights issues the disease raises, and even, in classic pedagogic fashion, what communities can do to help those infected. Only one lesson focuses on means of prevention, covering both abstinence and condoms.

Vagaries of the Classroom

Besides, whatever a board curriculum prescribes often has a way of taking its own peculiar twists and turns when exposed to the vagaries of a classroom and the unpredictable curiosity of students. A lesson that started out on the science of viral transmission may detour into a discussion of teen-age mating rituals, and a wise teacher follows along.

"When kids are open to learning, you want to have them as your audience," says Debra W. Minkowsky, the assistant principal in charge of health and physical education.

The debate over AIDS education peaked late last month when four board members voted to require that every lesson and piece of literature on AIDS "devote substantially more time and attention to abstinence than to other forms of prevention."

The vote was answered with an angry outpouring from Schools Chancellor Joseph A. Fernandez, other board members, teachers, parents and students. And last week, the four members began working on a subtly different substitute resolution that requires that, at any point in the school year, more time must have been spent on abstinence than on condoms.

But some wonder if such regulations could be enforced. The tangled board bureaucracy, Mrs. Minkowsky says, cannot even monitor what is taught in mathematics.

The program at Brandeis is typical of the city-wide AIDS instruction program that was started four years ago in the growing alarm over the spread of the epidemic. Instruction starts as early as kindergarten with generalized discussion of health and infection, and under a new elementary school curriculum that is being studied by the board, explicit instruction about such matters as condoms could begin as early as the fourth grade.

Another Vote in Question

Given the friction on the board, it is not clear if the new curriculum, which has the backing of Mr. Fernandez, will pass muster when it comes up for a vote in the next few weeks.

At Brandeis, a school at 145 West 84th Street made up largely of low-income and ***working-class*** black and Hispanic students, the administration decided the board's requirements for AIDS education did not give teachers enough time. So at the school, something closer to 12 lessons a year on AIDS are offered to every student. Like many schools that add to the board's AIDS requirements, Brandeis invites health, birth control and gay-rights experts to speak to students.

At Brandeis, and other schools in the city, there are no specific courses on AIDS. And since most students only take hygiene for a single term, English, science, social studies and art teachers all give lessons on AIDS.

In science, the emphasis may be on the biology of the disease, while art teachers may have children working on AIDS prevention posters. But every teacher pitches in to try to make sure the basics are covered, something that some students say does not always happen.

For teachers like Mrs. Minkowsky, teaching about sex is actually only a small battlefield in the much tougher struggle of helping students make choices in all aspects of their lives. "How long is the definition of abstinence in Webster's?" she asks. "I try to show students that there are other factors involved like religious beliefs, values, self-respect."

Careful Calculations

Students, too, say the Board of Education debate misses the realities of their lives. For one senior, a tall, muscular 18-year-old, the question of whether to have sex is one he long ago decided in the affirmative.

"We shouldn't feel that we shouldn't have sex," he says. "That's normal."

Still, he has made a number of thoughtful calculations. He avoids AIDS by having sex only with his girlfriend and has had himself tested for H.I.V., the virus that causes AIDS. And he says his girlfriend has as well. If she gets pregnant, he says, they will probably arrange for an abortion.

There are also many students at Brandeis who feel that sexual abstinence deserves more attention. Ingrid Ayala, 16, said: "I think they should use condoms, but instead of condoms try not to do it. If you get AIDS, you could die."

Yet, she says, in some classrooms the toughest issue is not whether to stress abstinence or condoms, but simply how to win students' serious attention.

"When the teacher gives a class on AIDS, they start laughing and make fun of it," she said.

As part of the school system's new condom program, Mrs. Minkowsky, who is 41, keeps a supply of condoms for students in her desk drawer.

She avoids giving lengthy homilies on abstinence because, she says, the problem is much larger than sex. Too many students, she says, cannot make any disciplined decisions.

Long before the AIDS crisis, she said, her health education teachers were already spending a lot of time working with students on resisting sex, drugs, alcohol and tobacco.

Like many students, Billy Delarosa, 16, feels there should be more straight talk about condoms. But he suspects that too many school board officials take condom distribution too casually, as if passing them out would rid them of responsibility.

He criticizes teachers for urging students to use condoms without warning them of possibility of leaks or tears that could expose them to infection. In that view, he sees eye to eye with Michael J. Petrides, a member of the board who has been criticizing his colleagues for ignoring both abstinence and the possibilities of condom failure.

Some members of the Board of Education, like Mr. Petrides and Dr. Irene H. Impellizzeri, would like schools to experiment with an "abstinence training" program used in Atlanta where high school seniors counsel eighth and ninth graders about the burdens early sex can place on young lives through pregnancy or disease.

But John Molina, an 18-year-old student, thinks such a program would have a hard time competing with other lessons the adult world brings into his life.

"You be watching TV," he said, "and almost every time they be having sex."

**Graphic**

Tables: "Teaching New York City's Children About AIDS" shows lessons about AIDS from a draft of a syllabus for use by teachers in New York City. (Source: Board of Education)

**Load-Date:** June 7, 1992

**End of Document**



[***At Tribeca Festival, Films Long on Harsh Reality, Short on Fluff***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4JT8-7DT0-TW8F-G31S-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 25, 2006 Tuesday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2006 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section E; Column 2; The Arts/Cultural Desk; Pg. 1; CRITIC'S NOTEBOOK

**Length:** 1634 words

**Byline:** By STEPHEN HOLDEN

**Body**

Whatever happened to the notion of movies as the Great Escape? As the fifth annual Tribeca Film Festival consumes New York over the next two weeks, a more apt description of the mood of world cinema expressed in TriBeCa might be No Escape.

From tonight's opening film, ''United 93,'' to ''The Road to Guantanamo'' to ''The War Tapes'' (the titles tell you the subject matter), brute reality and simulations of it constitute the artistic flashpoints of a festival obsessed with history and current events and short on love stories and fluffy comedies. As in past years, most of the traditional movie fun is sidelined into Tribeca's Family Film Festival, one of a dozen subdivisions; this year's family fare includes the latest remake of ''Lassie.''

The festival's splashiest events, the premieres of the effects-laden Hollywood melodramas ''Mission: Impossible III'' (May 3) and ''Poseidon'' (May 6) might also be called escapist, despite their themes of espionage and disaster at sea. But in the shadows of these glittering billboards seethes a mass of films, many taped on digital video or filmed with hand-held cameras, in which reality is the thing. An immersion in this year's festival might be described as an intensive course in compassion, suffering and outrage. For a festival born out of the ashes of 9/11, could it be any other way?

Because it's impossible for one critic to gauge the quality of the festival in its daunting breadth, I concentrated most of my advance viewing on the international narrative-feature competition, while making side trips into the international documentary competition and watching several films in noncompetitive categories.

One of the best noncompeting films (in the Spotlight subdivision, which shows premieres of recent work by reputable international filmmakers) is Claude Chabrol's latest, ''Comedy of Power.'' The strongest film in years from this great French director, this amusingly cynical that's-the-way-of-the-world view of high-level business as usual in France features a sensational performance by Isabelle Huppert as an examining magistrate who becomes carried away with her authority while uncovering a juicy corporate scandal.

In a more sentimental vein, Jeremy Brock's ''Driving Lessons'' (in the discovery section for new directors) features a scenery-chewing turn by Julie Walters (''Billy Elliot,'' ''Educating Rita'') as an eccentric older actress, an unorthodox mentor who liberates the sensitive teenager (Rupert Grint) she hires as her chauffeur (without a license) from the clutches of his suffocating mother (Laura Linney).

But it is the competitions -- of which there are five (including two for New York-oriented films and one for shorts) -- that are the acid test of any festival's credibility with serious cinephiles. This year's competing narrative features are at the very least artistically respectable, and a few are memorable, although I saw no masterpieces.

As before, Tribeca, in its search for quality, goes to unfashionable, out-of-the-way places. The black comedy ''Two Players From the Bench'' contemplates the aftermath of the Balkan wars, a subject that has largely slipped off the radar of international political consciousness but whose contradictions still offer endless potential endless for savage humor. The Argentine film ''Blessed by Fire'' goes even further afield (and back in time) to explore the traumatic effects on Argentine soldiers who fought against the British (and lost) in the Falkland Islands in 1982.

The paucity of Egyptian films on the festival circuit is reason enough to see ''The Yacoubian Building,'' a sprawling 165-minute all-star production set largely in an office building that symbolizes modern Cairo. The film challenges Egyptian taboos by tackling contemporary themes that include political corruption, Islamic fundamentalism and homosexuality. In ''Brasilia 18%,'' a distinguished medical examiner, summoned to Brazil's administrative capital to confirm the identity of a beautiful congressional aide found dead, finds himself a pawn in a political conspiracy that extends to the highest levels of government.

One of the weaker films in the narrative competition, ''Backstage,'' is a well-acted but unconvincing study of a selfish French pop star and the besotted fan who barges into the star's inner circle. The most demanding entry (pretentiously billed as ''the first quantum movie''), ''The Mist in the Palm Trees,'' is an allusive quasi-documentary biography of a fictional Spanish photographer and scientist who helped develop the atomic bomb. Told in vintage photographs and newsreels, the film is a moody, abstract meditation on the mysterious relationship between photography and memory.

The esoteric nature of the narrative competition illustrates both its strengths and problems. Sandwiched between the Sundance and Cannes film festivals and immediately following the New Directors/New Films series (presented by the Film Society of Lincoln Center and the Museum of Modern Art), which has already scooped much of the best work shown at Sundance, Tribeca has to scuffle harder for its programming. But that search for quality takes it into artistic byways on the fringes of the industry where there are always discoveries waiting to be found.

That's one reason Tribeca is still in the early stages of growing into an international marketplace where hungry distributors jostle to compete for the best films. Neither of the last two years' winners for best narrative feature, ''Stolen Life'' and ''The Green Hat,'' both from China and both worthy films, wound up with a United States distributor.

If the major European directors overwhelmingly favor European festivals, especially Cannes, the rest of the world, especially Latin America, Asia, Eastern Europe and the Middle East, remains ripe for the picking. In the long run there is plenty to go around. And because the Tribeca festival is in New York, the biggest cultural apple of them all, it is bound to make headway against the competition.

Signs of its growing clout in the competitions are most apparent in this year's English-language entries. The best of the American films I was able to see, Jake Kasdan's sharp, funny satire ''The TV Set,'' features an award-worthy performance by Sigourney Weaver as a gung-ho network executive who sabotages a writer's pilot during its filming.

If the role recalls Faye Dunaway's dragon lady in ''Network,'' Ms. Weaver's character camouflages her iron will behind a surface of sugary agreeability in an exceptionally witty portrayal. How perfect is it that at a network convention her character shamelessly gloats over the runaway success of the network's new hit series, a piece of trash called ''Slut Wars''?

''Choking Man,'' a delightful niblet from Steve Barron, the director of ''Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles,'' is the portrait of a painfully shy Ecuadoran dishwasher in a Queens diner tongue-tied with adoration for a pretty Asian waitress. Playing the establishment's tough but good-hearted owner is Mandy Patinkin. Touches of magic-realist animation reflect Mr. Barron's background as an innovative music-video director (''Take on Me,'' by the group a-ha.)

From Britain comes Brian Cook's sly, knowing comedy ''Color Me Kubrick,'' in which a perfectly cast John Malkovich portrays Alan Conway, the chameleonic real-life British con man who went around England in the 1990's impersonating Stanley Kubrick. Name dropping, changing accents and wardrobes, often saying his credit card had been stolen or his wallet lost, he brazenly swindled his gullible, star-struck marks.

But more than any fictional films previewed in the festival, my most indelible memories come from two documentaries about the war in Iraq and its impact on the lives of those fighting it. ''Home Front'' (in the festival's discovery section for new directors) follows the rehabilitation of Jeremy Feldbusch, a soldier from a small town in western Pennsylvania who lost his eyesight and some brain function when a piece of shrapnel embedded itself in his frontal lobe.

The movie is a picture not only of Mr. Feldbusch but also of the rural, staunchly pro-war society (reminiscent of the world of ''The Deer Hunter'') to which he returns to become a devoted activist working for veterans' welfare. In this unsentimental, apolitical film, Jeremy emerges as a hero, as do the stoic ***working-class*** people around him. No matter how one views the war in Iraq, these are men and women of rock-solid character and courage.

An even more compelling film, Deborah Scranton's ''War Tapes'' (competing in the international documentary-feature competition), follows three soldiers from the New Hampshire National Guard who were given video cameras and trained to use them before leaving their New England homes for a one-year tour of duty on the front lines in Iraq. Their riveting videotapes and accompanying commentary, sometimes shouted while under fire, gives a stronger taste of the Iraq war experience than any film I can remember.

While they were overseas, the director frequently communicated with them by instant message and also filmed the day-to-day lives of the women they left behind: a mother, a wife and a girlfriend. It is fascinating to observe how a prevailing cynicism about the war doesn't undercut the deeply felt patriotism of men who assume that its goal is not the establishment of democracy in the Middle East, but the acquisition of oil and money. When they return in triumph, two are suffering from signs of post-traumatic stress they are reluctant to address.

Once encountered, you will never forget these three -- Sgt. Steve Pink, Sgt. Zack Bazzi and Specialist Mike Moriarty -- or their loved ones. They are the bedrock of who we are as a nation.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: From left, scenes from the feature films ''Comedy of Power,'' ''Driving Lessons,'' ''The TV Set,'' and the documentary ''The War Tapes.'' (Photographs from Tribeca Film Festival)(pg. E1)

A marquis for the Tribeca Film Festival at Tribeca Cinemas, at Varick and Laight Streets, one of several theaters where the films are screened. (Photo by Ruby Washington/The New York Times)(pg. E7)Map of Lower Manhattan highlighting locations of screenings: Locations of screenings and events of the Tribeca Film Festival. (pg. E7)

**Load-Date:** April 25, 2006

**End of Document**



[***AIDING STUDENTS, A LIFELONG INTEREST***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-RH60-0009-23DH-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 25, 1982, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1982 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 11; Connecticut; Page 1, Column 1; Connecticut Weekly Desk

**Length:** 1079 words

**Byline:** By KATHLEEN TELTSCH

**Body**

NEW HAVEN BOTH were teachers in their younger days and they continue to believe fervently that youngsters from poor families with a wish for learning deserve to be helped.

That is why, say Jean Paton Lovell, 88 years old, and Margaret Ballou Hitchcock, 83, they use their retirement years raising funds to assist promising students from low-income households.

Although their concern about helping needy students would appear to coincide, Mrs. Hitchcock eagerly points out that each developed her own program independently.

''We've been running into each other for years. We're into the same things in New Haven but we have never worked together,'' Mrs. Hitchcock observed, as she and Mrs. Lovell set out the other morning on their separate ways from the Whitney Center, a handsome residence complex where both live.

NEW HAVEN BOTH were teachers in their younger days and they continue to believe fervently that youngsters from poor families with a wish for learning deserve to be helped.

Each in her own way has contributed significantly to New Haven, said Richard C. Lee, a former mayor, calling them ''a marvelous pair.''

Mrs. Lovell's concern in education these days is, as it has been since 1959, focused on the New Haven Scholarship Fund, which has opened college doors for 1,900 high school graduates by providing them with funds for their entering year.

During 22 years of operations, more than half a million dollars was raised for the fund, which Mrs. Lovell initiated with her own money after she noticed that the home addresses of graduating seniors seemed to be largely in the more affluent New Haven neighborhoods.

Next month, 101 awards will be made, the winners selected, after interviews, on the basis of scholastic competence and financial need. In most instances, the recipients are the first in their families to attend college. The $300 to $900 scholarships cover a year of expenses at Southern Connecticut State College since the state contributes $1,500 for each student.

The scholarships cover only one year of schooling, so the recipients must find the means to continue. Over the years, more than 65 percent have gone on to graduate from college.

Mrs. Lovell, who was born in New Haven, graduated from Smith College in 1914 and received a master's degree in mathematics from Yale University in 1923. For a number of years she was an instructor in New York City at Bryant High School, situated in a ***working-class*** neighborhood where many of her students were too poor to purchase the textbooks they needed - an experience that helped shape her plan for the New Haven Scholarship Fund.

The loss of her brother, John, and a number of close friends during World War I, also led to her lifelong commitment to organizations for peace. One of these has been World Neighbors, an international selfhelp organization founded by Dr. John L. Peters, a Methodist clergyman, which supports projects in 21 developing countries.

''Whatever Jean starts out to talk about, she is sure to wind up talking about peace,'' said a friend from her teaching days, in a letter of reminiscences.

The widow of Dr. George Lovell, former headmaster at Hopkins Grammar School in New Haven, Mrs. Lovell had no children, but over the years she ''adopted'' 17 grandchildren because she opened the Lovell home to scores of Yale students, many of them from abroad, and young families trying to resettle in the city. She remembers with delight two Haitian youngsters bringing home friends to prove they had a ''white grandmother.''

Like Mrs. Lovell, Mrs. Hitchcock has had a lifelong interest in international affairs but she also has been a campaigner for local government reforms.

''She was a fighter for better government,'' said Mr. Lee. But feisty as she was, he added, half in jest, ''She didn't get very far until I came along and cooperated.'' He was Mayor of New Haven for 16 years.

A past president of the League of Women Voters, she remains active in the league's program and helps organize its lecture series on international affairs. She also is a major supporter of the fundraising efforts of the Friends of the New Haven Public Library, which sponsors a weekly lecture series, ''Books Sandwiched In,'' inviting New Haven residents to come and bring their brown-bag lunches.

''The series given at the United Church on the Green is free but it helps to keep the public eye on the library's needs,'' said Mrs. Hitchcock.

But teaching and supporting scholarships for needy students, particularly blacks, remain her overriding preoccupation. For 25 years, she taught at New Haven's Foote School. The private school is one of several in New Haven cooperating in the program, Inner-City Scholarships for Independent Schools, which she helped establish in 1969.

The program has provided scholarships for 83 youngsters and raised more than $40,000 for the last three years to assist youngsters in the New Haven area.

Years earlier, she was a founder of the Junior Advancement program, which helped provide volunteer teachers to coach youngsters at a number of predominantly black schools.

''At the beginning, everyone seemed skeptical about us and we were regarded suspiciously as Lady Bountiful types. But soon we became accepted as serious in purpose and the teaching staff cooperated willingly,'' she said of the 17-year-old program.

In the 60's, she helped organize a radio series of town meetings for children, which became a popular Sunday show, although there were some who criticized the undertaking because politically controversial topics were aired. ''I was in favor of discussing absolutely everything,'' she said.

A Bryn Mawr graduate, she studied for a year at Oxford University and then, after marrying Dr. David Hitchcock, a physical chemistry researcher, turned to teaching. They came to New Haven in 1928 and taught at Yale until retirement. He died six years ago. She has a daughter, Mrs. Rhodes Lockwood, who lives in Wellesley Hills, Mass., and a son, David Hitchcock Jr., cultural affairs officer at the United States Embassy in Tokyo.

Both Mrs. Hitchcock and Mrs. Lovell look ahead to busy times. Mrs. Hitchcock wants to raise more money for the ''desperate'' public library and for scholarships. Mrs. Lovell wants New Haven to have a long-promised technical college, she wants to work harder for peace, for food and for a decent life for third-world people. She said:

''We know more about war than we do about peace, more about killing than we do about living. Let's learn to live.''

**Graphic**

Illustrations: Photo of Jean Paton Lovell in Southern Connecticut State College Library photo of Margaret Hitchcock at Foote School, New Haven

**End of Document**



[***THE SUPREME COURT;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-8620-000P-23FJ-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Rights Advocates Uncertain About Ruling's Impact - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-8620-000P-23FJ-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

**Correction Appended**



Copyright 1992 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** National Desk

**Section:** Section A;; Section A; Page 16; Column 1; National Desk; Column 1;

**Length:** 977 words

**Byline:** By DON TERRY,

By DON TERRY,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** CHICAGO, June 22

**Body**

In the two years since a group of whites burned a cross on their lawn in St. Paul and thrust Russ and Laura Jones into the middle of a legal battle that ended today at the Supreme Court, the black couple has watched their children's innocence about race go up in smoke.

"It makes me angry that they have to be aware of racism around them, that they notice it more and more," Mrs. Jones, the mother of five, said today. "They're too young for that. They're just children. The oldest is 11. That's one reason why I'm so disappointed about the decision."

In an unanimous decision today, the Supreme Court struck down a St. Paul ordinance that went further than most similar state and local laws in making cross-burnings illegal. Although the Justices were split in their rationale for the ruling, the majority, led by Justice Antonin Scalia, held that the law was too selective in banning some actions and speech and not others.

First Time Law Was Used

The St. Paul ordinance was used by local prosecutors for the first time when they brought disorderly conduct charges against a 17-year-old high school dropout, Robert A. Viktora, after he was arrested and accused of burning a cross on the Joneses' lawn on June 21, 1990. The teen-ager challenged the constitutionality of the law, arguing that it restricted free speech.

The ruling today has implications reaching far beyond the Joneses' quiet ***working-class*** neighborhood, where they were one the first black families. They moved in on March 30, 1990.

All but four states have some form of statute dealing with hate crimes and as many as 100 colleges and universities have speech codes and codes of behavior dealing with racially and sexually motivated harassment. Many of the laws are not as broad as the St. Paul ordinance; generally they take existing crimes and enhance the penalties if the crimes are motivated by racial, religious or sex bias.

Loren Siegel of the American Civil Liberties Union in New York said the decision appeared to throw these enhancement penalty statutes into question as well as rules regarding hate speech on college campuses.

"It's going to take a lot of litigation in order to sort things out," she said. "Any of the laws being passed by state legislatures that treat crimes motivated by racial, ethnic, religious or gender bias in a special way are now vulnerable to constitutional attack because of this decision. That concerns us."

Mark R. Anfinson, a Minneapolis lawyer who filed a brief against the ordinance on behalf of the Minnesota Civil Liberties Union, said, "Every attorney advising colleges in the country is going to be poring over this thing, wondering what they are going to have to do to revise their speech codes."

Steven Freeman, legal director of the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, which has participated in drafting several hate-crime statutes, said that the unusual aspect of the St. Paul law was important.

"The Anti-Defamation League does not read this case as invalidating all hate-crime laws nationwide," he said. "The St. Paul ordinance was drafted in a very imprecise way and almost everyone agrees it was flawed."

The legal battle over the ordinance had divided the civil rights community, with the American Civil Liberties Union arguing that the law was unconstitutional, while the N.A.A.C.P., People for the American Way and others argued for it.

Arthur Kropp, president of the People for the American Way in Washington, said the ruling was a setback in the fight against hate crimes.

"The message from the Supreme Court is there is nothing you can do about hate crimes and nothing you should do," Mr. Kropp said. "I think it was turned into a political decison."

'Frustrated and Angry'

St. Paul first passed its ordinance in 1982, then amended it in 1989 to make specific mention of cross-burning and swastikas, and then again in 1990, to add sexual bias.

Tom Foley, the Ramsey County Attorney who defended the ordinance before the Supreme Court, said today the ruling had left him "disappointed, frustrated and angry."

He said it was unclear what message the Court was sending to state and local governments "attempting to fashion laws to deal with the increase of hate crimes sweeping our country."

The case began in the early morning of June 21, 1990.

The authorities said Mr. Viktora and several friends had been at the home of another buddy, 18-year-old Arthur Miller 3d, who lived across the street from the Joneses and their five young children.

The men had been drinking and talking about "burning" some blacks when they taped together two pieces of a broken chair to form a cross.

Then they wrapped it in terrycloth, took it into the Joneses' yard, doused it with paint thinner, lighted it, and ran back to the Miller house to hide.

Not Planning to Move

Mr. Miller pleaded guilty to the misdemeanor and was sentenced to 30 days in jail. But Mr. Viktora, who was charged both under the St. Paul hate-crime ordinance and with assault in the fourth-degree, challenged the law as unconstitutional.

Mr. Viktora will have no comment about the ruling, said one of his lawyers, Edward J. Cleary, because the other charge is pending and "because he's been burned a couple of times by the press."

The Joneses had moved into east St. Paul because they wanted to escape the drugs and the crime of the inner city.

The family is tired of moving and has no plan to leave its home. Since that scary night almost exactly two years ago, the family has not had any serious trouble. More blacks families have moved into the neighborhood, Mrs. Jones said.

But her oldest child, an 11-year-old son, has changed, she said.

"He's had a hard time with it," Mrs. Jones said. "He's been real sensitive of name calling. Some of the kids have been calling him 'nappy headed.' " I wouldn't say he's angry yet. It just makes him feel sad. He walks around combing his hair all the time."

**Correction**

An article yesterday about the implications of the Supreme Court decision on "hate crimes" identified a spokesman for the American Civil Liberties Union in New York incorrectly in some copies. He is Loren Siegel.

An article on Tuesday about the implications of the Supreme Court decision on "hate crimes" identified a spokesman for the American Civil Liberties Union in New York incorrectly in some copies. A correction in this space yesterday also referred incorrectly to the spokesman, Loren Siegel. She is a woman.

**Correction-Date:** June 24, 1992, Wednesday / June 25, 1992, Thursday

**Graphic**

Photo: Russ and Laura Jones with their children two years ago. "It makes me angry that they have to be aware of racism around them, that they notice it more and more," Mrs. Jones said. "They're too young for that. That's one reason why I'm so disappointed about the decision." (Associated Press)

**Load-Date:** June 23, 1992

**End of Document**



[***TV Weekend;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-RHW0-0009-24CM-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***CARTOONS, TOURS AND 'NEIGHBORHOOD'***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-RHW0-0009-24CM-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 23, 1982, Friday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1982 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section C; Page 26, Column 1; Weekend Desk

**Length:** 1007 words

**Byline:** By JOHN J. O'CONNOR

**Body**

''JOKEBOOK,'' a new limited-run series beginning on NBC-TV tonight, is stuffed with cartoons and is being presented at the early hour of 8 o'clock, but it is not just for the kiddies. Produced and directed by William Hanna and Joe Barbera, whose own animation credits include ''Smurfs'' and ''The Flintstones,'' the anthology is offering a wide range of material from international sources.

Proceeding on the assumption that ''life is a jokebook,'' the program is a reminder of how often animators get beyond cuteness to explore the outer reaches of the absurd and even the terrifying. There is, for instance, the determined salesman of Whacko vacuum cleaners who, after having been killed during a product demonstration, is barred from heaven and sent down to the land of red devils. His punishment is to listen, for eternity, to a recording of his own sales pitch.

''JOKEBOOK,'' a new limited-run series beginning on NBC-TV tonight, is stuffed with cartoons and is being presented at the early hour of 8 o'clock, but it is not just for the kiddies.

The half-hour manages to cover a good deal of territory in content and style. The Mount Rushmore heads carry on an odd conversation. A man in a redwood forest is crushed by the fall of a giant acorn. A performing flea turns out to be a karate expert. And a simple line drawing culminates in a nuclear explosion. ''Jokebook'' is a nifty sampler, more suited to a film course perhaps than the competitive mire of prime-time television.

In its ''global village'' capacity, television has two special tours on tap tomorrow. At 7 P.M., WABC-TV has ''Alaska: The Story at the Top of the World.'' As the cameras travel through the state, recording the picturesque, Hal Holbrook, the narrator, speaks about things like ''a dream called Alaska, where man remains a minority to wildlife - still unblemished, still untouched.'' The BBI Production was commissioned by the state of Alaska.

At 10:30 on WPIX, Channel 11, John Hamilton's monthly magazine, ''Watch on Washington,'' is presenting a special report on Israel. Mr. Hamilton recently visited there with Representative James J. Florio, Democrat of New Jersey, the state that is usually the focus of the program. Mr. Hamilton does manage to find a former New Jersey resident, and she sends back the message, ''Come to Israel - the natural place for a Jew to be.'' Rapidly changing developments this week have dated much of the program's material, but quoting Deuteronomy and riding a donkey, Mr. Hamilton makes the most of his trip.

Sunday at 9, the NBC television movie is ''The Neighborhood,'' which has obviously had some problems. It is a David Gerber production, and in the cast is Howard Rollins, who played Coalhouse Walker in the film ''Ragtime.'' ''The Neighborhood'' was made in 1979 and is only now getting a first broadcast. In addition, it was apparently cut to 90 minutes from the more usual two hours. Supporters will undoubtedly maintain that the subject - a white ***working-class*** neighborhood resisting the prospect of black neighbors - was too controversial for a timid network. This argument loses force in the face of the banality of script and production.

Albert Ruben's teleplay is based on a concept developed by Jimmy Breslin, the columinist and novelist. The place is described as a neighborhood that could be in any major city. But the characters, with their Italian, Jewish and Irish names, reek of New York City and an area like Rosedale in Queens. The villain of the piece is a young, ambitious real-estate agent who is first seen selling a house to a wary black couple. He assures them, ''This is a progressive neighborhood.''

He then begins warning other families that real-estate values will fall when the blacks begin ''taking over.'' He hires blacks to stroll around the neighborhood, to look speculatively at other houses and, whenever possible, to listen to huge portable radios at full volume. Before long, crosses are burning on lawns.

Enter the forces of decency, who suddenly realize that something is terribly wrong as the whites prepare to flee. ''This is crazy,'' says one woman. ''I must be losing my mind -I'm running away from somebody I've never even talked to.'' Before long, one white is bringing one black into the local saloon, where initial uneasiness soon melts into male camaraderie. By fadeout time, blacks and whites are mingling at a neighborhood-preservation party festooned with American flags. The good intentions are unassailable, but the believability is just about nil.

Public television's ''In Performance at the White House'' closes its current season Sunday at 10 P.M. with a performance that takes place not at the White House but at a ranch in California's Santa Ynez Valley. The occasion was taped early last month, and the list of 400 guests was headed by President and Mrs. Reagan, whose own ranch happens to be nearby.

Continuing the format of having noted American artists introduce outstanding young performers, this edition leaves the tonier precincts of opera, ballet and classical music for the down-home sounds of country and western. The star is Merle Haggard, who with his first-rate backup group, the Strangers, specializes in a kind of gritty corn pone. One of his more famous numbers is ''Okie From Muskogee,'' which celebrates the simple pleasures of ''holdin' hands and pitchin' woo'' as opposed to smokin' marijuana and burning draft cards.

The young performer is Mark O'Connor, a 20-year-old fiddler, whose virtuosity is impressive. He plays, and the joint can't keep from jumping. President Reagan, wearing Western garb, makes a brief speech to observe, among other things, ''I think the music we heard today reaches the heart of America.'' Beverly Sills is the enthusiastic host, reminding us that country-and-western music, while not classical, is classic American. Mr. Haggard, a superb performer, ends with a song that urges, ''Stand up for the flag and let's all ring the Liberty Bell.'' The Reagans and the rest of the audience seemed to enjoy themselves thoroughly.

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photo of Howard Rollins

**End of Document**



[***Student Parking, at a Price***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-8DM0-000P-21WM-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 24, 1992, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1992 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk

**Section:** Section 1;; Section 1; Page 35; Column 3; Metropolitan Desk; Column 3;

**Length:** 1159 words

**Byline:** By GEORGE JUDSON,

By GEORGE JUDSON,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** NEW MILFORD, Conn.

**Body**

At 7:25 A.M., traffic streamed up the long driveway to New Milford High School. Half-empty buses stopped in front to let out passengers. Cars with parents at the wheel dropped off teen-agers and quickly turned back.

Most traffic, though, flowed on into the student parking lots, into a daily ritual all too familiar to adults.

The drivers -- usually alone -- scanned the lots, darted down lanes and wheeled into spaces. They wore T-shirts and jeans instead of suits, and carried backpacks rather than briefcases, but the procession was like any crowd arriving at a parking lot at rush hour.

That scene is repeated daily at suburban high schools across the region, where driving to school is a rite of passage and riding the bus is humiliation. But the scene here is about to change. As part of a plan to redefine students' rights, privileges and responsibilities, New Milford is preparing to sharply restrict who is allowed to drive to school.

'It's Handicapping Kids'

The next few years, administrators and teachers acknowledge, may be rough, as classes stripped of their expected privileges sullenly make their way toward graduation. But in a society that is slave to its affair with the automobile, school officials have decided students are seduced too young.

"Driving to school has become such a distraction to the learning process that it's handicapping kids in a much, much greater way than people realize," said the school's principal, Joanne Mendillo. "It's been slowly happening over the last 20 years, until the car has become such an issue that they don't even want to consider riding the bus. That's just taboo.

"They're entrapped," she said. "They are so convinced that they absolutely have to have this car at 16, that to work 40 hours a week to pay for it is not even a decision. It's just something that you do."

New Milford's plan, proposed by a committee of teachers, parents and students, would restrict parking permits to students who have 15 credits toward graduation -- in practice, to seniors. There will be 240 seniors next year, but now, with no restrictions on driving, 400 seniors, juniors and sophomores have permits.

In an effort to focus students' attention on the classroom, the plan also includes stricter policies on absences, tardiness, study halls and corridor passes.

The policies would deny academic credit to students who miss too many classes or are late too often. But they would also ask parents not to make medical appointments for children during school hours, and businesses not to serve them then.

Freedom, With Structure

The policies are part of a larger plan, subject to approval by the Board of Education, that proposes to spend the class time recaptured by the new rules on new ways to help students, especially in preparing them for careers. The plan also includes an appeal board that would give students a voice in their own discipline.

Mrs. Mendillo said the entire plan was a response to a message that students sent her in conversations: that they have too much freedom and want more structure in their lives. She conceded, "No one ever said, 'I don't think I should be allowed to drive.' "

Mrs. Mendillo said her initial concern when she was hired last November was reducing the number of dropouts in New Milford, a growing Litchfield County town of 23,600 whose 64 square miles encompass farms, ***working-class*** neighborhoods and affluent developments. Many students in trouble, she said, were not doing homework and not getting enough sleep because of the jobs that they held to pay for their cars.

But the cars, she said, contributed to a host of other problems. They allowed students to arrive late, to leave early, and to skip out at lunch and study halls to go to the Taco Bell, McDonald's and Burger King on nearby Route 7.

Perceived as a Lack of Faith

Students were so used to arriving late, she said, that they protested when she said class schedules next year would be the same every day, instead of rotating, as they have, so each day starts with a different class.

"They told me, 'Mrs. Mendillo, you don't understand,' " she said. " 'I'll miss the same class every day.' "

The proposals have upset many students, especially sophomores and freshmen, who will feel their full brunt. For example, seniors are exempted from new restrictions on hall passes and study halls.

To the younger students, especially those already driving to school or those who expected to drive next year, the changes amount to an attack on their identity as high school students with an understood measure of freedom.

"When we were eighth graders and we went to orientation here, that was the main thing," said Bridget Plona, the freshman class president and a member of the panel that proposed the new policies. "All the freshmen told us, you have a lot of freedom, you have a lot of trust."

She is not happy with the new rules. "It's getting down to, we don't trust you, we don't want you to experience freedom," she said. Invoking the worst image a high school student can summon, she continued, "It's getting back to a middle-school attitude."

Senior Expectations

An open campus and relaxed discipline -- or, as many students view it, freedom and trust -- are important issues at many high schools. No one suggests that New Milford High School is out of control; it is the kind of suburban high school that younger children, hearing reports from older brothers and sisters, look forward to attending. But there is an awareness that a casual attitude toward rules has worked in favor of students in recent years, giving them certain expectations.

Most schools, for example, already limit which students can park on campus, many of them reserving it as a privilege for seniors.

Because New Milford has not restricted drivers, it has 400 students competing for 160 student parking spaces. Mrs. Mendillo estimated that more than half of the school's 1,150 students arrive by car each day; the half-empty buses on local roads irritate many taxpayers.

And in some ways, the school has relied on students' cars. There is no late bus, for example, for students who stay after school for sports or other activities.

Rights vs. Privileges

"I don't know what I would have done if I didn't have a car to get home from sports," said Dwayne Mac Innes, a senior who played football and wrestled.

Many parents sympathize with the students, but they also worry that somewhere along the line, students seem to have confused rights and privileges. Parents are forever surprised at how aggressively teen-agers argue their case, and they fear what might happen after graduation when they will be dealing with employers who may not be as forgiving.

Mary Sculley is one of many parents who admire Mrs. Mendillo for the way she has stood up to the anger of students -- and who can't quite get over the students' attitude toward driving to school.

"The mentality is that it's a right, not a privilege," she said. "It's a right, and it's always been a right."

**Graphic**

Photo: As part of a plan to redefine students' rights, privileges and responsibilities, New Milford High School in Connecticut plans to restrict who is allowed to drive to school. Students walked in the parking lot after school. (Stephen Castagneto for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** May 24, 1992

**End of Document**



[***Giuliani and Council Want to Cut a Tax, but Not the Same One***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S7M-5790-007F-G36Y-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 16, 1998, Monday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1998 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk

**Section:** Section B; ; Section B; Page 1; Column 2; Metropolitan Desk ; Column 2;

**Length:** 1112 words

**Byline:** By NORIMITSU ONISHI

By NORIMITSU ONISHI

**Body**

With New York City government awash in cash for the second year in a row, the talk in City Hall revolves around cutting taxes. The question is which one to cut.

Peter F. Vallone, the Speaker of the City Council, says that a cut in the city's personal income tax will put more money in people's pockets. Mayor Rudolph W. Giuliani prefers to eliminate the sales tax on clothing.

Those differences are coming into focus as the City Council prepares to respond later this month to Mr. Giuliani's preliminary budget, setting off negotiations that should lead to a final budget in June. Despite the disagreement, the consensus in City Hall that money should be returned to taxpayers reflects how much things have changed in a city that in a more liberal era would have used budget surpluses to finance popular programs.

The Mayor has been a tireless cheerleader for the tax cut on clothing, crisscrossing the city during tax-free weeks to shop in store after store. The Speaker, who declared his candidacy for governor last week and is sharpening the themes of his campaign, is hoping to link himself with tax cuts.

Mr. Vallone's aides said the Council's response to the Mayor's budget would call for changing the city's income-tax structure, in keeping with the Speaker's message that, under Gov. George E. Pataki, ***working-class*** and middle-class New Yorkers have not shared fully in the national economic recovery. They said the Council would also recommend that a 12.5 percent surcharge on the city's personal income tax, approved in 1990 to help the city balance its books and reauthorized in 1991 to help hire thousands of new police officers, should be allowed to expire at the end of the year.

"It's time now to give a break back," Mr. Vallone said last week. "And while we're doing it, I don't think that this personal income tax is as progressive as it should be. It hits the middle class a little bit too hard."

Mr. Vallone's aides said they were willing to compromise on the size of the personal income tax cut, so long as the Speaker could claim to have cut taxes significantly. If the surcharge were eliminated, the city would lose about $190 million in revenue next year and $530 million the year after that.

To a family of four with a $60,000 annual income, the elimination of the surcharge would yield a savings of $184 a year, Thomas L. McMahon, the City Council's finance director, said. The Speaker's proposal to overhaul personal income tax rates would increase that savings to $325 a year. The change in tax rates, which would lead to savings for middle-income families but to higher taxes for wealthier ones, would not cost the city revenue, Mr. McMahon said.

In January 1996, Mr. Giuliani himself suggested letting the surcharge expire, but quickly abandoned that idea. Now, his aides say that its elimination would cause a revenue loss that would worsen future budget gaps. Randy M. Mastro, the Deputy Mayor for operations, said the Mayor favored targeted tax cuts, like the 8.25 percent one on clothes, consisting of 4 percent in state tax, 4 percent in city tax and a 0.25 percent tax assessed by the Metropolitan Transportation Authority. Albany has approved the elimination of the 4 percent state tax on clothes under $100, to take effect on Dec. 1, 1999. The change would allow local governments to eliminate their own sales taxes -- usually 4 percent.

But the Giuliani administration is pressing to remove city taxes on all clothes, beginning this December. If the Mayor gets his wish in Albany, the city will lose $176 million in revenue next year and $312 million the following year. The average saving per household would be $103, according to the Mayor's projection. "The Mayor has implemented tax cuts that directly stimulate the local economy," Mr. Mastro said. "A personal income tax cut has a less direct effect."

Charles Millard, the Mayor's senior economic adviser, said that the elimination of the tax on clothing that costs under $500 would eventually create 20,000 jobs and bring the city hundreds of millions of dollars in new tax revenue. The Independent Budget Office, a city-financed watchdog agency, said that a tax cut on clothes would increase sales, though it would not create such a high number of jobs.

Charles Brescher, the research director for the Citizens Budget Commission, an independent fiscal monitor, said his organization preferred to eliminate the surcharge instead of the sales tax. The city's personal income tax is much higher than those of other municipalities, whereas the sales tax difference is not so great, Mr. Brescher said.

Both Mr. Vallone and Mr. Giuliani agree that the city cannot afford to cut both taxes. They also agree that most of this year's projected budget surplus -- an estimated $1.6 billion -- should be set aside to close future budget gaps. But the politics of taxation are influencing the rhythm of budget negotiations this year, just one sign of how the workings of city government are becoming linked to the gubernatorial race.

By calling for deep tax cuts, Mr. Vallone is also seeking to inoculate himself against inevitable charges in a race that he is a tax-and-spend Democrat, his aides said. It was Mr. Vallone who endorsed Mayor David N. Dinkins's surcharge proposal in 1990. What is more, they hope to draw a sharp contrast between Mr. Vallone and the Republican incumbent, Mr. Pataki, whose recently proposed state budget would increase spending by 7.6 percent.

Mr. Vallone said he is not opposed to cutting the sales tax on clothes. Indeed, his aides said that cutting the tax would be politically more popular than letting the surcharge expire. But they said that the Mayor had become so identified with the policy that it would be hard for the Speaker to share any credit in its elimination.

The Council has seized on the surcharge, partly because it is in the unusual position of having leverage over the Mayor in this particular case. Albany has final say over taxes. But in practice, the surcharge will likely die at the end of the year unless Mr. Vallone agrees with the Mayor to renew it.

What is more, the Speaker's aides said their position was strengthened by the fact that last year the State Legislature rejected a proposal to cut the tax on clothing under $500. This year, they said, elections made it even less likely that lawmakers from outside the city would endorse a measure that would draw shoppers from the suburbs to New York City.

But given the popularity of tax cuts in New York, both sides of City Hall are reluctant to criticize the other side's proposal. "There may be differences of views about how to cut taxes, but there's unanimity that we should," Mr. Mastro said.

**Graphic**

Chart: "DIFFERENT VIEWS -- Where to Cut Taxes"

The proposal by Peter F. Vallone, the Speaker of the City Council, to eliminate the 12.5 percent surcharge on the personal income tax would cost the city $190 million next year and $530 million in 2000. Mayor Rudolph W. Giuliani's proposal to eliminate the sales tax on clothing would save households an average of $103, but the city would lose $176 million in 1999 and $312 million in 2000. Chart compares Mr. Vallone's estimated tax savings for a family of four in 1999 with the current 1999 tax with income-tax surcharge. (Sources: City Council Finance Division; Mayor's Office of Management and Budget)(pg. B5)

**Load-Date:** March 16, 1998

**End of Document**



[***CHALLENGING THE KENNEDY 'MAGIC'***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-9M80-0007-H28J-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 3, 1986, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1986 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 6; Page 18, Column 1; Magazine Desk

**Length:** 3684 words

**Byline:** By GEORGE V. HIGGINS; George V. Higgins's latest novel, ''Imposters,'' was published in May by Henry Holt and Company.

**Body**

ALL POLITICS IS local,'' Thomas P. O'Neill Jr. is fond of saying, and the wisdom of that remark has never been more evident than now, as O'Neill, at the age of 73, prepares to set his duties aside. This is his last term as a Representative serv-ing 520,691 residents of the Eighth Congressional District of Massachusetts, a post he has held for 34 years, and his last year as Speaker of the House, his platform for the last 10. In Somerville, Belmont, Arlington, Watertown and Cambridge, in Charlestown, East Boston, Back Bay, Waltham and up on Beacon Hill, the people who first voted O'Neill into office and the ones too young to remember are under siege by a squad of candidates who want his seat.

One of them, Joseph P. Kennedy 2d, enjoys an apparently potent patronymic advantage. The others resent that, and wish it were not so.

With 62 percent of its registered voters avowed Democrats and only 9 percent Republicans, the Eighth District is one of the most Democratic in the nation. In 1984, only 36 percent voted for Ronald Reagan, one of the lowest returns of his re-election.

The constituency, which reflects a liberal bias, includes ***working-class*** voters of Italian and Irish descent, a large, very closely knit Armenian population, affluent professionals and students from the many colleges and unversities in the area.

In 1952, when O'Neill called on supporters to send him to Washington, the 11th District, as the district was then designated, was a comparable entity, a reasonably homogeneous fief in which Democratic loyalists constituted just under 41 percent of the voters. Then, as now, the presumption was that the Democratic primary would be the real election, the general polling in November serving as an anointing. That presumption, notwithstanding Dwight D. Eisenhower's name at the top of the ticket, was correct.

In his 17 campaigns, the Speaker has benignly overseen the regular alterations of the district required by census figures. Affluent Brookline, harboring some Republicans, has come in and then gone out. Working- and middle-class Arlington, Belmont and Watertown have been added. Not without influence in his old bailiwick, the General Court that carves up districts, O'Neill has motored along through the decades, routinely racking up 70 percent majorities among voters.

When O'Neill announced in 1984 that he would retire at the end of this year and declined to handpick a successor, the news presented some interesting implications for ambitious Democrats competing to replace him. The dozen aspirants crowding the preprimary field were addressing a district 30 years out of practice in making such decisions; O'Neill was often unopposed in primary as well as general elections. With a large number of contestants, the ability to attract and identify voters loyal to their respective causes -and then to pull them out on Primary Day in September -took on central importance. Or so most then assumed. Like the other candidates, State Representative Thomas J. Vallely discerned immense possibilities in the Speaker's retirement announcement. And like the others, he heard in various of the Speaker's remarks an epiphanic summation of his own political ambitions.

Then 34 years old and in his third term on Beacon Hill, Vallely was smart enough to see that he was getting bored and rich enough to do something more interesting. Enough of a liberal on economic issues to claim a 75 percent rating from Americans for Democratic Action, he was careful enough with his votes not to alarm more conservative voters. He enjoyed a good press and his well-to-do constituents liked him. But he desired to be a serious politician; he wished to think that even after the completion of New Deal reforms, even after the inception of mandatory racial equality, even after the end of the war in Vietnam - where he had earned a Silver Star as a Marine infantryman -there remained substantial work for resolute folk to do in the government.

In his early travels, Vallely encountered State Senator George Bachrach and State Representatives William F. Galvin and Thomas M. Gallagher, among other aspirants. Nonetheless, what he saw encouraged him. James Roosevelt Jr., a Cambridge lawyer and grandson of Franklin Delano Roosevelt, had not yet entered the race. And this was long before Joseph P. Kennedy 2d underwent a conversion from his earlier public view that the political system was ''as slow as molasses'' and determined to seek the nomination as well.

O N ELECTION EVE IN November 1960, I counted it a blessing to have insinuated myself into Boston Garden, with every other human body that old barn could hold, to hear John F. Kennedy wind up his cliffhanging campaign. When the light plane carrying Senator Edward M. Kennedy crashed in an apple orchard in Southampton, Mass., 14 years later, giving him the back injury that plagues him to this day, I was among the Associated Press correspondents covering the story. My wife worked in his press office until 1975.

I mention those connections not because they are rare in Massachusetts, but because they are so common. Since John F. Kennedy opened the public political performances of the family in the Bay State 40 years ago, thousands upon thousands of Massachusetts residents have brushed up against its members. At least since the 1956 Democratic National Convention three decades ago, the name has been known nationally.

The Democratic primary isn't until Sept. 16. That bears remembering. This is the time of every New England year when the Red Sox win the American League pennant and go on to the World Series with five pitchers well-rested and the hitters all healthy. (This year, they just might make it.) Most politicians, too, feel good this time of year - it's Prospero's season in the Bay State, refulgent with the stuff that dreams are made of, in baseball and in politics.

Some Massachusetts politicians, though, manage their dreams better than do fans at Fenway Park. Massachusetts politicians do not sleep. They dream with their eyes open, clutching telephones and commissioning private polls. When their insubstantial pageants dissolve into thin air, the smart ones cut their losses and get out, waiting for a better season. Tom Vallely got out when the getting was good. Others, perhaps equally smart, consulted their true closest advisers mornings in the bathroom looking glass, and determined to press on. J OHN F. KENNEDY, still frail from war wounds, won the 11th Congressional District in 1946. His immediate predecessor was former Boston Mayor James Michael Curley. In 1952, the future President capitalized on the distraction of Republican Senator Henry Cabot Lodge Jr., who, deeming his re-election a sure thing, had undertaken to work in Eisenhower's Presidential campaign. Lodge failed to perceive in time the havoc being wreaked upon his future by swarms of Kennedy ladies holding tea parties all over Massachusetts to introduce ''dear Jack.'' Kennedy parlayed a three-term record in the House, notable chiefly for its high absenteeism, into the upper chamber.

When Thomas P. O'Neill Jr., at 39, declared his intention to succeed Kennedy in the 11th, he had the early foot in a crowded primary field; he had been a State Representative since 1936. But his concept of the proper role of government was quite different from Kennedy's. Kennedy sought office with an elegant air of noblesse oblige. O'Neill did it because he had little else to do.

O'Neill was 21 when he graduated from Boston College in 1932. His family was of modest means. Herbert Hoover was President. At 25, O'Neill won election to the State Legislature, and it was a tossup whether he ran to improve his unpromising insurance business or to get out of it.

It is almost impossible to divest a man of the notions he derives from adversity in his early adult years. In 1928, when Tip O'Neill entered Boston College (now ornamented by a new library and a chair in political science named for him), the faculty was dominated by members of the Society of Jesus. The curriculum, stringently Thomistic, was leavened by the patristic writings of such as St. Augustine. It included much of the instruction delivered by Plato to Aristotle, and it engraved on the brains of impoverished young men in the Depression the absolute conviction that we are all in this together and that we must love one another if we are ever to get out. It was quite as possible to flunk ''Redemption,'' a mandatory theology course at Boston College then, as it is said to be to flunk redemption in the world to come.

O'Neill has conducted himself in office according to that vision of society. When he broke with Lyndon B. Johnson on the war in Vietnam; when he spoke out against Ronald Reagan's proposals to aid Nicaraguan con-tras and exhorted fellow Representatives to vote not their politics, but their consciences, he was perfectly sincere. When he finds himself in a situation requiring him to resist his natural politician's desire to reach accommodation (and he did not achieve the Speakership without a strong inclination to cut bargains and make deals), he almost invariably tells his opponents: ''I'm sorry, but I think you're wrong on this one.'' Not ''mistaken.'' Not ''misled.'' Not ''misinformed.'' Simply ''wrong,'' meaning ''unjust'' and ''unfair.''

Each of the early aspirants to succeed O'Neill in the Eighth District proceeded on the assumption that the victor would be the one who most closely resembled the man being replaced. Their inquiries developed different shadings of the nature of the quiescent majority waiting patiently for the Speaker's heir to appear, but each believed it would be someone who managed to convince the voters he was a person of political gravitas.

W HAT EXCITED Vallely when he first inspected the Eighth was his conclusion that it was tailored to his principles. ''Outsiders look at television and they see a bunch of people in Harvard Square who want a foreign policy you can get on bumper stickers,'' he said. ''But that's a minority - a small minority. You go into Somerville and you see people who believe the government can help. They're pro-government.''

Vallely thought he also discerned in conversations with voters in the Eighth strong endorsement of his foreign-policy views, which include an extreme wariness of any action that might imply American commitment to military force. ''Fifty-three percent of them knew who Tip O'Neill was,'' he said, ''but 59 percent had an opinion on the contras.''

Senator Bachrach set out in pursuit of what he called ''the sensible center'' - consisting of a strong progressive bloc of ***working-class*** people concerned almost entirely with bread-and-butter domestic social issues. A graduate of Trinity College in Hartford, and the Boston University Law School, Senator Bachrach, 34, is known among friends on Beacon Hill as a maverick reformer, and among enemies as a troublemaking showboat. Averring the former, he proposes to emphasize in his Congressional run ''a political sense of purpose, that I'm not out to please everybody, that consensus is the key, that I stand for something and I will take leadership to show it.''

Bachrach has mounted a man-killing effort to make himself familiar to voters outside his State Senate district. Antagonists and admirers alike give him full marks for his zeal. He takes his satisfaction from the sense that he has done his homework well, tagging loyalists old and new for efficient marshaling come Election Day.

Representative Thomas Gallagher, 37, commenced his drive to succeed the Speaker convinced that the district would be the natural setting for a candidate of his philosophy. Occasionally identified as a Democratic Socialist, he prefers ''populist'' - wisely, in a district that remembers how the late Richard Cardinal Cushing inveighed adenoidally (and tautologically) against ''atheistic, socialistic, godless Communism.''

By January 1985, Gallagher had three full-time workers in place. The 1970 Boston College graduate pounded sidewalks and doors, seeking all who would listen to his major points - among them, that Republican foreign policy injures our national security by winning thousands of friends in despotic regimes while making enemies of the millions they oppress, and that there is a need for a national health service.

Fifteen months into his mission, polls showed support ranging from 2 to 7 percent. He was not daunted. He said that when Primary Day came, he would glean at least the 20-plus percent of the turnout needed to win in an evenly matched field, because he knew who his friends would be, and would make sure that they voted.

Representative William F. Galvin, 35, a Boston College graduate with a Suffolk University law degree, like Bachrach, appraised the Eighth as an enclave of traditional Democratic voters, the moderate majority slumbering untroubled by its image as the most liberal district in the most liberal state so long as good old Tip remained in office. Now that the Speaker was retiring, Galvin proposed to wake it up. Conceding that the Cambridge Civic Associa-tion (telegenically vociferous on issues such as rent control and tenants' rights), and CPPAX (a liberal grouping of Citizens for Participation in Political Action, and originally formed to oppose the war in Vietnam) had adroitly muraled an image of the Eighth as a hotbed of radicalism, he perceived his opportunity in the three-decker houses of East Boston, Charlestown, Somerville and ***working-class*** neighborhoods of Cambridge. He saw further bastions of backing in the middle-middle-class neighborhoods of Arlington, Belmont, Watertown and Waltham, and he went out gunning for it.

James Roosevelt Jr., who entered the race late in 1985, has practiced law (as a partner in the white-shoe Boston firm of Nutter, McClennen and Fish); politics (as legal counsel to the Democratic State Committee, Senator Edward M. Kennedy's district organizer for his 1980 Presidential campaign, and Senator Kennedy's legal counsel for his 1982 Senate campaign); and community service (to various charitable boards and educational institutions). He said the Speaker's retirement announcement provoked in him a sense of urgency. Now 40, he has long wanted to be a Congressman, is not about to move to a new district, and cannot afford to gamble that O'Neill's successor will not hold the office for the next 34 years. ''This is my time,'' he said. ''If I don't run this time, no matter who else runs, it may never come again.''

Roosevelt believed when he announced that he appealed to the traditional, straight-ticket, lunch-bucket Democrats who remembered what his grandfather had done for them and who had trained their children and their grandchildren to remember, too - the people, in other words, who had sent O'Neill to Congress in 1952 and kept him there all these years. Roosevelt was aware that few voters knew him, and he expected a grueling campaign, ''grinding it out to September.'' But like Vallely, Bachrach, Gallagher and Galvin, he believed that he had identified his natural constituency, and with work could bring it home.

Unlike the others, Roosevelt has a nationally recognized name. But he fears it may not have the attraction of Joseph Kennedy's. He notes that unemployment in the Eighth is about as close to zero as it's ever likely to descend in an imperfect world. In hard times, he says, voters look to their Congressmen to improve the citizens' lot. In times of relative plenty, he worries, they may treat the vote as a luxury, discretionarily expendable as a nostalgic bow to the memory of Camelot.

When rumors began to surface in the Boston press last spring that Edward M. Kennedy Jr., the Senator's son who was then 23 years old, was considering entry into the Eighth District race, they dampened fund-raising efforts by prospective candidates. The reports moistened as well the decision-making processes of political mercenaries whose principal criterion in selecting clients is their likelihood of winning.

''Well, we weathered that all right,'' Galvin said. ''And then in December we started hearing it was Joe. And then January came, and it was.''

Joseph P. Kennedy 2d, at 33 the eldest son of Robert F. Kennedy, is a graduate of the University of Massachusetts at Boston. Seven years ago, he formed Citizens Energy Corporation, a private, nonprofit organization seeking to address the problems that high heating costs impose on lower-income and elderly people in the New England winter. The company serves as a jobber, or middleman, purchasing crude oil and raw natural gas at the sources at the best going rate.

But Citizens puts a wrinkle on the process. Instead of paying the refiner's bill and looking toward a profit, it trades part of the refined product - in the case of crude oil, gasoline - to the refiner as the price of its services. Citizens sells the oil at a cut rate to the state, which in turn provides it to those in need of assistance. The annual cash flow of the enterprise, according to Kennedy, is now more than $1 billion.

On Feb. 1, less than two weeks after Joseph Kennedy's announcement, former Massachusetts State Representative Melvin H. King announced his candidacy. King, 57, has a history of black activism dating back to 1961, when he ran for the Boston school committee. In 1983, taking a page from the strategy book compiled by his friend, the Rev. Jesse L. Jackson, he welded together a ''rainbow coalition'' of activist whites, Asians and His-panic people that made him (Continued on Page 39) the first ''person of color,'' in his phrase, to make the finals of a Boston mayoralty contest. (He lost to Raymond Flynn).

King waded into the fray convinced that voter-registration efforts among the thousands of students residing in the Eighth, and diligent identification of long-time residents sympathetic to his views, could tally for him the 28 to 30 percent of the vote that he thinks will win. He estimates the minority-group population in the district at around 11 percent. (Others place it between 2 and 5 percent). He said he can't enumerate his workers ''because we're getting more of them every day.'' He says: ''Everyone I talk to, everyone who gets to know me, they are coming in. It's really wonderful.''

Less than a month after Kennedy's Jan. 19 announcement, a poll conducted for Vallely showed Kennedy leading the field with 38 per-cent. Bachrach was the favorite of 17 percent; King drew 13. Vallely, Galvin, Roosevelt and Gallagher each had less than 10 percent.

On March 12, Vallely withdrew, saying: ''I don't think I can win.'' On March 18, Galvin withdrew. Each said Kennedy had usurped his voting bloc. As have other candidates still running, both complained that Boston newspapers and broadcast outlets had zoomed in on the Kennedy candidacy to the destruction of others' chances. ''There's no way to beat this guy,'' Galvin said at the time. ''Not with the media. They've got two weddings coming up,'' he said, referring to the April marriage of Maria Shriver - daughter of Eunice Kennedy Shriver - and Arnold Schwarzenegger, and the July 19 marriage of Caroline Kennedy and Edwin Schlossberg. ''And if he's not ahead in August,'' Galvin said, ''they'll think of some-thing else.'' Late in May, another poll showed Kennedy holding at 38 percent - with King, at 17, and Bachrach, at 16, neck-and-neck for second place.

On June 26, almost three weeks after the deadline for removal of names from the ballot, Gallagher withdrew. He was $10,000 in debt, short of the volunteers he expected and 34 points behind Kennedy in the polls.

Kennedy tries not to take a relaxed view of matters. He says he's quite unable to gauge the impact of his various positions on specific segments of the population, and therefore does not develop those positions with an eye to gaining support. He says he expects to draw votes from all sectors of all the communities involved. He laughed when asked the approximate number of volunteers working in his campaign. He said he didn't pay much attention to that sort of thing. He asked whether I would like him to give a number, ''say, a thousand?'' He said he really didn't know.

Accepting that number, I explained that my reason for asking was based on the as-sumption that his organization would be devoting its exertions to identifying Kennedy voters and making sure they got to the polls on Sept. 16. He said the public excitement attending the race would bring out around 60 percent of those registered to vote, so there was no need to worry.

Invited to describe the demographics of the coalition he had so speedily acquired, and how he planned to maintain it and expand it through September, he said: ''Demographics? Are you talking political analysis here?'' I admitted that I was. ''I don't know anything about demographics,'' he said. ''That political-analysis stuff - nothing about that. I don't pay any attention to that.''

I asked him if he had been adopted.

B UOYED BY LATE spring endorsements from the 61,000-member Massachusetts Teachers Association, the Massachusetts Association of Social Workers and a caucus of homosexual men and women (''They don't think this is a coronation''), Bachrach alleged with asperity that Joseph P. Kennedy 2d does not know the Eighth, isn't even trying to, and probably won't stay with it. Said Bachrach: ''He isn't qualified. He's running on his name.''

Senator Bachrach was 11 years old and living in New York when Edward Moore Kennedy contended in 1962 for the two years remaining in the Senate term won by John F. Kennedy in 1958. I thought it likely that he had not heard of the televised debate between Kennedy and Massachusetts Attorney General Edward J. McCormack Jr. Sneering at Kennedy's campaign slogan, ''He Can Do More For Massachusetts,'' the politically seasoned nephew of John W. McCormack, for nine years the Speaker of the House, had snarled: ''If your name were Edward Moore, your candidacy would be a joke.''

Came Primary Day, and it wasn't even close.

On hearing this, Senator Bachrach said: ''Well, yes, but that was over 20 years ago.''

It was. And it's still August - the revels continue.

**Graphic**

Photo of Joseph P. Kennedy 2d, George Bachrach and James Roosevelt Jr. at political rally (Ira Wyman/Sygma)

**End of Document**



[***Saving New Orleans Culture, One Sandwich at a Time***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:7X2N-8PF0-Y8TC-S3C4-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 11, 2009 Wednesday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2009 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section D; Column 0; Dining In, Dining Out / Style Desk; Pg. 1; UNITED TASTES

**Length:** 2163 words

**Byline:** By JOHN T. EDGE

**Dateline:** NEW ORLEANS

**Body**

THIS month, New Orleans is having a party for the po' boy.

At the New Orleans Po-Boy Preservation Festival on Nov. 22, as brass bands play and celebrators hoist drinks, serious-minded panelists will tell tales of long-lost po' boy shops. They will speak of the import of this city's signature sandwich, piled with roast beef and gravy or corn-flour-breaded and fried shrimp, slathered with mayonnaise, paved with sliced pickles and sliced tomatoes, strewn with shredded lettuce, wrapped in butcher paper.

Cooks, from restaurants as varied as Emeril's and Jack Dempsey's, will fry, stuff, dress and wrap for what is expected to be an overflow crowd.

And in what organizers are calling a French Bread Fight, a combatant portraying Jared Fogle, the calorie-conscious Subway pitchman, will square off against a combatant representing John Gendusa, the baker who, in 1929, fashioned the first modern New Orleans-style, French bread loaf, the base on which po' boys have since been built.

If all goes the way it's planned, as fragments of crust fly and a partisan crowd shouts, Mr. Gendusa will beat Mr. Fogle with a loaf of stale bread.

Such sturm and staging is good fun, but the sobering thought is this: If a sandwich needs a street festival, for which press coverage has been curried and stale bread weaponized, then that sandwich might be imperiled.

Po' boy preservationists recognize a range of culprits, inside and outside the city limits.

A creeping monoculture is the most frequently cited threat, exemplified by chains like Subway and Quiznos, which are making inroads south of I-10.

Katherine Whann, who, along with her brother Sandy Whann, operates Leidenheimer Baking Company, the city's dominant baker of po' boy bread, frames the struggle in practical as well as cultural terms.

''Most po' boy shops don't have off-street parking,'' she said, from a perch at Hermes Bar in the French Quarter, as she bit into an oysters Foch po' boy, stuffed with fried oysters, smeared with pate. ''They don't have advertising budgets. They don't have Jared. But what they do have is a history in this place.''

A problem that's more difficult -- possibly reflecting a drop in expectations set by fast-food purveyors -- is that the quality of some po' boy shops has declined.

Of course, many still hew to tough standards.

The uptown stalwart Domilise's Po-Boys, in business more than 75 years, cranks out textbook roast beef po' boys and fried oyster po' boys, cooking each batch of bivalves to order, and piling all on Leidenheimer bread, delivered twice daily.

At Zimmer's Seafood, a ***working-class*** market established in 1980 in the city's Gentilly neighborhood, the proprietor Charleen Zimmer buys Louisiana shrimp from her cousin. (Her husband, Craig Zimmer, works a shrimp boat, too.)

When a customer orders a fried shrimp po' boy, she reaches first into a bin of iced shrimp, then for a coating of corn flour. And her bread could not be fresher, for Mrs. Zimmer buys sesame-seeded loaves from her neighbor, John Gendusa Bakery.

But a recent tour of old-guard makers found that some paradigmatic players, like Mother's, a tourist favorite in the central business district, are not aging well.

In suburban Metairie, Radosta Grocery, a beloved checkered-cloth joint, still cooks top rounds for roast beef po' boys. But Don Radosta, an owner, said slicing lettuce for sandwiches is now too laborious. Instead, he buys shredded iceberg, delivered in plastic-wrapped bundles. And he's not alone.

Preservationists rail against the lowering of standards. In response, they're setting standards of their own and, perhaps, kindling a renaissance.

Benjamin Wicks, proprietor of Mahony's Po-Boy Shop on Magazine Street, open since the summer of 2008, is a raver and ranter with the heart of an old-timer. He makes money selling soft-shell crab po' boys but also offers po' boys made with liver cheese, a cold-cut analogue to liverwurst, to signal his respect for the sandwich's Depression-era roots.

At the close of a recent lunch, Mr. Wicks, 32, a veteran of white tablecloth New Orleans restaurants like Rio Mar, sat at the back of his cottage restaurant, boasting of fried shrimp po' boys made with Louisiana shrimp and Creole tomatoes, and of grilled shrimp po' boys, shingled with fried green tomatoes and slicked with remoulade sauce.

He talked of how to glaze a ham with a slurry made from root beer extract so that the resulting hunk of protein tastes of both sassafras and pig. And he spoke of his reliance on the downy crumb and parchment crust of bread from Leidenheimer.

But he said far too many of the po' boy makers in his hometown are complacent, even lazy. He questioned the culinary patriotism of competitors who use powdered and bagged mixes for their roast beef gravy.

He revealed that his gravy owes its consistency to the use of a hand blender, with which he churns bits of beef chuck and vegetables into a puree. (That gravy reaches its true potential when Mr. Wicks builds a French fry po' boy, stacking hand-cut fries like cordwood inside a length of dressed loaf, before ladling on the beef.)

With a sense of incredulity that played just shy of cocky, Mr. Wicks asked rhetorical questions about everything from frying shrimp to dressing sandwiches, as in: ''How hard is it to keep a deep-fryer clean and full of peanut oil?'' And, ''How can people put tomatoes on their po' boys that taste like they came from McDonald's?'' And, ''Why don't people care about making great po' boys?''

When he opened, Mr. Wicks joined a cadre of neo-traditionalist makers whose ranks included, among others, Jacques Leonardi of Crabby Jack's, a restaurant-cum-roadhouse on Jefferson Highway, open since 2002, famous for roasted duck po' boys.

Also in the mix were Wanda and Skip Walker, who earned their reputation beginning in 2001 at the New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival, with roasted pork and coleslaw po' boys. (At Walker's Southern Style Bar-B-Que, a hutch by the Lake Pontchartrain levee, the Walkers now sell their smoked and pulled pork, tucked into a French-Vietnamese pistolette roll from the nearby Dong Phuong Oriental Bakery.)

And then, in late 2003, Jay Nix reopened Parkway Bakery & Tavern, a 1912 vintage bar and sandwich shop in Mid-City, where he served straightforward roast beef po' boys, crafted with an attention to detail and ingredients that tasted somehow transcendent. (He later moved on to curiosities like surf-and-turf po' boys of roast beef and fried shrimp, gobbed in roast beef gravy.)

Back in the summer of 2004, Katherine and Sandy Whann of Leidenheimer's attempted to forge a coalition of neo-traditionalists and quality-focused old-guard po' boy makers, a cadre with the common goal of elevating the ''status of the po' boy sandwich in and around New Orleans as a delicious and nutritious cultural treasure.''

The Whanns called meetings. They conceived a New Orleans Po-Boy Preservation Society. They talked of a festival. They spoke of co-op marketing.

They talked of proving that po' boys were healthier than fast food. (Recently, Leidenheimer financed a nutritional analysis that Katherine Whann said found that a gravy-dressed roast beef po' boy, on Leidenheimer bread, with mustard, lettuce, tomato and pickles, has fewer calories from fat and less saturated fat than a comparable tuna sandwich from Subway.)

The hope had always been that future generations of New Orleanians would reject -- on economic, cultural and gastronomic grounds -- fast-food simulacra of their totemic sandwich.

''I know, for a bread baker, it seems an act of self-preservation,'' said Katherine Whann. ''But it's also about pride in place.''

Then came the levee failures and the flooding that followed Hurricane Katrina. Bakeries and po' boy shops struggled mightily to get back in business. By 2007, the Oak Street Association had taken up the Po-Boy Preservation Festival idea. In November of that year, they staged the first one, in the Carrollton neighborhood of New Orleans.

Crowds thronged the streets. Leidenheimer threw in support. Momentum continued to build. And so did the emotional tempo, leading -- as shots follow beers in a French Quarter dive bar -- to plans for the forthcoming French Bread Fight.

Revivalists, in church or on Broadway, know the need for an unexpurgated text revealing new truths. That's where Michael Mizell-Nelson, a University of New Orleans historian, came in.

Researching a violent 1929 streetcar strike, during which 1,100 members of the Amalgamated Association of Electric Street Railway Employees walked off their jobs, Dr. Mizell-Nelson confirmed how the sandwiches acquired their name and their form.

Similar sandwiches existed before the strike, Dr. Mizell-Nelson learned. And the term ''poor boy'' was already in use, applied to, among other groups, orphaned children.

But in 1929 a sandwich called the poor boy was something new. Fashioned to be wider, to accommodate generous and equitable slices from a loaf, the bread was first baked by John Gendusa at the request of the New Orleans restaurateurs Bennie and Clovis Martin. (Today, Jason Gendusa, great-grandson of the founder, still works the ovens at John Gendusa Bakery, playing a feisty David to the Goliath that is Leidenheimer.)

The Martins were onetime streetcar workers who, at the height of the strike, pledged to feed their former colleagues at their sandwich and coffee stand. ''Whenever we saw one of the striking men coming,'' Bennie Martin later recalled, ''one of us would say, 'Here comes another poor boy.' ''

Over time, by way of various elisions, both vernacular and purposeful, po' boy or po-boy became the widely accepted renderings of poor boy. In the process, as vowels and consonants were swallowed, the roots of the sandwich were, too.

''I can't imagine there's another American food item that owes its birth to labor violence,'' Dr. Mizell-Nelson said. ''That's the forgotten story.''

Dr. Mizell-Nelson believes in the power of public history. He believes that if people know their history, they're likely to be better stewards of their present.

But if the Po-Boy Preservation Festival fails to compel New Orleanians to take action to preserve their legacy, he's willing to take other steps.

Radicalized by his study of the strike, Dr. Mizell-Nelson envisions ''civil disobedience bread actions'' wherein po' boy devotees target chain restaurants, ''arm customers with loaves'' and demand they serve their sandwiches on po' boy bread, with its velvet interior, its crepitant exterior, its only-in-New-Orleans back story.

A tack like that may not be a typical professor's path to tenure. But it might win the French Bread Fight.

Recipe: Mahony's Beef Po' Boys Adapted from Benjamin Wicks Time: 3 hours 45 minutes

Adapted from Benjamin Wicks

Time: 3 hours 45 minutes

1 cup all-purpose flour

Salt and freshly ground black pepper

7pounds beef chuck roll, sliced into 2-inch-thick portions

1/2 cup vegetable oil, or as needed

6 to 7 stalks celery, cut into 3/4-inch dice

2 yellow onions, peeled and cut into 3/4-inch dice

2 green bell peppers, cored and cut into 3/4-inch dice

2 jumbo carrots, peeled and cut into 3/4-inch dice

1 cup peeled garlic cloves, each clove halved lengthwise

7 cups dry red wine

2 tablespoons dried rosemary

2 tablespoons dried thyme

1 bay leaf

1/3 cup chopped parsley leaves

5 loaves French or Italian bread

Mayonnaise, shredded lettuce, sliced tomatoes and sliced pickles to dress sandwiches.

1. Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Place flour in a large, wide bowl and season generously with salt and pepper. Add beef, dust well on all sides and shake off excess.

2. Place a large, heavy Dutch oven or roasting pan with a lid over medium-high heat. Add enough oil to cover the bottom and heat until shimmering. Working in batches, add beef and sear well on all sides. Transfer beef to a platter and set aside.

3. Add celery, onions, peppers, carrots and garlic to pan; if necessary, add more oil. Saute until vegetables are tender and golden brown, about 15 minutes. Add wine and 3 cups water. Stir, scraping the bottom of the pan. Add rosemary, thyme, bay leaf and parsley. Stir well, add beef, and stir again to mix well.

4. Cover, and transfer to oven. Cook until beef is very tender, about three hours. Transfer beef to a deep platter and keep warm. Remove and discard bay leaf. Using a hand-held immersion blender or stand blender, puree vegetables and any remaining bits of meat in pan juices to make sauce. Cut beef into slices. Slice each bread loaf in half lengthwise and crosswise, spread one side with mayonnaise, thickly layer in meat, wet with gravy, and top with lettuce, tomatoes and pickles.

Yield: Enough for 10 sandwiches.

Note: Extra beef and sauce can be refrigerated or frozen.

UNITED TASTES: One in a series of articles exploring American cuisine and its evolution.

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

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: FRIES, TOO: Beef and gravy po' boy at Mahony's in New Orleans. (pg.D1): NEXT GENERATION: Jason Gendusa of Gendusa Bakery with po' boy loafs

below, Courtney Zimmer at Zimmer's Seafood, which is known for its shrimp. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY THERESA CASSAGNE FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (pg.D5)

**Load-Date:** November 11, 2009

**End of Document**



[***Home Video***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-8J60-000P-21KN-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 7, 1992, Thursday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1992 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Cultural Desk;

**Section:** Section C;; Section C; Page 26; Column 1; Cultural Desk; Word and Image Page; Column 1;; Word and Image Page

**Length:** 1192 words

**Byline:** By Peter M. Nichols

By Peter M. Nichols

**Body**

This month, video dealers face a situation they don't like much: putting up with the very long movie. Yesterday MCA/Universal released Hector Babenco's "At Play in the Fields of the Lord," which runs 3 hours 6 minutes, and on May 20 will come Warner's "J. F. K.," which lasts 3 hours 8 minutes.

Each movie is on two cassettes, and that makes store owners nervous. Double-cassette films can turn off customers, retailers say.

"One cassette is a prime-time sitting," said Gary Messenger, owner of the eight-store North American Video chain based in in Durham, N.C. "Two cassettes mean two sittings to many people. Single cassettes go out every night. Double cassettes basically only go out weekends."

A tape of a hit movie typically averages 4.5 rentals a week, industry figures show. Mr. Messenger predicted that "J. F. K." would average between 3 and 3.5.

Of many two-cassette films, the biggest recent example is "The Godfather Part III," released by Paramount in October. The movie disappointed many dealers because it didn't rent well during the week.

More fondly remembered is "Dances With Wolves," a 3-hour-10-minute film packaged in a single cassette released in August by Orion. To squeeze it all in, Orion used thinner tape, which tended to spill off the hubs and jam in the cassette. The problem was quickly corrected, and the movie went on to become a top renter.

At 2 hours 50 minutes, "The Godfather Part III" was shorter than "Dances With Wolves," but dealers said the two cassettes made the Francis Ford Coppola film seem more of a project to viewers. " 'Dances' went out every night of the week," Mr. Messenger said. "It didn't matter how long it was because it was one cassette and people did it in one sitting."

Other dealers said they thought "Dances With Wolves" did better because it was lighter fare than "The Godfather Part III," which, they say, was slower-moving and more difficult to watch.

"It has more to do with how the movie is accepted than its being on two cassettes," said Brad Burnside, an officer of the Video Software Dealers Association and the owner of Video Adventure in Evanston, Ill.

Dealers generally classify "J. F. K." with "Dances With Wolves" as a popular entertainment, and many said they wished it would also appear on one cassette. A spokesman for Warner said that the problems with Orion's "Dances With Wolves," however short-lived, created the perception that something could go wrong again, and that for that reason two cassettes were a necessity.

"My guess is that 'J. F. K.' will be more rentable midweek than 'Godfather,' " Mr. Burnside said.

New Video Releases

The Commitments

*1991. Fox. $94.98. Laser disk, $39.98. 1 hour* *56 minutes. Closed-captioned. R.*

Young Dubliners form a soul band that pumps excitement into their lives before it destructs with their own frustrations. With the same high-voltage style he brought to "Fame," the director, Alan Parker, takes talented neophytes and makes them messengers of ***working-class*** dreams. But while the performers are appealing, the story "becomes repetitive after a while, since so much of it is about the group's stage show, and since the effort to create an offstage story never really works" (Janet Maslin).

Freejack

*1991. Warner. $94.99. LD, $29.98. 1:50. CC. R.*

In the year 2009, the rich can perpetuate their minds through electronics but need fresh bodies to achieve immortality. Because organs have been pretty much rotted by pollution, body snatchers must be sent into the past to recruit healthy young donors who trod the earth in those days (actually about 1991). Sounds like a job for Vacendak (Mick Jagger), a sneering flesh-grabber who soon numbers among his catches the spirited and very recyclable race-car driver Alex Furlong (Emilio Estevez). Amanda Plummer engagingly plays a nun, and Anthony Hopkins appears briefly as the mastermind McCandless to try to explain a gimmick-ridden plot that "will appeal chiefly to those who like their science fiction on the squalid side" (Maslin).

House Party 2

*1991. Columbia Tri-Star. $94.95. 1:34. CC. R.*

The directors Doug McHenry and George Jackson pick up Reginald Hudlin's original party and transport it to Harris University, where Kid (Christopher Reid) and Play (Christopher Martin) are forced to hustle up some overdue tuition by holding a campus "jammie jam jam", which was called beach blanket bingo in Annette Funicello's day. Whoopi Goldberg and Georg Stanford Brown are fine as professors; among the revelers are the high-fashion model Iman, Queen Latifah (who sings sensationally) and Kamron of the rap group Young Black Teen-Agers. Though basically a succession of specialty numbers, the movie "moves along with the wit and pacing of a revue, its young characters somehow being both irreverent and idealized at the same time" (Vincent Canby).

The Lovers

*1959. New Yorker. $69.95. 1:29. Black and white. French with English subtitles. No rating.*

Louis Malle's second feature film stars Jeanne Moreau as a bored young wife who is swept away by an ardent archeologist. By 1950's standards, the liaison was torrid enough to get the movie banned in some places, but much of the film takes its sweet time examining the upper-class torpor that drove the woman into the affair. That completed, Ms. Moreau is free to take over the film in a role she seems to live as much as play.

Latter-Day 2-Reelers

*Many longer movies -- particularly classics like "Gone With the Wind," "The Sound of Music" and "Lawrence of Arabia" -- are on two cassettes. Here are some other examples.*

*QUO VADIS. "Super-super-colossal," one critic wrote in tribute to this Mervyn LeRoy spectacle. Nero (Peter Ustinov) burns Rome and hangs it on the Christians, which is not good news for Marcus Vinicius (Robert Taylor) and Lygia (Deborah Kerr), who are carted off to the lions. 1951. MGM/UA. $29.99. 2:52. Closed-captioned. No rating.*

*EL CID. Charlton Heston stands off the Moors in 11th-century Spain. Between battles there's Sophia Loren. Anthony Mann directs. 1961. LIVE. $29.99. 3:04. No rating.*

*RYAN'S DAUGHTER. In a lesser David Lean epic, the young wife (Sarah Miles) of an Irish schoolteacher (Robert Mitchum) has an affair with a British officer (Christopher Jones). 1970. MGM/UA. $29.99. 3:18. Rated PG.*

*A BRIDGE TOO FAR. Allied paratroopers take a whipping behind German lines during World War II. Richard Attenborough's film, based on the novel by Cornelius Ryan, stars Dirk Bogarde, Sean Connery, Robert Redford and many others. 1977. MGM/UA. $29.99. Laser disk, $39.98. 3:03. PG.*

*PRINCE OF THE CITY. In this film by Sidney Lumet, Treat Williams is a New York narcotics agent who testifies about the dealings of fellow agents. 1981. Warner. $29.99. LD, $34.98. 2:50. R.*

*THE RIGHT STUFF. Chuck Yeager (Sam Shepard) and the Mercury astronauts fly high in the adaptation of Tom Wolfe's book. 1983. Warner. $29.99. LD, $39.98. 3:16. Closed-captioned. PG.*

*SCARFACE. It runs almost twice as long as Howard Hawks's 1932 original, but some critics consider Brian De Palma's remake, written by Oliver Stone and starring Al Pacino and Michelle Pfeiffer, to be about half the film. 1983. MCA/Universal. $29.99. LD, $39.98. 2:53. R.*

**Graphic**

Photos: Tom Berenger in "At Play in the Fields of the Lord." (Universal City Studios); Christopher Reid as Kid in "House Party 2." (New Line Cinema)

**Load-Date:** May 7, 1992

**End of Document**



[***Crime***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-8H90-000P-20CB-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 10, 1992, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1992 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Book Review Desk

**Section:** Section 7;; Section 7; Page 23; Column 1; Book Review Desk; Column 1;; Review

**Length:** 1167 words

**Byline:** By Marilyn Stasio

By Marilyn Stasio

**Body**

Mary Higgins Clark pushes buttons we never dreamed we had when she invites us, in ALL AROUND THE TOWN (Simon & Schuster, $22), to identify with Laurie Kenyon, a 21-year-old college student who is accused of murdering a charismatic professor. A victim of multiple personality disorder, the result of having been kidnapped and sexually abused as a child, Laurie comes to believe that one of her alter selves did the deed. But while she undergoes intensive psychiatric therapy to regain the memories of her traumatic ordeal, and while her lawyer sister struggles to prepare a trial defense, the wicked couple who abducted Laurie have returned to town to silence her for good.

Along with the judge on this case, the reader might very well lift an eyebrow and say, "Well, I've been on the bench for 20 years and I've never seen anything like this." But there's no denying the author's formidable storytelling powers. This is suspenseful stuff, handled with absolute authority.

Ms. Clark's story sense has grown in sophistication since she began writing of helpless women and children in distress in books like "The Cradle Will Fall" and "Where Are the Children?" Besides doling out the visceral thrills in well-calibrated increments, she also knows how to translate more complex psychological terrors into simple, scary prose. There is cunning here, and much craft.

Stanislavsky might have added a chapter to his famous discourse on how an actor prepares had he but known Charles Paris, the amiably alcoholic and perennially unemployed actor-sleuth of CORPORATE BODIES (Scribners, $19) and more than a dozen other witty mysteries by Simon Brett. For his role in an industrial sales video, the London character actor dons overalls, affects a ***working-class*** accent and learns to operate a forklift. Then, when his unattended truck drops a load on a factory worker and kills her, he is almost cast in the role of murderer. So much for dedication to one's art. Snooping around for the real killer, Charles discovers that the victim was sleeping and blackmailing her way up the company ladder, whose top rungs are crowded with executive suspects.

It is not Mr. Brett's way to strain himself or his hero's modest ratiocinative skills on investigative procedures. He gets off a laugh, though, at the *gravitas* of the corporate suits absorbed in their power-management games, and he makes a delightful debacle of a sales convention at which a new candy bar is introduced as reverentially as Magna Carta. But neither the characters nor the events afford the satirical inspiration of Charles's dear old gang of theatrical types. Charles's fans are resigned to the fact that we'll probably never see his definitive King Lear. It would be nice, though, to have him back among his peers.

The 1040 forms are in, the checks are out and the tax man has come and gone -- all too literally in Susan Dunlap's new Jill Smith mystery, DEATH AND TAXES (Delacorte, $18). The Berkeley detective is working homicide when "one of the most hated employees of the nation's most-loathed bureaucracy" staggers off his bicycle and keels over dead, the victim of a poisoned hypodermic needle lodged in his bicycle seat. Since the I.R.S. field agent was not your run-of-the-mill public servant, but a rabid zealot ("the Al Capone of the auditors"), Jill could use a traffic cop to sort out all the suspects eager to dance on the dead man's grave.

Ms. Dunlap is a light writer who works awfully hard to be better than that, and the strain of trying to be entertaining *and* substantive often shows. The technical details of this oddball tax case indicate more careful research than you'd expect from such a breezy mystery, but the police procedures seem airy and Detective Smith has the sensibility of a clever amateur. Ms. Dunlap takes an affectionate view of the iconoclastic artists, rebels and intellectual vagabonds who constitute Berkeley's counterculture society and makes an honest effort to penetrate their colorful surfaces. Maybe she just can't help it that one of her minor creations, a sharpster tax lawyer slickly described as "a sports car of a man," has more body than anyone else in the story.

Before it goes overboard on the boyish heroics, RUNNING MATES (Villard, $19), a first novel by John Feinstein, a veteran sportswriter and the author of "A Season on the Brink," delivers a lively introduction to the cutthroat game of politics played in the author's fantasy of the Maryland Legislature. The bang-up opening sets up the chief executive ("a nice little governor in a nice little state") for assassination during a legislative session. Proceeding nicely, the plot serves up two radical political camps -- fire-breathing feminists to the left of us, snarling anti-abortionists to the right -- that have the new governor ("32 and stunning") quaking in her boots.

Mr. Feinstein makes shrewd use of his background as a Washington political reporter to present both an insider's view of a legislative session and a jaundiced perspective on the various elected officials, lobbyists and lackeys involved in its fascinating, if untidy, process. Unfortunately, he has misjudged the appeal of his hero, a hotshot reporter who latches onto the assassination story to spring himself from the boondocks of journalism. Bobby Kelleher is all-pro when he's pumping his sources and turning out 63 inches of copy in two hours of deadline pressure. But he soon turns into a cartoon superhero with a matching superego, demanding adoration from every woman and teeth-gnashing envy from his peers. Bobby may be a good reporter, but as a detective he's bush-league.

Libby Kincaid, the New York photojournalist who made her snappy debut as an amateur sleuth in Kerry Tucker's "Still Waters," is still clicking in COLD FEET (HarperCollins, $19). The subject of her new adventure, however, keeps slipping out of focus. Libby and her Leica are on a sweetheart job, doing portrait studies of an ensemble of legendary jazz tap-dancers who have come out of retirement to open a friend's downtown nightclub. "I photographed them constantly, even in my dreams," says Libby, who conscientiously follows one of her models to the Bronx Zoo, where he tends the snakes. Trailing another dancer to his studio, she discovers him dead, from an apparent snakebite.

So far, so photogenic. Ms. Tucker has an eye for the variety of textures in a setting and a sensitivity to the expressions of interior life that are revealed in a face and body. Even -- or, in the case of a dancer, especially -- in feet. But having posed her characters, she keeps abandoning them for a subplot about Libby's father ("a loner, a drifter, a two-timer, a drunk") and his flashy new wife. Both of them are worth watching; but they, too, get lost in the vagaries of the plot, which unconvincingly casts Libby as an accomplice in the murder. Libby seems to know exactly what she's doing with a camera, but she needs to come out of the darkroom and learn a little something about playing detective.

**Graphic**

Drawing

**Load-Date:** May 10, 1992

**End of Document**



[***At Least 200 Dead as Blasts Rock a Mexican City***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-8N20-000P-209S-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 23, 1992, Thursday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1992 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Foreign Desk

**Section:** Section A;; Section A; Page 1; Column 1; Foreign Desk; Column 1;

**Length:** 1161 words

**Byline:** By TIM GOLDEN,

By TIM GOLDEN,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** GUADALAJARA, Mexico, April 22

**Body**

A series of powerful explosions flattened homes and tore up streets through a ***working-class*** neighborhood of this city today, killing at least 200 people and injuring 600 others, the authorities said.

The chief spokesman for the Jalisco state government, Jaime Avalos, said the explosions in Mexico's second-largest city appeared to have been caused by hexane dumped by a private cooking oil company into the sewer system. Hexane is a highly volatile liquid used to extract edible oils from seeds.

The authorities said that at least a dozen explosions, beginning at 10:20 A.M., had blown open large craters and trenches along streets in the Reforma district of southeastern Guadalajara, tossing trucks and buses on their sides. Cars were flipped over or crushed by falling debris in the area where the blasts occurred.

An explosion in an area that had been evacuated occurred as late as 7:30 P.M., officials said, and there were unconfirmed reports of another blast after 10 P.M.

President Carlos Salinas de Gortari ordered disaster relief aid and flew here tonight to supervise the rescue efforts.

People dug in the rubble with picks and axes as they searched frantically for survivors. Some residents wandered dazed or in tears among the ruins, their clothing tattered.

Block by block, the rescue efforts seemed almost overwhelmed by confusion among relief workers, firemen and the police.

"We want to work; what can we do?" shouted Silvio Flores, a Red Cross supervisor with two dozen volunteers behind him.

From the other side of a vast trench littered with plaster and overturned cars a police captain shrugged.

"What do I know?" he said.

Mr. Avalos, the state government spokesman, said the company responsible for the hexane leak was Acietera la Central. He said it was fined by the Government's Environmental Ministry two days earlier and had been forced to shut down, but he did not know if the fine had been for dumping hexane.

Mr. Avalos said the authorities were questioning owners of the factory.

[The manager of Acietera la Central, Jose Morales, said the company's drainage system was not connected to the city's, The Associated Press reported. He said that he welcomed an investigation and that his company "will not be a scapegoat," the report said.]

Mexico's state oil monopoly, Pemex, denied assertions by some local officials that the blasts were caused by large quantities of gasoline that leaked into the sewer system. Pemex, which has been involved in several past explosions in Mexico, appeared eager to distance itself from blame in this case.

Reports of Warnings

According to local news reports, residents warned the fire department early Tuesday that smoke and strong gasoline-like odors had been emanating from sewer drains beneath the Reforma area, the southeast quadrant of the city. Hexane, a hydrocarbon, smells somewhat like kerosene.

Fire officials and technicians from Pemex inspected the area through the night. But as late as 9:30 this morning, about an hour before the explosions, the city fire chief, Maj. Trinidad Lopez Riva, was quoted as telling reporters there was no danger.

"Unfortunately the source was only found after the first explosion," Mr. Avalos said.

Homero Aridjis, a poet and the leader of Mexico's biggest environmentalist group, said in Mexico City, "The leaders of the police and fire department of Guadalajara should be tried as those responsible for the catastrophe."

The explosions destroyed at least 30 blocks of residential, commercial and industrial neighborhoods scattered over several miles of the Reforma district. After the blasts, streets looked as if they had been dug up by a giant backhoe. The facades of single family homes were blown off, and concrete, cars and dirt piled up against them. In some areas, small buildings were crushed almost entirely.

"The spectacle in the streets makes it look as if we have been bombarded," said a reporter for Radio Red, Juan Sanchez.

Large areas of the city were evacuated and blocked off to traffic. Police cars and ambulances raced up and down the streets, trailed by crowds of Red Cross volunteers. To reduce the risk of more explosions, city officials ordered sewer vents opened.

Most of the greater metropolitan area, home to about 4.5 million people, was undamaged, but telephone service and electricity went out in scattered areas of the city.

People huddled around radios, listening for the latest news. And despite warnings that more explosions were possible, many people who had been evacuated sneaked back across police lines to return to their homes.

Jose Corona, a 22-year-old salesman, said he had just parked his car on Rio Atotoniko Street when he felt his ears clapped by the sound of an explosion.

"There was this boom and I must have flown three feet in the air," he said. "Just look at my car."

Mr. Corona pointed across the street, where his green Opel was turned sideways on a giant mound of dirt where the sidewalk had been.

"The lady from the tortilla store is still under there," he said.

Makeshift Morgues

Gov. Guillermo Cosio Vidaurri ordered those left homeless housed temporarily in the state university and two sports stadiums. Makeshift morgues were set up in gymnasiums and hospitals.

The Red Cross reported at least 1,000 buildings damaged, many heavily. Most of the bodies were taken to the Jalisco state sports complex in the northern part of the city, where crowds of people looking for missing relatives pressed up against policemen at the gates.

Inside, the bodies covered the gymnasium floor, blood-soaked plywood beneath them, bags of ice piled on their chests.

"So many dead," muttered Jaime de la Torre. "So many dead."

Mr. de la Torre, a Guadalajara merchant, stood outside the square of yellow plastic tape held up by rows of electric fans that blew the stench back to the floor.

He had come in an ambulance, he said, with the body of his nephew, who perished in the rubble of his sister's home.

"So many dead," he said again.

As the night wore on and the crowd thinned, the floor became checkered with macabre colors: red where the bodies had been, white were sheets covered everything but their dusty faces, and green where the plywood was pushed aside to make room for more.

Guadalajara, one of the most stately of Mexico's largest cities, has been a popular tourist destination for Americans and has a large community of American retirees as well as American medical students. But the explosions were not close the areas where American residents are concentrated.

In 1983, a similar blast tore through the streets over about six blocks of the Juarez sector, which borders the Reforma sector to the west. The neighborhood suffered extensive damage and about 15 people were injured, but no one was killed, said Guillermo Vallarta, who was Mayor at the time.

"The problem that we have is that there is no separate drainage system for the city's industry," Mr. Vallarta said in an interview. "So the sewers can fill up with flammable materials."

**Graphic**

Photos: Workers sifting through the rubble of a street destroyed yesterday in Guadalajara, Mexico, after explosions killed at least 200 people (pg. A1); Rescuers sifting through the rubble of a building after an explosion knocked down buildings and tore up streets through downtown Guadalajara. An official said the blasts appeared to have been caused by a volatile liquid dumped into the sewer system by a private cooking-oil company. (pg. A12) (Associated Press)

Map of Guadalajara, Mexico showing location of explosions. (pg. A12)

**Load-Date:** April 23, 1992

**End of Document**



[***THE 1992 CAMPAIGN: Primary;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-8WC0-000P-23WG-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***With Choices Now Clearer, Stakes Rise in Connecticut***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-8WC0-000P-23WG-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 24, 1992, Tuesday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1992 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** National Desk

**Section:** Section A;; Section A; Page 16; Column 5; National Desk; Column 5;

**Length:** 1158 words

**Byline:** By KIRK JOHNSON,

By KIRK JOHNSON,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** HARTFORD, March 23

**Body**

A Democratic Presidential primary that was not supposed to count for much has become a fought-over prize in the last few days, with Gov. Bill Clinton of Arkansas and former Gov. Edmund G. Brown Jr. of California both wanting and needing a strong showing before the larger New York primary on April 7.

The Connecticut primary on Tuesday will be the first to feature what is now essentially a two-man race, a situation that Mr. Brown clearly hopes to capitalize on as the remaining challenger to Mr. Clinton, the acknowledged party front-runner.

Mr. Brown, whose attacks on Mr. Clinton's character have drawn some Connecticut Democrats to him and alienated others, campaigned today on a more quiet but equally insistent note. He called himself the sole alternative left to what he labeled the "official candidates of a corrupt status quo," meaning both Mr. Clinton and President Bush. Mr. Brown has also sharply increased his television advertising, even outspending Mr. Clinton by several thousand dollars in the Hartford television market last weekend.

Mr. Clinton, courting the ***working class*** and minority coalitions that brought him victories in other states, spent most of his final campaign day in the hard-pressed communities of southeastern Connecticut, where cutbacks in the Pentagon's budget for submarine building have hurt cities like Groton and New London.

Even President Bush, facing what is expected to be only a modest threat by his Republican challengers, Patrick J. Buchanan and David Duke, weighed in today from the White House, granting television interviews to correspondents from the state's three network affiliates, just in time for the 6 P.M. broadcast.

Open Reservations

For all the candidates campaigning in a state that has suffered some of the region's hardest blows in the recession, the task has been to appeal to voters who are frustrated and angry about the economy yet have open reservations about Mr. Brown and Mr. Clinton.

And supporters of Paul E. Tsongas, the former Massachusetts Senator, have continued to campaign here with the idea of starting a movement to draft Mr. Tsongas at the Democratic National Convention. At a rally in downtown Hartford today, a Tsongas supporter dressed as Diogenes, the philosopher of ancient Greece, rang a bell and said he was looking for "one honest Democrat."

For Mr. Clinton, the pressure to finish strongly here has forced him to take Mr. Brown's candidacy more seriously -- a drastic change from previous races in which Mr. Brown could be dismissed by the Clinton campaign as a fringe candidate.

In a church in New Haven on Sunday, for example, the two men shared a stage with the Rev. Jesse Jackson, both clearly watching Mr. Jackson's every move for signs of open endorsement. Mr. Jackson ordered the two candidates up to pulpit and onto their knees to pray, but said only that "one of them" would be the next President.

Haunted by Tsongas

And as with any good melodrama, there is a ghost in the story. Mr. Tsongas, who only a few weeks ago was considered the likely winner here, abruptly suspended his campaign last Thursday for lack of money, and the question remains: Who will get his voters?

In New York, Mr. Tsongas's supporters have not decided whether to campaign on the former Massachusetts Senator's behalf. Jim Armenakis, the state chairman, said, "Paul's decision binds me not to campaign." But he added that he might reassess his position if Mr. Tsongas performed particularly well in Connecticut.

"Whatever happens, we hope his message can continue to spread throughout the electorate," Mr. Armenakis said. "He is on the ballot here and it is a legitimate option to vote for him. If there is an avalanche of support in Connecticut I expect it will happen. We will just have to wait and see."

Tom Pier, the deputy press secretary for the Brown campaign, said Mr. Tsongas's departure was the spark for Mr. Brown's redoubled efforts in Connecticut, a decision that, in turn, seems to have raised the stakes for Mr. Clinton, whose schedule has been packed with appearances everywhere from factory gates to suburban shopping centers.

Campaign Upheaval

Clinton campaign workers said the Governor's strategy here has also been in upheaval. As recently as 10 days ago, they said Connecticut was Tsongas territory and that the state's 53 delegates were not worth fighting over.

Then, when Mr. Clinton started to gain strength from his primary victories in the South, Connecticut emerged as a perfect place to finish Mr. Tsongas off more cheaply than in the expensive media markets of New York. But the coup de grace came six days early, with Mr. Tsongas leaving Mr. Clinton to face Mr. Brown alone.

A Disadvantage for Clinton

"He's a victim of his own success," said George Jepsen, a Democrat State Senator from Stamford, and the Clinton campaign's coordinator in Fairfield County. Mr. Jepsen said that in the Presidential campaigns in 1976 and 1984, the first primary race after the field settled to two candidates saw the No. 2 candidate pick up speed at the expense of the front-runner.

"It sets up him to get bloodied in a race like this," he said of Mr. Clinton.

And many Democrats also mentioned the narrow time frame with Mr. Tsongas departing so close to the election.

"I don't think the Democrats are ready to anoint somebody," said Mary P. Guinan, the former chairwoman of the Hartford Democratic town committee. Ms. Guinan, a Clinton supporter, said she thought the sudden "whittling down" of the choices in recent weeks has alienated many voters in this heavily Democratic city who might still settle on Mr. Clinton in November if he is the nominee, but not yet.

Hartford's mayor, Carrie Saxon Perry, however, has all but endorsed Mr. Brown, telling residents in the heavily Democratic minority neighborhoods that Mr. Brown's message is the closest to Jesse Jackson's.

Tsongas Voters Are Split

A survey of Democrat town committees and interviews with registered voters today around the state indicated a split between Mr. Clinton and Mr. Brown in picking up the old Tsongas constituency. But Democrats said that people deciding between the remaining candidates were using sharply different lines of reasoning.

On policy issues, Mr. Tsongas's views are probably closer to Mr. Clinton's, with the major difference that Mr. Clinton favors a tax cut for middle income families and Mr. Tsongas did not. But Mr. Tsongas's image as a non-traditional candidate is apparently inclining other voters toward Mr. Brown.

One man said he felt like a rubber ball, bouncing between candidates who do not stay around long enough to get his vote.

"My first candidate was Tom Harkin," said Erik Franklin, a 20-year-old college student who attended a Tsongas rally in downtown Hartford. Mr. Franklin said he did not like Mr. Clinton and was leaning toward Mr. Brown, when he saw Mr. Clinton and found himself undecided all over again.

"I'm a little closer to Clinton now, having seen him," he said.

**Graphic**

Chart: "Today's Primaries"

CONNECTICUT

Delegates -- Dem.: 53   Rep.: 35

Polls Close -- 8 P.M. Eastern time

Voter Registration -- Dem.: 654,577   Rep. 450,262

Who Can Vote -- Only enrolled party members.

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
|  |  |
| Winners in '88 primaries | Vote |
|  |  |
| Dem.: Michael Dukakis | 58% |
| Rep.: George Bush | 71% |

**Load-Date:** March 24, 1992

**End of Document**



[***Paperbacks: New and Noteworthy***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-SBJ0-0009-2364-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 31, 1982, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1982 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 7; Page 31, Column 1; Book Review Desk; Review

**Length:** 1115 words

**Body**

THE BOOK OF EBENEZER LE PAGE, By G.B. Edwards. Avon $6.95. As John Fowles explains in an introduction, the manuscript of this novel was found among the effect of Gerald B. Edwards (1899-1976), and during the author's lifetime it had been turned down by many publishers. Our reviewer Guy Davenport found this ''incredible,'' because it is ''one of the best novels of our time.'' In it, an elderly bachelor not unlike Edwards recalls, in a gossipy style that is faithful to spoken English, the passionate relationships of the residents of the Channel Island of Guernsey as its pastoral culture wanes, as it is occupied by the Germans during World War II and, finally, as it is conquered by the forces of ''progress.''

NO MAN'S LAND: 1918, The Last Year of the War, by John Toland. (Ballantine, $3.95.) A recounting, in somewhat cinematic style, of the last eight months of World War I that centers not only on the battlefield action but on the political infighting in London, Paris, Berlin and Washington, and the colorful, diverse characters involved in it. Richard M. Watt called it ''scrupulously accurate, absorbing and dramatic; even familiar scenes are marvelously told.''

Listing and brief review of new and noteworthy paperback books

THE AMATEUR, by Robert Littell. (Dell, $3.25.) When Charlie Heller, a scholarly C.I.A. man who has never done anything racier than write an article for The Kenyon Review, learns that his fiancee has been shot to death in West Germany and his superiors decline to pursue the matter, he is transformed by the need for vengeance, learns to kill, lives and loves again, and even discovers who wrote Shakespeare's plays. Michael Malone summed up this thriller: ''A taut chilling plot, a protagonist as memorable as le Carre's George Smiley.''

INSIDE WALL STREET, by Robert Sobel. (Norton, $5.95.) An account ofNew York City as the nation's financial center that surveys its history since the founding of the Stock Exchange in 1792 and pays particular at tention to its behavior during the 1960's and 1970's. Raymond A. So kolov called it a concise, clear record that shows in dramatic deta il how the once-supreme institution has declined under pressure from a variety of forces and factors.

CLEANING HOUSE, by Nancy Hayfield. (Ace, $2.50.) On the face of it, the suburban life of young Linda, who married up from the ***working class*** and now is the unhappily married mother of two, is familiar and dreary. But as Ella Leffland observed in her review of this first novel, by making Linda a zanily brilliant observer and by allowing several remarkable friends and relations to play telling roles, Nancy Hayfield has written a ''wildly funny'' and, in the end, ''haunting and disturbing'' book.

THE PAST BEFORE US, edited by Michael Kammen. (Cornell University Press, $9.95.) Essays in which 21 leading American scholars assess the state of the historical profession in the United States during the 1970's as it dealt with fields ranging from African, Asian, Latin American and Middle Eastern studies to the history of workers, blacks and women. Gertrude Himmelfarb wrote that the collection is ''a document of major importance (that) demonstrates how far social history, in one form or another, has gone in capturing the historical imagination.''

THE ROCK POOL, by Cyril Connolly. (Persea, $5.95.) This, the only novel ever written by the distinguished British critic Cyril Connolly (1903-74), was first published in 1935 and has long been out of print. It tells of a snobbish young man from Oxford who visits a French Riviera town intending to study its international colony of writers and artists as if they were exotic fish, but in the end is entranced by them. It is usually described as one of Connolly's ''secondary works,'' but as Peter Quennell observes in the introduction to this new edition, it is remarkable as ''an attack on the English social system and as a tragi-comedy and a threnody combined, shot through by dazzling gleams of humour.''

PIG EARTH, by John Berger. (Pantheon, $5.95.) Through a melange of stories, fables and social documents, interspersed with poems, the British art critic and film script writer John Berger re-creates the vanishing world of the peasant as he has observed it while living in a village in Alpin e France. In his review, Wi lliam Wiser commented that Mr. Berger, ''in his search for the Fren ch peasant in himself, reveals something elemental in us all.''

PRECIOUS BANE, by Mary Webb. (Dial/Virago, $7.95.) Her ''precious bane'' - a harelip - would seem to doom Prue Sarn, a young woman of the Salop (Shropshire) hills, to a life apart as a laborer on her brother's farm, but her passion and determination enable her to find a husband and a life of her own. This 1924 novel by Mary Webb (1881-1927) was a prize winner and a best seller in its time; its style is somewhat naively primitive, but thanks to its striking portrait of a spirited woman, it is now counted a feminist classic.

THE WINDING PASSAGE, by Daniel Bell. (Basic Books, $8.) Seventeen essays, on subjects as various as Thorstein Veblen, Charles Fourier, neo-Marxism, the ''New Class,'' national character, ethnicity and social change, liberalism, computers and telecommunications, and Jewish identity, written by a leading sociologist during the past 20 years. Langdon Winner described the author as ''a bright, wonderfully gregarious intellect identifying problems that are both fascinating and troublesome.''

Why did they do that? One of the nicest ways for kids to learn what happened in history is to know somebody who has looked up all the facts, who can talk about them in an enthusiastic style - periodically asking such questions as What happened then? and Why didn't he do it? - and who is sure to point out that our heroes had their bad points as well as their good ones. Such a storyteller is Jean Fritz, whose six superb books about the American Revolution, intended for readers between ages 6 and 11, have just become available in paperback. To make reading them even more fun, they're illustrated with sprightly pictures in color by a trio of artists, Trina Schart Hyman, Tomie de Paola and Margot Tomes. For example, Miss Tomes's drawing, reproduced here, shows Paul Revere saying goodbye to Mrs. Revere and one of his children as he starts out on that famous midnight ride.

And what are the names of Mrs. Fritz's books? They are: Why Don't You Get a Horse, Sam Adams? Can't You Make Them Behave, King George? And Then What Happened, Paul Revere? Where Was Patrick Henry on the 29th of May? Will You Sign Here, John Hancock? and What's the Big Idea, Ben Franklin? Who's their publisher? Coward, McCann & Geoghegan. And the price? $4.95 each.

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photo

**End of Document**



[***For Baltimore, Housing Slump Slows a Revival - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4PTM-M620-TW8F-G0D1-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 4, 2007 Thursday

Late Edition - Final

**Correction Appended**



Copyright 2007 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Column 0; Business/Financial Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1654 words

**Byline:** By LOUIS UCHITELLE

**Dateline:** BALTIMORE

**Body**

Colorful banners, draped across buildings like giant flags, urge people driving through Baltimore's rebuilt downtown neighborhoods to move into the new condos and apartments inside. ''Sophisticated Urban Living W/Garage and Gated Off-Street Parking'' one sign declares in the long campaign to gentrify the central city.

Until recently, the ballyhoo was not much needed. The revival was going well, in Baltimore and in other cities making the transition away from manufacturing. But now, the banners are the most visible evidence of the incipient damage to this major American city from the turmoil in the national economy.

As home sales dry up, tax revenues fade, foreclosures surge and hiring declines, a new caution is inhibiting activity.

''I don't see a recession mentality,'' said Atwood Collins III, executive vice president of the M&T Bank Corporation, who complains that the national media are amplifying the bad news. ''But you would have to be deaf, dumb and blind not to be a little infected by what is being said.''

How broadly the infection will spread is still not clear. By no means is every metropolitan area around the country experiencing similar problems. Even in Baltimore there are strengths. The port is thriving from trade. Financial services companies are strong, and the federal government is channeling money into medical research and to companies that locate here, having won contracts with the National Security Agency, which has headquarters nearby.

But the fallout from the housing downturn is already showing up as a setback in this struggling city's effort to reinvent itself as a robust commercial center, one in which a spruced-up and rebuilt downtown has attracted new residents, particularly young people, as well as more office workers.

In recent years, the housing boom propelled this process forward, here in Baltimore and in Cleveland, Memphis and Pittsburgh, among other cities. That is no longer true.

''Now that the bubble is gone,'' said Nigel Gault, chief domestic economist at Global Insight, ''the downdraft is potentially a huge negative for growth in these cities and in the country as a whole.''

In Baltimore's case, deserted commercial buildings and dilapidated row houses were rebuilt into middle-class condominiums, town houses and rental apartments. In less than a decade, the number of downtown housing units doubled, according to Robert M. Aydukovic, vice president for economic development at Downtown Partnership of Baltimore.

''You finally see people on the streets carrying shopping bags and pushing baby carriages,'' Mr. Aydukovic noted during a walking tour.

The housing bubble brought perhaps the biggest lift. It became the impetus for a major expansion of Baltimore's initial redevelopment project: the Inner Harbor complex of hotels, museums, offices and restaurants, much of it built more than 20 years ago.

To help fill the new housing, real estate agents have promoted Baltimore as a bedroom community for Washington, arguing that condos and rentals here are much less expensive than in the nation's capital 30 miles away. That price break, they argue, more than justifies the 50-to-60-minute commute each way by train.

The sales pitch worked well for a while, particularly among young people. ''They were getting priced out of the D.C. market so they started buying condos and row houses near the railroad station,'' said Arnold Graf of the Industrial Areas Foundation, a national organization that is helping the large population of impoverished families here, some once employed in manufacturing. ''Now, with the slowdown, these properties aren't selling very well anymore.''

Construction is still highly noticeable downtown. There is unfinished housing, as well as hotels and office buildings, encased in scaffolds, on many central city streets. But in August homes that sold in the greater Baltimore area had been on the market for 84 days, on average, up from 58 days a year earlier and 44 in 2005. Nearly all of that sales slowdown, according to Metropolitan Regional Information Systems, was concentrated in the city rather than the five suburban counties.

The slowdown is mirrored nationwide. Sales of existing homes fell 4.3 percent in August, the National Association of Realtors reported recently, to the lowest level in five years. And new-home sales plunged 8.3 percent to their worst level in seven years as prices dropped sharply.

Nominally home prices here have held up -- averaging just over $323,000 in August, virtually unchanged from August of last year -- but only 2,868 units were sold, down from 3,460 a year earlier. Trying to explain the sharp drop, Joseph T. Landers III, executive vice president of the Greater Baltimore Board of Realtors, suggested that half the decline might be attributed to the withdrawal of investors who, during the boom, bought a property, fixed it up and then resold at a profit.

Among homeowners, foreclosures have more than doubled in just a few months, reaching 1,630 in greater Baltimore in the second quarter alone, compared with 682 in the January-to-March period, according to Maryland's Department of Housing and Community Development.

In the spring quarter, 25 percent of the foreclosures were in the city itself. The numbers are up even in Belair Edison, a stable ***working-class*** neighborhood of neat two-story row houses adjacent to a picturesque wooded public park.

The homes are occupied mostly by teachers, police officers, firefighters, shop owners, university workers and similarly employed wage earners. Some had originally taken on standard fixed-rate mortgages and then, to save money or take out equity, had gotten into trouble by refinancing at variable rates, according to Mark Sissman, president of Healthy Neighborhoods, a nonprofit organization that helps homeowners.

''They were offered loans that in some cases did not require them to escrow for taxes and insurance, and they took them,'' Mr. Sissman said, ''and then they wake up with a six-month tax bill and if they can no longer refinance, they are in trouble.''

Several nonprofit groups have stepped up assistance to families in trouble, helping them renegotiate loans or, if necessary, sell their homes so the houses will not be left empty, starting the deterioration that can turn a neighborhood into a slum.

Despite the drag from the housing downturn, there are several countervailing forces sustaining Baltimore's economy. The port operation, with 18,000 workers, thrives. Among other traffic, all of the vehicles that Toyota imports for sale east of the Mississippi come through here. And the Baltimore-Washington International Airport is a magnet for light industry and commerce.

For all the recent upheaval in the markets, financial services remain an important strength of the local economy. Legg Mason and T. Rowe Price have headquarters here, employing a total of nearly 7,000 people.

On another front, companies holding contracts with the National Security Agency, the huge spy agency that monitors communications, increasingly settle in Baltimore's southern suburbs, not far from N.S.A. headquarters.

''The Baltimore economy is propped up a bit by the war on terror,'' said Andrew Frank, a deputy mayor.

The Johns Hopkins University complex, the largest employer in the metropolitan area, with 45,000 on the payroll at the university and its huge medical and research operation, is in the early stages of an 88-acre expansion.

Slum neighborhoods are beginning to give way to new buildings for research, medical care, housing and retailing. But much of the funding for the project -- and for a similar one that the University of Maryland is undertaking across town -- is from the federal government, particularly the National Institutes of Health. That funding is not growing as much as it was earlier in the decade.

So the project is proceeding more slowly, which, in turn, has fostered other restraint.

''Our faculty is in control of much of our spending,'' said Richard A. Grossi, vice president and chief financial officer of Johns Hopkins Medicine, ''and when they see N.I.H. holding back, they hold back in their behavior.''

Mr. Grossi noted, for example, that employment at the university-medical complex is growing now at 700 or so people annually, down from about 1,000 a couple of years ago. But Johns Hopkins, he said, is still a powerhouse in the metropolitan economy.

''Relative to what others are doing in Baltimore, we are still a driver,'' Mr. Grossi said. ''But relative to what we were five years ago, today we are a little more cautious.''

Local government spending is about to be squeezed as well, as tax revenue tied to housing -- particularly a transfer tax that is collected each time a house is sold -- starts to decline. That falls hardest on the city itself, home to nearly 641,000 of greater Baltimore's 2.7 million people. While the overall unemployment rate for the metropolitan area is only 4 percent, in the city it is nearly 7 percent.

Thanks in large part to the transfer tax, the city had budget surpluses for three fiscal years, through last June. ''The growth in that revenue was off the charts,'' Mr. Frank, the deputy mayor, said. ''That is now over. It means that our flush days are behind us.''

In the inevitable budget tightening ahead, some of the city's black leaders are concerned that funding for recreation centers will be frozen at the present $5 million annually. They see the 40 existing centers as a necessary antidote to a surge in gang violence, offering after-school activities that take teenagers off the streets. They want the budget doubled, so the city can add 30 more centers.

''We have a rising gang problem that is starting to cripple certain neighborhoods,'' said Bishop Douglas I. Miles of the Koinonia Baptist Church. One of those on the list, he said, is the ''previously stable'' Belair Edison.

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

**Correction**

A front-page article on Oct. 4 about the economy of the Baltimore metropolitan area misstated the extent to which sales of homes had slowed in the City of Baltimore, as opposed to the five suburban counties surrounding it. About one-third of the slowing occurred in the city -- not ''nearly all.'' (The city accounted for a larger percentage of the slowdown in sales than any of the suburban counties.)

**Correction-Date:** October 17, 2007

**Graphic**

PHOTO: Jed Dodds, his daughter Sadie and their dog Ruby in the Hampden neighborhood of Baltimore. (PHOTOGRAPH BY DENNIS DRENNER FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) CHART: BALTIMORE BLUES: Economic turmoil, particularly in housing and mortgage lending, is starting to hold back the revivals of major cities like Baltimore. Employment is growing more slowly in the metropolitan area, which includes the city of Baltimore and five surrounding counties. Home foreclosures are up sharply, to 1,630 in the second quarter compared with 682 in the January-to-March period. (pg. A24) (Sources: Global Insight

Maryland Department of Housing and Community Development)

Chart showing the slow growth of employment in the city of Baltimore. MAP

Map of the city of Baltimore. (pg. A24)

**Load-Date:** October 4, 2007

**End of Document**



[***THE MOOD IN WARSAW: 'SOMETHING'S GOT TO GIVE'***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-S400-0009-24JG-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

February 23, 1982, Tuesday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1982 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Page 2, Column 3; Foreign Desk

**Length:** 1094 words

**Byline:** By SERGE SCHMEMANN, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** WARSAW, Feb. 22

**Body**

The ancient ecclesiastical chants, murmured responses, bowed heads and glimmering Baroque decorations at St. Anne's Church in central Warsaw on a recent evening belied the tension.

The 1,500 students gathered Thursday for a mass to mark the first anniversary of the official registration of the Independent Student Union, an organization banned Dec. 13. At least a dozen truckloads of police and two water cannon stood parked around the corner, ready to rush in if summoned by officers in unmarked cars around the church, whose parishioners traditionally have been intellectuals and students.

The sermon by the Rev. Jozef Maj was cautious, but his references were unmistakable. ''Human dignity can be lived only in freedom,'' he said. ''You have already seen a little of what courage means. Let us not be subdued by these difficult days and times.''

Serge Schmemann discusses Warsaw resident's views on martial lawStudents Are Urged to Go Home

After the service, Father Maj moved among the students milling about outside the church and urged them to go home. Soon they did, and the police trucks and water cannon also left.

The event illustrated the spirit of Warsaw more than two months after the imposition of martial law: the tacit defiance, the restive police, the uncertainty, the church neither openly militant nor bowed, quietly wielding its authority to sustain the spirit.

''To be a Pole is a great thing and a noble thing, but it is also a decision to undertake a difficult life,'' Father Maj said. In the weeks since Gen. Wojciech Jaruzelski, the Polish leader, sent soldiers into the streets to end 18 months of liberalization, the initial shock has been replaced not only by nervous uncertainty about the future, but by a general sense that something must give.

Mixed Feelings Among Citizens

Talks with students, shoppers, workers and passers-by have elicited mixed feelings about martial law, ranging from predominant resentment to the occasional sense that there was no alternative. The roadblocks and police patrols no longer seem threatening, and people show little concern for the occasional car search. But apprehension about a future under trebled prices, waning supplies and political and social uncertainty seems universal.

''Something's got to give,'' said a driver with no particular sympathy for the suspended Soldarity trade union. ''It now costs at least 14,000 zlotys a month to make ends meet. People are talking more and more.'' The zloty is officially traded at 80 to the dollar, and the black market rate is about three times that.

A young mother whose affinity is for Solidarity describes the initial despondency among her friends over martial law turning to frustration.

The stories are similar - savings may do for another month or so, but then there will simply not be enough money, and jobs for nonworking wives are increasingly scarce. Students accustomed to assume that they could travel or work abroad talk of feeling isolated, and young people question career prospects in the devastated economy.

Apparent Uncertainty at the Top

Much of the uncertainty on the street derives from apparent uncertainty at the top. Promised decisions fail to materialize, programs are vague or postponed.

In this uncertainty, further aggravated by the lack of intercity communications or travel and by the curtailed press, rumors and alarms spread fast -an impending crackdown on the church, efforts to exile Lech Walesa, a military rebellion in the provinces, new arrests.

News reports often cause alarm by their brevity and lack of explanation. Thus news that a policeman was shot in a Warsaw streetcar spreads quickly, without any indication whether the incident had political overtones.

Within the Communist Party's Politburo, a struggle between hardliners and moderates has broken into the open. A hard-line program critical of Stanislaw Kania, the former party leader, and his moderate allies makes the rounds, demanding that internees should not be released too hastily or martial law lifted prematurely.

Moderate Voices Are Heard

For the moderates, Krzysztof Teodor Toeplitz, writing in the first issue of the respected journal Polityka to appear under martial law, said conservatives were exploiting the situation to attack advocates of greater democracy.

''If we are unable to differentiate,'' he said, ''between the political ambitions of a handful of leaders of Solidarity and the honorable millions of rank-and-file members inspired by the hope of improving the condition of the ***working class*** and of the republic, we shall pay no less a price and will have to work for years to overcome no less of a social havoc.''

The church, besides providing humanitarian assistance to internees, has limited its public pronouncements to calls for unity and courage. Archbishop Jozef Glemp, the Primate, declared in a sermon in Warsaw on Friday that Poles must revive trust for one another.

''If the Pope, a Pole, can form friendships among nations,'' Archbishop Glemp said, ''we, too, in the hour of our great test and experience must form friendship among ourselves. We must trust one another, because in these tensions, in the nervousness and in this pain, there occurs such a distrust of man for man that we seem to look at one another with suspicion.''

Martial Law, an 'Imp in the Bottle'

Appeals for moderation have also come from politicians, coupled with warnings that militance plays into the hands of hard-liners. Jerzy Urban, the Government spokesman, writing in the newspaper Zycie Warszawy, appealed last week to the ''sensible and moderate forces previously rallied around Solidarity or connected to the church'' to reject the slogan of resistance ''The winter is yours but the spring will be ours.''

Likening martial law to the capture of an imp in a sorcerer's bottle, Mr. Urban said, ''If the slogan 'The spring will be ours' is put into effect in any form whatsoever, the cork is bound to be pressed deeper and harder.''

The question posed by Mr. Urban -what to do next - is one faced by many intellectuals and white-collar workers who supported Solidarity and the liberalization campaign. It is a problem poignantly described in Polytika by Daniel Passent, a popular writer who chose not to join 10 of his colleagues who quit the journal in protest.

Those who remained, he wrote, were motivated by the feeling that it was wrong to abandon a battered and embattled ship. But Mr. Passent also quoted one of those who resigned, explaining that some day his children would ask him, ''What were you doing when soldiers appeared instead of arguments?''

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photo of Polish troops examining identity papers

**End of Document**



[***THE NATION;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-8P20-000P-21NX-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***The Union Movement Loses Another Big One***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-8P20-000P-21NX-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 19, 1992, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1992 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Week in Review Desk

**Section:** Section 4;; Section 4; Page 1; Column 2; Week in Review Desk; Column 2;

**Length:** 1073 words

**Byline:** By STEVEN GREENHOUSE

By STEVEN GREENHOUSE

**Dateline:** WASHINGTON

**Body**

A prominent economist described the future of the labor movement this way: "American trade unionism is slowly being limited in influence by changes which destroy the basis on which it is erected.

"The changes, occupational and technological, which checked the advance of unionism in the last decade appear likely to continue in the same direction."

The assessment seems apt for labor today, a movement whipsawed by foreign competition, prolonged recession and emboldened companies like Caterpillar Inc., which last week ended a five-month strike on its own terms. But the remarks were made 60 years ago in a speech by George Barnett, the president of the American Economics Association. It was during the Great Depression, a conservative Republican Administration was in power, and the courts were antagonistic to unions.

Too Weak for All

Fortunately for labor, Mr. Barnett turned out to be dead wrong. Or perhaps more accurately, he turned out to be way ahead of his time. For in the intervening years the labor movement peaked, and has now declined to the point where some experts think its weakness is a danger not only to itself but to the economy and the very industries that have triumphed over it. Three years after Barnett's 1932 speech, Congress passed the landmark Wagner Act, which gave the New Deal's benediction to union organizing drives. This spurred labor to historic victories, including the United Auto Workers' daring 1937 sitdown strike in Flint, Mich., which helped force mighty General Motors to recognize the then-puny union.

It was a time when unions were hailed as the friend of the working man, pushing for decent wages and Social Security. Membership soared from 3 million in 1932 to 10 million in 1942, and 16 million in 1952. After World War II, labor's bargaining power helped build the world's wealthiest ***working class***, as factories churned to satisfy deferred consumerist dreams. The world has changed hugely since, especially for the labor movement. With 16.6 million members, unions have about as many members as four decades ago; if George Barnett's pessimistic prognosis were made today, it could be correct.

The labor movement is coming off what might have been its worst decade. In 1981 President Reagan broke the air-controllers union and helped create an environment in which union-busting became a common tactic for management. Some of the most powerful unions were squeezed by new forces including foreign competition and deregulation. Many unions had become a victim of their own success -- the fat wages they won made their industries easy prey for foreign competitors. As a result, employment in unionized industries plummeted.

Union membership has fallen by more than 3 million since 1980, and just 16 percent of American workers belong to unions. That is down from 23 percent in 1980 and almost 35 percent in the 1950's.

But just when it appeared that labor's fortunes had bottomed out, the Caterpillar strike erupted in Peoria, Ill., pitting the U.A.W. against the world's largest producer of earth-moving machinery. For five months, workers resisted Caterpillar's offer of a two-tier wage system and a less generous health plan, among other things. The strike's significance rose to a new level two weeks ago when Caterpillar said it would begin hiring permanent replacement workers. With unemployment high, that was a terrifying threat for the 12,000 strikers.

'Cat' with Attitude

So on Tuesday the U.A.W. swallowed its pride and told the strikers to return to work under the terms offered by Caterpillar, while the union continues to negotiate. All in all, the strike was one of the biggest developments in labor since the air controllers walked out in 1981. Caterpillar, a symbol of industry, had quit cooperating with labor and favored a take-no-prisoners confrontation. "Cat was looking around and saying, 'There isn't a strong labor movement elsewhere in the country, so why do we have to put up with one?' " said Thomas Geoghegan, a Chicago-based labor lawyer.

Some labor experts argue that the weakening of labor is helping drag down the American economy. These analysts say labor's losses are helping turn America into a low-wage, low-skill economy. Strong unions, they say, create a durable relationship between employer and employee, in which the company treats its workers as long-term assets that need to be trained and cherished. When unions are weak, they argue, many companies treat workers as expendable commodities.

"In responding to the competitive challenges we face, we must ask, 'Do we respond by trying to become competitive with the Mexican economy and pay low wages or do we follow the route of Germany and Japan?' " said Harold Stack, a labor expert at Wayne State University in Detroit. "We seem to favor the low-wage, low-skill approach of Mexico, rather than the high-wage, high-skill approach of Germany and Japan."

Friends of labor argue that the atrophying of unions is one factor behind what they call the shrinking of the middle class. If unions were more powerful and could demand higher wages, they say, this would spur consumer demand and drive the economy forward.

But many conservative economists say that if unions win higher wages without increasing productivity, that will make for a poorer, not richer America. They say one reason so many steel and auto plants have been closed and so many jobs lost is that unions won hefty wage gains far outstripping productivity gains called for.

Some people are wondering whether the marginalization of labor portends a return to America's roots. In this view, the boom of labor for the four decades after 1935 may prove to be a brief parenthesis in the history of the land of hard-scrabble entrepreneurs."

In this view, the future holds only more trouble for unions. Many of he trends that have hurt unions -- the surge of foreign competition, the mushrooming of services, and the rise of small, agile firms like those in Silicon Valley -- are expected to continue. In addition, managements have become far more sophisticated in providing benefit packages so that workers conclude they can get what they need without unions. But many union officials are confident that labor will come back.

"We will see a more mature workforce that holds steady long term jobs." said Rudy Oswald, chief economist for the A.F.L.-C.I.O. "These people will be looking more and more toward unions to achieve what they need at the workplace."

**Graphic**

Photos: Union members signing a list of those attempting to return to work at a Caterpillar plant in East Peoria, Ill., after the five-month strike ended. (David Zalaznik/Peoria Journal Star) (pg. 1); A labor milestone: U.A.W.'s daring 1937 sitdown strike in Michigan helped force General Motors to recognize the union. (Associated Press) (pg. 2)

**Load-Date:** April 19, 1992

**End of Document**



[***CLASSICAL MUSIC;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-8V50-000P-226B-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Where the Audience Is the Star***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-8V50-000P-226B-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 29, 1992, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1992 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Arts & Leisure Desk

**Section:** Section 2;; Section 2; Page 31; Column 1; Arts & Leisure Desk; Column 1;

**Length:** 1241 words

**Byline:** By DAVID BLUM;

David Blum is a conductor whose writings include profiles of musicians for The New Yorker.

By DAVID BLUM;  David Blum is a conductor whose writings include profiles of musicians for The New Yorker.

**Dateline:** PARMA, Italy

**Body**

Romanticists may wonder what it would be like to be transported to a historical setting where culture was a matter of passionate communal concern: to join the Athenians in the fifth century B.C. in the Theater of Dionysus, or the populace of medieval York during performances of miracle plays. Some of the texts and venues still exist, but long vanished is the degree of public fervor and participation, the "ekstasis" that animated those singular epochs.

To attend the season's first performance of Donizetti's "Elisir d'Amore" earlier this month at the Teatro Regio in Parma was to find oneself in a setting where 19th-century Italian opera is still experienced as a collective *event* that brings sustenance to a large part of the society. Not only is the theater redolent of the past -- its ivory and crimson 1,300-seat interior, decorated with gold relief, is essentially unchanged since 1829 -- but the Parmigiani themselves maintain a living tradition carried over from the days when this northern Italian city was a proud, culturally privileged city-state.

Led by the "loggionisti" (members of the gallery), Parma's operagoers are known to be the world's most critical. Impassioned and discerning, they have struck terror into the hearts of generations of singers. They are the self-appointed custodians of their musical heritage.

Parma's cultural life flourished from the 16th to the 18th centuries under a succession of extravagant Farnese and Bourbon princes, and was given renewed impetus by Marie-Louise of Austria, Napoleon Bonaparte's second wife, who chose to be Duchess of Parma rather than follow her husband into exile. She engaged the virtuoso Niccolo Paganini to train her court orchestra, founded a music conservatory and built the present Teatro Regio (Royal Theater). The Parmigiani, never easy to please, rejected the inaugural production, Bellini's "Zaira"; they wanted an opera by Rossini.

Throughout the 19th century, a city official, registering the public's reaction, appraised every production within five classifications, from excellent to terrible: "ottimo," "buono," "mediocre," "cattivo," "pessimo." The public did not deal kindly with performances at the lower end of the scale, and would sometimes bring one to a premature halt -- a tradition that continues in this century. When "La Traviata" was given in 1979, the audience, outraged by the Violetta's singing and the conductor's tempos, terminated the performance at the beginning of the third act.

Tales of the Regio are the stuff of legend: the prima donna who, finding herself jeered, walked off stage midway through "La Gioconda" and proceeded directly to the railroad station without changing her costume or makeup. The unpopular baritone who began the Prologue to "I Pagliacci" -- "Si puo? Signore, Signori" ("By your leave? Ladies and Gentlemen") -- and was answered from the gallery with a resounding "No, grazie!" The tenor who, having failed to score a success in "Otello," found the next morning at the train station that no porter would carry his bags.

At the Regio the relationship between audience and performer is the reverse of the superstar system -- that curious and widespread custom in which members of the public credit the interpreter with an all-knowing artistic mystique while themselves remaining musically undereducated and reliant on the media to form their esthetic judgment. No amount of prior reputation (from La Scala or elsewhere) will guarantee success at the Regio. The greater a singer's fame, the more exacting the Parmigiani become. And they look for more than vocal skill; first and foremost they demand artistic involvement.

A tenor hoping to prevail at the Regio once engaged a claque. When its members heard him sing, they began to jeer rather than applaud. They returned his money rather than have their honor tarnished.

But the Parmigiani are elated when they can express admiration. "At last we have found *the* tenor!" the judges inscribed in 1914, when Beniamino Gigli was discovered at a local singing contest. When Birgit Nilsson sang at the Regio more than half a century later, she was afraid to make a curtain call until she realized that the sounds she had taken for boos were actually cries for an encore: "Bis." She was presented with a bust of Verdi and a Parma ham.

Parma is Verdi country. The composer was born in the nearby village of Roncole and represented his native district in the first Parliament of united Italy. The Regio has presented all 27 Verdi operas, beginning in 1843 with "Nabucco" under the composer's supervision, with Giuseppina Strepponi, his future wife, as Abigaille. (The production was judged "ottimo.")

Verdi was again on hand in 1872 for the first Parma performance of "Aida." A witness reports that during the Nile scene, when the phrase "Rivedrai le foreste imbalsamate" ("You will see again our fragrant forests") was heard, "the entire audience erupted in a wild cry, entreating the maestro to take a bow on stage and asking for the passage to be repeated." Among Parma's many musical institutions is the exclusive Club dei 27, whose lifetime members are each given the name of a Verdi opera.

No less a Verdi champion than Toscanini was born in Parma's ***working-class*** district and baptized in the city's exquisite 13th-century baptistry. At the age of 4, he heard "Un Ballo in Maschera" from the Regio gallery and, while studying at the Parma Conservatory, played cello in the Regio orchestra. "Arturo Toscanini was a true son of the loggione," commented a local newspaper of the conductor's career. "In his rages and caresses he expressed the spirit of the gallery of our Teatro Regio."

During this season's premiere of "L'Elisir," after the aria "Una furtiva lagrima," a voice rang out from the public, "Accorda l'arpa!" ("Tune the harp!") If the production largely failed to please, the chief fault lay in the conducting of Roberto Paternostro, whose lack of vitality earned boos and impelled a member of the gallery to lean over the railing and conduct several passages himself. The sensitive and accomplished singing of Adelina Scarabelli as Adina and Giuseppe Sabbatini as Nemorino would grace any theater. But even these gifted artists elicited hisses when Miss Scarabelli momentarily tightened on some high notes and Mr. Sabbatini flattened slightly during a single phrase.

Is it unfairly critical not to allow for human imperfection? Perhaps, from the perspective of the individual singer. But it may be salutary for opera lovers elsewhere to know that in an age when audiences increasingly accept whatever standard they are given, a place still exists where the public does care and lets its feelings be known. Zeal, even in excess, is preferable to passivity.

Under the direction of Angela Spocci, the Regio repertory remains preponderantly 19th-century Italian, although Berg's "Wozzeck" was recently produced. Spared the bureaucratic tangles that befuddle many larger Italian houses, the administration preserves the atmosphere of a small family. "Despite budgetary restrictions," said Mrs. Spocci, "we do all we can to uphold our theater's traditions. If we fail, we know about it soon enough. The members of our audience feel that they are not part of a public, but participants."

During intermissions, the Parmigiani head for the Regio's elegant "atrio," where, as in the time of Marie-Louise, they ardently discuss every performance in detail. The final judgment is theirs.

**Load-Date:** March 29, 1992

**End of Document**



[***CHINA BEGINS TO DISMANTLE AN ELITE SCHOOL SYSTEM***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-DG10-000B-Y24X-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 19, 1981, Saturday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1981 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 1; Page 2, Column 3; Foreign Desk

**Length:** 1107 words

**Byline:** By CHRISTOPHER S. WREN, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** SHANGHAI

**Body**

Zhao Jianping, a lively seven-year-old in a green sweater, selected another color from his crayon box, shifted his sheet of paper and sketched the white plastic rabbit that the teacher had set out as a model on her desk.

The drawing class had begun at the Shiyan Primary School in Shanghai, and the two dozen children concentrating on their task were clearly oblivious to the controversy that has revolved around the quality of education they are receiving.

Following the end of the Cultural Revolution five years ago, Shiyan School was designated a ''key'' school, one of an elite network across China that has benefited from more funds, better facilities and superior teachers.

Resources were too limited to enrich all schools equally, the reasoning went. So the more promising schools were selected to focus on the brighter children, and thereby foster the talent to narrow China's technological gap with the West. The decision basically revived a system that had existed for a half-dozen years before the Cultural Revolution.

China's Educational Bureau's begin abolishing system of "key schools"due to charges that they do not conforme to egalitarian educational prinicpalsEducation in Good Shape

''The idea behind the key schools,'' according to Yang Lijian, the principal of the Shiyan Primary School, ''was to restore the educational system faster and gain experience for other schools. Judging by the results, we think this has been a success. Education in China now is in comparatively good shape.

''But at the same time,'' Miss Yang said, ''some problems appeared. Some key schools tried to attract better teachers from other schools, widening the gap between them. Also, some parents tried to enroll their children in the key schools, claiming that they were gifted children.''

With such educational elitism under mounting criticism, the Shanghai Educational Bureau declared this fall that it was abolishing its system of key primary schools and that primary school pupils would no longer be divided according to learning potential.

Educational authorities in the provinces of Shandong, Sichuan and Shanxi also announced plans to abolish the streaming of school children by ability. The key school system was further criticized at a provincial people's congress in Qinghai province last October. Other regions, including Peking, where the Government's senior bureaucrats live, are maintaining the dual-track system.

Even so, China's Minister of Education, Jiang Nanxiang, charged in an article last month that practices such as key schools did not conform to the egalitarian educational principles set out by the Communist Party.

Dampen Initiative of Most Pupils

''Some primary and middle schools,'' Mr. Jiang said, ''have divided their classes into quick-progress and slow-progress categories. They only pay attention to teaching the students of the few quick-classes, giving these students more homework and more frequent tests. This puts too much of a burden on the few students who excel, with an adverse effect on their all-round development.

''On the other hand, the schools take a laissez-faire attitude with regard to the education of most students, thus dampening the initiative of a large number of youths and children,'' Mr. Jiang said. But he stopped short of ordering an end to such inequality.

While Shanghai's Educational Bureau has promised to eliminate the disparity in its schools as soon as possible, some schools have been given a reprieve by semantic juggling. The Shiyan Primary School has been redesignated an ''experimental'' school, still deserving of special consideration.

The school, with its unpainted concrete floors, scuffed walls and desks worn by the fidgeting of countless youngsters, hardly looks exclusive by Western standards. But during a visit, its 853 pupils seemed alert and eager and its 71 teachers and staff dedicated.

''The idea of abolishing key schools is to run every school well, not just to run some schools well,'' said Miss Yang, who first came to teach at the Shiyan Primary School 28 years ago. In fact, Shanghai this fall summoned over 1,000 high school teachers back to teach in city primary schools.

Opening Experimental Schools

''The city educational authorities,'' Miss Yang said, ''are operating some experimental schools to summarize the experience of the key schools and also to experiment. So this primary school is an experimental school with an emphasis on curriculum.'' For instance, she said, the school was introducing natural science in the first grade and English in the second grade. She did not disclose the size of the school budget beyond saying that it was ''almost the same'' as before.

Some key schools have been nicknamed ''connection'' schools because officials wangled places for their children, knowing that they would be better prepared for the competitive high school and college entrance examinations that insure a promising future.

Miss Yang said that her pupils came from predominantly ***working class*** neighborhoods. ''In the past, some parents who lived farther away tried to push their children in. And some of the teachers accepted them, but the district education bureau wouldn't agree,'' she said.

About 40 percent of those who finish the sixth and final grade continue on to competitive high schools, which Miss Yang said was ''slightly above average.'' An article in Peking's Red Flag journal earlier this year reported that nationwide only 60 percent of Chinese children finished primary school and that 30 percent passed examinations qualifying them for higher schooling.

Misbehavior Hailed as Spirit

During the Cultural Revolution, the Maoist leadership not only pared primary school education from six to five years to consolidate resources, but also abetted a breakdown of classroom discipline by hailing misbehavior as revolutionary spirit. Even so, the Shiyan Primary School kept functioning.

''In 1977, when the Ministry of Education people came here, they said it's still like a school. This school was restored sooner than the others,'' Miss Yang said.

There are again six grades. The biggest new impact has been the Government's birth control policy, which encourages couples to have only one child. Miss Yang said that the number of children to a classroom has declined.

''Now we get more and more only children. They are a little bit spoiled by their parents, so we have to teach them how to get along with other children,'' Miss Yang said. Even so, she expressed satisfaction with her current pupils.

''Children in the 1980's are generally more knowledgeable and more curious. They tend to ask more questions than children did in the past,'' she said.

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photo of students in Shanghai progressive primary school

**End of Document**



[***Gunshots Fired at Congressional Candidate in Bitter Chicago Race***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-8YV0-000P-21TN-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 14, 1992, Saturday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1992 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** National Desk

**Section:** Section 1;; Section 1; Page 6; Column 2; National Desk; Column 2;

**Length:** 1102 words

**Byline:** By ISABEL WILKERSON,

By ISABEL WILKERSON,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** CHICAGO, March 13

**Body**

The volatile race between Gus Savage, the firebrand six-term Congressman, and his challenger, Melvin J. Reynolds, a political moderate and former Rhodes scholar, took a bizarre turn late Thursday night when Mr. Reynolds was injured as shots were fired into his campaign car.

Mr. Reynolds was cut on the right side of his forehead by shards of glass, shattered by at least two gunshots from an adjacent car five days before Tuesday's 17 primary. He was treated at a nearby South Side hospital and released that night. The incident occurred about 10 P.M. while Mr. Reynolds was stopped at traffic light on a residential street as he was returning home from a day of campaigning.

Speculation About Shooting

As the police began their investigation and assigned plainsclothes officers to escort Mr. Reynolds round-the-clock, there was more speculation than fact. Supporters of Mr. Reynolds stopped just short of directly accusing the incumbent of any wrongdoing, while supporters of Mr. Savage accused Mr. Reynolds of setting up the shooting to gain voter sympathy.

Others figured that it was yet another random shooting in a troubled neighborhood and said all it proved was that maybe both men needed to spend more time talking about violence in the district than about each other.

"The rumors are flying," said Paul Green, a political science professor at Governors State University. "Is it Savage or is it a setup? Or is it the travails of being in a car at night in that neighborhood? Either way, you know you're not in New Hampshire anymore."

Today Mr. Reynolds, indignant and red-eyed, said that he did not know who might have fired the shots and said that he could not imagine Mr. Savage planning a shooting. But he blamed what he called the Congressman's incendiary politics for creating a heated atmosphere. Mr. Savage, for example, has called Mr. Reynolds "a plantation politician," beholden to Jewish supporters who the Congressman says want to control blacks.

"When you insinuate and make wild accusations, perhaps you should think about the consequences of your words," Mr. Reynolds, a community organizer and former college professor and administrator, said at a news conference. "Gus is a master at racial politics, a master at it."

Mr. Savage did not return telephone calls to his campaign headquarters and aides would only say that they were busy planning a "Truth Rally" on Saturday at a South Side Baptist church.

The two men, both of them black, are in the middle of an impassioned, neck-and-neck campaign for the state's newly drawn Second Congressional District, once a mostly black, ***working-class*** district that has now become whiter and more affluent with the addition of suburbs to the south.

It is the third time the two men have faced each other in a battle for the district. In previous Democratic primaries, Mr. Savage won by a narrow majority as Mr. Reynolds split the anti-Savage vote with a third candidate.

This time there is no third candidate. And the district's new voter mix, which is now 48 percent suburban, was seen as a benefit to the 40-year-old Mr. Reynolds, whose appeals for accountability and racial unity sit well with middle-class black moderates embarrassed by Mr. Savage and whites frightened by his often combative, racially charged speech.

But the 66-year-old Mr. Savage has deep roots in his loyal black wards where people remember his crusading civil rights days as the publisher of a community newspaper and do not care what his mainstream critics think.

A Chicago Tribune poll of registered voters found Mr. Savage leading Mr. Reynolds, 44 percent to 35 percent, with 21 percent undecided. The poll, conducted Feb. 19-21, had a margin of sampling error of plus or minus 4 percentage points.

In recent weeks, Mr. Reynolds is believed to have narrowed the gap. "Ten days ago, I would have bet you the best dinner in town on Gus," said Don Rose, a longtime political consultant. "But it is a much tighter race than I would have expected."

For now, the shooting is expected to help Mr. Reynolds pick up support. In campaign appearances and radio spots, he has attacked the incumbent's political persona as divisive and ultimately harmful to constituents, who he says lose out because Mr. Savage has alienated possible allies.

But Mr. Savage's followers consider Mr. Reynolds a turncoat for running against their Congressman. They do not want to hear about how Mr. Savage had the worst attendance record in the House in his first term or about accusations that he made unwanted sexual advances to a Peace Corps worker on an official trip to Africa two years ago.

That hostility has made Mr. Reynolds vulnerable, his supporters and some analysts say. Vandals have twice broken windows at his campaign headquarters and he has reported being threatened with physical harm. For the last six weeks, he has been wearing a bulletproof vest, which he said he was wearing during the shooting.

"Last night someone tried to kill me," Mr. Reynolds said at the news conference. "It wasn't pleasant; it wasn't funny. It's something I hope I never have to go through again."

Democratic Party leaders tried to rise above the incident. "This is not the Al Capone era," said Thomas G. Lyons, chairman of the Democratic Party of Cook County. "It's a big city here with a lot of people in it that from time to time do strange things. I don't think there is anything that should be read into that. It might make another argument for gun control."

In a place where politics is a municipal pastime and where ballots have been cast in the names of dead voters, some people shrugged off the shooting. "This is one of the oldest political gimmicks in the book," said William Shaw, a Democratic State Representative and ward committeeman in Mr. Savage's district. "These Chicago politicians will go to any length. I think people will see through this and send the Congressman back to Congress."

Speculation on Cause

Some said that while Mr. Savage might be many things, he was not violent. "It doesn't strike me as anything halfway related to Savage's style," Mr. Rose said. "For my money it's either random or a setup."

Others said some of Mr. Savage's followers might have taken his bellicose words too seriously. "Savage's supporters are very emotionally tied to their representative" said John Pelissero, an associate professor of political science at Loyola University. "If they see anyone, even another African-American, as a threat to him, they might get very upset."

Either way, most people agree that Tuesday will be Mr. Reynolds's best and maybe only chance to beat Mr. Savage. But few are counting on it.

**Graphic**

Photo: Melvin J. Reynolds, a Congressional candidate in Chicago, was cut by flying glass when shots were fired at his car on Thursday night. He was escorted from a hospital after treatment. (Photographs by Associated Press)

**Load-Date:** March 14, 1992

**End of Document**



[***THE 1992 CAMPAIGN: On the Sidelines;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-6RN0-000P-2077-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***TSONGAS DECLARES HE WON'T RE-ENTER DEMOCRATIC RACE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-6RN0-000P-2077-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 10, 1992, Friday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1992 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** National Desk

**Section:** Section A;; Section A; Page 1; Column 3; National Desk; Column 3;; Biography

**Length:** 1126 words

**Byline:** Paul E. Tsongas

By B. DRUMMOND AYRES Jr.,

By B. DRUMMOND AYRES Jr.,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** BOSTON, April 9

**Body**

Paul E. Tsongas announced today that he would not re-enter the 1992 Presidential race, despite his surprisingly strong showing in the New York primary Tuesday.

The former Massachusetts Senator, who pulled out of the campaign three weeks ago after losing to Gov. Bill Clinton in Illinois and Michigan, said he believed he could have raised enough money and reassembled a big enough staff to have resumed a limited campaign.

But ultimately, he said, he had to face Mr. Clinton's commanding lead in delegates and the strong possibility that a renewed Tsongas campaign might do more to destroy the Democratic Party than to slow Mr. Clinton on his winning way.

Rejects Spoiler Role Again

Mr. Clinton's victories in the primaries Tuesday, Mr. Tsongas said, "removed the argument that my re-entry would rescue this party."

"Indeed, Bill's winning took me back to the option I rejected three weeks ago -- the role of spoiler," Mr. Tsongas said. "I reject such a role. It is less than worthy."

But he said his pro-business message had continued to win support among the voters.

If the Democratic Party does not now embrace his pro-business message wholeheartedly, he said, President Bush will be re-elected in the fall, along with many other Republican candidates.

"Hear me well: Do not turn your back on this great energy field," he said in a news conference here after 36 hours of pondering the results of the voting Tuesday with advisers, friends and party leaders.

"There were very strong feelings as to what I should do," he said. "But there was absolutely no consensus."

In the end, he added, he reached his decision without cutting any deals with Mr. Clinton, of Arkansas, or former Gov. Edmund G. Brown Jr. of California, the two remaining Democratic contenders.

"I talked to Bill," he said. "He congratulated me and I congratulated him and we said we'd meet again some time down the road."

Dennis Kanin, Mr. Tsongas's campaign manager, said the former Senator had talked with "dozens and dozens" of people throughout the country before making his announcement today. He declined to name any other than former President Jimmy Carter, a Clinton supporter. "I don't think Mr. Carter tried to push him one way or the other," Mr. Kanin said. "They just discussed options."

Mr. Tsongas urged his supporters to discontinue efforts to draft him back into the fray.

"To hope that I will re-enter is a false hope," he said. "I will not re-enter. Preserve the message, yes. But we must heal the party as well. Both are noble purposes and I hope to be part of bringing both into reality."

Some of his supporters who came to hear him speak were unpersuaded.

"We want Paul! We want Paul!" they chanted.

"Hey," he shouted back, flashing his crooked grin. "You can't keep doing this."

He Encourages Support

But while he said he would not re-enter the race, he pointed out that one way his supporters could continue to keep alive the Tsongas message was to vote for him in the remaining primaries.

"My name will remain on future ballots," he said.

Mr. Tsongas said he was not turning his back on those who had urged him to resume the campaign he abandoned three weeks ago when, out of money and poorly organized, he was faltering under the political onslaughts of Mr. Clinton.

Asked whether he would like to be the Vice-Presidential nominee, since he had ruled out any further Presidential effort, Mr. Tsongas answered that he would "defer" addressing that because he did not expect such a bid.

In any event, he continued, he plans to support the Democratic Presidential nominee in the fall, "with enthusiasm," but he said he would not endorse a candidate under the nominating process is over.

Mr. Tsongas, the first major candidate to get into the 1992 race, won the New Hampshire primary and fared well in some of the other early primaries and caucuses, despite his low-key, self-deprecating campaign style that left some voters wondering what manner of politician they had met or heard. But however unconventional his style and delivery, his message of economic growth and fiscal discipline found ready ears in economically depressed states like New Hampshire.

Still, as the primary season wore on and he began to offer more details of what he had in mind, many voters began to turn away, particularly blue- collar workers, blacks and organized labor. Those constituencies would have played an important role in the next primary, April 28, in Pennsylvania.

Members of these constituencies said his message seemed aimed more at the well-off and the well-educated than the hard-hit ***working class***. He began to falter and, after finishing poorly in a series of primaries in the South and Midwest, he pulled out on March 19. Mr. Clinton is leading Mr. Tsongas in delegates by better than 2 to 1, with only 17 primaries and caucuses remaining and with party rules of strict proportional representation that make it extremely difficult to overcome such leads.

Since Mr. Tsongas dropped out, Mr. Clinton and Mr. Brown, for all the successes they have enjoyed, have also shown serious weaknesses, particularly in the negative ratings many voters give both.

Those weaknesses were never more apparent than Tuesday, when Mr. Tsongas, without any campaigning, finished a second in New York and Kansas. He finished third in Wisconsin.

Immediately, many of Mr. Tsongas's friends and supporters began urging him to get back into the race to provide an alternative to Mr. Clinton and Mr. Brown.

Many of those supporters felt that Mr. Tsongas probably would not get the nomination himself but would perhaps force a brokered convention. Others believed his strong showing on Tuesday gave him leverage, at the least, to affect the campaign dialogue and the writing of the party's platform.

But however he chose to use his leverage, most of his friends and advisers said, it would carry little or no force unless he was back in the race. And if he re-entered, they warned, he should be prepared for particularly bitter and battering political experience.

Further, they said, there not only was no guarantee of success but he could end up deep in debt, one of the fears that originally drove him from the campaign. His campaign is currently carrying a debt of about $400,000, Mr. Kanin said. The advisers also warned, as did Mr. Clinton's supporters, that if he re-entered the race he risked going down in political history as a sore spoiler who refused to help heal an already badly fragmented Democratic Party.

"I told him all this and I also told him I thought he should get back in," said Ted Van Dyk, a Tsongas adviser. "I told him there would be money problems and organizational problems and all the stuff he had to deal with before he ever got out. And I told him it would be worth it all if he was really committed."

**Graphic**

Photo: Paul E. Tsongas being cheered by supporters yesterday in Boston after announcing that he would not re-enter the race for the Democratic Presidential nomination. With him was his wife, Niki. (Agence France-Presse)

**Load-Date:** April 10, 1992

**End of Document**



[***SOCCER;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-6N00-000P-2357-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***An American With a Jolly Good Toe***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-6N00-000P-2357-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 5, 1992, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1992 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Sports Desk

**Section:** Section 8;; Section 8; Page 13; Column 4; Sports Desk; Column 4;; Biography

**Length:** 1006 words

**Byline:** John Harkes

By WILLIAM E. SCHMIDT,

By WILLIAM E. SCHMIDT,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** LONDON

**Body**

Ask John Harkes to tell what it's like to be the first American to make it big in First Division English soccer, and he doesn't stop at the goals he's scored and the games he's helped to win.

There was, for example, that moment earlier this season when Harkes, a second-year midfielder for England's Sheffield Wednesday, was invited to tea with John Barnes, an all-England striker who plays for Liverpool.

"Here is one of the best players in the game and he comes right up to me and asks me over to his house for a cup of tea," said Harkes, a New Jersey native who is a member of the United States national team when he is not playing in England. "Jeez, I had watched this guy since I was a teen-ager back in the States, when we used to pick up the English games on cable TV."

'I Am Still in Awe'

At 24, Harkes is one of America's most successful soccer exports, but he still sounds sometimes like the kid from Kearny, N.J., dazzled to be going one-on-one against his childhood heroes.

"My agent tells me, 'Don't be in awe of these guys,' " said Harkes. "But I can't help it. I am still in awe, but I also know I am becoming one of them. And I guess that's the best feeling of all."

After a year and a half amid the rough and tumble of the English leagues, Harkes has proven he is more than just an American curiosity, the odd Yank playing at Britain's most popular spectator sport. Among fans and rival players, he has already earned admiration for his head-down, scrappy play.

"At first the attitude among a lot of the reporters and other players here was, 'This guy's a Yank; he can't play here,' " said Harkes. "But now I think I have their respect. They come up to me after games and they tell me I've done well and wish me luck. It's brilliant to hear that."

A Goal Seen Round the Nation

It is a measure of Harke's arrival in English soccer that television fans across Britain overwhemingly chose his last-minute goal against Derby County last spring as the "goal of the season" -- the best scoring shot shown among a season's worth of nationally televised games.

The 35-yard screamer left game commentators speechless, caught Peter Shilton, one of England's top-rated goalkeepers, flat-footed, and gave Sheffield Wednesday a 2-1 victory.

That game helped propel Wednesday, a feisty club in Britain's industrial Midlands, from the Second into the First Division, where it currently holds down third place among England's 22 premier teams with a record of 18-9-9. So far, Harkes has contributed 4 goals to the effort after 36 games.

A Celebrity, in England

Although he is scarcely recognized in the United States, Harkes can't walk into a grocery store in Sheffield, a ***working-class*** city of 500,000 people, without being pursued by fans wanting autographs. Wednesday draws some 30,000 fans a game, which ranks the club among the top five in the league in terms of attendance.

"I came over here because I wanted to try to make it with the best," said Harkes. "This is the place to be. The two best leagues in the world are First Division England and First Division Italy."

Harkes has been in England since August 1990, when he showed up to try out with several clubs.

He was signed by Sheffield Wednesday, one of two professional clubs in Sheffield. The team's name derives from the fact that the club once scheduled most of its matches on Wednesday, as opposed to Sheffield United, its crosstown rival, which played mostly on weekends.

In 1990, the club signed him to a two-and-a-half year contract for $185,000. The contract also provides for use of a two-bedroom house and a leased BMW convertible. The contract is up for renegotiation in 1993, and several other clubs have privately expressed an interest in Harkes.

Others are Overseas, Too

Harkes is the most successful among more than a half-dozen American players who are now playing professionally with clubs in Europe, according to John Polis, a spokesman for U.S. Soccer, the sport's governing organization in the United States. These players are sharpening their skills in preparation for the 1994 World Cup, which will be the first to be held in the United States.

"Four years ago, there were no players in Europe from the U.S.," said Polis. "In a way, these players represent the flowering of soccer in the U.S. They are all of that generation who began playing organized soccer as kids, when the youth soccer first got going."

The Americans in Europe include Tab Ramos, a midfielder, and Peter Vermes, a forward, who are now playing for Figueras of the Spanish Second Division; Juergen Sommer, a second-string goalkeeper with Luton, another English First Division club; Paul Caligiuri, a defender for FC Freiburg, of the German Second Division; Ian Feuer, a backup goalkeeper for Brugge, a team in Belgium, and Ernie Stewart, who plays for Willem II in the Netherlands.

"The game is played at a much harder pace in England, and that has made me a quicker player, a faster player," said Harkes. "I am making decisions faster, and I hope I can bring that back to the U.S. team for 1994."

Will Return to U.S. in May

Harkes plans to return to the United States in May, at the end of the regular season in England, in order to begin training in earnest with the national team. Because of his commitment to Sheffield, he has missed nearly all of the national team's recent exhibition matches.

Except for his involvement with the United States national team, however, Harkes believes that his career will bring him back to England. Experience has taught him about the average American's resistance to soccer as a spectator sport and he foresees little hope of an outdoor professional circuit establishing itself in the United States while he is still playing.

"I'm hoping that the World Cup will give a boost to the game, by educating people, particularly adults, about the sport," said Harkes. "It's a shame, because there is plenty of interest at the youth level, but then it drops off because there is nothing beyond that, no heroes or no professional teams for people to identify with."

**Graphic**

Photo: John Harkes, an American starring in England's First Division: "My agent tells me, 'Don't be in awe of these guys,' but I can't help it." (Jonathan Player for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** April 5, 1992

**End of Document**



[***Economy's Dive Dazes Once Giddy Argentina***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:443J-4220-0109-T2NS-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 30, 2001 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2001 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 1A; Column 1; Foreign Desk; Pg. 3

**Length:** 1375 words

**Byline:**  By CLIFFORD KRAUSS

**Dateline:** BUENOS AIRES, Sept. 29

**Body**

Eduardo S. Elsztain, a prominent real estate investor, got out of his chair and danced a little jig on the Persian rug in his office the other day as he recalled the buoyant business climate here in the early 1990's.

"What was the feeling?" he asked as he did a cheerful shuffle. "Greed," he answered with a quick skip. "People didn't look, they bought. Now, they don't look, they sell."

These days, Mr. Elsztain, like most Argentines, doesn't have much to dance about. His primary international partner, George Soros -- who sank more than $70 million into the country in the mid-1990's as he played tennis with then President Carlos Saul Menem -- took his profits and bailed out of Argentina in 1998, leaving a small fraction of his investments behind.

Many international financiers have followed suit over the last three years of a deepening recession, sending the Merval stock index on a steep ride south -- off more than 50 percent in the last eight months alone -- to levels not seen since 1991.

The dizzying turnaround, which extends well beyond the stock market, has left Argentines to wonder what has happened to the promised benefits of a globalized economy.

A decade ago, Argentina was the darling of the financial world when it privatized bureaucracies, cut red tape and pegged the value of the peso to the dollar. This country of melancholy tangos and frustrated European pretenses was supposed to have turned a corner on its past days of instability, hyperinflation and uncompetitive industries.

Today the ebullience that accompanied the burst of glittering shopping malls, modern industrial parks and banks flush with money is gone. Political and social unrest is rising, and perhaps dangerously so.

The shopping centers are now full of going-out-of-business signs. The banks can barely collect on their loans. Almost one in five workers is out of a job. And money is so hard to find that nearly half a million people buy food and clothes in barter clubs.

Things appear to be only growing worse. The most recent economic data, for August, showed near collapse: construction activity slumped 11 percent from a year before, industrial production nearly 6 percent, and shopping mall sales more than 16 percent.

People's confidence has eroded further since the terrorist attacks in the United States on Sept. 11, as the prospect of a global recession looms ever larger. The economy minister, Domingo Cavallo, publicly admits that his prescriptions -- assorted tariff hikes, tax reforms and subsidies for exporters -- have so far failed. Opinion polls show approval ratings for President Fernando de la Rua in the single digits.

The gloom is such that a prominent political talk show recently opened with the question: "Is this a country committing suicide?"

Some mark the decline from the boom days of the 1990's themselves, when the economy grew by 43 percent but the government ignored economic fundamentals.

Federal agencies were privatized, but few provisions were made for tens of thousands thrown out of work. Public monopolies were replaced by private ones, leaving high utility and transport costs. Federal spending ballooned more than 90 percent, causing deficits that raised interest rates to exorbitant levels.

Some economists say that pegging the currency to the dollar gave the country a false sense of stability, ending years of hyperinflation but allowing the government to put off hard decisions about cutting spending, fraud and burdensome taxes.

A devaluation during the growth years might have boosted exports by making them cheaper, without doing much harm. But having delayed the step for a decade, a devaluation now, in the midst of declining revenues, would only cause more bankruptcies and unemployment.

Short on credit, the government has finally begun to reduce spending -- slashing salaries and pensions -- but at a time when the economy needs a stimulus.

Even a new $8 billion bailout announced by the International Monetary Fund in August has not alleviated fears that Argentina might yet default on its $130 billion debt, a concern that has helped send interest rates soaring.

The unfulfilled dreams are all in evidence in Avellaneda, a gritty ***working-class*** port city of 350,000 people next door to Buenos Aires where horse-drawn carts are making a comeback among unemployed garbage-pickers, along with strident murals showing Evita Peron mobilizing the masses.

"We are living day by day," said Higinio Bruno Ridolfi, the chief of Micro, a producer of cylinders and valves for the auto and metallurgy industries. "I have no idea what is going to happen."

Micro, of course, is not alone. Telmec S.A., a family-owned producer of precision pumps for textile mills, invested $3 million in upgraded equipment in the 1990's. Today its domestic market has shrunk to almost nothing as Argentine textile makers lose out to cheaper Brazilian imports, and factories in Europe produce similar equipment more cheaply.

The company has managed to limit its layoffs, but management has been forced to take deep salary cuts. "Forget vacations, or a new car," said its president, Nilda I. Brovida. "Forget remodeling the house. Forget middle class life as we knew it."

Such dissatisfaction is fueling the kinds of political and social disturbances to which this country thought it had grown immune. Cycles of instability and military coups between 1930 and 1983 have left Argentines a cautious lot, but unrest continues to brew.

Labor unions have mounted half a dozen national strikes in the last two years. This week, several people were injured in protests in the poor provinces of Entre Rios and Jujuy, when mobs marched on supermarkets demanding food and the police fired rubber bullets on state workers demanding back pay.

Candidates on Mr. de la Rua's coalition ticket in the Oct. 14 congressional elections are running against the government's policies.

One congresswoman from his Radical Party, Elisa Carrio, has broken away and formed a new party for dissidents and disaffected of every political stripe, called Alternative for a Republic of Equals.

In normal times, Ms. Carrio, 44, would probably be a marginal figure. She wears a giant cross around her neck, tends to finger rosary beads on the campaign stump, and breaks into tears when discussing poverty. She publicly accuses Mr. Cavallo of money laundering and calls Mr. de la Rua a mafia accomplice.

But polls show her to be the country's fastest rising politician, and she has mustered the beginnings of a presidential campaign, drawing crowds of cheering supporters at political rallies that more resemble revival meetings.

"The money you don't have in your wallets was robbed by particular Argentines," she told a crowd in the depressed oil town of Cutral-Co, in the poor province of Neuquen. "And that is an injustice that must be corrected to form a new republic."

A political backlash is gathering with particular intensity in provinces like Neuquen, where the privatizations of the railroads and the national oil company produced large layoffs.

In early September, thousands of residents of Zapala blockaded several roads cutting through the windy, arid Patagonian steppe for a week until the governor granted them a $2.7 million development fund for small industry.

Their success led the people of Picun Leufu, a depressed agricultural town nearby, to stage their own blockade on two highways with rusty old cars painted with a slogan coined during the Spanish Civil War -- "No pasaran" -- "They will not pass." The governor has so far refused to negotiate, but more towns are threatening to follow suit and throttle natural gas transport to Chile.

So far, the rebellions are local and lack coherence. Not even their leaders seem to know where they are headed. Eduardo Enrique Rubio, 35, a radio reporter who led the recent Zapala road blockades, said that no new idea had captured the Argentine imagination, at least not yet.

"Inevitably, something new is going to emerge," he said. He found a metaphor in the Argentine card game trucco, in which players can lie about the cards in their hands. "Argentines need to remix the deck, change the rules and change the seating arrangement of the players," he said. "But first Argentines need to want to play."

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

**Graphic**

Photo: As Argentina's slump has worsened, demonstrators against government economic policies have blockaded highways in depressed regions. A painted slogan in Picun Leufu reads "No pasaran" -- "They will not pass." (Horacio Paone for The New York Times) Chart: "TREND -- Declining Economy In Argentina"Annual rate of change in the gross domestic product, based on quarterly figures. Note: The GDP values are based on 1993 prices. Graph tracks changes from 1994 through 2001.(Source: Bloomberg Financial Markets)

**Load-Date:** September 30, 2001

**End of Document**



[***NICARAGUAN WOMEN: EQUALS IN BATTLE, NOT IN HOME***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-SJ10-0009-20HP-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 11, 1982, Monday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1982 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section B; Page 8, Column 2; Style Desk

**Length:** 1069 words

**Byline:** By WARREN HOGE, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** MANAGUA, Nicaragua

**Body**

Garrisons of Gen. Anastasio Somoza Debayle's National Guard were falling to the Sandinist insurgents all across Nicaragua in the closing days of the war, but the commander in the southwestern town of Diriamba still held out.

It wasn't bravery that motivated him. He insisted he couldn't hand over his arms to his Sandinist counterpart because she was a woman. He said he would surrender only to her male second-in-command.

Warren Hoge comment discusses how Nicaraguan are gaining domestic equality after gaining equality in battle

Comandante Monica Baltorano prevailed in the end, and other fortresses of Latin male prerogative have been crumbling in Nicaragua ever since.

Female participation in some of the Sandinist fighting units was as high as 30 percent, and the country's second largest city, Leon, was captured and later run by a military command of five women. ''We make up more than half the population, and without us there would have been no revolution,'' said Magda Henriques, director of international relations for the Luisa Amanda Espinoza Association of Nicaraguan Women. The group is named after the first woman to have been killed in combat during the guerrilla war that deposed General Somoza.

Laws Being Changed

Once the war ended two and a half years ago, many of these women were unwilling to return to the lives that Nicaraguan tradition had reserved for them. Today their new role is being secured through revisions in discriminatory laws, altering of stereotypes, and public education; there may even be an incipient change in notions of domestic duties.

Though the women's movement now occupies a noncontroversial place in the revolutionary process, it had a beginning full of conflict. Many women returning to husbands immediately after the war battled to maintain the equality they had won in the field, and a large number of divorces resulted.

''For a lot of other men, it was fine for all women to get involved in the revolution as long as it wasn't their wife,'' said Mrs. Henriques.

More than half the members of the militias the Sandinists are now training are made up women, and every major city has at least one women's battalion of reservists who drill 30 days a year, one weekend a month and two nights a week.

Emma Tinoco, a political instructor at the training field in the town of Tipitapa, said ''the great majority'' of them encountered no difficulty taking time off from the home. ''Some of them,'' she added, smiling, ''have had to convince their husbands of, shall we say, 'their historic mission.' ''

Radio Sandino has focused on the situation in its daily soap operas. In o n e, a man returns home from work to find that his wife has gone off to do militia training and left dirty pots in the cooking area. He curses her, stomps out of the house and gets drunk at a neighbor hood bar.

Lecture on Responsibilities

Later, back at home, he finds his wife returned and gives her a boozy lecture on her household responsibilities. She calmly tells him of her responsibilities to the revolution, and the final chapter finds him apologizing and admitting his error.

The revolution is trying to combat a long-prevalent tendency among peasant men to have more than one family, give none of them regular support but, on their sporadic appearances, expect from all the respect due the head of a household. The Government has set up an office that tracks down itinerant fathers and forces them to make payments to their wives.

In a speech addressed to ''brother workers and peasants,'' the Minister of Planning, Henry Ruiz, said, ''I beg your pardon for being so blunt, but you will have to get drunk less and dedicate more of your salary to your family.''

The women's group does not use the word ''machismo'' in its rhetoric, and the members do not like to call themselves feminists. Both terms to them have a bourgeois ring, a woman who works for the Sandinist Front said.

Mrs. Henriques witnessed the American women's movement while studying at Temple University, but her recollection of it is selective and negative. ''Ours isn't a feminist movement that is in struggle against men like in the developed countries,'' she said. ''We're not interested in taking our bras off, learning how to drink like men or proving we can have as many affairs as they can.''

An Unfavorable Reaction

That terminology does, however, play a role had been evident days earlier at the annual gathering of the women's organization. When Mr. Ruiz, in a speech, extolled the Sandinist women as the ''delicate'' part of the revolution, he was greeted with studied glares from the three fatigue-clad female commanders on the stage with him.

On several occasions, those eager to change old habits have been too zealous. Tomas Borge Martinez, the Minister of the Interior, once suggested that men should start doing housework. ''That is an idea that is a long way off for ***working-class*** people,'' Mrs. Henriques said. ''It's different because you're really talking about an ideology. That will take years and years of work.''

The women's group, she said, is devoting its efforts instead to promoting domestic work as ''a valuable social contribution'' and acquainting mothers with proper health care for their families. It is also setting up day-care centers and rehabilitative training for prostitutes, some of whom are as young as 13.

The women's group itself got too far ahead of community norms when it proposed creating a committee to rule in child custody cases where separating parents were ''of similar quality.'' When the national legislature, known as the Council of State, balked at the idea, the measure was returned to neighborhood committees for restudy. ''We were proved wrong,'' she said. ''It turned out that people felt that in such situations mothers should be favored over fathers.''

The constitution has been stripped of all clauses conside red discriminatory, and a law that gave fathers a bsolute legal right overtheir children was abolished. A new law banni ng the ''commercialization'' of women was passed. '' You can't sell beer and tires anymore with women's legs,'' Mrs. Henri ques said.

The younger generation of women in Nicaragua are prepared to continue the campaign, according to Mrs. Henriques. ''I don't even have to teach my daughters,'' she said. ''They grew up seeing their mother walking around with an M-16 over her shoulder, and they already dream of being members of the militia.''

**Graphic**

Illustrations: Photo of a female Nicaraguan soilder

**End of Document**



[***LACK OF FOOD MAKES STRIKERS OF 12,000 POLISH WOMEN***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-DSR0-000B-Y15N-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 26, 1981, Monday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1981 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Page 10, Column 1; Foreign Desk

**Length:** 979 words

**Byline:** By NINA DARNTON, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** ZYRARDOW, Poland, Oct. 24

**Body**

''I worked in this factory for 20 years,'' said one of the strikers. ''I won two awards for high productivity. I was rarely sick. And what do I have? My sight is failing, I'm old and I can't even feed my family.''

The strike in this drab textile town 20 miles west of Warsaw is nearing the end of its second week. The issue is lack of food, not one that can be easily resolved over the bargaining table.

Strike in Zyrardow (Poland), over food shortages, nears end of 2nd week; majority of 12,000 strikers are women

The 12,000 strikers, most of them women, turned to protest to draw attention to their plight. Meat is in such short supply that to get the alloted ration, a customer, usually the woman of the family, has to wait three days. She spends up to eight hours a day in line and has her place saved for her when she goes to work.

The women here are novices at making demands, but they have been swept up in the excitement generated by the Solidarity trade union and have occupied the factories during working hours and issued a list of 16 demands.

Little Experience of Strikes

The women seemed to have little idea of the mechanics of running a strike. They seemed disorganized, even a little naive. They were not asking for free Saturdays or the reinstatement of a dismissed activist. They were asking for food for themselves and their families.

''The Government does not care about us or our work,'' said Zofia Lyszewska. ''If they did, why wouldn't they come here to talk to us? We are not asking them to arrive with a suitcase full of meat, but why won't they talk to us?''

For the first seven days the Government called the strike a political action, and refused to grant the women strike pay. Although no high-ranking Government official came to Zyrardow, negotiations took place in Warsaw, and the Government's one concession was to acknowledge that the strike was economic in nature, which allowed the regular 50 percent strike pay. The official spokesman, Jerzy Urban, said the Government could not satisfy the demands because it did not have the additional provisions.

Distribution Called Unjust

The workers of Zyrardow say they are getting short supplies and that the system of food distribution outside the capital is uneven and unjust. Many believe Warsaw is comparatively well off.

''My sister says she can wait for five hours and get most of her rationed meat in Warsaw,'' said one angry woman. ''I wait for three days and still don't get anything but the lowest quality meat.''

''My child used to always know when it was payday,'' said Sabina Brzydzisa, ''because I would bring him a bar of chocolate, some bonbons, some treat. Now I can't get him anything. He doesn't even ask me when I'm getting paid anymore. He says 'Please Mama, I am good, buy me some chocolate.' And I work and work but I can't. He doesn't understand. And what can I tell him? I also don't understand.''

''We don't know what will be with us,'' said another striker, joining the crowd around one of the tables in the factory lunchroom where the workers were congregating for warmth.

''They said it was a political strike, and then they sent a telex telling us it was an economic strike. We are simple people. We know nothing about politics. We only want to eat.''

'Only Bread and Tomatoes'

Another woman said: ''We have only bread and tomatoes easily now. The tomatoes are almost gone. So then what?'' She described their lives in a dismal litany of repetition, hard work, drudgery and deprivation.

''I must wake up at 5 o'clock,'' said Mrs. Brzydzisa. ''Then I make something for my 7-year-old child to take to school. This is usually a pancake because I don't have anything else. At six I must be in line for milk; if I go later then I can't get any. Then I must wait for bread, wait for butter, wait for meat, but that is three days now, so usually I don't try to get meat at all. From six to two in the afternoon when I go to work on my shift I wait in different lines. The other day I waited eight hours for butter, from six until my shift began. I work until late at night and then go home. My child is sleeping. The next day is the same.''

''We have no time even to clean or to cook,'' said another striker. ''We rush to clean our apartments and then go shopping again. Winter is coming. There are no tights for children, no shoes, no boots no medicine.''

A woman across the room said, ''My child brought a sandwich to school the other day. I was proud because I managed to get a piece of cheese for a sandwich. The others didn't have one, so they beat him up and took it from him.''

A List of 16 Demands

''Mine lost his shoes,'' said another striker. ''Not a new pair, an old pair that was her sister's before. Another child took them.'' The strikers have 16 demands, all but two of them related to an improved food supply. The attitude of the striking women was summed up by a letter they sent a few days ago to the Communist Party's new First Secretary, Wojciech Jaruzelski.

It said: ''The ***working class*** trusted you personally in these difficult times. And we count on you, and we who count on you are just common workers, women from Zyrardow who work so hard. We are party members; we are not party members. We are mothers of small children. We raise our hands to you, sir, and ask you because very important factories in our nation are not working. We want you to send somebody competent to talk with us who will come to us in Zyrardow, to the common table to sign a document to guarantee the principle of improvement of life in this society.

''And we want to tell you, we don't need luxuries, we just want to come to an agreement. We can compromise. We want to tell you that in Zyrardow there are no political slogans on the wall because politics are not our affair. We only want to eat and work. We wait for your decision even at this moment.''

So far, the letter has not been answered.

**End of Document**



[***G.O.P. Risking Hispanic Votes On Immigration***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4JKR-2M60-TW8F-G29B-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 30, 2006 Thursday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2006 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Column 5; National Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1276 words

**Byline:** By DAVID D. KIRKPATRICK

**Dateline:** WASHINGTON, March 29

**Body**

The battle among Republicans over immigration policy and border security is threatening to undercut a decade-long effort by President Bush and his party to court Hispanic voters, just as both parties are gearing up for the 2006 elections.

''I believe the Republican Party has hurt itself already,'' said the Rev. Luis Cortes, a Philadelphia pastor close to President Bush and the leader of a national organization of Hispanic Protestant clergy members, saying he delivered that message to the president last week in a meeting at the White House.

To underscore the contested allegiance of Hispanic voters, Mr. Cortes said, he also took a delegation of Hispanic ministers to meet with the leaders of both parties last week, including what he called a productive discussion with Howard Dean, the Democratic chairman.

The immigration and security debate, which has sparked huge demonstrations in recent days by Hispanic residents of cities around the country, comes at a crucial moment for both parties.

Over the last three national elections, persistent appeals by Mr. Bush and other Republican leaders have helped double their party's share of the Hispanic vote, to more than 40 percent in 2004 from about 20 percent in 1996. As a result, Democrats can no longer rely on the country's 42 million Hispanic residents as a natural part of their base.

In a lunch meeting of Senate Republicans this week, Senator Mel Martinez of Florida, the only Hispanic Republican in the Senate, gave his colleagues a stern warning. ''This is the first issue that, in my mind, has absolutely galvanized the Latino community in America like no other,'' Mr. Martinez said he told them.

The anger among Hispanics has continued even as the Senate Judiciary Committee proposed a bill this week that would allow illegal immigrants a way to become citizens. The backlash was aggravated, Mr. Martinez said in an interview, by a Republican plan to crack down on illegal immigrants that the House approved last year.

The outcome remains to be seen. Speaker J. Dennis Hastert said on Wednesday that he recognized the need for a guest-worker program, opening the door to a possible compromise on fiercely debated immigration legislation. [Page A22.]

Democrats see an opportunity to ''show Hispanics who their real friends are,'' as Senator Charles E. Schumer of New York, chairman of the Democratic Senatorial Campaign Committee, put it.

But the issue is a delicate matter for Democrats as well. Polls show large majorities of the public both support tighter borders as a matter of national security, and oppose amnesty for illegal immigrants. Many ***working-class*** Democrats resent what they see as a continuing influx of cheap labor.

The stakes are enormous because Hispanics now account for one of every eight United States residents, and for about half the recent growth in the country's population. Although Hispanics cast just 6 percent of the votes in the 2004 elections, birth rates promise an imminent explosion in the number of eligible voters.

''There is a big demographic wave of Hispanic kids who are native born who will be turning 18 in even greater numbers over the next three, four and five election cycles,'' Roberto Suro, director of the nonpartisan Pew Hispanic Center, said.

Nowhere is the immigration debate more heated than Arizona, where about 28 percent of the population is Hispanic and where Senator Jon Kyl, a Republican sponsor of an immigration bill, faces what could be a difficult race for re-election. Both Mr. Kyl and his Democratic challenger, Jim Pederson, have hired Hispanics or Hispanic-dominated firms to manage their campaigns.

A mostly Hispanic crowd of about 20,000 gathered outside Mr. Kyl's office last weekend to protest criminal penalties against illegal immigrants that were in the House Republican bill, even though Mr. Kyl's proposal does not include the measure.

Mario E. Diaz, the campaign manager for Mr. Pederson, faulted Mr. Kyl's proposal, which would require illegal immigrants or future temporary workers to return to their countries before becoming eligible for legal status in the United States.

''Speaking the language that Kyl does, which is round them up and deport them, is offensive and disgusting to the Latino community,'' Mr. Diaz said.

Mr. Kyl, for his part, accused Democrats of race-baiting by painting all Republicans as anti-Hispanic, a practice he said most Hispanics resent. But the senator also acknowledged some fears that the immigration debate could repel Hispanic voters. He added, ''I would hope that some of our colleagues who don't have much of a Hispanic population in their states would at least defer to those of us who do.''

Pollsters from each party say Hispanics, like other groups, typically rank immigration lower in importance than other issues, especially education. But they respond strongly when they believe the rhetoric surrounding the debate demonizes immigrants or Hispanics, as they did when Gov. Pete Wilson of California, a Republican, backed a 1994 initiative to exclude illegal immigrants from public schools and services.

Many analysts say the backlash from Hispanics wrecked the California Republican party for a decade.

As governor of Texas, Mr. Bush opposed such measures, and pushed Republicans to woo Hispanics.

Last week, Sergio Bendixen, a pollster for the Democratic Senatorial Campaign Committee, released a rare multilingual poll in which 76 percent of legal Latin American immigrants said they believed anti-immigrant sentiment was on the rise. A majority of immigrants said they believed the immigration debate was unfair and misinformed.

But Ken Mehlman, chairman of the Republican National Committee, dismissed such concerns. Mr. Mehlman said the party's image was defined by President Bush, who supports a temporary-worker program and has repeatedly urged Republicans to avoid inflammatory rhetoric.

''In an emotional debate like this,'' Mr. Mehlman said, ''people need to lower their energy and remember that ultimately the goal is something that is consistent with being a nation of laws and a nation of immigrants.''

Danny Diaz, a spokesman for the Republican Party, said it had pushed ahead on recruitment of Hispanic candidates and voters. He noted that Mr. Mehlman had appeared frequently at events with Hispanic groups, hitting classic Republican themes about lower taxes and traditional values. A particular focus has been Hispanic churchgoers and pastors like Mr. Cortes, who receives money from Mr. Bush's religion-based social services initiative.

Democrats say that Mr. Bush's success with Hispanics has not gone unnoticed. Democratic leaders in Congress have expanded their Spanish-language communications, and after 2004 the Democratic Party vowed to stop relying on payments to Hispanic groups and organizations to help turn out Hispanic voters.

''How can you spend your money on get-out-the-vote when you are beginning to lose your market share?'' Mr. Bendixen said. ''But Democrats had no experience in campaigning for the hearts and minds of Hispanic voters. They treated them like black voters who they just needed to get out to the polls.''

Still, both sides say it is the tenor and ultimate outcome of the immigration debate that may give the Democrats their best opportunity to attract Hispanic voters.

Senator Martinez, a Cuban immigrant who delivered part of a Senate speech in Spanish a few months ago, alluded to the nervousness among Hispanics when he was asked whether he would do the same again in the debate on immigration. ''I am about to be sent back as it is,'' he said, joking. ''I better be careful.''

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

**Graphic**

Photo: Senator Mel Martinez, left, Republican of Florida, said the immigration debate had ''absolutely galvanized the Latino community in America.'' (Photo by Doug Mills/The New York Times)(pg. A22)Chart: ''Hispanic Voters''States where people of Hispanic origin make up more than 10 percent of the population. Potential battleground states in 2006 elections are in bold.+New MexicoSHARE REGISTERED TO VOTE IN NOV. 2004 ELECTIONS -- 16.6%Hispanics as a percentage of state's population, July 2004 -- 43.3%CaliforniaSHARE REGISTERED TO VOTE IN NOV. 2004 ELECTIONS -- 6.8Hispanics as a percentage of state's population, July 2004 -- 34.7+TexasSHARE REGISTERED TO VOTE IN NOV. 2004 ELECTIONS -- 9.6Hispanics as a percentage of state's population, July 2004 -- 34.6+Arizona (Potential Battleground)SHARE REGISTERED TO VOTE IN NOV. 2004 ELECTIONS -- 6.2Hispanics as a percentage of state's population, July 2004 -- 28.0+NevadaSHARE REGISTERED TO VOTE IN NOV. 2004 ELECTIONS -- 3.6Hispanics as a percentage of state's population, July 2004 -- 22.8+ColoradoSHARE REGISTERED TO VOTE IN NOV. 2004 ELECTIONS -- 4.4Hispanics as a percentage of state's population, July 2004 -- 19.1+Florida (Potential Battleground)SHARE REGISTERED TO VOTE IN NOV. 2004 ELECTIONS -- 5.3Hispanics as a percentage of state's population, July 2004 -- 19.0New YorkSHARE REGISTERED TO VOTE IN NOV. 2004 ELECTIONS -- 3.9Hispanics as a percentage of state's population, July 2004 -- 16.0New Jersey (Potential Battleground)SHARE REGISTERED TO VOTE IN NOV. 2004 ELECTIONS -- 3.8Hispanics as a percentage of state's population, July 2004 -- 14.9IllinoisSHARE REGISTERED TO VOTE IN NOV. 2004 ELECTIONS -- 2.7Hispanics as a percentage of state's population, July 2004 -- 14.0ConnecticutSHARE REGISTERED TO VOTE IN NOV. 2004 ELECTIONS -- 1.8Hispanics as a percentage of state's population, July 2004 -- 10.6+UtahSHARE REGISTERED TO VOTE IN NOV. 2004 ELECTIONS -- 1.2Hispanics as a percentage of state's population, July 2004 -- 10.6Rhode Island (Potential Battleground)SHARE REGISTERED TO VOTE IN NOV. 2004 ELECTIONS -- 1.6Hispanics as a percentage of state's population, July 2004 -- 10.3Hispanic population in other potential battlegrounds in the 2006 electionPennsylvaniaSHARE REGISTERED TO VOTE IN NOV. 2004 ELECTIONS -- 0.8%Hispanics as a percentage of state's population, July 2004 -- 3.8%MichiganSHARE REGISTERED TO VOTE IN NOV. 2004 ELECTIONS -- 0.7Hispanics as a percentage of state's population, July 2004 -- 3.7+MissouriSHARE REGISTERED TO VOTE IN NOV. 2004 ELECTIONS -- 0.9Hispanics as a percentage of state's population, July 2004 -- 2.6+MontanaSHARE REGISTERED TO VOTE IN NOV. 2004 ELECTIONS -- 0.6Hispanics as a percentage of state's population, July 2004 -- 2.4+OhioSHARE REGISTERED TO VOTE IN NOV. 2004 ELECTIONS -- 0.9Hispanics as a percentage of state's population, July 2004 -- 2.2+ Indicates states won by President Bush in the 2004 election(Source by Census Bureau)(pg. A22)

**Load-Date:** March 30, 2006

**End of Document**



[***GUATEMALAN ARMY AND LEFTIST REBELS LOCKED IN WAR***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-DJ70-000B-Y26P-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 4, 1981, Friday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1981 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Page 14, Column 3; Foreign Desk

**Length:** 1063 words

**Byline:** By RAYMOND BONNER, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** GUATEMALA

**Body**

While international attention has been on the civil war in El Salvador, the insurgency neighboring Guatemala has grown to what many people believe is a revolutionary war.

Religious leaders who have tried to keep track of the killings say nearly 11,000 people have been slain this year. Meanwhile, the army has opened its first major operation against the guerrillas threatening the Government of President Romeo Lucas Garcia.

American Embassy officials say that the Government, while still in control, is in trouble and needs military aid. The United States cut off its aid in 1977 because of Guatemala's rights record.

Guatemala is said to be threatened by revolutionary war as Army and Leftist rebels struggle for power

Amid the shooting, Salvadorans and Guatemalans are hearing the promises of politicians. Elections are scheduled for March in both countries, and United States officials hope that the voting will provide a solution to the violence and bring some stability. But with left-of-center groups not participating, the outlook is not good.

4 Guerrilla Groups in Guatemala

There are four guerrilla organizations in Guatemala. Unlike the five guerrilla groups in El Salvador, they are not unified. But, in some respects, they have demonstrated more military prowess than the Salvadorans. They have attacked several towns, including the provincial capital of Solola, where they killed the Governor. Ten policemen were killed when three busloads of guerrillas attacked Escuintla, the second largest city.

The Chief of Staff of Guatemala's armed forces, Gen. Benedicto Lucas Garcia, who is the President's younger brother, has put the insurgents' armed strength at 2,000 to 4,000. Most of the guerrillas are peasants, workers, students and young professionals. Little is known about their leaders, many of whom are believed to have received training in Cuba.

Except for military jeeps with combat-ready soldiers and armorreinforced station wagons that wend through the narrow streets, there is little evidence of war in this capital city.

In July the army discovered 28 guerrilla ''safe houses'' here. One was a factory for sewing uniforms like those used by the police and the army. The raids also netted machine guns, automatic rifles and other weapons.

Since then, there have been attacks against police stations here. Four policemen were killed recently in three nighttime attacks. In early November five policemen were killed by hand grenades and machine-gun fire while they slept in a park.

But the war is being waged mainly in the western and central highlands. In the province of Chimaltenango, the guerrillas control 22 villages, according to a priest. He said one of his parishioners, a guerrilla, believed that the area was secure enough for him to return there with his wife and family.

A guerrilla operation usually begins with the rebels' sealing off a village, blocking the roads by felling trees or burning a vehicle. They then gather the villagers into the plaza and deliver a speech. They tell the peasants, often in the local Indian language, that they are oppressed and that a revolution is necessary. Before disappearing, they loot the police station and sack government buildings, destroying land titles.

The outcome of the revolution may be determined less by outside assistance than by the political posture of the Indians, who make up half of population of 7.2 million.

Historically, the Indians have stayed out of disputes of the ruling minority. But the ''consciousness-raising'' campaigns of the leftists have been directed at the Indians, apparently with some success. There are reports that two guerrilla units are made up of Indians and that one of the guerrilla organizations is 75 percent Indian.

''The guerrillas are always correct, always polite; they are trying to make friends among the ***working class***, the Indians, the more underprivileged,'' said a wealthy plantation owner who thinks that the guerrillas want to install a Communist government. Like many other Guatemalans nervous about the strife, he spoke only on condition that his name not be used. The plantation owner and others interviewed said the guerrillas often paid more than the asking price for the food and supplies they need.

Recently, there have been reports of more violent tactics. A coffee plantation owner said rebels had stolen a neighbor's payroll. ''They apologized to the owner,'' he said, but noted that the theft had still hurt the workers. A minister said he had heard a report, which he had not been able to confirm, that the guerrillas had killed and cut off the ears of six Government spies.

Then the Army Moves In

When the guerrillas leave a village, the army moves in, frequently killing scores of civilians. ''The army's argument is that if the guerrillas were here they must have support,'' said a coffee grower. ''So they kill people with little evidence.''

A religious worker said of those killed by the army, ''It is possible that some are sympathizers, maybe even guerrillas, but most are innocent civilians.''

There have been reports of massacres and of entire Indian villages destroyed by the army and air force. This year Government troops wiped out 10 villages around Jilotepeque, an Indian town in a highland area of considerable guerrilla strength. The army first killed the heads of families, according to a former official. He said the soldiers, before killing the rest of the families, forced young men to shoot the wounded. More than 100 Indians were killed, he said.

In an incident that the local newspapers called Black Sunday, 45 peasants were killed and 80 wounded when soldiers in civilian clothes invaded San Miguel Chicaj in central Guatemala during a Sunday fiesta in September. Thirty-one of the Indians were buried in graves marked ''XX.''

Defending the Government against what its supporters here believe is a Communist-dominated revolution is an 18,000-member army that is considered one of the best in Central America.

Under the leadership of General Lucas, who became Chief of Staff in August, the army has begun to take the offensive more often instead of merely reacting to guerrilla strikes. Several diplomats praised the competence of the general, who was trained at an elite paratroopers' school in France. They hope that he may instill some discipline in his troops that would lead to a reduction in the mass slaying of peasants.

**End of Document**



[***DANCE; Trying to Reflect Oakland's Many Faces***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4422-G9Y0-0109-T4JP-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 23, 2001 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2001 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 2; Column 1; Arts and Leisure Desk; Pg. 7

**Length:** 1389 words

**Byline:**  By ANN MURPHY; Ann Murphy is a dance critic in Berkeley, Calif. Her chapter on Jose Limon and Lucas Hoving, "Radical Dancers," is in the new anthology "Jose Limon: The Artist Re-Viewed" (Harwood).

**Dateline:** OAKLAND, Calif.

**Body**

IN 1965, when Oakland Ballet was founded, this was a divided city. The treeless flatlands housed the ***working class***, blacks and the poor while the wooded hills, with sweeping views of San Francisco Bay, were home to affluent whites. The city, for years hamstrung by conservative machine politics, was plagued by labor and racial unrest, giving rise a year later to the Black Panther Party.

Today, as Karen Brown, a former prima ballerina with Dance Theater of Harlem, begins her first season as the artistic director of Oakland Ballet, the city is a model of multicultural balance. It is a place where black, Latin, white and Asian faces mingle on downtown streets as well as in business and government offices, and where once-segregated neighborhoods now bustle with different races and languages. As Ms. Brown sees it, the city offers her a chance to make Oakland Ballet a reflection of the city's racial mix, and to make ballet itself accessible to a broader community.

"Oakland is a city of remarkable diversity, and my plan is to build a company synonymous with the city," she announced when her appointment was made public last year.

Local ballet fans got a first glimpse of Ms. Brown's plan nearly two weeks ago, when the company's season opened with a collaboration between the Afro-Belgian singing group Zap Mama and the pop ballet choreographer Robert Henry Johnson. Mr. Johnson's work mirrors Zap Mama's fusion of melodies and syncopations with his own assortment -- everything from neoclassical ballet, hip-hop and West African to Bharata Natyam.

Last month, Ms. Brown, 45, sat in her office at the Alice Arts Center in downtown Oakland as the strains of samba leaked from a studio where dancers rehearsed for the fall season. She discussed her goals for the company: merging populist tastes with the highest standards in dance, making it possible to set jazz dance next to "Giselle."

Next month, for example, she will stage "Like a Samba" by Trey McIntyre of Houston Ballet, a sweeping dance full of traditional ballet steps spiced with Astrud Gilberto's sultry Brazilian vocals. In November, the 15-member Marcus Shelby ensemble will accompany a jazz ballet with music by George Gershwin. In the same program, Michael Lowe, a former company member, will present a Chinese-inspired dance to live traditional music performed by a group called Melody of China.

Since its inception, Oakland Ballet has sought to distinguish itself from traditional ballet troupes. When its founder, Ronn Guidi, and a handful of dancers started the company, performing on small stages all over town, it chose an eclectic repertory consisting of story ballets, solid modern dances and, within a decade, works of early neoclassicism. The company tried (though often failed) to be racially diverse, and Mr. Guidi recruited youngsters from his modest East Oakland ballet school for the company. Within a few years, Oakland Ballet became something of a local institution with a full season and a touring schedule.

During the 70's and 80's it gained an international reputation for its re-creations of Diaghilev-era ballets like Fokine's "Spectre de la Rose" and Nijinska's "Train Bleu." But at the end of 1998, Mr. Guidi announced his retirement after a period of growing organizational chaos. The company, a $1.7 million operation, was beset by shrinking resources, rising costs and severe competition from neighboring ballet companies.

Its fortunes continued to slide until its board hired a new executive director, Renee Heider, a Californian who had managed a traditional arts institution in the Virgin Islands as well as grass-roots groups in Berkeley and Oakland. A board member, Robert Kidd, said the board had "wanted a ballet that would resonate with all of Oakland," adding that "Renee brought clear understanding of how to move forward."

Ms. Heider said that during her interview for the job she emphasized that her aim would be to "revamp an organization which had been exclusionary into a community-based organization." One of her first tasks was to help the board find an artistic director to replace Mr. Guidi. They placed the job announcement in dance publications and received responses from 40 candidates from around the world. The board eventually chose Ms. Brown.

"We wanted an artistic director with a national reputation as well as someone who could reach Oakland's communities," Mr. Kidd said. "The fear, of course, is if you focus too much on the latter, you give up too much, but with Karen there was no compromise."

Ms. Brown had been one of New York's stellar ballerinas during her 22-year career with Dance Theater of Harlem. Of her performance as Lizzie in Agnes de Mille's classic "Fall River Legend," Jennifer Dunning wrote in The New York Times: "Miss Brown's performance is almost unbearable to watch in its raw self-exposure and extraordinary technical discipline. It might profitably be studied by anyone interested in the purely physical expression of emotion."

She began her ballet training at 8 in her hometown, Augusta, Ga. She studied under Ron Colton, the artistic director of the Augusta Ballet, and at 17 was spotted by a scout for Dance Theater of Harlem at a dance festival in Virginia. That led to a scholarship to study at the troupe's summer school in New York. After only four weeks she was asked to become an apprentice with the company. She remained with the troupe until she retired in 1995.

She later created Karenina, an arts administration organization set up to advise dancers on their careers and to teach master classes to professionals and children's classes to youngsters who had never heard of ballet.

As the artistic director of Oakland Ballet, she is the first black woman to become a ballet director in the country and the first black person to run a prominent ballet company that had been historically white, according to Dance/USA, a national service organization for nonprofit dance companies. Being a pioneer in the dance world is a mixed blessing for Ms. Brown, whose father, a physician, and mother, a nurse, were both active in the civil rights movement.

"It is really exciting to be an artistic director after being a dancer," Ms. Brown said. "But to have all these qualifiers -- female, African-American -- in a way diminishes my accomplishment, and I wish it weren't so. I think about the fact that Arthur Mitchell started Dance Theater of Harlem in 1969 and now it's 2001, and this is a big deal? It's really heartbreaking. But it's also a chance to make some changes."

One recent Saturday morning, Ms. Brown moved quietly about the company's large gray studio. The pace of class, swept along by live piano music, was more swift and fierce than in the past, and the range of body types among the dancers was broader. She silently smoothed a foot passing tightly through first position and in a few words instructed a dancer on how to execute the deceptively simple lashing movement called a flic flac.

"I have a wonderful opportunity to form a company of people who are good dancers who don't all look the same," she said later in her office.

But she noted that the dancers' artistic range was as important to her as their physical variety. "The dancers need to be able to dance anything," she said. "They need to create magic onstage, have an eclectic movement style, plus have open minds and spirits."

Last spring, Ms. Brown crossed the country holding four-hour auditions in several cities in search of dancers with the kind of range and versatility that she wanted. Onstage last weekend, their protean powers shone as they went easily from the Lindy to classic Limon technique.

Ms. Brown hopes to expand the dancers' contracts, which currently run a maximum of 21 weeks, less than half what the modern dance troupe ODC/San Francisco offers its dancers across the bay.

A long-term goal, she said, is to acquire a building. Without it, Oakland Ballet remains at the mercy of the city, which owns the Alice Arts site and is hinting at increasing the rent and turning over some of the space the troupe uses to a new charter school. With quiet resolve, Ms. Brown envisions a building large enough to accommodate a school. Such a building, she said, would enable Oakland Ballet to go into the community and have the community come to it.

"I have a chance to define a culture," she said.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Karen Brown, center, who is beginning her first season as artistic director of Oakland Ballet, directing a rehearsal at the Alice Arts Center in Oakland, Calif. She envisions setting jazz dance next to "Giselle." (Thor Swift for The New York Times)(pg. 7); Robert Henry Johnson rehearses with Phaedra Jarrett in Oakland, Calif. (Thor Swift for The New York Times)(pg. 27)

**Load-Date:** September 23, 2001

**End of Document**



[***Play It Again, Spike***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4JJW-WTR0-TW8F-G2MS-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 26, 2006 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2006 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 2; Column 1; Arts and Leisure Desk; Pg. 11; FILM

**Length:** 1601 words

**Byline:** By Caryn James

**Body**

SPIKE LEE'S new bank heist movie, ''Inside Man,'' doesn't sound very Spiky. It's a studio film from a script he didn't write, a sleek but familiar cat-and-mouse story with Clive Owen as the bank-robbing cat and Denzel Washington as the detective mouse. But while the film does not offer a Spike Lee vision, he manages to leave some fingerprints. The setting is his usual -- fraught, multi-ethnic New York City -- and even while focusing on the hostage-taking robber and the detectives, the movie glances at issues he has addressed more consistently and thoughtfully than any other filmmaker: race, class and power.

It shouldn't be surprising that Universal's ''Inside Man'' is more studio than Spike. He is no longer the guerrilla filmmaker who seemed to come out of nowhere with ''She's Gotta Have It'' -- August will mark the 20th anniversary of that film -- but a major presence whose pattern has been to make movies as big as ''Malcolm X'' or as small as ''Girl 6,'' to work from his own ideas and sometimes from others', and above all to keep moving.

Through it all, his style has become so distinctive that at times even a casual viewer of ''Inside Man'' is likely to think, ''Spike must have written that.'' A turbaned Sikh hostage who has been released complains about always being detained at security checkpoints these days, and the detective played by Mr. Washington says, ''Bet you can get a cab, though.'' That barbed comment seems to belong in a Spike Lee movie no matter who wrote it. (Mr. Lee said in a phone message that there was some on-set improvisation to add ''New York flavor'' to Russell Gewirtz's ''great script,'' and that Mr. Washington came up with the taxi line.)

There are other recognizable touches: the villainous banker played by Christopher Plummer displays a photograph of himself with the first President Bush and Barbara Bush, one of Mr. Lee's gleeful political swipes like that in the opening credits of his last film, ''She Hate Me'' (2004), which puts George W. Bush's face and the Enron logo on a three-dollar bill.

You would expect some flops in such a wide-ranging, risky career, and the muddled ''She Hate Me'' is practically a model of how not to make a film. More surprisingly though, a Spike Lee film is often more impressive at second glance than it was at first.

It's easier now to separate the films from the inflamed rhetoric -- by Mr. Lee and about him -- that often surrounded them when they opened. Mr. Lee was quoted calling Warner Brothers, the studio that released ''Malcolm X'' (1992), a plantation; with ''Do the Right Thing'' (1989), some wrong-headed critics worried in print that the films' violent torching of an Italian pizzeria in Bedford-Stuyvesant by black characters would incite real-life riots. Publicity like that made the movies seem simplistic. But Mr. Lee's films have always been more reasoned and complex than polemical.

A look back at his career, freed from received opinions and skewed memories, shows that major works like ''Do the Right Thing'' hold up. And some underappreciated gems emerge, like the nuanced ''Jungle Fever'' (1991), about an interracial romance, and the audacious ''Bamboozled'' (2000), his satirical take on a contemporary minstrel show.

Nola Darling, the sexually voracious heroine of ''She's Gotta Have It,'' who unapologetically juggles three men at once, is no longer quite so daring. And the acting is as awkward and rough as it always seemed. But the film's energy still leaps off the screen; the black-and-white photography that turned an inexpensive necessity into sultry atmosphere still works; the characteristic Lee blend of drama and humor is already there. Nola remembers a parade of men offering ludicrous come-on lines, like ''You so fine, baby, I'd drink a tub of your bathwater.'' (Unfortunately, ''She's Gotta Have It'' has been out of print on video, but a DVD will be released sometime in the next several months. )

''Do the Right Thing,'' with its on-target opening song, Public Enemy's ''Fight the Power,'' may still be the essential Spike Lee film, although it seems tamer and even more realistic now. There is anger and bigotry in the resentment between blacks and Italian-Americans, but while some of the characters are heatedly, stupidly angry, the film never is. It is a thought-through depiction of problems without easy answers, with white characters like the mystified Italian-American pizzeria owner (Danny Aiello) and his hate-filled racist son (John Turturro), and black characters who range from the furiously political to the politically oblivious. Today the film looks less like an argument than a work of social realism about powerless characters who don't know how or even whom to fight.

''Jungle Fever'' may be remembered for its stunning scene in a crackhouse, a cavernous space so filled with drug-addled characters -- the major figures played by Samuel L. Jackson and an unknown Halle Berry -- that it made the scope of the problem viscerally real. It is strange now to be reminded that the scene comes late in a film that is mostly about the romance between a married black architect, Flipper (Wesley Snipes), and an Italian-American woman, Angie (Annabella Sciorra).

Class distinctions within each race are as much a part of Mr. Lee's multifaceted story as race itself. Flipper, the professional success, goes to that crackhouse to find his own brother. Angie, who is desperate to escape her small-minded ***working-class*** neighborhood, is beaten by her father when he hears of her affair. Some of the most painfully astute scenes capture the bigotry of the neighborhood guys who hang out at an Italian-American newsstand run by Angie's former boyfriend (John Turturro, a Spike Lee regular).

And the scene in which Flipper and Angie break up is one of Mr. Lee's most even-handed and honest. Flipper insists he wants no children with her. No ''half-black, half-white babies for me,'' he says, no ''mixed nuts.'' Angie calmly says he is as racist as her family. Most important, there are no villains in that room.

As in so many of Mr. Lee's movies, he sometimes gets carried away. A scene in which Flipper's wife and her girlfriends complain about black men runs on and on and is far less effective than a brief scene in which a black waitress -- played by Queen Latifah before anyone knew who she was -- balks at serving the interracial couple.

Because Mr. Lee's films are so pointed, sometimes they start with a distractingly wrong move. ''Bamboozled'' has a heavy-handed beginning that can skew an initial viewing. Damon Wayans plays a television writer called Pierre Delacroix, an upwardly mobile black man with enunciation so odd and precise it is clearly an affectation. But it's a huge mistake to have Delacroix start the film by reciting the dictionary definition of satire. That trite ploy sets us up for a clunker, while the satire that follows is sharp and often hilarious.

Delacroix deliberately creates an offensive 21st-century minstrel show, with characters called Mantan and Sleep'n Eat (Savion Glover and Tommy Davidson), billed as ''two real coons'' and based on black minstrels in history. But his attempt at outrage backfires when the show becomes a hit. The way the minstrel show evolves -- from an act of sabotage to a painful reality that exposes the entire country's racism -- is brilliantly done. And the characters are shrewdly drawn types. Michael Rappaport plays a white executive who is never funnier than when he is seriously calling Delacroix ''brother man.'' Jada Pinkett-Smith plays Delacroix's assistant and the voice of reason. Again, class divisions emerge within one family; she is embarrassed by her thuggish brother (played by Mos Def). Although the ending is too abrupt, ''Bamboozled'' reveals how daring Mr. Lee still is.

When he pushes the limits and fails, though, he fails big. ''She Hate Me'' feels like three different movies, each worse than the last. (The story is by Michael Genet, who shares screenplay credit with Mr. Lee.) It begins as a fairly funny satire of corruption in business, as an on-the-rise executive named Jack (Anthony Mackie) becomes a whistle-blower. The film goes out of control when the unemployed Jack becomes a paid sperm donor for a parade of lesbian mothers; there are sex scenes and there are animated scenes with Jack's face in giant sperm swimming across the screen. Finally he meets the Mafia dad of one of the lesbians and -- well, none of it makes enough sense or nonsense to go on. What needs to be played as off-the-charts satire is flat-footed and sluggish from the start.

But such failure may be the flip side of Mr. Lee's restless creativity, a small price to pay for so much artistic success, like that of the emotionally intense ''25th Hour'' (2002) with Edward Norton as a man saying goodbye to friends, family and New York before heading to prison. Like ''Inside Man,'' it is not an original Spike Lee idea -- it is based on a novel and screenplay by David Benioff -- but the story blends with his interests and his vision of the city so seamlessly that you'd never guess.

And while ''Inside Man'' may be his attempt at a mainstream, money-making hit, he hasn't lost his political edge. His next film, ''When the Levees Broke,'' is a documentary about Hurricane Katrina's victims, scheduled to be shown on HBO in August. While plenty of voices have addressed the racial component of the government's slow response, no one can approach it with his mix of bravado, outrage and a thoughtfulness that wasn't always appreciated in the days of early Spike.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Denzel Washington, left, and Spike Lee on the ''Inside Man'' set. Clockwise below, scenes from ''Jungle Fever'' with John Turturro, left, and Anthony Quinn

''Do the Right Thing'' with Ruby Dee and Ossie Davis

and ''She's Gotta Have It'' with Tracy Camilla Johns and Tommy Redmond Hicks. (Photo by David Lee/Universal Studios)

(Photo by Island Pictures)

(Photo by David Lee/Universal Studios)

(Photo by Universal Studios)(pg. 11)

Richard Edson and Spike Lee in the 1989 film ''Do the Right Thing.'' (Photo by Universal City Studios)(pg. 17)

**Load-Date:** March 26, 2006

**End of Document**



[***Breaking Through***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4PMB-8430-TW8F-G1FM-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 9, 2007 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2007 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 2; Column 0; Arts and Leisure Desk; Pg. 48

**Length:** 1788 words

**Byline:** By KAREN DURBIN

**Body**

Tang Wei

When Ang Lee was casting the female lead in his World War II sex and espionage melodrama, ''Lust, Caution'' (Sept. 28), he gave his assistant director the gnomic instruction ''What others don't want, I'll take.'' The assistant director understood: ''No oval face, no big-eyed Barbie, no long-limbed, willowy mannequin.''

Tang Wei, a rising television star who won the part over more famous competitors, is none of those pretty things. She's better: the sort of deeply expressive actress who can look ordinary one moment and utterly captivating the next.

''Lust, Caution'' gives her ample opportunity and, in a performance of astonishing passion and complexity, she makes the most of it. As part of an assassination plot by a student resistance group in Japanese-occupied Shanghai, Ms. Tang's Wang Chia-Chih goes under cover to seduce the government's extremely dangerous intelligence chief, played by the charismatic superstar Tony Leung (''2046,''''Infernal Affairs''). Chia-Chih's transformation from idealistic bluestocking to bombshell seductress is the sort of trope that spy movies thrive on. But Ms. Tang makes it much more powerful -- both an ordeal and an awakening -- and so nakedly intimate that it becomes the central drama of the film.

The visual contrast between Ms. Tang's plain, somewhat artless activist and chic, red-lipped coquette is so startling that it signals how radical her transformation is. The spontaneous sparks between her sexually inexperienced student and Mr. Leung's cynical spy combust unexpectedly into a love affair raw enough to earn the movie an NC-17 rating, and sufficiently fierce and consuming that for Chia-Chih, at least, it amounts to a fiery furnace. Ms. Tang expresses the toll this takes with subtle ingenuity, as the two characters she's playing begin to fuse, Chia-Chih's submissiveness dissolving along with her idealism and the seductress's coquetry giving way to something more urgent and disturbing.

Perhaps Ms. Tang's most electrifying moment in a movie full of them arrives when Chia-Chih reports back to her male handlers and, in the most graphic terms possible, tells them just what carrying out their mission is doing to her, the intimacy of it and the corruption. They look stunned, as well they might. Their obedient comrade has become something great and terrible, an outraged, anguished woman belching fire even as, internally, she goes down in flames.

Josh Brolin

Judging by his resume, Josh Brolin enjoys playing bad guys, and this fall he's adding a doozy to the list -- a smiling, sharp-dressed narcotics detective in Ridley Scott's ''American Gangster'' (Nov. 2) who's so bent and slimy he could almost be another life form. But where Mr. Brolin shines as never before is in ''No Country for Old Men'' (Nov. 9), the Coen brothers' adaptation of Cormac McCarthy's 2005 novel, and the guy he's playing isn't bad, just touchingly human.

Set in the West Texas flatlands in 1980, ''No Country'' revolves around a major drug deal gone murderously wrong. When Mr. Brolin's character, a laconic Vietnam vet named Llewelyn Moss, comes upon the grisly scene while out hunting for antelope, he ignores the truckload of heroin but makes off with a large satchel containing $2 million. In doing so he becomes hunted, most frighteningly by a mystical professional killer named Chigurh (Javier Bardem) who considers himself less a hit man than the avatar of death itself.

Mr. Brolin, who grew up on a ranch and later lived on one of his own, couldn't look more at home in the movie's contemporary Western setting. Restrained yet forceful, he makes Moss an everyman in the best sense: not Joe Sixpack or an anonymous blob, but someone vital and wryly humorous who hasn't got much to go on but perseveres nonetheless. Even though Moss and his wife (Kelly Macdonald) are borderline poor and live in a run-down trailer, nothing can shake the fact that they dote on each other.

It's the emotional honesty of Mr. Brolin's performance that makes it so compelling. Exploring the bloody death scene, he looks tense and wary, but there's an excited edge to his alertness: he's hunting there too. And when he takes the money, it's without haste or greed, a deliberate act. His awareness of the danger of what he's doing is palpable in the stillness of his body, the carefulness of his gestures; you can almost feel him holding his breath. But it's his one bit of luck, and he must rise to it.

Jim Sturgess

When Jim Sturgess tried out for the male lead in ''Across the Universe'' (Sept. 14), Julie Taymor's eye-popping new musical about the '60s, Ms. Taymor wondered if he wasn't almost too perfect. ''It's all Beatles music, but it's not a Beatles movie, and I didn't want it to be literal,'' she said recently, adding that a second audition erased her doubts.

It's easy to see why. With his artful shag, Liverpudlian accent and high, sweet, grainy singing voice, Mr. Sturgess (who grew up middle-class in the south of England) is unmistakably Beatlesesque, especially in his early scenes. But like other characters in the movie who bring to mind vivid figures from the period, he evokes rather than impersonates. And he never breaks character in his songs, performing them with such deceptively casual ease that they seem like a natural extension of his speech.

Mr. Sturgess plays Jude, a Liverpool dockworker who travels to America to find the father he never knew and stumbles into New York City's burgeoning counterculture. That make-it-up-as-you-go-along world offers him the chance to use his talent as a graphic artist and makes possible his romance with Evan Rachel Wood's schoolgirl turned rebel. Mr. Sturgess, who is 26 but looks 19 in ''Across the Universe,'' manages the neat trick of giving Jude an almost dewy hopefulness while conveying the rough-edged realism of a kid to whom life has not been particularly kind.

It's this combination of innocence and hard-won experience that makes Jude the most touching character in the story and its charismatic hero. He protests the war in Vietnam, but looks with contempt on the hate-filled pseudoradicals who preach the politics of violence. He may be a stranger in a strange land, but his American friends seem politically naive by comparison. And while Mr. Sturgess is currently an unknown, he won't be for long. He will star with, among others, Sean Penn, Harrison Ford, Natalie Portman and Scarlett Johansson in three more Hollywood films, all due out within the year.

Amy Ryan

Amy Ryan has earned Tony nominations for her performances on Broadway as Sonya in ''Uncle Vanya'' and Stella in ''A Streetcar Named Desire.'' But filmgoers may know her best for making a small role sparkle two years ago in ''Capote,'' about the 1959 massacre of a Kansas family and the New Yorker writer who turned the crime into a memorable book. Playing the lead investigator's culture-starved wife, thrilled to have Truman Capote in her living room, Ms. Ryan made the ebullient, martini-shaking hostess both a comic figure and a delightful one.

In Ben Affleck's feature filmmaking debut, ''Gone Baby Gone'' (Oct. 19), Ms. Ryan's role is bigger and a lot darker, and her all-American blond good looks have roughened into something sullen and hostile, her smile an angry smirk. Based on a Dennis Lehane mystery about the disappearance of a 4-year-old girl in a ***working-class*** Roman Catholic neighborhood of Boston, the movie keeps circling back to Ms. Ryan's Helene McCready, the child's mother. Apparently grief-stricken, her face goes hard once the television lights are turned off, and she jeers at the pious aunt (Amy Madigan) who calls her an abomination. Helene prefers the company at a local dive, where she was busy getting hammered when her daughter, alone in what might be the grimmest child's bedroom ever, disappeared. Still, as the hunt goes on, her hardness cracks to reveal moments of tough humor and what looks like real pain.

But if Helene gets sentimental, Ms. Ryan, above with John Ashton, left, and Ed Harris, never does. She makes this defiant, resentful woman impossible to like, and yet, incredibly, she's never tiresome. Instead Helene becomes the most fascinating character on the screen as Ms. Ryan reveals the complexity of her deceit, gradually peeling back the layers, including the way she deceives herself, until the true measure of the woman is revealed. Work this intricate is a tour de force, although, to Ms. Ryan's credit, she never makes it seem like one. It's only afterward that you register the full power of her art.

Ben Foster

Ben Foster has a gift for being horrific and poignant at the same time. This first emerged in the HBO series ''Six Feet Under,'' when he played the wildly neurotic, bisexual artist boyfriend of Lauren Ambrose's Claire. In last year's ''Alpha Dog,'' Mr. Foster burned up the screen as a suburban parent's worst nightmare, a speed-crazed drug dealer who, his wounded glare implied, had been an outcast in his family long before he was old enough to make trouble. In ''3:10 to Yuma'' (Sept. 7), James Mangold's expanded remake of the 1957 Glenn Ford western, he plays another young villain so well that he becomes the movie's third star.

''Yuma'' tells the story of Dan Evans (Christian Bale), a penniless rancher who takes the dangerous job of delivering Ben Wade (Russell Crowe), the notorious leader of an outlaw gang, to the train that will transport him to prison. Mr. Foster plays Wade's second in command, Charlie Prince, who unlike the gang's other members is whippet thin and, without being silly about it, stylish. It's his anonymous gunfighter image on the advertising poster, in flat-brimmed hat, lean jeans and jacket.

Mr. Foster wields his gaze like a weapon. His light blue eyes glitter like crystal when he's being fierce, which is most of the time. Charlie is a stone-cold killer. But Mr. Mangold has added a dimension to the story and the character by giving him a relationship with his boss not unlike that between Evans and his teenage son, only in reverse. Evans's son despises him for his failure and his aversion to violence, which the boy misreads as weakness.

By contrast, Charlie idolizes Wade, even bawling out his name and fearsome reputation when they come to a new town. He's as obedient and loyal as a dog, and a childish pride flashes in those hard eyes whenever Wade entrusts him with some menial task. Inside this merciless man, Mr. Foster shows us a boy pitifully eager to please the most indifferent of fathers.

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

**Graphic**

PHOTO (PHOTOGRAPH BY CHAN KAM CHUEN/FOCUS FEATURES)(pg. AR48)

**Load-Date:** October 8, 2009

**End of Document**



[***PATERSON JOURNAL;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-8YD0-000P-218T-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***After Theft of Kennedy Bust, an Unexpected History Lesson***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-8YD0-000P-218T-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 15, 1992, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1992 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** New Jersey Weekly Desk

**Section:** Section 12NJ;; Section 12NJ; Page 2; Column 1; New Jersey Weekly Desk; Column 1;

**Length:** 1082 words

**Byline:** By ALBERT J. PARISI

By ALBERT J. PARISI

**Dateline:** PATERSON

**Body**

IN the hallways, classrooms and offices of John F. Kennedy High School, there is a mystery in the air. Of course, this is not a mystery involving conspiracy theories or the C.I.A. -- at least not directly.

In this gritty inner-city learning institution, as well known for its tenacity in nurturing educational standards and high aspirations amid poverty as it is for its security guards and fortresslike facade, an ongoing history lesson has been born from a symbolic namesake and a theft.

Last December, during a holiday break, someone stole a 75-pound bronze bust of the 35th President of the United States, ripping it from its pedestal in the school's main foyer. The police say that in all likelihood more than one person was involved.

The bust, designed by Leo Cherne, is a replica of the piece he created in 1964 for the John F. Kennedy Institute of American Studies in Berlin. Several days after its disappearance, the bust was found in a nearby park under a mound of wet leaves. Just how it was stolen, the police say, remains unknown.

Concern About a Potential Tradition

While police and school officials think the incident was nothing more than a youthful prank, they are concerned that its theft may become an exasperating tradition.

The bust was stolen once before, almost a year earlier, from the same spot, and deposited along the west bank of the nearby Passaic River. In that instance, the thieves unbolted the bust from its four-foot-tall granite pedestal. This time, they pried it loose, causing further damage.

While school administrators and maintenance staff are weighing plans for repairing the statue's mount and seeking a more secure means of displaying it, the bust has been hidden "in a very safe place" away from prying eyes and hands, said Joseph Vacca, head of custodial services.

But regardless of who was responsible for the theft, it has served to reawaken interest in the late President and as well as the goals and achievements of his curtailed time in office.

Goal of Reaching Full Potential

"For the students here and the staff as well, J.F.K.'s philosophy is the embodiment of what we've set out to accomplish," said Dr. Judith Sampson, the school's principal, "that everyone has the opportunity to reach out and grow to their full potential."

The school has a student body of some 2,200, including black, Hispanic, Asian and Arab students. They are the sons and daughters of a ***working-class*** community in this aging town once known as Silk City and "the textile manufacturing center of the world."

The school's neighborhood is a mix of post-war single-family homes and Victorian row houses built for those who worked at once plentiful factory jobs, which started declining in the 1950's. The only signs of commerce left on Totowa Avenue, which passes by the school, are a boxing gym and a few grocery stores near an abandoned factory.

Many of the high school's students are college bound, but 10 percent are dropouts and 30 percent, school officials and teachers say, will not go on to further studies for the reason that poverty dictates that they enter the work force to help support their families.

Sidney Turner, the 18-year-old senior class president, aspires to a career in computer science. At J.F.K., the one lesson learned that he will carry with him for a lifetime, he said, is the meaning of the term "respect."

"To gain respect from students, from the people around you, you have to learn to give it," Mr. Turner said. In his studies of the late President, it was a quality that Mr. Turner particularly admired.

For Tim Maher, an 18-year-old junior who plans a career in communications, the J.F.K. message represents a community working together for a common goal -- a future for all students in which one is judged not by color or faith, but by what is held dear in the heart and mind.

"When we heard about the theft, for me it was like somebody took away something more than just the bust," he said. "They took away our good-luck piece. What was ripped off was more than a symbol here. It was like stealing our school pride."

For both students and teachers, the fact that the theft coincided with the opening of Oliver Stone's film "J.F.K.," which has sparked controversy, suggested that the events of the past have importance for the present.

Robin O'Brien, a history teacher, said the Kennedy years represented a time when idealism meant improving one's outlook through motivation and education while at the same time recognizing one's responsibility to the community.

"This school is representative to me of that idealism," she said, explaining that after graduating from John F. Kennedy High School in 1973 she made a personal choice to return as an educator. The idea was to "carry on the message" that making one's own way in life is based on a foundation of self-assurance and personal potential.

"The Kennedy years, those days of Camelot when the country was focused on youth, are not forgotten here," Dr. Sampson said. She said that images of a youthful President, his wife and their small children would be forever etched in the nation's psyche, just as they are in the minds of teachers who lived through those times.

The emphasis on youth, she said, is all the more important today in Paterson because of what educators say are rudimentary problems faced in the educational system here. The problems are prevalent at inner-city schools throughout the state, they add.

Last August, the State Department of Education took over operation of all the city's district schools, including J.F.K., citing years of what it termed mismanagement and consistently poor test scores among students in elementary and secondary schools.

Dr. Sampson, who was appointed to her position after the reorganization, said that youths today faced challenges unknown to their 1960's counterparts, that the reality of drug use and AIDS had created a grimmer outlook for young people unsure of what direction to take.

But Dr. Sampson sees in John F. Kennedy a strong link between the two eras. "During Kennedy's time, the cold war was reality," she said, "and his efforts then helped to put an end to that today. Part of his message was that where there is hope, there is no end to what we can achieve, and the students here are a product of that dream."

For Amy Cruz, a 17-year-old senior, the future is "what you make of it." She said that what President Kennedy "was telling us then, like today, is that if you make a difference, you make a difference for everybody around you."

**Graphic**

Photo: Dr. Judith Sampson, principal of John F. Kennedy School in Paterson, and Tyrone Collins, the school's basketball coach, as they held a bust of President Kennedy, which was stolen and later found. (Najlah Feanny for The New York Times)

Map highlighting the town of Paterson.

**Load-Date:** March 15, 1992

**End of Document**



[***Acts of Hate From the Past: Bias Crimes in New York City Are Nothing New***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-9920-000P-23MP-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

February 1, 1992, Saturday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1992 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk

**Section:** Section 1;; Section 1; Page 25; Column 1; Metropolitan Desk; Column 1;

**Length:** 989 words

**Byline:** By DAVID GONZALEZ

By DAVID GONZALEZ

**Body**

Thirty-four years ago, Luis Garden Acosta was a pudgy 13-year-old eager to show off the streets of Brooklyn to a country cousin newly arrived from Puerto Rico. But when he refused to step aside for six black teen-agers on De Kalb Avenue, he found himself shoved, cursed and dragged screaming down the street until blood seeped through his shredded clothing.

Days later, a gang of Hispanic youths surrounded him and shouted, "Get the chink!" refusing to believe that the boy with almond eyes was not Asian until he spewed out a torrent of Spanish pleadings.

Mr. Garden has been thinking a lot about 1958 lately.

For many New Yorkers who came of age in ***working-class*** neighborhoods in the 1950's and 1960's, last month's bias attacks and retaliations have jarred loose recollections of an era when such beatings were not uncommon and often unreported.

"Somehow we accepted the danger of not making it to school in one piece," said Mr. Garden, 46, the executive director of El Puente, a youth center in Williamsburg, Brooklyn. "It was a kind of purgatory. If we got through and atoned for whatever sins, we would reach the promised land of adulthood."

In many ways it is a different world. There are legal guarantees against segregation and penalties for bias crimes. With the public more sensitive to these issues, victims of bias crimes no longer have to endure their indignities in silence while the offenses are swept under the rug.

But while there is no valid comparison of the crimes then and now, and the tensions between race and turf may be harder to sort out, there are those who wonder how far the city and race relations have advanced in the decades since they ventured through the streets.

"All that stuff existed, you know," said Dion DiMucci, who was a Bronx teen-ager who rose to fame as leader of the singing group Dion and the Belmonts. "There was a lot of denial in the 50's. It was all suppressed."

'It's a Blindness'

Many times, neighborhood youths would declare they were going to chase after some black youths, even though nobody knew why. "That always struck me as a real peculiar shortcut to becoming a man," said Mr. DiMucci, now 52 and living in Florida. "If I could just put somebody under me because he's poorer, Puerto Rican, black, Chinese or whatever. It's a blindness."

As a teen-ager in love with rhythm-and-blues, he traveled often between his Italian Bronx neighborhood and the recording studios and Harlem stages where he jammed with the black musicians he admired. Once, he brought Frankie Lymon, the boyish heartthrob who sang with the Teenagers, to his block only to be surrounded by his friends bristling with anger at the sight of a black person in their close-knit neighborhood.

"My friends wanted to beat him," Mr. DiMucci recalled. In fact, he said, he defused the situation by breaking into impromptu street singing.

But he was less successful when the neighborhood's first black family moved next door to him on Prospect Avenue and East 183d Street, provoking a barrage of rocks and invective from the neighborhood toughs.

"I remember walking into my house one day and catching the eye of one of the family next door," he said. "Time kind of froze for me because I was looking at this person there. Is this supposed to be an enemy? He looked a lot like me. In the eyes, anyway."

The Wrong Look

Growing up on the Lower East Side, Carlos Mateo knew that when he ventured too far from the Vladeck Houses and gave someone the wrong look, he could expect a fight. He and his Puerto Rican friends, who belonged to a clique they called Club 16, learned to avoid walking past the candy store on Henry Street where the May Rose, a clique of Italian and Irish youths, often taunted and fought with them.

"Our situation was more in groups that had a certain area they wanted to control as a group," said Mr. Mateo, 50, who now lives on Long Island. "There was always the name calling, they'd call you spic and you'd call them wop. But that was just the way we talked."

By the time Ernest Kelly became a teen-ager in the 60's, the turf battles grew in intensity and consequences. This was the dawn of the street gangs. He joined the Dirty Dozens, a gang with many black members.

Entire neighborhoods were off limits, like Soundview and Parkchester where white gangs like the Golden Guineas would clash with outsiders, drawing certain retribution.

The recent spate of bias crimes unleashed memories of those clashes and prompted the 38-year-old youth counselor to speak to the teen-agers at his Bronx center about the futility of retribution.

The only consolation he and others took was that such crimes were being highlighted today, although sometimes they felt they were being milked for sensationalist value by the media.

Richard Price, the Bronx-bred author of such novels as "The Wanderers," an account of street gangs, said the notion of a bias attack is only a convenient handle for something that has been going on for ages. "It seems to me that it's every group's God-given right to hate every other ethnic group," he said sarcastically.

He said that current concern over these crimes often degenerates into ethnic scorekeeping as groups trade accusations.

"It's like 'You did it!' 'No, our boys were victims!' 'Oh yeah, what about that girl?' Nobody is talking about it, they're just taking sides," he said.

Norman Siegel, executive director of the New York Civil Liberties Union, said the clashes and attacks that have occurred since the 1986 death of Michael Griffith in Howard Beach show that the city hasn't come that far since the 50's and the advances of the civil rights era.

He said that city officials and civic leaders have to go beyond condemning the bias crimes and put together a strategy that goes to the economic and sociological roots of the problem.

"In the absence of that," he said, "the bully back on the street corner gets the silence and gets the impression that it's O.K. to beat up on people."

**Graphic**

Photos: "Somehow we accepted the danger of not making it to school in one piece," said Luis Garden Acosta, 46, director of a youth center in Brooklyn of his childhood years in Brooklyn; "It's like 'You did it!' 'No, our boys were victims!' 'Oh yeah, what about that girl?' Nobody is talking about it, they're just taking sides," said Richard Price, a Bronx-bred author. (Photographs by John Sotomayor/The New York Times); "All that stuff existed, you know," said Dion DiMucci, the Bronx-born leader of the singing group Dion and the Belmonts. "There was a lot of denial in the 50's. It was all suppressed," he said. (Barry Talesnick/Retna Ltd.)

**Load-Date:** February 1, 1992

**End of Document**



[***Decorating Dream, Born in the Barn***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4C3Y-8FP0-TW8F-G1WR-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 8, 2004 Thursday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2004 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section F; Column 2; House & Home/Style Desk; Pg. 1; HOUSE PROUD

**Length:** 1342 words

**Byline:** By CLAUDIA STEINBERG

**Dateline:** STUYVESANT FALLS, N.Y.

**Body**

WHEN Christopher Bortugno III was growing up on his family's 400-acre dairy farm, known as Glencadia, a farmhand and his family lived in the old vine-covered house on the far side of a cornfield. They left the house in sad disrepair when they moved out in the early 1970's, after which it sat vacant for more than a decade. During these years of neglect, the ceilings caved in, plaster walls crumbled and part of a stairwell collapsed. A sumac tree took root in the basement and raised its scrawny branches through the broken windows, searching for light.

Mr. Bortugno's father, Christopher Bortugno Jr., had lived in the house for more than 10 years after buying the land in 1950, eventually moving into a new ranch house 200 feet away. He considered the abandoned building an eyesore, but never got around to tearing it down.

Where the father saw rot, the son saw romance. In the evenings, after finishing his chores, he would wander out with a flashlight to admire the picturesque decay of its 200-year-old brick walls and creaky wood floors. He and his friends held parties there, savoring its decrepit atmosphere. ''People said it was haunted,'' said Mr. Bortugno, 39. ''I always saw it as something precious, something that could shine and sparkle.''

Today the house is Mr. Bortugno's home, a place of unlikely elegance largely returned to its original 1810 condition, with some radical twists: the kitchen and dining area are stashed in the basement, the interior walls on the ground floor were demolished to create a single open space and the attic gave way to a soaring cathedral ceiling under the gambrel roof. It is a farmhouse once again, but a farmhouse with a slightly subversive contemporary spirit.

Precocious farm boys might be expected to escape at the earliest opportunity. Mr. Bortugno was no exception. He left for college at the State University at Cobleskill in 1981 but returned weekends to work at the farm. After a year he dropped out, abandoning his plans for a career in the restaurant business to help his father and younger brother, Michael, in their struggle to keep the farm going.

Like many families with working farms, they had fallen into debt. Mr. Bortugno said that Glencadia might not have survived without a grant of $780,000 issued in 2002 by New York State and the Open Space Institute, a New York-based nonprofit group dedicated to preserving open land. In return, the family forfeited the right to future development of the property. ''Nothing can be built here, forever,'' Mr. Bortugno said.

It would have been far more profitable to sell the land to developers, of course, particularly since it has views of Lindenwald, the 38-acre home of President Martin Van Buren.

But Mr. Bortugno's father resisted any offers, stressing to his sons the advantages of the farming life. ''You never have to commute to work, you don't get stuck because of an icy road, you just go out and do your thing,'' the elder Mr. Bortugno said.

Not to mention the company of animals, for whom the younger Mr. Bortugno has an abiding affection. He permits many of the cows to retire on the farm after a lifetime of production, rather than go the slaughterhouse. He also keeps two elderly dogs, a handsome thoroughbred he rarely rides and a sizeable nanny goat who is allowed into the house, where she encounters a zebra skin rug and a stuffed owl. ''I hate the hunting and stuffing of animals, but when I found those, I had to take them in,'' Mr. Bortugno said.

When he left college in 1982, Mr. Bortugno preserved a modicum of independence by moving into a former stanchion barn rendered obsolete by a new milking facility. He shared the barn with 14 horses boarded by neighboring children; in a pen previously used for birthing calves, he built a small, carefully painted and furnished apartment.

During the harsh winter of 1982 Mr. Bortugno raised 10 heifers in the dilapidated house to shelter them from the cold. The next fall he began gutting the house while living in his temporary quarters in the adjacent barn. In the basement, under several inches of dirt, he discovered a brick floor pitted by the hot coals used to heat the house a century ago. Only one object remained in the house after he was through: a rickety player piano.

For Mr. Bortugno, restoration and decoration are by necessity largely nocturnal activities, accomplished after 13-hour workdays which begin with milking 120 cows at 5 a.m. ''You sit with Chris at the fire, drink a glass of wine and fantasize about improving this and that,'' said Kathleen Thorsey, a friend who is a mortgage broker in nearby Kinderhook. ''You come back the next day and he has done it.'' The Hudson Valley's growing vitality notwithstanding, there is not much to do in the evenings, she said, and the resulting boredom can be a creative force.

Mr. Bortugno's after-hours labor included cutting a wide slice through the floors, creating a slightly dizzying vertical space that extends from the kitchen in the basement to the brass chandelier under the roof. ''Some of my neighbors criticized me at first for gutting the house and accused me of ruining its historic beauty,'' he said. ''But I wanted to have an open space instead of a whole cluster of tiny, impractical rooms.''

Mr. Bortugno found the chandelier, a highborn object down on its luck, languishing among other outcasts in a thrift shop near Hudson, N.Y. He remolded the graceful curves of its long crooked arms and crowned it with a brass pineapple scavenged from a yard sale.

The pineapple, a traditional symbol of hospitality, is a fitting addition to a house that has come to be a gathering spot for Mr. Bortugno's friends and neighbors. ''My mother died when I was young, so I learned cooking and housekeeping very early,'' he said.

At his frequent dinner parties, meals are served on the century-old copper chafing dishes he collects at yard and church sales. ''Last summer, Christopher roasted a whole pig, and there were about 140 guests,'' said Donna Steele, a childhood friend who now lives in North Carolina but plans to celebrate her 40th birthday and Mr. Bortugno's at Glencadia on Monday, inviting 60 guests to a potluck dinner.

Mr. Bortugno leaves the door open in case friends come by while he's doing chores. Until his death last month, Michael Snyder was one of the neighbors who frequently dropped by. ''I come here often, whether Chris is home or not,'' he said last fall. ''I like to pour myself a drink and just rest for a while.''

From his father, who at the age of 74 still works on the farm every day, Mr. Bortugno inherited a reluctance to throw things out. So when the player piano fell apart while he was trying to maneuver it into the nearby barn, he salvaged its metal frame and hung it on an exposed brick wall. And he returned to the building another important relic of its past: an ornate cast-iron stove from the 1880's, which he discovered in a stable. By painting it matte silver, he turned it into a functional piece of filigree jewelry set against the dark brick walls.

''Decorating comes naturally to me, like math,'' Mr. Bortugno said. ''It's about balance.''

Mr. Bortugno said he inherited much of his taste from his mother, who grew up in a Tudor mansion in the Bronx and always wore bright red lipstick. She died in 1976 of pneumonia, weakened form many years of dialysis. He also credits his friend Jack Clark, a fashion photographer who died two years ago at the age of 78, leaving Mr. Bortugno a mahogany buffet from the 1820's and a cherry wood dining table. These antiques now gracefully cohabitate with the treasures Mr. Bortugno salvages from the garbage, like the world maps from 1890 discarded by his alma mater, Ichabod Crane High School, which he used to wallpaper his kitchen.

Mr. Bortugno's father believes that farm life has played a role in his son's ability to transform a dilapidated building into a personal expression. ''The farm background comes in handy,'' he said. ''You learn to do a lot of things, most of all to work with what you have.''

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

**Graphic**

Photos: FARMHOUSE TO SHOW HOUSE -- Christopher Bortugno III, below, fixed up a derelict house, adding salvaged furnishings. (Photographs by Barbel Miebach for The New York Times)(pg. F1)

LOST AND FOUND -- A 200-year-old brick floor, top left, in the basement-turned-kitchen, furnished with a leather wing chair bought at auction. Pine floorboards, top right, lead the way to the dining room

the table was inherited and the chairs are finds. A thrift-store zebra skin and a secondhand chandelier preside over the stairs, above left. The stove, right, was rescued from a stable.

AFTER MILKING -- Mr. Bortugno gutted his 1810 farmhouse, above right, creating an open living room, above left, that boasts a $9 chandelier and a door crown found in a friend's garage.

***WORKING CLASS*** -- Christopher Bortugno III decorates after hours. (Photographs by Barbel Miebach for The New York Times)(pg. F6)

**Load-Date:** April 8, 2004

**End of Document**



[***HIGH PRICES MAKE $100 BILLS COMMON CURRENCY***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-DX50-000B-Y4CN-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 4, 1981, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1981 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 1; Part 1; Page 26, Column 2; National Desk

**Length:** 1043 words

**Byline:** By TOM STITES

**Body**

Inflation is reaching so deep into the American pocket that it has begun pulling $100 bills out of overalls as well as from silver money clips.

''Twenty dollars doesn't go as far these days,'' said Errol Kessler, night manager of a delicatessen on Third Avenue near 37th Street, who estimates that he is taking in twice as many big bills as a year ago. ''It's not all businessmen. We get our share of more normal people that use the fifties and hundreds.''

High prices are making $100 bills common currency

At the Bank of New Orleans and Trust Company, $100 bills have surpassed $5 bills in popularity and would be in even greater demand if more retail businesses would accept them, according to Arthur Duffel, a vice president. Twenties, he said, are still the most popular, followed by tens, ones - then hundreds.

Three Baltimore banks that give out unusually large numbers of $100 bills are in ***working-class*** neighborhoods, according to bank spokesmen.

In many supermarkets around the country, where a $100 bill barely buys a week's groceries for a large family; in restaurants where dinner for four can cost a thick wad of twenties, and in service stations, where a $20 bill no longer fills even a medium-size gasoline tank, big bills are becoming commonplace.

Popular With Tourists

Tourists, in particular, are carrying big bills and spending them with nonchalance. One merchant in the French Quarter of New Orleans reports that he just bought a new cash register with an additional compartment to accommodate the $100 bills he gets.

And, more and more, $100 bills are the preferred medium of exchange for large-scale drug dealers and other underworld characters, for mattress-stuffers and overseas hoarders of hard currency, for wealthy Latin Americans fleeing political upheaval, for the growing number of tax evaders who operate in the so-called underground economy and for cash carriers everywhere who are concerned that a fat wallet or roll of bills might be obvious to thieves or destroy the look of stylishly tight clothes.

''I prefer to carry a thin wad,'' Ric Gibb, assistant manager of a supermarket in Los Angeles, said after a recent gambling trip to Lake Tahoe. He said he started carrying big bills ''because they are less bulky.''

More Visibility

Mr. Gibb said he saw more hundreds on his last trip to Lake Tahoe than ever before, even though big bills have been common for years at race tracks, casinos and other gambling centers.

''Here they throw away a lot of money,'' said a clerk at the Times Square OTB agency who asked that he not be named. ''It's easier to throw it away in big bills.''

Because the demand for $100 bills is growing in so many quarters, the value of the number in circulation has grown far faster than the Consumer Price Index in every year for more than a decade. The growth has outstripped that of the overall money supply by an even greater degree, Treasury Department and Federal Reserve System statistics show.

In April the $100 bills in circulation were worth $49.8 billion, 40.7 percent of the $122.4 billion represented by all currency in circulation, the Treasury Department said. Ten years earlier, $100 bills represented 23.6 percent of the currency in circulation. The value of $100 bills in circulation has increased by 14 percent or more every year since 1972, sometimes by a greater amount than the increase in the Defense Department budget.

No More $10,000 Bills

The $100 bill has been the largest printed in the United States since World War II, said Peter H. Daly, chief of the Office of Planning and Policy De velopment of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. Denominations of $500, $1,000, $5,000 and $10,00 0 were officially retired in 1969 and now are extremely scarce, h e said.

Robert B. Kaiman, senior operations analyst of the Federal Reserve Board in Washington, said he could only speculate about why $100 bills were so popular. In addition to inflation and the drug traffic, he mentioned the unrecorded cash economy, which many people use to evade income taxes.

People interviewed in other cities reported being able to pay less for dental work if they used cash so the income could not be traced to the dentist. They also said they could pay less for everything from stud fees for their horses to fancy clothes for their families by spending cash.

This underground economy, a growing concern of Federal tax officials, is necessarily the subject of widely varying estimates, ranging from 7 percent of the gross national product, or about $210 billion, to as much as 20 percent, or about $600 billion.

A more blatantly illegal use of big bills is in the drug market, and both the good guys and the bad guys use large numbers of them. A Drug Enforcement Administration officer in Chicago reported that agents took $15,000 in $100 bills in an undercover drug purchase a few weeks ago.

''They frequently take it out as a flash roll to show before arresting the dealer,'' he said.

More Counterfeiting

''Even criminals feel inflation,'' Laurie Davis, a Secret Service agent in New York City, said in explaining that criminals are also starting to counterfeit the big bills.

''One thing that counterfeiters must take into account,'' she said, ''is how easy a bill is to pass. People are getting used to the fifties and hundreds.''

She said the number of counterfeit $100 bills discovered nationally increased by 69 percent from 1979 to 1980, when 22,000 were found, and by 55 percent more by April of this year. Twentydollar bills are still the most popular for counterfeiters, she said, but they are being found in declining numbers as the counterfeit fifties and hundreds increase.

Among law-abiding citizens, there are some people who carry so much cash that they wish $500 bills were still printed, but many more have never seen whose portrait adorns the $100 bill (Benjamin Franklin). These people prefer the secure feeling of a thick wad of $5 and $10 bills to a couple of thin $100 bills.

One man in Idaho made the switch to the big bills because a wad of smaller ones gave him a pain in the hip. It was caused by the pressure of his wallet on the sciatic nerve on long trips, and it is called sciatica, physicians say.

''But,'' one physician said, ''it was probably caused just as much by his credit cards.''

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photo of William A. Shea graph of popularity of the $100 bill

**End of Document**



[***Militants in Europe Openly Call For Jihad and the Rule of Islam***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4C7S-R2J0-TW8F-G31W-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 26, 2004 Monday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2004 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Column 1; Foreign Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1511 words

**Byline:** By PATRICK E. TYLER and DON VAN NATTA Jr.; Patrick E. Tyler reported from Luton, Slough and London and Don Van Natta Jr. from London. Souad Mekhennet contributed reporting from Germany.

**Dateline:** LUTON, England, April 24

**Body**

The call to jihad is rising in the streets of Europe, and is being answered, counterterrorism officials say.

In this former industrial town north of London, a small group of young Britons whose parents emigrated from Pakistan after World War II have turned against their families' new home. They say they would like to see Prime Minister Tony Blair dead or deposed and an Islamic flag hanging outside No. 10 Downing Street.

They swear allegiance to Osama bin Laden and his goal of toppling Western democracies to establish an Islamic superstate under Shariah law, like Afghanistan under the Taliban. They call the Sept. 11 hijackers the ''Magnificent 19'' and regard the Madrid train bombings as a clever way to drive a wedge into Europe.

On Thursday evening, at a tennis center community hall in Slough, west of London, their leader, Sheik Omar Bakri Mohammad, spoke of his adherence to Osama bin Laden. If Europe fails to heed Mr. bin Laden's offer of a truce -- provided that all foreign troops are withdrawn from Iraq in three months -- Muslims will no longer be restrained from attacking the Western countries that play host to them, the sheik said.

''All Muslims of the West will be obliged,'' he said, to ''become his sword'' in a new battle. Europeans take heed, he added, saying, ''It is foolish to fight people who want death -- that is what they are looking for.''

On ***working-class*** streets of old industrial towns like Crawley, Luton, Birmingham and Manchester, and in the Arab enclaves of Germany, France, Switzerland and other parts of Europe, intelligence officials say a fervor for militancy is intensifying and becoming more open.

In Hamburg, Dr. Mustafa Yoldas, the director of the Council of Islamic Communities, saw a correlation to the discord in Iraq. ''This is a very dangerous situation at the moment,'' Dr. Yoldas said. ''My impression is that Muslims have become more and more angry against the United States.''

Hundreds of young Muslim men are answering the call of militant groups affiliated or aligned with Al Qaeda, intelligence and counterterrorism officials in the region say.

Even more worrying, said a senior counterterrorism official, is that the level of ''chatter'' -- communications among people suspected of terrorism and their supporters -- has markedly increased since Mr. bin Laden's warning to Europe this month. The spike in chatter has given rise to acute worries that planning for another strike in Europe is advanced.

''Iraq dramatically strengthened their recruitment efforts,'' one counterterrorism official said. He added that some mosques now display photos of American soldiers fighting in Iraq alongside bloody scenes of bombed out Iraqi neighborhoods. Detecting actual recruitments is almost impossible, he said, because it is typically done face to face.

And recruitment is paired with a compelling new strategy to bring the fight to Europe.

Members of Al Qaeda have ''proven themselves to be extremely opportunistic, and they have decided to try to split the Western alliance,'' the official continued. ''They are focusing their energies on attacking the big countries'' -- the United States, Britain and Spain -- so as to ''scare'' the smaller states.

Some Muslim recruits are going to Iraq, counterterrorism officials in Europe say, but more are remaining home, possibly joining cells that could help with terror logistics or begin operations like the one that came to notice when the British police seized 1,200 pounds of ammonium nitrate, a key bomb ingredient, in late March, and arrested nine Pakistani-Britons, five of whom have been charged with trying to build a terrorist bomb.

Stoking that anger are some of the same fiery Islamic clerics who preached violence and martyrdom before the Sept. 11 attacks.

On Friday, Abu Hamza, the cleric accused of tutoring Richard Reid before he tried to blow up a Paris-to-Miami jetliner with explosives hidden in his shoe, urged a crowd of 200 outside his former Finsbury Park mosque to embrace death and the ''culture of martyrdom.''

Though the British home secretary, David Blunkett, has sought to strip Abu Hamza of his British citizenship and deport him, the legal battle has dragged on for years while Abu Hamza keeps calling down the wrath of God.

Also this week, over Mr. Blunkett's vigorous objection, a 35-year-old Algerian held under emergency laws passed after Sept. 11 was released from Belmarsh Prison. The man, identified only as ''G,'' suffered from severe mental illness, his lawyers told a special immigration appeals panel, which let him out of prison and put him under house arrest.

Mr. Blunkett insisted that that should not be the final judgment on a man already found by one court ''to be a threat to life and liberty.''

In an interview on the BBC over the weekend, Mr. Blunkett advocated a stronger deportation policy, initially focused on 12 foreign terror suspects held without charge since the Sept. 11 attacks.

Despite tougher antiterrorism laws, the police, prosecutors and intelligence chiefs across Europe say they are struggling to contain the openly seditious speech of Islamic extremists, some of whom, they say, have been inciting young men to suicidal violence since the 1990's.

One chapter in Sheik Omar's lectures these days is ''The Psyche of Muslims for Suicide Bombing.''

The authorities say that laws to protect religious expression and civil liberties have the result of limiting what they can do to stop hateful speech. In the case of foreigners, they say they are often left to seek deportation, a lengthy and uncertain process subject to legal appeals, when the suspect can keep inciting attacks.

That leaves the authorities to resort to less effective means, such as mouse-trapping Islamic radicals with immigration violations in hopes of making a deportation case stick. ''In many countries, the laws are liberal and it's not easy,'' an official said.

At a mosque in Geneva, an imam recently exhorted his followers to ''impose the will of Islam on the godless society of the West.''

''It was quite virulent,'' said a senior official with knowledge of the sermon. ''The imam was encouraging his followers to take over the godless society.''

While such a sermon may be incitement, recruitment takes a more shadowy course, and is hard to detect, a senior antiterrorism official said. ''Believers are appealed to in the mosques, but the real conversations take place in restaurants or cafes or private apartments,'' the official said.

While some clerics, like Abu Qatada -- said to be the spiritual counselor of Mohamed Atta, who led the Sept. 11 hijacking team -- remain in prison in Britain without charge, others like Sheik Omar, leader of a movement called Al Muhajiroun, carry on a robust ideological campaign.

''There is no case against me,'' Sheik Omar said in an interview. Referring to calls by members of Parliament that he be deported, he added, ''but they are Jewish'' and ''they have been calling for that for years.''

Among his ardent followers is Ishtiaq Alamgir, 24, who heads Al Muhajiroun in Luton and calls himself Sayful Islam, the sword of Islam. He says there are about 50 members here but exact numbers are secret.

Most days, he and a handful of his followers run a recruitment stand on Dunstable Road much to the chagrin of the Muslim elders of Luton.

Mainstream Muslims are outraged by the situation, saying the actions of a few are causing their communities to be singled out for surveillance and making the larger population distrustful of them.

Muhammad Sulaiman, a stalwart of the mainstream Central Mosque here, was penniless when he arrived from the Kashmiri frontier of Pakistan in 1956. He raised money to build the Central Mosque here and now leads a campaign to ban Al Muhajiroun radicals from the city's 10 mosques.

''This is show-off business,'' he says in accented English. ''I don't want these kids in my mosque.''

Other community leaders look to the government to do something, if only to help prevent the demonization of British Muslims, or ''Islamophobia,'' as some here call it.

''I think these kids are being brainwashed by a few radical clerics,'' said Akhbar Dad Khan, another elder of the Central Mosque. He wants them prosecuted or deported. ''We should be able to control this negativity,'' he said.

In Slough, Sheik Omar spent much of his time Thursday night regaling his young followers with the erotic delights of paradise -- sweet kisses and the pleasures of bathing with scores of women -- while he also preached the virtues of death in Islamic struggle as a ticket to paradise.

He spoke of terrorism as the new norm of cultural conflict, ''the fashion of the 21st century,'' practiced as much by Tony Blair as by Al Qaeda.

''We may be caught up in the target as the people of Manhattan were,'' he told them.

And he warned Western leaders, ''You may kill bin Laden, but the phenomenon, you cannot kill it -- you cannot destroy it.''

''Our Muslim brothers from abroad will come one day and conquer here and then we will live under Islam in dignity,'' he said.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Abu Hamza, a cleric, preaches martyrdom outside a London mosque. (Photo by Agence France-Presse--Getty Images)(pg. A1)

Ishtiaq Alamgir, above, at his home in Luton, England, calls himself Sayful Islam, the sword of Islam. He is a follower of Sheik Omar Bakri Mohammad, below, who warns of attacks by ''Muslims of the West.'' (Photographs by Jonathan Player for The New York Times)(pg. A13)Map of England highlighting Luton: A call for holy war is arising in Luton, where young Muslims live with their families from Pakistan. (pg. A13)

**Load-Date:** April 26, 2004

**End of Document**



[***UNCHECKED URBANIZATION CLOGS LATIN AMERICAN***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-DV10-000B-Y495-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 18, 1981, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1981 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 1; Part 1; Page 22, Column 1; Foreign Desk

**Length:** 1091 words

**Byline:** By WARREN HOGE, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** RIO DE JANEIRO, Oct 17

**Body**

''This corner is tops,'' said Alberto Vieira de Azevedo as he stood at the busy Copacabana intersection. He shouted the assertion, but his delivery had nothing to do with civic boosterism. He was simply trying to make himself heard on what statistically has become the noisiest street crossing in the world.

The nickname that Mr. Azevedo, an architect, and the colleagues in the Brazilian acoustical association that he heads have given the block, ''The Quadrilateral of Death,'' only barely overstates the case. In rush hours, the roar of traffic at the corner of Avenida Nossa Senhora de Copacabana and Rua Figueiredo Magalhaes reaches 107 decibels on Mr. Azevedo's sound-level meter, placing it at a level of sensory abuse between the clatter of a chain saw (105) and the earsplitting tattoo of a pneumatic drill (110).

Warren Hoge comment discusses increasing urbanization of Latin America

The intersection is less than 200 yards from the beach and the open sea, a reminder of how headlong growth can totally eradicate an environment.

A Region of Stark Contrasts

Latin America is at once one of the most scenic parts of the developing world and its most urbanized. The contrasts are starkly apparent throughout the region.

An amber corona of pollutants shroud the Andean peaks rimming the Chilean capital of Santiago. The narrow streets of the whitewashed colonial city center in the Ecuadorean capital of Quito awake to shimmery clear mountain mornings but are soon engulfed in smoky, caterwauling traffic jams.

Mexico City, home of 131,000 factories as well as 14 million people, and Sao Paulo, center of nearly half the entire production of Brazil, live in a permanent silvery haze. The leafy valley in which the Venezuelans built their capital city of Caracas has become a sooty basin of carbon monoxide in quantitites more than 15 times the danger level established by the World Health Organization.

The Bolivian river that runs through the middle of La Paz, at 12,000 feet the highest capital city in the world, is so filled with garbage that people in nearby offices get nauseated from the odor. And the Brazilian city of Cubatao has become so polluted that its mayor refuses to live there and state officials moved out when their request for gas masks was turned down.

61 Percent Live in Cities

According to Worldwatch Institute, a nonprofit research organization based in Washington, 61 percent of Latin America's people live in cities as compared with 27 percent in Asia and 26 percent in Africa. An International Labor Office study has estimated that in 20 years half of all the inhabitants of cities of more than 10 million people in the developing world will be Latin Americans. By that time, according to United Nations projections, there will be six Latin American cities of that size: Mexico City, Sao Paulo, Rio de Janeiro, Buenos Aires, Lima and Bogota.

Their careering growth patterns are a product of high birth rates throughout the region and a continuing migration from countryside to city that accounts for an annual Latin American urban population rise of 7 million people compared with only 1.5 million in rural areas.

Bertrand Renaud of the World Bank's urban economics division says that people studying and running cities are experiencing ''a sense of concern that some cities are entering into the unknown and reaching population levels new to urban policy making.''

The burgeoning urban centers of the third world do not have the industrial base that provided the foundation for the growth of Western cities, and, the labor group study concluded, job possibilities decline once these new cities pass the five-million mark.

Planners Have Favored the Cities

National planning has favored urban growth, and countries like Brazil are just beginning to shift the emphasis of development projects and credit availability to rural areas. Brazilian Interior Ministry figures show that between 1970 and 1980, the country's urban population grew by 28.4 million, and its rural poulation dropped 2.5 million. Sixty-eight percent of Brazil's inhabitants live in cities today, compared with 56 percent in 1970.

Like all the other major cities around the continent, Rio is ringed by shantytowns lived in by migrants who came in from the fields only to find the opportunities just as restricted as the ones they left behind.

The limits in resources are now reaching the more affluent. In Bogota, all users of power must by law cut it off for two hours each day. Drivers in Caracas may take their private cars into the streets only every other day under a plan in which compliance is monitored according to odd and even numbered license plates.

In Rio, the affliction that is crossing class lines is noise. The wealthy neighborhood of Copacabana registers the same insufferable decible levels as the ***working-class*** slums that sit beneath the flight lanes into Galeao International Airport.

Rio Is the Noisiest

The average noise level in the entire city is 88 decibels, 1 decibel more than a metering device set up by the United States Environmental Protection Agency recorded in a third-floor room next to a Los Angeles freeway. With this number rising 1.5 decibels a year, Rio is destined to retain for some time its position as the noisiest city in the world, earned at the 10th international congress of acoustics in Sydney, Australia, last year. Previous titleholders include New York and Tokyo.

The villain in Rio is transit, responsible, according to Mr. Azevedo, for 60 percent of the racket. Brazil makes more cars than any other third-world nation, and some 750,000 of them roll through the streets of Rio, a city of thick density owing to its constricted location between the ocean and a mountain range.

For residents of a city that institutionalized nonchalance, Rio motorists are remarkably aggressive. They drive fast, and the auto part they most favor is the horn.

''It's nothing for a kid to pull up down there and start honking for his girlfriend up there on the 10th floor,'' Mr. Azevedo said, looking out the window of his office. Since the traffic is so loud, the horns are fabricated to be extra loud, and they come in a variety of sounds including a high-pitched squeal and a shrieking four-note arpeggio.

A transit department head ordered the horns removed from buses five years ago, but bus drivers have learned to race their motors for attention in a mechanized growl that amounts to a much more menacing sound. When the same official tried to extend the campaign to fining horn blowers in private vehicles, he was removed.

**End of Document**



[***Hoboken Gentrification And the City's Poor***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-DH20-000B-Y4MW-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 13, 1981, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1981 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 11; New Jersey; Page 50, Column 1; New Jersey Weekly Desk; letter

**Length:** 1112 words

**Body**

The Nov. 8 article on Hoboken minimized the reality of gentrification's wholesale displacement of the poor, the elderly and the minorities. The recent acceleration of the ''Hoboken renaissance'' has resulted in a wave of the ultimate tactic of tenant harassment: Acquiring vacant buildings through arson.

Until several years ago, Hoboken was a stable, ethnically diverse ***working-class*** city. The original influx of more-affluent people from outside Hoboken led to the renovation of many small buildings in certain areas of the city, usually for the purchaser's own residence.

Diane M Camilleri says gentrification is causing a wholesale displacement of poor, elderly and minorities in Hoboken, New Jersey

More recently, however, large real-estate interests and developers seem to have taken over gentrification; wholesale renovations and condominium conversions are occurring. Apparently not satisfied with the pace of evicting the poor, there has been a recent major increase in tenant harassment and arson.

Hoboken's arson rate over the last few years has been staggering for a small city. In the last month and a half alone, there have been 13 deaths in two arson fires. One building, in which 11 people, mostly Hispanic, died as a result of arson, is next to a group of buildings soon to be offered for sale as condominiums. This burnedout building was bought by the same developer who owns the adjacent condominiums.

The arson on Nov. 21 killed two people and displaced more than 60 others, who were then moved out of Hoboken. Among those 60 were some victims of the previous recent arsons who were being ''temporarily'' housed there. That building was bought in October by a real-estate developer.

The coincidence between these buildings being targeted for renovation or condominium conversion and the arsons is suspicious. Arson appears to be a convenient way to acquire a building with no tenants to force out by less-drastic, and therefore slower, methods.

Arson is only the most tragic and dramatic method of displacement. Tenant harassment has been occurring for some time: Phony eviction notices, applications for enormous hardship and capital-improvement rent increases, illegal raising of rents, delaying needed repairs, etc.

This was exacerbated by the enactment of vacancy decontrol last July. By offering landlords rewards for empty apartments and empty buildings, by creating an atmosphere of ''anything goes,'' the Mayor and City Council bear a moral responsibility for the deaths, fear and displacement of tenants by neglecting their duty to enforce the existing laws or to pass stronger ones against harassment.

The Mayor and City Council have refused to pass a municipal smokedetector requirement, even though, by their own admission, significantly more than 50 percent of the city's multiple-dwelling buildings are not in compliance with the state smoke-detector law.

The Mayor and City Council have not forced landlords to comply with the rent registration law. The owners of at least 40 percent of Hoboken's multiple-dwelling housing have failed to register current rents with the city. This makes it difficult for a tenant to prove what his or her legal rent should be, as the burden of proof is on the renter to discover what former tenants paid.

The vacancy decontrol law was passed despite hundreds of residents opposing the weakening of the rent-control law at the City Council meeting, and despite 9,000 signatures on petitions to reconsider the measure.

The Mayor and Council have refused to initiate a referendum on vacancy decontrol, forcing community groups to spend a great deal of time, money and energy in a tedious legal process to force a referendum.

Many people in Hoboken - social workers trying to help the elderly who are being displaced, tenant groups, a sympathetic member of the Rent Leveling Board and other concerned people - can cite specific horror stories of the elderly and poor being harassed to get out of the apartments they have lived in for years to make room for the real-estate speculators.

One tactic that the city and local press have used is to talk about the poor small homeowner who lives in his or her house and rents one or two apartments to help pay the mortgage, the rapidly rising property taxes and energy bills. They would like us to believe that all these changes are being done for the small homeowner.

Small homeowners have a stake in the community. They benefit from a stable tenant population, they try to maintain their property well, since they live in their buildings, and they certainly do not burn their own homes to drive out unwanted tenants.

In fact, small homeowners will suffer from gentrification in many ways, not the least of which is a continuous rise in property taxes to provide for the necessarily increased demand for municipal services caused by an expanding population of expensive apartment and condominium dwellers.

Real-estate speculation by large developers and landlords encourages rapid tenant turnover to increase rental rates and often the shoddiest renovation and maintenance to hold down costs and maximize profits.

The small homeowner lives in Hoboken and is concerned with the quality of life here. Most of the large landlords and developers live elsewhere and regard Hoboken as just another source for quick profits.

But so far, the city has seemed successful in convincing many small homeowners that gentrification is good for them. The city has persuaded many of them that the tenant activists are blaming them for the arsons, which is certainly not true.

I, and many people like me, have a great deal of sympathy for the small homeowner. But there are active landlord groups - one member of which was quoted in the article as regarding his acquisition of several tenements as part of his ''retirement portfolio'' -who are trying to divide one group of people struggling to make ends meet from other groups with similar problems.

Local authorities have not even attempted to try to protect the homes and lives of Hoboken's tenants. Some may even be benefiting from gentrification. For example, the Mayor is, by his own admission, one of the larger landlords in town.

Walking through Hoboken is revealing. Vacant or burned-out buildings, real-estate developers' ''For Sale'' and ''Sold'' signs and condominium conversions are widespread. That all these tenants moved voluntarily stretches the limits of credibility.

The emotional and physical distress of the displaced tenants and the present and future arson victims needs to be connected in the minds of everyone with the phony Hoboken renaissance. In this town, gentrification is for profit, not for people. DIANE M. CAMILLERI Hoboken

**End of Document**



[***MIRED COAST FREEWAY GETS GO-AHEAD***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-DWM0-000B-Y2WK-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 9, 1981, Friday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1981 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Page 12, Column 1; National Desk

**Length:** 1121 words

**Byline:** By JUDITH CUMMINGS, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** LOS ANGELES, Oct. 8

**Body**

In the nest of freeway interchanges known as downtown Los Angeles, an office supply store has put up a window display to honor the city's bicentennial. The centerpiece is a miniature green and white freeway sign poking fun at the municipal image. ''Los Angeles, next 200 exits,'' it says.

Now, 40 years after its first freeway was built, linking it with the northern suburb of Pasadena, Los Angeles is moving ahead with plans for a new roadway that state officials are calling the last Los Angeles freeway.

Construction plans for Los Angeles Century Freeway, expected to cost about $3 billion by 1992, gets go-ahead from Federal Highway Administration

Like New York City's Westway, the 17.2 mile Century Freeway has been mired so long in environmental, community and financial disputes, at least 23 years, that its critics had taken to sneering that it was aptly named the Century F reeway because ''it's going to take a hundre d years to build.''

But, in a key step, the Federal Highway Administration, which would bear 92 percent of the freeway's cost, last week asked the Federal Environmental Protection Agency to waive sanctions it had imposed on the ground of potential damage to air quality.

'It Is Going to Be Built'

''It is going to be built,'' a high official of the highway administration in Washington said yesterday. ''It's a matter whether it might take longer than planned.''

The remaining question at the Federal level, he said, concerns what formulas Congress will adopt for apportioning Federal Highway Trust Fund money to the states. The formula has not been determined for this fiscal year, which began last week.

The cost of the highway, which would run from the Los Angeles International Airport on the west to the town of Norwalk on the east, is $1.5 billion, on the basis of the dollar's current value, but most experts expect a rise to $3 billion by completion, expected in 1992. Local officials are saying they expect actual construction to begin next spring.

James H. Weaver, the city manager of Lynwood, a ***working-class*** black and Hispanic community in the path of the freeway, is one of those who is elated at the apparent go-ahead.

''The bulldozers are out there today, teari ng down some of those homes that cannot be relocated,'' he said in an interview.

Condemnation Began Decade Ago

Condemnation began 10 years ago, and 800 houses and stores were torn down or abandoned in anticipation of demolition. The town, already struggling economically, has lived with an abandoned strip two miles long ever since, with the blight and added crime that it entails, Mr. Weaver said.

''The city has lost anywhere from $3 million to $5 million in revenues, from the property tax,'' he said. ''And we've also experienced a high crime rate because of the vacant houses. The gangs love it. We've had to hire extra police, and that runs close to half a million dollars a year.''

Freeway access to the airport promises Lynwood new jobs and business, he said. The Century Freeway was designated I-105 in the Federal interstate system in 1968. Since that time more than $300 million in Federal and state money has been consumed in its planning while lawyers for the Federal and state governments and the Center for Law in the Public Interest fought it out in court.

The center represented a coalition of opponents, including the Sierra Club, the Environmental Defense Fund and the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, who filed suit in 1972 contending the highway would add to Los Angeles's air and noise pollution and displace minority residents without providing compensating benefits. The center pressed for a rapid-transit line instead along the freeway's route and for subsidies for some replacement housing.

Brown Changed His Position

Gov. Edmund G. Brown Jr., after his election in 1974, at first opposed the freeway. Adriana Gianturco, his State Transportation Director, took the position that spending for mass transit was more cost-effective, given the sharply rising costs of highway construction. But, under pressure from the cities where large tracts of land had already been acquired and from companies desiring faster access to the airport, the Governor reversed himself and lined up with the freeway's supporters.

A compromise reached under the Carter Admininstration resulted in a Federal consent decree calling for inclusion of a ''transitway'' for buses and car pools and for 4,200 units of replacement housing. Highway officials in the Reagan Administration, however, rejected this as being too expensive.

After negotiations over the summer, a Federal appellate judge, Harry Pregerson, last month approved a new compromise, which a lawyer for the plaintiffs greeted with the observation that ''all parties got something.''

Under these terms, the original eight-lane freeway will be scaled down to six lanes with 14 interchanges instead of 24. Although the Federal Highway Administrator, Ray Barnhart, initially opposed spending highway money for the housing and transit improvements, he agreed to finance two lanes in the median strip for either the bus lanes or a light rail line and to provide a $110 million subsidy to encourage private development of 3,700 housing units.

Land Near Airport Needed

Several issues remain, including new agreements with the 10 cities along the route and land acquisitions in the thriving area near the airport.

The Century will be the last new freeway built in Los Angeles, state transpo rtation officials say, because California's love affair with the free way is ending, done in by money problems and the appeal of a fresher face, mass transit.

New highway money here will be devoted to rehabilitation and the completion of unfinished routes, according to Heinz Heckeroth, regional director for the California Department of Transportation.

''If you look at the plans for the Century Freeway in 1958, its cost was $300 million,'' Mr. Heckeroth said. ''In 1981 we estimate it's $3 billion. The environmental process requires we study the impact on the urban fabric. There are a lot of spinoffs in terms of costs, issues like air pollution and energy conservation, which were not the prevalent issues when the freeway system began its evolution. That's the reason.''

Still, there are those who do not envision the Century as the endmark on the chapter that has given Los Angeles 500 miles of seamless roadways. Among them are David Grayson, the head of highway engineering for the Automobile Club of Southern California, who has described the freeway concept as ''the closest thing modern society knows to the early wanderings of man.''

He said he thought Los Angeles had another freeway in its soul, waiting to emerge, ''my guess is, by the end of the decade.''

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photo of lots along route of h ighway map of Los Angeles area

**End of Document**



[***For Trailblazing Women, One Last Hurdle: Retirement***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4C74-TNK0-TW8F-G2J1-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 23, 2004 Friday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2004 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section B; Column 2; Metropolitan Desk; Pg. 1; Glass Ceiling Gives Way to Gold Watch

**Length:** 1472 words

**Byline:** By JANE GROSS

**Body**

As a partner at a consulting firm, Christine Millen, 61, had a fancy job title, an executive assistant, a hectic schedule, the companionship of colleagues and the pride of being a pioneer in her profession.

So when retirement loomed, she knew there would be yawning gaps in her life. ''What do you do all day?'' she asked friends who had left the working world. ''Then what do you do?'' she pressed, unsatisfied by the first answer. ''What do you do on weekends? How do you even know it's a weekend?''

Ms. Millen's lament echoes those of countless men, and their fathers before them, who have shriveled in retirement. But Ms. Millen is among the first of a generation of women to succeed in traditionally male professions, to define themselves by their jobs as much as their families and to face retirement wondering, ''Without my work, who am I?''

Just as women like Ms. Millen blazed a trail into the workplace, experts say, so they are breaking new ground on their way out, recycling familiar techniques from the women's movement that helped them advance in the first place.

''These are paradigm-breaking social innovators,'' said Ken Dychtwald, founder of Age Wave, a research and consulting firm that focuses on baby boom retirement. ''They are wired for change.''

The old model of retirement -- a condominium in the sun and a daily golf game -- is working for neither men nor women, Mr. Dychtwald said, but women are ''more practiced and comfortable moving from one way of defining themselves to another'' and thus more likely to redefine their retirement years.

Already, seven years before the first of 76 million baby boomers reach 65, women's organizations are forming around the challenges of retirement. These groups offer practical advice, a forum to challenge assumptions about aging and intimate conversation reminiscent of consciousness-raising groups.

There is also a growing self-help literature, sometimes gender-neutral but often focused specifically on women.

Ms. Millen, a partner at Deloitte until 2001, and Charlotte Frank, 69, the director of procurement for the Port Authority of New York and New Jersey until 2002, are co-founders of the largest of the new groups, the Transition Network. It was born of their realization that there was no training or orientation for retirement as there was for work, as well as a determination to recycle the talents that vaulted them to success.

The group has doubled in size in the last year, to 600 professional women 50 and over, and spawned imitators, including two start-ups, Project Continuum, for alumnae of Barnard College, and WomanSage, in Orange County, Calif.

All three groups borrow concepts from the growing literature of baby boom retirement, including ''Don't Retire, Rewire,'' by Jeri Sadler and Rick Miners (Alpha, 2002); ''Women Confronting Retirement,'' an anthology of first-person essays edited by Nan Bauer-Maglin and Alice Radosh (Rutgers University Press, 2003); and ''Time of Your Life: Why Almost Everything Gets Better After 50,'' by Jane Glenn Haas, a columnist at The Orange County Register and founder of WomanSage (Seven Locks Press, 2000).

These groups and books have an elite audience, women whose careers were stimulating enough to miss and lucrative enough to provide a comfortable future. Far more common, among ***working-class*** men and women, is a welcome retirement free of exhausting or boring labor or, conversely, a time of penny-pinching or unwanted part-time employment.

The women at a recent meeting in Midtown of the Transition Network, by contrast, have the luxury of introspection. So they hung around long after a series of presentations about volunteer projects, sipping wine and helping one another grapple with uncomfortable new identities.

Susan Ralston, 65, was adjusting to being a consultant, going to the office only one day a week, after 20 years as an editor at a major publishing house. ''You know those hollow molds'' at do-it-yourself pottery studios, she asked? ''I look at them and think 'That's the shape I used to be, and there's nothing left inside.'''

Sure, Ms. Ralston has other roles: wife, mother, grandmother. But, she had come of age just as women were discovering that ''what was going to give you value was work,'' she said. ''And it wasn't work if you weren't paid for it,'' she added. ''I'm having a hard time abandoning that model.''

Gail Rentsch, 61 and the owner of a public relations company, wondered how she would introduce herself once she stopped working.

''You have to script it,'' said Fran Brill, 57, who left a career as chief administration officer at a design firm to care for an aging parent, a form of retirement often thrust upon women but rarely men.

Ms. Ralston appreciated the commiseration, a centerpiece of T.T.N.'s programming, which includes monthly peer groups, where eight to 10 women meet to discuss a stage of life that some sociologists compare to adolescence in its turmoil.

The peer groups -- more than the larger seminars on financial planning, second careers or caring for dying parents -- mark T.T.N. and its imitators as a female invention.

''Men don't do this talking stuff easily,'' Ms. Haas said in Orange County. ''When was the last time you heard, 'Hey, Joe, I lost my place in the world?' That's not part of the macho thing.''

Women, more often than not, talk freely to each other about the downward spiral of once-bright careers. ''It's no fun watching the young Turks pass you by,'' Ms. Millen said. ''The world is at their feet, as it once was for you, and that's very painful.''

Sometimes, the solution is a second career. Trudy Owett, 75, left magazine publishing to become a therapist. Dianne Fezza Sacco, 58, took her Wall Street pension and is now a holistic health counselor.

For Ms. Haas, a demotion at The Orange County Register became an opportunity. Eleven years ago, ''after putting the state's attorney in jail for corruption, covering presidents and popes, being on the front page all the time,'' she was shuffled from the business section to features, to cover the elderly. ''Talk about feeling diminished,'' Ms. Haas said.

Instead, Ms. Haas expanded her portfolio. Along with her popular column, she is a regular on television and the lecture circuit. Like T.T.N., her organization, WomanSage, offers salons where women can discuss everything from their heartache and exhaustion as caregivers to whether they should have a facelift. (She did.)

Ms. Millen and Ms. Frank were also imaginative when the time came to downshift their careers. Ms. Millen gave up administrative functions to work only on projects. Ms. Frank switched to a four-day week.

But Ms. Millen was forced into full retirement after Sept. 11, 2001, when ''the bottom fell out of the consulting business,'' she said.

Ms. Frank had the opposite experience. She had already trained her replacement when the terrorist attack destroyed the Port Authority's headquarters and took the life of many of its employees. Ms. Frank delayed her exit to assist in the recovery.

But Ms. Millen and Ms. Frank, brainstorming in their living rooms, were well on their way to turning their own experience into an innovative organization. Volunteering, for instance, is ''a cruel way to start retirement,'' Ms. Millen said, if it means doing menial work ''for a 22-year-old boss who doesn't know you can do her job with one hand tied behind your back.''

Ms. Millen, Ms. Frank and Jane Lattes, 67, who has run the volunteer services department at several museums, did not want accomplished women knocking on the doors of nonprofits and winding up licking envelopes. Instead, they auditioned organizations in need of volunteers, demanding free rein to develop new programs if they brought members on board.

At the Marte Valle Secondary School, on the Lower East Side, Natalie Tucker, a retired Board of Education administrator, commands an army of T.T.N. volunteers who have restored and restocked the library, organized student book clubs and monthly visits by professional artists.

At the Pearl Theater, an acting company on St. Marks Place, T.T.N. volunteers have designed new marketing materials, studied the viability of opening a book and gift shop and started a play discussion series.

The last is Susan Ralston's project and it's bringing new subscribers to the Pearl. Backstage tours and open rehearsals could come next. New T.T.N. members crowded around, at the recent ''Volunteer Showcase,'' asking how their literary and corporate talents could also be put to use.

Ms. Ralston brightened. She is in charge of something that is a creative and commercial success. She is mentoring grateful young professionals. The only problem, Ms. Ralston tells the fledgling volunteers, is ''you don't have job titles.'' She laughs, ruefully. Some habits are hard to break.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: From left in foreground, Mara Thieroff, Christine Millen and Charlotte Frank discuss retirement issues after a meeting of the Transition Network. At left, books about retirement include ''Women Confronting Retirement'' and 'Time of Your Life.'' (Photo by Ozier Muhammad/The New York Times)

(Photo by Tony Cenicola/The New York Times)(pg. B1)

A group from Project Continuum, for alumnae of Barnard College, tours the Donald M. Kendall Sculpture Gardens in Purchase, N.Y. They are looking at George Segal's ''Three People on Four Benches.'' (Photo by Librado Romero/The New York Times)(pg. B4)

**Load-Date:** April 23, 2004

**End of Document**



[***THE POP LIFE;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-DXY0-000B-Y0VH-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***THE KINKS, AT LONG LAST, MAKE IT TO THE GARDEN***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-DXY0-000B-Y0VH-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 30, 1981, Wednesday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1981 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section C; Page 25, Column 1; Cultural Desk

**Length:** 1014 words

**Byline:** By Robert Palmer

**Dateline:** THE KINKS, who will be at Madison Square Garden on Saturday night, are as venerable a rock

**Body**

and-roll institution as the Rolling Stones. They played their first engagements in 1962 in the vicinity of Muswell Hill, the ***working-class*** North London neighborhood where they grew up, and like the Rolling Stones, who got together around the same time, they played American rhythm-and-blues material before they began writing and recording their own songs.

Ray Davies, the Kinks's songwriter, lead vocalist and rhythm guitarist, has often written about what he c alls ''dodgy subjects.'' The 1966 Kink s hit ''Dedicated Follower of Fashion'' made fun of London's tren dy types when ''swinging London'' was at its zenith. ''Lola,'' fro m 1970, told of a young man's sexual encounter with a transvestite. On their new album ''Give the People What They Want'' (Arista), Ray Davies's subjects are dodgier than ever. Two thematically linked songs, ''Give the People What They Want'' and ''Killer's Ey es,'' suggest that the advent of the murderer-as-s uperstar - Lee Harvey Oswald and Mark Chapman - is the inevitable ou tcome of the graphic depictions of violence one sees in many films an d on the evening news. In ''Destroyer,'' Mr. Davies takes a long, hard look at his own self-destructive instincts and concludes tha t they have been both a crippling liability and one of the sources o f his creativity. ''Art Lover'' depicts a weekend parentwho is also a potential child molester.

Profile of English rock group, the Kinks, who will be at Madison Square Garden on October 3

Many rock lyricists would sensationalize subjects like these, if they dared to tackle them at all. But Mr. Davies's songs are never sensational, and they are thoughtful enough to avoid easy answers. They have won the Kinks a reputation as a ''thinking person's rock band,'' but they have also tended to put off casual listeners and helped limit the band's audience. Remarkably, the Kinks's present American tour is the first that has found them playing mostly in arena-size halls. Ray Davies and his brother, Dave, the Kinks's lead guitarist, are flying their mother in from England for their first headlining appearance in the Garden, and one can hardly blame them for considering it a milestone. Together with Mick Avory, the band's drummer, they have been playing together as Kinks for nearly 20 years.

'There Was No Future'

At 37, Ray Davies says that two decades of making records and touring have been wearing, but that he has no regrets. ''When I was growing up in North London, there was no future that I could see,'' he said recently. ''I was good at art and creative writing, but academically I was not very bright. I used to walk around the streets saying, 'There's no hope for me. They're going to put me in a factory.' And there was no way I was going to end up in a factory, so I decided I was going to have to fight my way out. I went to art college during the day, soccer training in the evenings, and after that I learned how to play guitar by doing it, playing in a rhythmand-blues group. When I heard Chuck Berry for the first time, I left art college and said, music, yeah, that's it.''

The Kinks's earliest hits were as rough and raw as their workingclass origins. ''You Really Got Me'' (1964) was built on a monolithic, chunka-chunka rhythm-guitar part and featured a crazed, feedback-laced guitar solo from Dave Davies. The record went to number one in England and was a top-10 hit in America, and the Kinks followed it with several more hit singles that were similarly ferocious - ''All Day and All of the Night,'' ''Till the End of the Day.'' These records influenced countless rock bands and were a particularly important influence on the bone-crushing brand of rock that later became known as ''heavy metal.'' But by 1966, Ray Davies was beginning to write more complex songs, and the Kinks developed a subtler style in order to frame them properly. Songs like ''Sunny Afternoon'' and the gorgeous 1967 ballad ''Waterloo Sunset'' featured an innovative blend of acoustic and electric guitars and smooth, sighing vocal harmonies. If these records still sound contemporary, it is largely because so many new wave rock performers -Nick Lowe of Rockpile, Chrissie Hynde of the Pretenders - have borrowed from them. The Kinks's late-60's recordings influenced the British new wave of the late 70's as decisively as the earlier Kinks singles shaped heavy-metal rock.

'Arthur,' Early Rock Opera

In 1968 the Kinks made their first concept album, ''(The Kinks Are) the Village Green Preservation Society,'' and in 1969 they recorded ''Arthur (Or the Decline and Fall of the British Empire),'' which was one of the first ''rock operas'' and one of the best. During the early 70's, the band pioneered the integration of rock performances with theatrical elements. And Ray Davies kept writing songs that were lyrically ambitious and melodically unforgettable -''Lola''(l970), ''Muswell Hillbillies'' (1971), ''Celluloid Heroes'' (19 72).

The Kinks's growth was hampered during the late 60's and early 70's by Ray's legendary drinking bouts and by continuing spats between Ray and Dave. At one memorable New York concert, an inebriated Ray Davies tottered backward toward a bank of amplifiers. His brother, who was standing close enough to catch him, sulkily stepped aside, and Ray and the amplifiers went crashing to the floor. The group played on until Ray was revived and resumed his singing and guitar playing.

Fortunately, those days are over. Ray overcame his drinking problem in the mid-70's, and as he pointed out, ''I've never been interested in drug abuse.'' He is getting along with his brother Dave as well. Three years ago the Davies brothers and Mick Avory added the bassist Jim Rodford and the keyboard player Ian Gibbons to their lineup, and, as Ray Davies noted, ''they've made us a much better band, a new band, really. As far as I'm concerned, the Kinks are three year s old.''

That may not be true, strictly speaking, but at recent concerts the band hasn't sounded much older than that. Like all of the best rockand-roll, Kinks music, of whatever period, simply doesn't sound dated.

**Graphic**

Illustrations: Photo of the Kinks

**End of Document**



[***Aid Cuts Vex Connecticut's Less-Than-Gold Coast***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-9480-000P-22HX-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

February 23, 1992, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1992 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk

**Section:** Section 1;; Section 1; Part 1; Page 31; Column 1; Metropolitan Desk; Part 1;; Column 1;

**Length:** 1115 words

**Byline:** By CONSTANCE L. HAYS,

By CONSTANCE L. HAYS,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** STAMFORD, Conn., Feb. 22

**Body**

When Gov. Lowell P. Weicker Jr. unveiled a budget earlier this month that featured deep cuts in state aid to cities and towns, he sent a shudder through this city and the rest of Fairfield County.

Famed for its millionaires and their palatial estates, Fairfield County is by far the wealthiest corner of Connecticut and one of the wealthiest areas in the nation. Yet it also harbors a large middle class and many ***working-class*** people. And amid a recession that has put many out of work and left the real-estate market stagnant, most towns were already struggling to meet expenses long before the Governor announced his budget. Even though state aid is a small part of most local budgets in the county, the cuts have upset many officials and forced deeper reductions in spending.

Stamford, already facing a deficit of $7 million, must now pare even more to accommodate a $5 million proposed reduction in state aid, most of which is spent on education. One of the biggest blows would be a $2.1 million bill to cover a pension plan for teachers, formerly paid for entirely by the state.

"Our backs are going to be up against the wall," said Stanley J. Esposito, who was elected to a two-year term as Mayor of Stamford in November. "I just don't know where we're going to get this money."

'Tough Job Even Tougher'

Total state aid to Stamford would fall more than 43 percent, a reduction to $5.8 million from $10.4 million last year, in a $257 million budget for the next fiscal year. Some of the cuts were anticipated, but not all: Stamford is left with a $3.6 million deficit because of the reduced state aid.

"It means that we either have to raise taxes or reduce spending," said Frank Harrison, Stamford's budget director. "We're thinking about both things. It makes a tough job even tougher, because there are less resources than last year."

His complaint is echoed around the county, where many officials were grappling with higher costs and an anti-tax mood long before the state budget was announced on Feb. 5. The situation has led some legislators and others to call on the state to develop an alternative means for determining state aid. At the moment, aid is parceled out using a formula that measures property values around the state against each other.

"That formula inveighs against Fairfield County, because it compares a dollar in Fairfield to a dollar in New London," said State Senator William H. Nickerson, a Republican from Greenwich who also represents northern Stamford and part of New Canaan. "Connecticut is unusual in its disparity in what a dollar buys. A $100,000 house might be a very nice house in Pomfret, in the northeast corner of the state, but no such thing exists in Fairfield County."

Fewer Garbage Pickups

Many officials say they believe the cuts will not be reversed in negotiations over the budget, and the new reality from Hartford has hit hard at many wealthier towns. "We planned our budget thinking we'd have $3 million less in state aid," said Jack E. Miller, finance director for the town of Norwalk, "but the Governor has cut us far more drastically than we'd anticipated." A big shock was the assessment for the teachers' retirement fund, which he said will cost Norwalk $1.3 million if it is passed by the state legislature. Mr. Miller said the cuts for Norwalk would total $3.8 million, $800,000 more than he had expected.

At the same time, income on investments has slipped with the cut in interest rates, and property values have not increased for the most part. For Norwalk, the situation may mean layoffs. And it has already been determined that garbage will be picked up only once a week, instead of twice, until things get better. "It's making life miserable for everyone," Mr. Miller said.

Even decidedly well-off towns are trying to cut costs. "Now we have to go back to the drawing board if this goes through," said Caroline Rothschild, New Canaan's finance director. She added: "Every town is faced with a struggle, and no one wants to be the one who says, 'Well, the sky's the limit.' "

New Canaan would actually owe the state about $35,000 under the proposed state budget because of the payment to the teachers' pension fund.

Stamford has an unusually high proportion of poor people for Fairfield County, according to 1990 census data. It is the fifth largest city in the state, with 108,056 people. Between 10 percent and 15 percent, or as many as 16,000 people, could be classified as poor, city officials say. The city has urban problems like illiteracy, homelessness and AIDS. It also has highly paid executives and lavish estates.

Extreme Wealth and Poverty

"Stamford is the only town in the state where there are such extremes of wealth and poverty," said William R. Papallo, the superintendent of the Stamford schools. "The city gets penalized for being wealthy and gets very little of the assistance for being poor."

Taxes are a delicate business. With much of the state in an anti-tax mood following the imposition of a personal income tax last year, local officials have set caps, in many cases, to keep property taxes from rising more than the bare minimum.

"If we continue to put pressure on the local taxpayer, we could have a lot of people leave us," Dr. Papallo said. "We have many people here who have the wherewithal to go somewhere else."

Fewer Reading Teachers

Only about 5 percent of Stamford's $100 million education budget comes from the state, but the proposed cuts come as many programs are being held at last year's levels.

The Stamford schools this year have cut out an intern program for teachers to learn administration, Dr. Papallo said, and there are fewer reading teachers and guidance counselors in elementary schools. "We have also cut out any thought of increases in texts, supplies or equipment for next year," he said, "which really means a reduction because of inflation."

At the same time, a new education expense has been added -- that of contributing to the teachers' retirement fund. Contributions are based on a municipality's wealth, and Stamford, assessed at $2.1 million, faces the biggest bill in the state.

Officials from other towns say they are incensed at the perception in Hartford that they have money to burn.

"Contrary to popular belief, everybody in Greenwich and all of Fairfield County are not millionaires," said William Bliss, the Greenwich Comptroller, who faces a proposed $3.3 million cut in state aid, to $944,733 from $4.2 million. Salaries and overtime have already been cut in the town's $154 million budget to keep taxes from rising more than 5.5 percent.

"We have unemployed people, we have homeless, we have working people," he said. "We don't all sit around and clip coupons all day."

**Graphic**

Table: "Shrinking State Aid for Stamford" shows state aid for Stamford in selected categories (Source: Governor's Budget Summary)

**Load-Date:** February 23, 1992

**End of Document**



[***MAKING DO WITH SCHOOL LUNCH CUTS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-DJK0-000B-Y37M-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 1, 1981, Tuesday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1981 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section B; Page 1, Column 1; Metropolitan Desk

**Length:** 1023 words

**Byline:** By DENA KLEIMAN, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** PINE PLAINS, N.Y.

**Body**

It is lunchtime here at the Seymour Smith Elementary School, and the fourth grade is lined up against the wall. The kitchen staff is busy loading gravy-smothered pork onto rice, the kind of dish that has been served up in the immaculately scrubbed cafeteria for years.

But the lunch costs 10 cents more this year than it did last year, and because of new Federal guidelines, fewer youngsters qualify for a free or reduced-cost meal. Many youngsters who used to get lunch for free now must pay 40 cents, while many of those who once could get it for 10 cents now must pay the full price of 70 cents. As a result, requests for hot lunches have fallen off 21 percent, and more youngsters are bringing sandwiches from home.

Profiles of several Pine Plains (NY) families and how they are managing now that they are ineligible for free school lunch programs

No one is going hungry at Seymour Smith and its neighboring junior and senior high schools. Some are not buying the lunch because they do not like it or have always found it too expensive. But for many of the farmers, factory workers and laborers who raise families in this area and in similar ***working-class*** communities across the nation, cuts in the school-lunch program have had a direct effect on their lives.

The United States Department of Agriculture says the number of school lunches purchased by families for their children has dropped 11 percent nationwide as a result of cuts this year in the schoollunch program. The cuts, which have resulted in higher prices and a reduction nationwide of 2.3 million meals, were sought by the Reagan Administration to reduce waste and tighten eligibility standards.

Many families no longer can afford to buy lunch for their children here in the Pine Plains School District, about 100 miles north of New York City in an economically depressed area of Dutchess County near the Connecticut and Massachusetts borders, and they are making do in different ways.

The Rolfs

Carl and Betsy Rolf have four children. He is a mechanic, she a night aide at a home for the mentally retarded, and they share a house that has needed a new roof for years. But like so many other families in this area, the Rolfs have learned to do without.

They no longer go out with their family to eat pizza. They go to the movies only twice a year. They keep goats so that they no longer have to buy milk.

Last year, because Mr. and Mrs. Rolf together earned less than $20,250, their children were each entitled to purchase hot lunch at school for 10 cents. This year the Rolfs' income is just short of $25,000, and they no longer qualify for the reduced price. But since they cannot afford to pay the full 70 cents a day per child, the children pack sandwiches. That cost has become an additional burden on the family's already strapped finances.

Last month, when the Rolfs ran out of meat, they had one of their goats slaughtered. The wall in the bathroom has collapsed, but they do not have the money right now to have it repaired. They manage, as so many families in this area like to say they are able to do. They are not ones to complain.

''They're always asking me why they can't have the hot lunch,'' said Mr. Rolf, whose mortgage is $170 a month and whose gasoline bills are high because he and his wife each commute 40 miles a day. ''It's just hard.''

The Arsenaults

Because of the cutbacks, not only do fewer students in the school district qualify for free and reduced lunches, but the cost of the reduced lunch itself has also gone up. Last year the price was 10 cents, today it is 40.

''It's a horrible thing to say, but half the time I don't have 40 cents,'' said Margaret Arsenault, who works part time as a maid and whose husband, Joseph, works from time to time at the county fairgrounds in Rhinebeck.

Although last year the Arsenaults' two children qualified for the reduced price, Mr. and Mrs. Arsenault did not even bother to apply this year when they learned what it would cost.

The trouble the Arsenaults have in shopping for food these days is that they never know when either one of them will be unemployed. When they are asked on a form how much money they expect to earn, they cannot say. Bills pile up from month to month and are paid only when a check comes in. It is only after the bills are paid that they go out and fill their freezer.

Last year, Mrs. Arsenault said, when she knew that her children were eating a nutritious meal at school, she would serve them pancakes or a bowl of soup for dinner. Now, she says, she is forced to buy more expensive items.

The other day, as the family gathered for warmth around the kitchen table to drink coffee, Joseph, the 17-year-old son, stood outside the house in front of the deer he had killed that morning - his first.

He came into the kitchen later carrying a bucket and said, ''Here's your liver, mom.'' Mrs. Arsenault said the family did not like venison but that this year they were willing to try it.

The Badores

The children of Ceylon and Dianne Badore have received free lunches at school ever since Mr. Badore, 48 years old, had a heart attack eight years ago and had to quit his job as a supermarket manager and go on Social Security.

But this year, because of the Federal budget cuts and a reduction in the eligibility levels, his three children must pay the reduced price for lunch. The Badores have determined that they cannot afford to buy their three children lunch at a cost of $6 a week, so Mrs. Badore makes sandwiches.

''I only used to have to worry about two meals,'' said Mr. Badore, who buys food once a month to cash in on bulk sales and limits the family's monthly food purchases to $300. ''Now we have to worry about three.''

Although Mr. Badore has been told that because of his heart ailment, he should eat only lean cuts of meat, it has become necessary to buy the fattier, cheaper cuts. Since it has become too expensive to bake their own bread, they now buy it stale. Earlier this year, to prepare for the coming heating bills, they were forced to give up their telephone.

''We are suffering, but there are others who are suffering more,'' Mrs. Badore said. ''It's hard. But we make do.''

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photo of Carrie Badore photo of students eating lunch

**End of Document**



[***Five Attention-Getting Turns***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4TTX-4BN0-TW8F-G1MN-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 2, 2008 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2008 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section MT; Column 0; Arts and Leisure Desk; Pg. 14; HOLIDAY MOVIES

**Length:** 1967 words

**Byline:** By KAREN DURBIN

**Body**

Francois Begaudeau, 'The Class'

FRANCOIS BEGAUDEAU is a man of parts -- onetime punk rocker, film critic of French Playboy, journalist, novelist, media star and teacher in France's public school system, a job from which he's on a leave of absence. Now he can add screenwriter and actor to his resume. In Laurent Cantet's film ''The Class'' (Dec. 25), the Palme d'Or winner at this year's Cannes Film Festival, Mr. Begaudeau plays a version of himself, which may sound easy but isn't. And he does it very well.

The semifictional movie, for which Mr. Begaudeau was a co-writer, is taken from his 2006 book, ''Between the Walls,'' which documents a year in a French middle school. Like most of his fellow teachers there, Francois is white, but only a few of his pupils are. The school is in a ***working-class*** immigrant neighborhood of Paris, the kind that has occasionally made headlines and television with images of burning cars.

Class and cultural conflicts are present in the classroom too. Francois's job is to educate his students through literature, to teach them to write and think and speak eloquently in standard, educated French. He isn't trying to sever them from their non-European roots. Perhaps he wants them to be bicultural, to be able to respond as circumstances dictate. But the pupils know that is the first big step toward assimilation: deracination by degrees. He wants them to do well, to use their education as a ladder, and not only to better jobs; he is genuinely passionate about the power of literature to liberate a mind and save a life.

Even the brightest of them resists. He persists, and when they fight him, he turns the fight into a debate. At times this intellectual lunge and parry seems almost literal as he moves around the classroom, leaning in to challenge a student or coax a response, hustling to the chalkboard to illustrate a point.

The teacher Mr. Begaudeau conjures before our eyes is so vibrant and thrilling, even heroic, that his portrait comes perilously close to stacking the deck. But the movie's Francois has none of the sentimentality and unexamined smugness of the noble pedagogues seen in mainstream films. He's too complicated and too conscious of the thin line between education and acculturation. Racism, sexism, condescension, cultural chauvinism -- these are the goblins that haunt his enterprise and that he tries to keep at bay. It says something for Mr. Begaudeau's honesty that the Francois he portrays doesn't always succeed.

Alison Pill, 'Milk'

Alison Pill enters cursing in ''Milk'' (Nov. 26), Gus Van Sant's dramatic feature about the triumphs and tribulations of the San Francisco activist Harvey Milk, who in 1978 took office as the country's first openly gay, high-profile elected official. Ms. Pill plays Anne Kronenberg, the leather-jacketed, biker-babe lesbian whom Milk hires as campaign manager to whip his fourth try for city supervisor into shape. This time he wins. Her opening obscenity is directed at a guy who has just tried to hit on her outside Milk's campaign headquarters. What was he thinking? you might well ask.

Ms. Pill's appearance answers the question. The humor of the scene -- and of her role throughout the movie -- pivots on a sight gag, the contrast between her dry, four-letter-word delivery and her young, delicate face. She turns 23 this month. But with her wide eyes, chubby cheeks and cloud of strawberry-blond curls, she looks like the littlest angel in the school Christmas pageant. In fact, Ms. Pill, a Canadian, is an acclaimed stage actress. In February she will resume her co-starring role in Neil LaBute's ''Reasons to Be Pretty'' when it transfers to Broadway; two years ago her work in Martin McDonagh's ''Lieutenant of Inishmore'' earned her a Tony Award nomination.

Any movie about Harvey Milk is necessarily a tragedy; he was assassinated less than a year after taking office. Still, the movie is far from gloomy, and Ms. Pill is one of its leavening agents. Her role is prominent rather than large; she first appears about halfway through the film. But she invests the campaign manager with a low-key confidence that gives her all the authority she needs. Women are rare in this movie, but as the campaign gathers momentum, this one holds the screen like a channel swimmer chugging steadily along in a sea of testosterone-fueled flamboyance.

Ms. Pill's stage work sometimes involves leading roles that are not only dramatic but also dark, like that of the woman in David Harrower's ''Blackbird'' who had had an affair with an older man when she was 12. Her parts in films, including ''Dan in Real Life'' and ''Confessions of a Teenage Drama Queen,'' have too often skewed minor, in multiple senses of the word. Given her outsize talent, that's a waste of resources. Time for the movies to catch up.

Michael Shannon, 'Revolutionary Road'

THE sardonically titled ''Revolutionary Road'' (Dec. 26) is based on Richard Yates's acclaimed 1961 novel about the hollowness of the postwar American dream. Directed by Sam Mendes, the movie has the star power of Leonardo DiCaprio and Kate Winslet (Mr. Mendes's wife) reunited for the first time since ''Titanic.'' Now they are the miserably married Frank and April Wheeler, with Kathy Bates as the relentlessly chipper real-estate broker who sold them the house on the suburban street of the title. But it's the 34-year-old character actor Michael Shannon who provides some of the movie's most thrilling fireworks.

Mr. Shannon plays the broker's son, John Givings, who has been hospitalized for paranoid schizophrenia and, by his own account, given 37 shock treatments. Looking ahead to a weekend furlough, his mother asks the couple if she and her husband might bring by their son for drinks. The Wheelers and his parents watch John apprehensively, as if he might do something dangerously, or just embarrassingly, abnormal. Mr. Shannon, acclaimed as another paranoid in William Friedkin's movie ''Bug,'' certainly doesn't look normal here. Neatly dressed in jacket and tie and standing very straight, he seems painfully self-conscious; at times a tense misery glitters in his eyes. But there's a hawkishness about him too and a touch of barely suppressed aggression. When Frank makes a glib reference to ''the hopeless emptiness'' of the country, John vigorously agrees, then pounces on the phrase and what it means to acknowledge its reality. He's taking Frank far more seriously than he deserves.

This is only the first of John's visits to the Wheelers, and, as it turns out, it's not his actions they need to fear, but, as he starts to parse their marriage, his words. Playing a man who is mentally ill is an opportunity to chew the scenery, but Mr. Shannon does something else, infusing John with such tormented authority that the character becomes classical: he's the movie's Cassandra and Greek chorus at once.

Although John exists outside the rules, he doesn't ignore them so much as subject them and those who play by them to scrutiny. The effect is electric. Uncertain of his grip on reality, he is the only honest person in the room.

Alexa Davalos, 'Defiance'

THE French-born Alexa Davalos has all she needs to be a major movie star: serious talent, camera chemistry and a blue-eyed, dark-haired beauty with lush yet chiseled features that recall the young Elizabeth Taylor. Yet at 26, she has five years of television roles on her resume and three less-than-indelible films. Edward Zwick's ''Defiance'' (Dec. 31), a movie dominated by vivid male performances, may be the break she deserves.

''Defiance'' is based on the true story of the Bielski brothers, played by Daniel Craig, Liev Schreiber and Jamie Bell. After fleeing occupied Poland, they holed up in a forest in Belarus where they managed against horrific odds to create a coherent community, which continued to fight the Nazis and sustained itself with ingenuity. At war's end 1,200 Jews, including some very young and some very old, emerged from the forest.

Co-starring as Lilka Ticktin, regarded as the most beautiful girl in the forest, Ms. Davalos makes her character much more than that. It's true that her uncommon beauty is what catches the eye when she and her party first make their way into the settlement. But her intelligence, humor and subtle expressiveness hold our interest. The young, gentle-looking Lilka may be a stranger in a perilous new world, but Ms. Davalos conveys the inner will to gather her courage and find her place. In a scene right out of a folk tale, she's on a winter food mission when she's confronted by a thick-furred black German shepherd even hungrier than she is. All but dissolving in fear, she still dispatches him in a rewrite of ''Little Red Riding Hood'' that would make Angela Carter proud.

Eventually Lilka becomes the ''forest wife'' of Mr. Craig's Tuvia, the settlement's forceful, charismatic leader; the term implies a committed relationship in which the woman comes under the protection of the man. Mr. Craig, a powerhouse actor in a role like this, can smolder just about anyone right off the screen. But not Ms. Davalos, whose Lilka seems to bask in his radiant heat and shine it right back at him. He's a commanding presence, but so, in her quieter way, is she. It's that equation that makes their romance not just believable but also important.

Freddy Rodriguez, 'Nothing Like the Holidays'

IN ''Nothing Like the Holidays'' (Dec. 12), Alfredo de Villa's tragicomedy of manners good and bad, the scattered members of a middle-class Puerto Rican family come together in Chicago for Christmas. Conflicted and voluble, they have their tensions -- the father (Alfred Molina) has a secret that is wrecking his marriage, the stockbroker son (John Leguizamo) and his hedge-fund manager wife (Debra Messing) are in no hurry to have a baby, and the actress daughter (Vanessa Ferlito) frets over her not-quite-Hollywood career. But these eruptions pale before the silence of the youngest, Freddy Rodriguez's Jesse, supposedly home for good after fighting in Iraq.

The traumatized soldier turned specter at the family feast has been a dramatic staple at least since World War I. But Mr. Rodriguez keeps his performance fresh and surprising by rigorously reining in the drama. When he first sees the huge, homemade welcome banner draped across his parents' house, a flinch of revulsion registers in his eyes but nowhere else. Later, during the boisterous, often heated give and take among family members, Mr. Rodriguez does some of his best work, occasionally venturing a word or a joke but mostly keeping quiet as expressions of bemusement or disgust flicker across his face.

As he sits on a couch surrounded by family members, we can almost see the chasm that separates him from them. At times he just deflates, exhausted by his own estrangement. There are overtly dramatic moments, as well as a predictable scene of emotional crisis. But the real revelation in Mr. Rodriguez's performance lies in brief moments that never feel artificial or precious, just true; they're like little bursts of light illuminating the battle being fought inside Jesse's mind.

Mr. Rodriguez, who first caught attention as the ambitious young mortician in the HBO series ''Six Feet Under'' and is now appearing in ABC's ''Ugly Betty,'' deserves a bigger film career. A character actor with sex appeal, he has a winning tough-guy vulnerability that he uses well -- and unobtrusively -- in ''Nothing Like the Holidays.'' In the misbegotten 2005 ''Havoc,'' he transcended his material, excelling as a scary gangbanger while those around him staggered under the weight of the movie's unfortunate dialogue. There's no question where Mr. Rodriguez belongs. With his gift for subtle detail, he looks at home on the big screen.

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

**Graphic**

PHOTO (PHOTOGRAPH BY PIERRE MILON/SONY PICTURES CLASSICS)

**Load-Date:** November 2, 2008

**End of Document**



[***Catholic Schools in Danger of Closing***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-95S0-000P-24HD-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

February 16, 1992, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1992 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk

**Section:** Section 1;; Section 1; Part 1; Page 40; Column 1; Metropolitan Desk; Part 1;; Column 1;

**Length:** 1170 words

**Byline:** By ARI L. GOLDMAN

By ARI L. GOLDMAN

**Body**

For days now, forlorn principals of Roman Catholic schools, accompanied by equally concerned pastors, parents and often the school accountant, have marched into the offices of John Cardinal O'Connor to argue for keeping their schools open.

Worried about rising deficits and low enrollments, the Cardinal has already decided to close one of the 304 schools in the Archdiocese of New York. In the next few days, his office is expected to announce the shuttering of others.

The Cardinal's office will not specify how many schools besides the one closed, St. Joseph's in Yonkers, are in jeopardy. One early rumor had it that 41 closings were under consideration. A later report said that no more than 15 would close. And no one is discounting the possibility of a last-minute rescue maneuver by the Cardinal.

But his actions have sent chills coursing through the schools of the archdiocese and focused new attention on their tenuous place in the city's educational network.

Too Many Deficits

Part of the problem the parochial schools face results from a lack of the traditional middle-class support. Over the last generation many of the schools have moved from educating middle-class and ***working-class*** Irish and Italian Catholics to educating poor Hispanic Catholics and blacks, many of whom are Protestants.

With 110,000 students, the schools of the archdiocese are second in size in New York City to the public school system, with about 980,000 students. But the Catholic schools receive almost no government subsidies and rely on tuition and support from the local parish church.

All of the schools at risk of closing are in poor neighborhoods.

For several years, the deficits of dozens of such schools were covered by the archdiocese. But the archdiocese has said it can no longer carry the load.

"People are nervous because nobody knows what is going on," said Brian Coyle, the principal of St. Joseph's School on Bathgate Avenue in the Bronx.

'New York Has Held Out'

A year ago, the Cardinal began an effort to raise $100 million over three years for the schools but he has fallen far short of his first-year goal.

In a recent column in Catholic New York, the weekly newspaper of the archdiocese, Cardinal O'Connor said he was focusing on 41 inner-city schools that "my close consultants tell me are 'at risk'. " Most have raised tuition as high as they can, he wrote, yet they face a deficit of over $4.5 million. "Where do I come up with money like that?" he asked.

Cardinal O'Connor's problems are not singular.

According to Sister Catherine T. McNamee, president of the National Catholic Educational Association in Washington, other major Catholic centers, such as Chicago and Boston, closed dozens of schools in the 1980's. "New York has held out longer," Sister McNamee said. "It has a major commitment to keeping the inner-city schools open.

While the commitment has been there, she said, the realities of tough economic times and the migration of Catholics away from the inner cities have caught up with the archdiocese.

Opportunities for Poor Children

The Archdiocese of New York covers 1.8 million Catholics in Manhattan, the Bronx, Staten Island, Westchester and six other counties north of New York City. Brooklyn and Queens make up a separate diocese, the Diocese of Brooklyn, which has its own Catholic school system with 183 schools and 75,000 children.

The last large-scale closing of schools in Brooklyn was in 1973, when the diocese shut 10 schools. Since then, schools in the diocese have closed at the rate of one or two a year.

According to the National Catholic Educational Association, the New York Archdiocese closed 19 of its 331 schools between 1985 and 1990. During the same period, the Chicago Archdiocese closed 39 of its 416 schools and the Boston Archdiocese closed 33 of its 215 schools.

The Cardinal's fund-raising campaign began in January 1991, when he formed an interfaith committee headed by Frederic V. Salerno, president and chief operating officer of New York Telephone. The committee includes Alan C. Greenberg, chairman and chief executive officer of Bear Stearns Companies; K. Rupert Murdoch, chairman of News America Publishers Inc., and Thomas S. Murphy, chairman of Capital Cities/ABC Inc.

The campaign was aimed at raising money from the business and financial communities. Committee members argued that the Catholic schools were an important factor in the region's economy, offering opportunities for children in poor neighborhoods. The schools claim a 1 percent drop-out rate and say that 90 percent of graduates go on to college.

Pledges and Cash Low

In the first year, however, the fund-raising effort, known as Partnership for Quality Education, raised only $23 million in pledges and received less than half that amount in cash. "Everybody I go to tells me, 'You've got this job in the worst possible time,' " said Bishop Patrick V. Ahern, the archdiocese's vicar for development. "The economy is not on our side."

At the same time, the need has grown. Eleven years ago the archdiocese had 79 schools classified as poor inner city schools; now there are 140.

Several of the schools summoned to the headquarters of the archdiocese -- including Mr. Coyle's St. Joseph's School in the Bronx -- were told a few days later that they could keep their doors open but had to face a future of reduced subsidies from the archdiocese.

At the school that is being closed, St. Joseph's in Yonkers, Nancy Langehennig, the principal, has been trying to reassure children and their parents that a place would be found in nearby Catholic schools for every one of the 127 youngsters now enrolled. She said she was satisfied that the archdiocese did all that it could to keep the school open.

"The decision was based on low enrollment and our inability to keep ourselves going financially," she said.

A school that had a near brush with closing was St. Jerome's at Alexander Avenue and 138th Street in the Bronx. After a meeting earlier this month with the Cardinal, the pastor, the Rev. John O. Grange, led his committee in an impromptu prayer. "St. Jerome pray for us," he said, "and pray for Cardinal O'Connor."

The level of anxiety was high the next day at the school, which is in a run-down but clean and cheery 120-year-old building in the South Bronx. "My little one cried all night," said a secretary who has two children in the school. " My children have never been to public school. They're scared of what goes on there."

The next day, the Cardinal's office told the school that it would be given another chance to get its financial house in order. Among other fund-raising efforts, Father Grange hopes to start Friday fasts, in which both parents and children would give up a favorite treat or luxury and donate the money to the school. The school's population is one with few luxuries, but the pastor is convinced that the sacrifices can make a difference.

"It's like a new life," Father Grange said of the reprieve. "Everybody is happy. We've got a lot of work to do but we think we can make it."

**Graphic**

Photo: St. Jerome's in the South Bronx, one of 304 schools in the Archdiocese of New York, came close to being shut down this month. In a kindergarten class there, Christine Marie Martz, a teacher, worked with her students. (Lee Romero/The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** February 16, 1992

**End of Document**



[***Class Notes;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-36Y0-000P-N33M-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***The community is the textbook for one teacher. 'I want them to see history, touch history, climb on history, smell history.'***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-36Y0-000P-N33M-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 26, 1997, Wednesday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1997 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk;

**Section:** Section B; ; Section B; Page 12; Column 1; Metropolitan Desk; Education Page; Column 1; ; Education Page

**Length:** 1193 words

**Byline:** By Jane Gross

By Jane Gross

**Dateline:** OSSINING, N.Y., Nov. 25

**Body**

Mr. O., as his students call him, is up to his usual tricks, teaching seventh-grade social studies with props and sound effects, hikes and treasure hunts instead of textbooks, homework and exams.

Today the lesson is about Sing Sing prison, just down the hill from the Anne M. Dorner Middle School in this ***working-class*** Hudson River village, where Mr. O., also known as Carl H. Oechsner, has been teaching what he calls "backyard history" for more than 30 years.

Mr. Oechsner grabs a small enamel kettle from the trove of artifacts that clutter Room 305. The kettle is identical to the one prisoners took to the mess hall three times a day for a dollop of horse meat stew. He has already painted a picture of the prisoners' harsh life in the icy 19th-century cellblock, built of their hard labor and locally quarried stone.

But here's the show stopper.

The kettle, he tells them, was a stew bowl at breakfast, lunch and dinner. Then at night it was a portable toilet, with just a swoosh of cold water in between. "Yuck!" comes a chorus of disgust from a room full of 12-year-olds. "Ewwwwww! Gross!"

This is Mr. Oechsner at his best, part Captain Kangeroo and part Studs Terkel. He draws students in with his antics: jumping around the room in workshirt, suspenders and hippie woven bracelets, imitating train whistles and church bells, telling bathroom jokes that only a 12-year-old would love. Then Mr. Oechsner, a 61-year-old Ossining native, slips in a fact here, a date there, a new vocabulary word, all the while instilling a love of state and regional history by concentrating on the architectural and scenic treasures in the place where they live.

"The local community is my textbook," he said. "I want them to see history, touch history, climb on history, smell history."

Students and parents, with a few exceptions, seem enchanted.

"It's an awesome way to learn," said Danny Schloss, who showed up at 9 o'clock on a recent snowy morning, a thermos of hot soup in his backpack, for one of Mr. O.'s weekend jaunts on the Croton Aqueduct Trailway, a 26.2-mile linear park that parallels the Hudson River from northern Westchester to the Bronx.

"I'm so jealous I didn't have a teacher like Mr. O.," said Emily Sack, Danny's mother. "I grew up less than a mile from Washington's headquarters in north White Plains and nobody ever took me to see it."

The aqueduct hikes, four in the fall and four more in spring, are the heart and soul of the school year.

Current students readily pass up soccer games or trips to the mall to spend Saturdays on the trail atop the huge pipe that was New York City's first public water supply. Former students, who have forgotten most of what they learned in middle school, can still recount how this engineering marvel, built between 1837 and 1842 by Irish immigrants, turned the city from a Hogarthian place to live, beset by fire and cholera, to a great metropolis.

The trail winds through 11 communities on the eastern bank of the Hudson River, past the grand estates of Washington Irving, Jay Gould and John D. Rockefeller and historical treasures like the Old Dutch Church and the Sparta cemetery where Revolutionary War veterans lie.

On a recent hike, the seventh graders, and some parents, paused to see the Gothic battlements at Lyndhurst castle ("Where soldiers hide and go nah-nah-nah-nah-nah," Mr. O. tells them) and the culverts cut into the hillside so streams can run through.

They learned how waves of immigrants arrived on these shores for pick and shovel labor and brought new religions, like Catholicism, with them. They learned that the government was allowed to seize private land for public works projects under the law of eminent domain. They learned of the workaholic habits of the engineer who built the aqueduct, John B. Jervis, away from his wife for four years, writing her 2,567 love letters, but too involved in his work to come home during the fatal illness of their child.

These digressions, and more personal ones about how Mr. O. and his wife are readying their house for winter, are part of the appeal of a curriculum that has evolved over several decades.

Early in his teaching career, Mr. Oechsner found his eyes glazing over. "I was following the regime where they said on Jan. 23 I had to be on page 211 of the textbook," he said. "If I was that bored, imagine how bored the kids must have been."

So he went to conferences where new ideas were percolating. At one, he met a professor who was teaching colonial history through grave rubbings. That was the toe in the water, and to this day his room hangs with student rubbings from the historic graveyards nearby.

He began with the store of knowledge of a native son, added archival research from places like the state Department of Correction and the local historical societies and then tapped the expertise of Main Street: an architect, the manager of the farmers' market, the brothers who restored a derelict blacksmith shop and turned it into a glazier.

Year by year he added and subtracted hands-on, community-based activities, asking the students which worked and which didn't.

The school year now begins with a treasure hunt. With a map of Ossining and 80 questions, Mr. O. sends them scurrying about, figuring out the date of the Calvary Baptist Church, the original purpose of sandstone markers along the Albany Post Road and other such arcania.

Then he introduces them to the river. They picnic beside the Hudson, with no agenda other than smelling its brine and listening to its currents. They take a boat to West Point, where they admire the Gothic architecture and listen to a Mozart organ recital in the chapel.

Next they study the National Register of Historic Places, which lists among its landmarks the aqueduct trail and many of the mansions, churches and monuments along the Hudson. Later this month, the students will fill out applications for the register, arguing why the aqueduct merits inclusion.

Then they canvass the local streets again, looking for 50 architectural features, whether a mansard roof or a fish scale slate shingle, which they must draw or photograph. Next they make a presentation before the Mayor and Planning Board with ideas for revitalizing their faded downtown. Finally, they stage a mock trial on a newsworthy crime.

A handful of parents balk at the unconventional curriculum, because they don't want their weekends disrupted with hikes and expect their children to learn all the articles of the Constitution. But many more beg for placement in one of Mr. Oechsner's five classes.

And their sons and daughters return, from high school and college, to tell him about their grades and their romances, to admire the new gewgaws in a classroom as educational as a museum and as fanciful as grandma's attic. "It's not a chore," said Renee Edelman, who joined her son Terry and his classmates on a recent hike. "It's something they really relate to."

The youngsters were fighting for position next to their teacher, tugging at his jacket, calling "Mr. O.! Mr. O.!" as he pointed out the architectural splendors of the famed Octagon House in Irvington.

"Look at them," Mrs. Edelman marveled. "They hang on his every word."

**Graphic**

Photos: Teacher and students hiking the aqueduct trail on a snowy morning. A four-mile weekend hike that began in Tarrytown brought Carl Oechsner and his seventh graders to the Octagon House in Irvington. (Photographs by Suzanne DeChillo/The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** November 26, 1997

**End of Document**



[***New Jersey Legislature Votes to Double State Cigarette Tax***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3RK2-HX20-000P-N4VG-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 19, 1997, Friday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1997 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk

**Section:** Section B; ; Section B; Page 1; Column 2; Metropolitan Desk ; Column 2;

**Length:** 1243 words

**Byline:** By ABBY GOODNOUGH

By ABBY GOODNOUGH

**Dateline:** TRENTON, Dec. 18

**Body**

The New Jersey Legislature voted overwhelmingly today to increase the state's cigarette tax by 40 cents a pack, making cigarettes more expensive in New Jersey than in any other state in the region. The proceeds, about $205 million a year, will help pay for hospital treatment for uninsured patients and for school construction.

Both Republicans and Democrats offered unflinching support for the tax increase to 80 cents a pack, saying that they hoped it would curtail smoking, especially among teen-agers. The Senate voted 33-6 to adopt the proposal, while the General Assembly approved it 58-18. Gov. Christine Todd Whitman is expected to sign the bill into law, and the increase would take effect on Jan. 1.

New Jersey is the 10th state to raise its cigarette tax this year, and the increase, which doubles the tax, is among the steepest. The state will now have the third-highest cigarette tax in the nation, after Alaska, which increased its cigarette tax this year to $1 from 29 cents, and Washington State, at 82.5 cents. In comparison, New York's tax is 56 cents a pack, and Connecticut's is 31 cents.

Lawmakers said they supported the tax increase -- the most significant in New Jersey since former Gov. Jim Florio raised taxes by $2.8 billion in 1990 -- partly because they believed it would decrease smoking.

"If increasing the tax on cigarettes helps discourage people from smoking, it's fine with an overwhelming number of New Jerseyans," said State Senator Richard J. Codey, the minority leader and a Democrat of Essex County.

To complaints that the tax would hit poor smokers unfairly, Senator C. Louis Bassano, Republican of Union, replied: "So quit smoking. That's the whole point."

But even as lawmakers fiercely defended the tax increase, about a dozen smokers said in interviews that it would not make them quit. Most said they would simply pay the higher price in local stores, and a few said they would buy cigarettes in neighboring states. A pack of cigarettes cost about $2.23 in New York last year, $1.77 in Pennsylvania and $1.72 in Delaware, according to the Tobacco Institute, an industry lobbying group in Washington. After the tax increase, cigarettes will cost an average of $2.75 per pack in New Jersey, the institute said.

Anti-smoking advocates said that the broad bipartisan support for cigarette tax increases in New Jersey and other states this year reflects a changing attitude toward the tobacco industry, which donates millions of dollars to political campaigns. They said politicians had become more willing to pass laws that discourage or restrict smoking because of increasing evidence that the industry had long known its products were addictive and had deliberately marketed them to teen-agers.

Mrs. Whitman and legislative leaders have pushed for a cigarette tax increase several times before, but they could never gather enough support. The Legislature has avoided raising any tax since 1990 because the Florio package, which included income and sales tax increases and a 19-cent rise in the cigarette tax, cost many lawmakers -- and ultimately Mr. Florio -- their jobs.

Legislators were far more willing to support a tax increase this time because both teacher unions and the health-care industry were lobbying for it. While most of the revenue will go toward hospital care for the uninsured, 10 cents per pack -- or $50 million a year -- will go toward school construction.

"What put it over the top this time was this masterful combination of these two issues, education and health care," said Curtis Fisher, director of New Jersey Public Interest Research Group Citizen Lobby. "It's probably the most palatable tax increase that exists right now, and you have two significant lobbies crying out for it."

Pete McDonough, a spokesman for Mrs. Whitman, said the Governor was happy about the tax increase, which covers all tobacco products, and he pointed out that she had cut taxes by $4.4 billion during her first term. "She didn't resist this one," Mr. McDonough said. "It's a very narrow tax increase for two very specific problems."

But in interviews this morning, people buying cigarettes in Sayreville, a ***working-class*** town in Middlesex County, said they felt unfairly singled out. They said that the new tax would not stop them from smoking, and that every resident of New Jersey should chip in to pay for charity care.

Steve Petner, a technician for a pharmaceutical company who spends at least $20 a week on cigarettes, said he would rather see tobacco companies pay the extra tax.

"You have people who need to keep smoking because they're addicted, and they're going to be forced to spend all this extra money," said Mr. Petner, 46, who has smoked for 29 years. "I can handle it, but I'd like to stop being treated as a second-class citizen."

Meanwhile, owners of convenience stores in Sayreville predicted that the new 80-cent tax would hurt cigarette sales, which they said make up about 30 percent of their business.

"People already complain about the price in New Jersey," said Umesh Patel, manager of the Krauszer's convenient store, who predicted his cigarette sales would drop by as much as 20 percent. "Now they're going to go from town to town, state to state, looking for the cheapest cigarettes."

The legislation approved today will give hospitals $320 million a year to treat the uninsured. Of that, $155 million will come from the cigarette tax, with the rest coming from the state's unemployment fund and the general budget. Urban hospitals will get another $101.5 million to treat hundreds of patients with AIDS and tuberculosis. The new plan will also provide $68 million for two separate health insurance programs, including one for uninsured children and another for people who earn too much to qualify for Medicaid but whose employers offer no health coverage.

The state's current financing system for charity care expires on Dec. 31. Until 1992, charity care was funded by a surcharge on hospital bills; since then, most of the money has come from the state's unemployment insurance fund, a practice that has been harshly criticized by business and labor leaders. That fund is still being tapped to pay for charity care under today's legislation, but its use is to be phased out over five years.

Although legislators have proposed many bills that would discourage or restrict smoking in New Jersey in recent years, most have never come up for a vote, Mr. Fisher said. While New York City and dozens of states have restricted smoking in restaurants or banned it altogether, New Jersey requires only that restaurants post a sign in the window telling patrons whether there are tables for nonsmokers.

Lawmakers proposed banning smoking in day-care centers, restaurants and shopping malls this year, but none of the bills got past legislative committees.

Mr. Fisher said he hoped the strong support for the cigarette tax increase would encourage the Legislature to restrict indoor smoking and advertising by cigarette companies.

"There are critical issues that need to be addressed," he said. "Hopefully, this will open the door."

In Sayreville this morning, one longtime smoker said the higher tax would help him kick the habit. Chris Nogueras, 26, said that he had already made a halfhearted resolution to quit smoking on New Year's Day, and that the prospect of paying an extra 40 cents a pack hardened his resolve.

"It's the best excuse I've heard," Mr. Nogueras said. "Come New Year's, I'll be ready to stop."

**Graphic**

Photo: "I'd like to stop being treated like a second-class citizen," said Steve Petner, 46, who spends $20 a week on cigarettes. (Frank C. Dougherty for The New York Times)

Table: "KEEPING TRACK: Paying the Price to Smoke" lists state taxes on a pack of cigarettes. (Source: The Tobacco Institute)(pg. B10)

**Load-Date:** December 19, 1997

**End of Document**



[***IN PERSON; His Patter and Platters Still Rock the Shore***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:43SK-MJ50-0109-T157-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 19, 2001 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2001 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 14NJ; Column 1; New Jersey Weekly Desk; Pg. 3

**Length:** 1257 words

**Byline:**  By ROBERT STRAUSS

**Dateline:** SEA ISLE CITY

**Body**

GO, Baby! Go, Baby! Go, Baby! Go!"

The crowd at La Costa Cocktail Lounge is going-baby like it is 1965, when Jerry Blavat, the Geator with the Heator, the Boss with the Hot Sauce first played "Can't Help Myself," by the Four Tops.

Though it is 36 years later and teenage denim and litheness may have given way to late-middle-age gray and arthritic joints, there are still multitudes dancing to Mr. Blavat's patter and platters every weekend of the summer at the Jersey Shore.

"They used to be my Yon Teenagers," said Mr. Blavat, who started his own career as a 13-year-old dancer on "American Bandstand." "Now they are Beyond Teenagers." Mr. Blavat has been a record promoter, radio personality, road manager and movie and television performer. But mostly, he's been the Geator, a popular D.J. from Philadelphia to the shore for four decades.

"I've known him for 40 years, since I was one of those Yon Teens," said Robert Brady, a Democratic Congressman from Philadelphia. "He's been a friend of all the teens, and now all of us who like the oldies. He never has a down night. He's made a lot of people happy."

In the summers, most of those people are down the shore, as Philadelphians put it, often following him night after night. On Thursdays at 5 p.m., he is does a two-hour stint at Resorts International casino hotel in Atlantic City. By 9 p.m., he is 30 miles down the Garden State Parkway at Lighthouse Pointe, a club in Wildwood, where he doesn't stop spinning records until 1 a.m. Fridays and Saturdays, he is at his own club, Memories, in Margate, from 9 p.m. to 2 a.m. He wraps up the weekend Sundays from 4 to 8 p.m. here at La Costa. Then it's back to Philadelphia where every weekday from 5 to 7 p.m., and sometimes from 2 to 4 p.m. as well, he does his syndicated radio show on the Geator Gold Radio Network, a half-dozen stations from Vineland to Ocean City to the Philadelphia suburbs.

"I don't know about slowing down," said Mr. Blavat, clad in his Sunday D.J. best -- a white Ralph Lauren polo shirt, khaki shorts, dusty New Balance sneakers and an un-logoed baseball cap. He is short and thin and taut-faced, looking much younger than his professed 61.

"When I was a kid, I lived down here in Atlantic City in the summer and came down to Wildwood, too, a special place to be," he said. "I would run dances even before I was a D.J. in Atlantic City at a place called the Lyric on Atlantic Avenue, which is torn down now. I went to Wildwood because I used to dance at the Starlight Ballroom, when I was a kid dancing with Bob Horn on "Bandstand."

If Bob Horn isn't a name most associate with "Bandstand," it is because Mr. Horn was accused of having an affair with one of his young dancers and was replaced as host of the show by a young Dick Clark. But for the first few years it was on the air, Mr. Horn was the leader of the television dance scene in Philadelphia and Mr. Blavat was his chief acolyte.

"I was such a good dancer that I used to win all the jitterbug contests, and because of that, he made me the head of the dance committee," said Mr. Blavat. "My mother and father were divorced, so he became like a second father to me. He had a boat at his home in Stone Harbor, and I was his cabin boy on the boat. So I have always been a part of the shore."

Through his bit of fame as a Bandstand dancer, Mr. Blavat did a series of gigs in the music business. He managed Danny and the Juniors ("Rock and Roll Is Here to Stay," "At the Hop"), pushed records for Philadelphia labels and, most of all, put on dances. From the Lyric at the shore to the Chez Vous Ballroom in Upper Darby, a ***working-class*** suburb west of Philadelphia, the Yon Teens followed him like a pied piper of rock 'n' roll. Mr. Blavat's patter was nonstop, and his penchant for obscure records, B sides of hits and black performers whose work was covered by white singers gave him a reputation as a rebel.

Though he has been on radio much of the last 40 years, he has never had a job with a major station. Mr. Blavat has insisted on buying the time on his broadcasts and reselling it to advertisers.

"I've never made a penny in salary," he said, though he acknowledges selling millions of dollars of advertising over the years, making him quite comfortable. But he said his method had allowed him to play whatever music he wanted, and whatever his audience liked on any particular night. In fact, he hasn't gone digital on his D.J. jobs, still carting records in his red Chrysler Sebring with his caricature and the words "Geator Gold Radio" on the side.

"I'm the only guy who uses records," he said, bouncing up and down on his toes and gesticulating rapidly. "You know why I do it? I am able to shuffle through my records faster. I sense what the audience is doing. If they are not reacting to one song, immediately I am able to switch to another song."

The crowds at Blavat-led dances are faithful and forgiving. The dancers range from the chubby guy in the Hawaiian shirt, clearly in his 70's and moving at quarter-time, to the halter-topped women in their 20's whooping to a song popular when their grandparents were only a little older than they are.

Mr. Blavat's name has been in negative headlines over the years. He was at dinner with the alleged mobster Chelsais (Steve) Bouras when Bouras was gunned down in a Philadelphia restaurant in 1981. He pleaded the Fifth at a state investigation of payoff protection at New Jersey nightclubs. He was accused of sexual harassment by an employee. The New Jersey State Commission of Investigation accused him of fronting for the crime boss Nicodemo Scarfo when Mr. Scarfo wanted to buy a yacht. But none of these lumps stuck. Now Mr. Blavat is no longer denigrated, but venerable.

Mr. Blavat's nicknames were products of his manic and rebel style. The Geator is a corruption of gator, because, he said, if you were turning the dial on the radio and came to his show, it would eat you up quickly as an alligator. The Hot Sauce of his Bossdom was from the famed B.B.'s Lawnside Barbecue along the black section of South Street in Philadelphia, where lily-white performers would never tread.

For a time, Mr. Blavat had hoped to have an acting career. He met and befriended Sammy Davis Jr. during their mutual clubbing days in Atlantic City and Mr. Davis got him small parts in movies and television shows like "The Mod Squad." But nothing big came of them and he stayed at home to make his mark. Mr. Blavat even appeared on "American Bandstand" in the Dick Clark era with a song he recorded called "Back to School One More Time."

"Yon teenager gather round," he sang in prehistoric rap, still bouncing on his toes and snapping his fingers as if it was 1962 again. "Talk to the sound I'm putting down. I got real sad news for you. Your vacation days are through."

But not quite yet. There's still a little more summer at the shore.

"The shore has a different mentality, especially when the guy hangs with guys at a summer rental and they meet girls from other areas," he said. "They have the summer romance that they do not have any other time. It is a special time for people and families, too.

"The music I play is timeless and ageless," he continued. "It knows no race and color. I come from a world where the lyric was soulful. The music has a rhythm and a beat when you dance and the message is a good message. I was dancing when I was 13 years old. I've had the 50's, the 60's, the 70's, the 80's, the 90's and now whatever this is. It's my fifth generation and I'm not leaving the scene just yet."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Jerry Blavat, a k a the Geator with the Heator, at La Costa Lounge in Sea Isle City. He still carts vinyl records from club to club in his red Chrysler. (Photographs by Salvatore DiMarco Jr. for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** August 19, 2001

**End of Document**



[***More Briefs in N.A.A.C.P. v. East Haven***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-3G00-000P-N4B8-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 9, 1997, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1997 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Connecticut Weekly Desk

**Section:** Section 14CN; ; Section 14CN; Page 12; Column 3; Connecticut Weekly Desk ; Column 3;

**Length:** 1136 words

**Byline:** By RICHARD WEIZEL

By RICHARD WEIZEL

**Body**

In 1993 the Greater New Haven branch of the N.A.A.C.P. filed a lawsuit against the town of East Haven claiming the town's hiring practices discriminate against African Americans.

A ruling on that case is expected soon, from United States District Court Judge Peter C. Dorsey, who is reviewing a legal brief recently filed by East Haven that contends the town conducts standard civil service exams and always hires the most qualified workers it can find.

The N.A.A.C.P.'s response to the town's brief is being prepared for submission. The trial included nine days of testimony in 1995 and another nine days this past spring.

The suit, which seeks an agreement by the town that it will actively recruit African Americans for jobs, is the first to be filed by the N.A.A.C.P. against a Connecticut town, and is also the first to be filed against a municipality that doesn't have a formal residency requirement for town employees, according to David Rose, a Washington-based lawyer who is representing the N.A.A.C.P. in the case.

Mr. Rose says "East Haven is small town with a long history of political patronage that clearly discriminates against African Americans, as well as other minorities because all the town leaders who hire people are white who prefer their friends and relatives to more qualified candidates. What we're seeking is real reform in a system that basically shuts out blacks from working for the town."

But Hugh Keefe, the lawyer who represents the town of East Haven, strongly denies there is any political patronage or discrimination in East Haven, a largely ***working-class*** town of 26,000 that borders New Haven.

"They haven't produced a single witness who can prove he or she was discriminated against," said Mr. Keefe. "There's no substance to this case at all." But Mr. Rose points out that until last year, when East Haven hired Veronica Wright-Clarke to be the city's new welfare director, there were no African Americans among the town's 570 municipal or school system employees.

A New Haven firefighter, Earl Geyer, says he is convinced he was denied a job in East Haven because he is black. Despite a record of commendations throughout his 15-year career, Mr. Geyer was passed over a year ago for a part-time fire inspector's job in East Haven.

Mr. Geyer said he didn't expect to get the job because of what he called the town's "notorious political patronage system." And he testified in court this spring that he never even got a call or letter from the town to notify him that a retired white fire chief from Branford had been hired for the inspector's job.

Another witness, Edward Jefferson, testified that as an experienced plumber who applied for a maintenance job with the town, he called town hall "over 25 times" to inquire about the status of his application. He testified that it was a year later when he learned that the job had gone to Vincent Consiglio, who worked with Total Plumbing, which had the East Haven School plumbing contract.

But Mr. Keefe says there are "legitimate reasons" the town has so few minority employees.

"Only 1 percent of the town is black, minorities haven't applied very often for jobs, and when they have there have been more qualified candidates," said Mr. Keefe. "The guy who got the job over Earl Geyer was much more qualified; he was a former fire chief. How can they say that was discrimination when the town advertised for the position, conducted interviews and then chose the best candidate? Even Earl Geyer admitted that as a full-time firefighter he could not be available for emergencies around the clock."

Mr. Geyer responded that around-the-clock availability was not a factor because "the previous part-time fire inspector was a white full-time fireman with similar work hours as mine."

N.A.A.C.P. lawyers and leaders also contend that a small minority population in East Haven cannot be used to form a basis for the town's defense because there are large numbers of African Americans and other minorities residing in nearby New Haven, one of the state's largest cities.

In other testimony for the plaintiffs, an industrial psychologist testified that the written police test used in East Haven in 1992 and 1995 discriminated against African Americans. Lance Seberhagen, who operates Seberhagen & Associates, a Virginia consulting company, testified that "in both years, tests had an adverse impact on blacks."

The Mayor of East Haven, Henry Luzzi, denied in court this spring that nepotism or political connections play any role in town hiring practices. He testified that he played only a minimal role during his first term in getting a laborer's job for his brother-in-law, Thomas Cianelli. But Mr. Cianelli testified he got the job because he was the Mayor's brother-in-law and was not required to fill out a job application until months after he was hired. (In last week's elections, Mr. Luzzi was defeated in his bid for a fourth term; some town officials said they thought that testimony given during the case had contributed to Mr. Luzzi's loss.)

In addition, in testimony that supported the N.A.A.C.P.'s suit, the town's former director of public services, Raymond Farina, said that he was ordered by the Mayor to rehire two public service laborers after they had been dismissed. Mr. Farina testified that the Mayor, a Democrat, insisted that he rehire Steve Criscuolo, son of former Town Council chairwoman Merelyn Criscuolo, and Mark DeMatteo, now a member of the Democratic Town Committee.

Mr. Farina, who was dismissed by the Mayor in 1994, said that Mayor Luzzi told him he was not on his team politically.

East Haven's lawyer, Mr. Keefe, insists the N.A.A.C.P.'s lawsuit lacks any real substance and is "all about money."

"I've said all along that this is a case for attorney's fees, and that's it, that's all they really want," said Mr. Keefe. "Other than that, I don't really know what this case is about."

But Mr. Rose, the N.A.A.C.P.'s lawyer, said the case "is and has always been about exclusion and discrimination," and strongly denied it had anything to do with money, pointing out that in 15 of 18 similar suits filed in New Jersey between 1991-95, the N.A.A.C.P. and local towns agreed to quick settlements with minimal attorney's fees.

Roger Vann, president of the Greater New Haven N.A.A.C.P., said that East Haven could have done the same thing four years ago. Instead, East Haven has spent more than $213,000 -- considerably more if it loses the case -- to fight it in court.

"Before we went to court we asked them to acknowledge that the town's hiring practices were discriminatory and to change that by actively recruiting African Americans," said Mr. Vann.

"But they chose to fight this case in court and spend a great deal of taxpayer money to do so. I guess it's worth it to them to try and maintain the status quo at any cost."

**Graphic**

Photo: Earl Geyer, a New Haven firefighter, is convinced he was passed over for a part-time job in East Haven because he is black. (Thomas McDonald for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** November 9, 1997

**End of Document**



[***Secession Fever Strikes Queens***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-96K0-000P-20FK-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

February 11, 1992, Tuesday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1992 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk

**Section:** Section B;; Section B; Page 1; Column 3; Metropolitan Desk; Column 3;

**Length:** 1119 words

**Byline:** By ALISON MITCHELL

By ALISON MITCHELL

**Body**

They just want an even break, they say in Queens -- cleaner streets, a little respect, the old fire brigade back, that idyllic time when "the city" with all its pleasures and problems meant Manhattan, across the river, and Queens was a semisuburban refuge a short subway ride away.

So when three Queens lawmakers introduced legislation in Albany last week proposing that Queens follow the path of Staten Island and consider secession from New York City, they touched a chord among residents suspicious that their borough gets second-class treatment.

"We're not getting much here from the city so we might as well be our own city," said Phil Melito of Richmond Hill, who grumps that he and his wife, Joan, have lived in Queens "40 years, so we've seen a lot of changes -- for the worse."

With a sovereign Queens, he says, "We could have a cleaner city. It looks pretty bad the way it is now."

Never mind that the secession bill has virtually no chance of passage.

Never mind that Queens actually has more political power these days than any time in recent memory -- in the persons of the new Assembly Speaker, Saul Weprin, and the City Council Speaker, Peter F. Vallone. Gov. Mario M. Cuomo is a son of Queens, too.

And never mind that no one -- neither the bill's sponsors nor city planners -- can say if Queens is really getting its fair share of city services, or even if it has the wherewithal to go it alone.

In proposing secession, the three lawmakers -- Assemblyman Anthony S. Seminerio, a Democrat, and Republican Senators Serphin R. Maltese and Frank Padavan -- are drawing on a sense of being put upon that has become a virtual mode of politics and language of resentment in the boroughs outside Manhattan.

Queens, a borough of nearly two million people, has been nursing a special grudge against City Hall and Manhattan politicians at least since the blizzard of 1969, when Mayor John V. Lindsay left the suburban-style neighborhoods of northeastern Queens sitting for days under a blanket of snow.

Now, the recession, the city's budget crisis and a fear of new assaults on the quality of life have only deepened a feeling of powerlessness among the hard-pressed, middle- and ***working-class*** communities that are already struggling to maintain their neighborhood identities during a period of new immigration and racial transition.

The secession drive comes at a time when a proposal to eliminate a fire battalion in Brooklyn, or to transfer a favorite assistant principal from Queens to Manhattan, can feel like the death blow to a neighborhood, a time when the Mayor's proposal to scatter 24 homeless shelters around the city -- including up to 11 in Queens -- can fuel rebellion.

Empathy in Brooklyn

"I think it's come up again because of the mayor's homeless plan," Borough President Claire Shulman of Queens said. "It kind of exacerbated again the talk of secession."

Feeling pushed to the wall, some Queens activists think their borough might just be better off on its own.

"We can't say to the South Bronx we want to take half your medical services and half your poverty programs," said Arlene R. Pedone, president of the Richmond Hill Block Association. "They need it. But because the pie was cut, it's the have-nots fighting the have-nots. If you have your own city -- if you start from the beginning to build your services and see what your population needs -- there is less fighting for the small piece of the pie."

Borough President Howard Golden of Brooklyn says: "I'm not one of those who says Manhattan shouldn't be part of the union. But to call us 'outer boroughs' is a disgrace."

Assemblyman Seminerio speaks the same language. "They treat us just like we're an outer borough. We're nonexistent," he said several days after introducing the secession measure, which would allow Queens residents to vote on whether to create a charter commission to draw up plans for a separate city.

"My people in Queens, and I believe all the people in Queens, are intelligent enough to vote on whether they want it or not," he said. So, for that matter, could Brooklyn, as far as he's concerned. Or even Manhattan. "So we'll have five cities. What's the big deal?" he asked.

Other Queens leaders are more cautious about whether the borough has the tax base to offer the current level of services without raising taxes.

"Could we go it alone? I don't know the answer," said Borough President Shulman, who said she was ambivalent about the bill. "We'd have to investigate very carefully. The last thing in the world you'd want to do is raise taxes to where it becomes a burden to the individual citizen."

According to figures compiled by the city Department of Finance, Queens in the 1991-92 fiscal year accounted for 16 percent of the city's property taxes.

But she added, "As a government person who has to deliver services on a local level, it's an attractive concept."

Speaker Weprin, who is from Hollis, is leaning against the bill. His spokesman, Steven A. Greenberg, said the Assemblyman is concerned about the borough's ability to go it alone. "He's not sure of any benefits to the borough of Queens from these actions."

The Queens secession bill has been introduced at a time when the political clout of the borough has never been stronger.

The Unisphere as Mecca

"What's precipitated it is not a lack of power but a lack of finances," said City Council Speaker Peter F. Vallone, Democrat of Astoria, who said he opposed the move. "It would be terrible. You might as well forget the city of New York."

Governor Cuomo, a native son of Holliswood, has predicted that the measure will never get to his desk.

But for a few moments this week, the idea of secession, of becoming a city that would dwarf a place like Detroit, caught people's whimsy.

"Maybe it would bring more business to Queens if we were separate," said Diane F. Engberg, a 43-year-old Richmond Hills housewife, bundled in coat and scarf as she dashed across Jamaica Avenue. "We have Flushing Meadows and the Unisphere," she said, warming to the idea that Queens could even be a tourists' mecca.

Alma Young of Laurelton saw secession as a way to stop immigration from Manhattan. If Queens were to separate, she said, "I hope it would stay the way it is: semi-city, semi-country."

If Queens were no longer part of the Big Apple, then what would it be? "The little apple?" ventured the Queens Borough President.

Ann Ferrara, a guest service agent at the Sheraton La Guardia East, and perhaps not entirely objective since she has moved from Queens to Brooklyn, called the whole idea absurd.

"Why bother?" she said. "There are too many other things to be concerned with. There's just no need for it at all. It's like saying we're going to paint all the buildings blue."

**Graphic**

Drawing

**Load-Date:** February 11, 1992

**End of Document**



[***Bonilla Brings Joy to Bronx, But Old School Strikes Out***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-XCM0-000D-G0BT-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 5, 1991, Thursday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1991 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk

**Section:** Section A;; Section A; Page 1; Column 5; Metropolitan Desk; Column 5;; Biography

**Length:** 1078 words

**Byline:** Bobby Bonilla

By ALESSANDRA STANLEY

By ALESSANDRA STANLEY

**Body**

When Bobby Bonilla signed a $29 million dollar contract with the Mets this week and became the highest paid athlete in professional team sports, the South Bronx native was quick to say he wanted to go home to his old neighborhood and start giving something back.

The one place in the Bronx that will not be getting anything back any time soon is Mr. Bonilla's alma mater, Herbert H. Lehman High School.

Mr. Bonilla, who graduated in 1981, has refused to have anything to do with his old school since its principal forced the resignation of Mr. Bonilla's beloved baseball coach three years ago.

Lehman Had High Hopes

The feud between Lehman's most celebrated alumnus and Robert Leder, its feisty principal since 1979, has distressed school officials, who had hoped that the newly rich and famous baseball star would throw some of his luster -- and cash earnings -- its way. Mr. Leder, in fact, has lavished Mr. Bonilla with ingratiating letters offering to name the school's weight room "The Bobby Bonilla Weight Room" and pleading for scholarship donations and his participation in special events. None were answered.

Students, however, were unaware of the melodrama roiling the administration offices. Some said they fully expected Mr. Bonilla to visit Lehman in the near future, expressing their hope with if-we build-it-he-will-come conviction. Others, preoccupied with football practice, drama classes and computer games, said they had never heard of Mr. Bonilla or his record-breaking salary. High schools are a little like large corporations or China -- it takes a while for outside events to intrude on the all-consuming flow of internal pursuits.

The high school, a vast granite complex surrounded by high wire fences, is in the Westchester section of the Bronx. Half of its 2,600 students are black or Hispanic, and almost all of the students come from middle- and ***working-class*** families. While Lehman has had its share of inner-city discipline problems (in 1989, a student was arrested for menacing two school officials with a loaded .357-magnum revolver), it has a good reputation in the New York City school system. As Rose Armetta, a social studies teacher, put it, "Our kids are not very academically oriented, but they are not vicious kids."

Mr. Leder, an engaging and energetic man who sweeps across the school's polished linoleum floors like an opera house impresario, said he was unhappy with Mr. Bonilla. "It's about time he gave something back -- to the Bronx, to his old school and to the kids who need that kind of role model," he said.

He said he believed Mr. Bonilla had "personalized" the dispute between himself and Coach Joe Levine. "I can understand it," Mr. Leder said. "The coach loved the kid, no question about it. He nurtured him every step of the way." But he added that he had taken "official action" against Mr. Levine, replacing him as the school's baseball coach, and warning that he would receive an unsatisfactory rating because, "He was a less-than-competent teacher." Mr. Levine chose to transfer.

Mr. Leder's correspondence with Mr. Bonilla began with blandishments and offers of high school immortality. "Dear Bobby, I hope that you and your beautiful wife are enjoying the fruits of your labor," was the opening of a letter dated Feb. 28, 1991. "You might want us to establish a scholarship in your name."

But Mr. Leder's tone grew more vexed as Mr. Bonilla failed to reply.

"I cannot imagine why you categorically refuse to give anything back to your school," Mr. Leder wrote on June 6.

Mr. Leder also reminded his former pupil that he, too, had played a role in his success. Recalling Mr. Bonilla's participation in an all-American baseball team that toured Scandinavia his senior year, Mr. Leder wrote, "There was no way I was not going to get the money for you so that you would be able to take full advantage of this challenging and exciting experience."

Mr. Bonilla could not be reached yesterday. His agent said Mr. Bonilla was in New York but did not wish to be contacted. And a Mets spokesman, Jay Horowitz, said of Mr. Bonilla: "He is not going to be available for comment." One of his former teachers, who is still at Lehman and declined to be identified, said he was still in touch with the baseball player. The teacher said that Mr. Bonilla told him, "What they did at that school, I can't forgive."

'A Second Son'

Mr. Levine, who now teaches physical education a few blocks from Lehman at the Lewis and Clark High School, a special-education institution that has no sports teams, grew visibly outraged at Mr. Leder's characterization of his abilities, but declined to respond. He said he considered Mr. Bonilla "a second son."

Several of Mr. Levine's friends say he remains deeply wounded over losing the coaching job. The Lehman teacher said, "Joe in no way deserved what happened to him." He said he thought that Mr. Leder's animus against Mr. Levine had to do with school politics, not his performance. He also gleefully described Mr. Leder's public embarrassment at Mr. Bonilla's hands as "divine retribution."

Mr. Leder, who said he did not regret his handling of Mr. Levine, spoke rather proudly of his efforts to purge the school's faculty of teachers he deemed "incompetent," saying he had become a "target" of the United Federation of Teachers.

Actually, he is that union's public enemy No. 1. Thomas Pappas, the staff director, called him "an ogre and a despot." The U.F.T. took Mr. Leder to court in 1989, charging that he had intimidated and harassed teachers who were union officials. The state Public Employment Relations Board ruled in favor of the union, leading the Board of Education to give Mr. Leder an unsatisfactory rating.

That setback did not seem to daunt Mr. Leder's spirits. Since he took over Lehman, 125 teachers have transferred, but he said there was one "incompetent" left he was still itching to unload.

Several Lehman students confessed they had not heard of Mr. Bonilla or his astonishing salary. "I didn't hear anybody talking about it," said Felipe Colon, 15 years old. "Usually, we talk about 'In Living Color' " -- a reference to a TV comedy. A few, like Steve Cruz, a 17-year-old center fielder on the varsity baseball team, said they considered Mr. Bonilla a role model.

"Most Hispanic players don't get paid very much," Steve Cruz said. "It makes me proud of my creed." But others echoed the blase tones of 16-year-old Anthony Hall. "Is he a hero?" he said. "Nah, he's a millionnaire."

**Graphic**

Photos: Robert L. Leder, the principal.; Joe Levine, who was dismissed as coach. (Jim Estrin for The New York Times) (pg. B2)

**Load-Date:** December 5, 1991

**End of Document**



[***OLD VIEWS OF YOUTH***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-F0S0-000B-Y4FF-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 20, 1981, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1981 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 7; Page 12, Column 3; Book Review Desk; review

**Length:** 1143 words

**Byline:** By LAWRENCE STONE; Lawrence Stone's most recent books are ''The Family, Sex and Marriage in England and 1500-1800'' and the ''Past and the Present''

**Body**

THE ADOLESCENT IDEA Myths of Youth and the Adult Imagination. By Patricia Meyer Spacks. 308 pp. New York: Basic Books. $17.

By LAWRENCE STONE

HISTORY and literature have always lived on somewhat uneasy terms with each other. They have tended to behave like adjacent tribes, suspicious and distrustful, constantly bartering goods and services, and occasionally raiding each other for pigs or women. Now that social history is all the rage, intertribal raiding has become more common than ever. Some historians, like myself, steal apt literary quotations to use as frosting on the cake of hard data (a procedure for which I o ffer no apologies). Some literary critics run off with the dubious f indings of social history to illuminate Shakespeare or Dickens.

Lawrence Stone reviews "The Adolescent Idea," by Patricia Spacks

This book is of interest since it exemplifies almost all the problems raised by these primitive procedures. Professor Spacks' subject is the attitudes of adults in England toward adolescence from the 18th to the 20th centuries. This is a historical question, here studied by ''considering a group of major novels in the context of didactic discussions of youth.''

The topic itself is an odd one, if, as Professor Spacks keeps admitting, nothing much has changed over time in adult attitudes toward adolescence. ''Every period supplies evidence for a wide range of opposed ideas and feelings,'' she writes; ''the same themes emerge everywhere,'' and so on. Indeed they do, and Dr. Johnson neatly summed it all up, as usual: ''I cannot but fancy … that the young and the old were always at variance.''

The method is as questionable as the theme. Professor Spacks claims that ''the literary critic's skills at reading texts can map new contours in terrain long claimed by social scientists.'' This obviously depends on the level of skills, the reliability of the texts and the kind of terrain. ''What relation does fiction bear to what we call reality?'' Professor Spacks belatedly asks herself but does not tarry for an answer. The usefulness of the texts she uses is undermined if, as she herself claims, ''the patterns that interest me here emerge with less disguise in second-rate literature than in great works.'' Many scholars, including historians, have long ago come to this conclusion. Why then does Professor Spacks stick almost entirely to the major novelists, to Richardson, Goldsmith, Fielding, Austen, Scott, Gaskell, Eliot, Dickens, Trollope, Bennett, Joyce, Lawrence, Burgess, Sillitoe and Powell? Hardly any attempt is made to examine contemporary best sellers.

The organization is equally peculiar. The book begins with two chapters, each of which races from the 18th to the 20th century. The attitudes of each century toward powerlessness and power are neatly defined by a single novel, selected by criteria that are left wholly undefined. The book then shifts gears and settles down to a slow slog through the ages.

The central conclusion is clearly stated, a lthough never explained:''The war between the generations

---------------------------------------------------------------------

Lawrence Stone's most recent books are ''The Family, Sex and Marriage in England 1500-1800'' and ''The Past and the Present.''

reveals the same dynamic over three centuries; the novelists who describe it reveal the same fears; but their hopes and wishes for the young diminish over time.'' How is this finding to be interpreted? Does it reflect the real-life experience of adolescents? Clearly not, for the historians have revealed an extraordinary liberation of youth, especially females, over just these centuries, during which there have been startling improvements in the capacity for selfdetermination, in educational and career options, freedom of movement and thought, economic independence, freedom for sexual experimentation and freedom of choice of spouses.

Does a ''steady lessening of hope'' characterize general adult perceptions of adolescence over the past three centuries? Clearly not. By Professor Spacks' own admission, some 20th-century writers show unprecedented awe and admiration for the vitality, sexuality and passion of youth. We can all remember the 1960's, when it was widely regarded as almost shameful to be an adult. Professor Spacks is too preoccupied with pessimistic novels of the 1950's about ***working-class*** misfits, such as Anthony Burgess's ''Clockwork Orange'' and Alan Sillitoe's ''Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner,'' to notice this (temporary) reversal of values, operating especially among the middle class in the 60's. But then Professor Spacks is singularly insensitive to the nuances of class, which in so rigidly class-bound a society as England is bound to lead to confusion and contradiction.

All that Professor Spacks seems to have discovered is a minor byproduct of the well-known phenomenon of a progressive alienation of Western intellectuals from the values of their society over the past 150 years. They have rejected bourgeois ambition, capitalism, self-discipline, the work ethic, sobriety, chastity, family, filio-piety, religious faith and so on. No wonder they reject the traditional assumption that the turmoil and anxiety of adolescence are eventually calmed by the common sense and wisdom of adulthood. Professor Spacks has mistaken a developing alienation of leading intellectuals from the basic values of Western culture for a change in public attitudes toward youth. She has also mistaken an elite pessimism about adulthood for a general loss of hope for youth.

Professor Spacks has n ot bothered to learn what little the historians co uld have told her about the facts of adolescence, such as changes in when adolescence begins, that is, changes in the age of menarche and puberty, or when it ends, that is, changes in the age of termination of apprenticeship or education, and in the age of marriage. Nor could she have incorporated such data if she had them, since she ignores the essential distinctions of class.

One could find merit in this muddled book if only it were enlivened by stylistic elegance or any spark of wit or humor. But no. Take, for example, the scene in Anthony Powell's ''Question of Upbringing'' when Jenkins and Stringham are visited in their room at Eton by Uncle Giles and try desperately to persuade the old boy to put out his cigarette. Professor Spacks solemnly informs us that this deliberately farcical episode ''epitomizes the perplexities of adultadolescent relationship at this stage in Jenkins's development.''

Like a rusty old cargo ship in a heavy North Atlantic swell, this book wallows slowly across a monotonous grey sea toward its uncertain destination, pitching and yawing as it goes and shipping a lot of water into its bilges. It is a model of how not to bring literary criticism to bear upon a theme in socio-cultural history.

**Graphic**

Illustrations: drawings of a boy and a girl

**End of Document**



[***TV WEEKEND;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-F6V0-000B-Y3PV-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***NEW GAME SHOW, BELFAST AND ROCK***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-F6V0-000B-Y3PV-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 7, 1981, Friday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1981 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section C; Page 23, Column 1; Weekend Desk; Review

**Length:** 1049 words

**Byline:** By JANET MASLIN

**Body**

ANYONE not spending this weekend in search of the perfect wave or in search of the perfect rerun might do well to watch ''The Krypton Factor'' tonight at 8:30 on WABC-TV, television's first and only futuristic game show. ''The Krypton Factor'' is now a five-part pilot, but it may become a series if the audience-popularity ratings are right. They ought to be. The idea for the program is so preposterous, it's irresistible.

The contestants wear color-coded jumpsuits, and they are first seen running toward the camera in slow motion, as a tough-voiced announcer reels off the name, age, hometown and occupation of each one. Because this is ''the ultimate test of mental and physical abilities,'' and not some namby-pamby quiz show, the rounds are called ''phases'' and the contestants' names are emblazoned on the shoulders of their outfits.

Janet Maslin discusses "The Krypton Factor" program on WABC-TV and other television programs scheduled for weekend of Augest 7-9

The host for the program is the indefatigable Dick Clark, who used to give back rubs and speak soothingly when he was host of ''The $20,000 Pyramid,'' one of television's very best game shows. On ''The Krypton Factor,'' Mr. Clark is no longer Mr. Nice Guy. He speaks like a very stern computer, with lines like: ''I'm sorry, that is incorrect. You have been eliminated from this phase.''

The contest itself is zany and strenuous enough to make this quite an entertaining program. On the first show, there are mathematics problems, memory tests and a loony obstacle course - this is ''the very demanding physical phase,'' according to Mr. Clark - with each contestant's route painted to match his or her jumpsuit.

The three men and one woman are asked to climb out of a giant spongy pillow, crawl through barrels, swing high enough to kick a button that would open a door and then race to the finish line in something resembling a giant hamster-exercise wheel. This contraption was called a ''Moonwalker.''

For the most part, ''The Krypton Factor'' seems to offer its contestants a fair, unusual and agreeably silly set of challenges. There was, however, one definite exception. During Phase IV, ''the observation phase,'' they were shown a clip from ''The Legend of the Lone Ranger'' and questioned closely about details from a movie that no one should be forced to pay keen attention to. Then six men, dressed in identical cowboy outfits, trooped onto the stage, and the contestants were asked which was the actor who had a one-line role in the movie. They all got it wrong. No wonder.

''Irish Eyes,'' tomorrow at 9:30 P.M. on WNEW-TV, Channel 5, is a well-meaning but superficial glance at the problems in Northern Ireland. With Bob O'Brien as host, it tries to touch all bases in a half-hour and is full of questions like, ''Is it revolution or is it hooliganism?'' and ''What do you think is going to stop all this?'' The ***working-class*** Protestant woman who is asked the second question doesn't have an answer, and neither, of course, does Mr. O'Brien. But no program about Northern Ireland can fail to have its wrenching moments, and ''Irish Eyes'' exerts an emotional tug, even if is otherwise insubstantial.

''I have a 6-year-old daughter, and at the moment her whole train of thought is the hunger strike,'' one mother says. ''It's very hard to explain to a child why a man is slowly starving to death for his rights.''

There is also an interview with the mother of a large family. She has two children jailed for Irish Republican Army activities and one daughter who died while building a bomb.

The camera visits the site where a Protestant milkman and his 14-year-old son were stoned to death in Belfast. ''This shouldn't have happened,'' the narrator says.

The program ends with a recap of its scenes of violence, accompanied by peaceful Irish music on the soundtrack. The irony, like the show as a whole, is far too simple.

WNEW-TV's new ''The Roots of Rock 'n' Roll'' series offers its third hourlong installment tomorrow at 6 P.M. with a show that covers the years 1963 to 1966. That's a lot of rock history to pack into an hour, particularly if the hour is inexplicably going to include an appearance by Don MacLean, who is on hand to sing ''Crying'' because it was written by Roy Orbison, who is also on the show to talk about his first meeting with the Beatles.

The Beatles dominate the early half of the program, which is to be expected; the Rolling Stones and the Beach Boys are absent, which is not. Though it is by no means comprehensive, and though it bogs down whenever Neil Sedaka appears to be the host, the program includes some wonderful film clips and some very bright moments.

The best part of this episode is devoted to Motown. There are glimpses of the record company's early studio and offices, and interviews with the seldom-seen Berry Gordy, who led his Detroit company to the top. The performance footage includes Smokey Robinson and the Miracles doing a fine version of ''Shop Around,'' Stevie Wonder performing ''Fingertips'' and the Temptations offering their own sensational choreography on a version of ''My Girl.'' The Marvelettes are also on hand, but where are the Supremes? The choice of material is whimsical and then some.

Tom Cottle, the clinical psychologist and social worker who is PBS's answer to Phil Donahue, is hard at work establishing himself as the feelingest guy on television. Mr. Cottle, who leans toward his interviewees at a 45-degree angle and does his best to inject himself into their particular stories, will have the surgeon Richard Selzer as his guest Sunday at 4:30 on WNET-TV, Channel 13. Dr. Selzer, author of ''Confessions of a Knife'' and other works, is a good match for Mr. Cottle.

Mr. Cottle asks, ''Are you, by nature, a brutal and yet tender man?'' Dr. Selzer declares, ''Every incision I make is, by definition, a self-inflicted wound.''

Dr. Selzer, who alludes to himself as a ''surgeon-artist,'' says, ''I gaze upon these matters with the dilated pupils of a poet.'' Mr. Cottle asks: ''Is there an erotic attachment to the patient? Is the act romantic?'' At the end of the program, Mr. Cottle says he has ''one bittersweet sadness, and I'll share it with you.'' Interested parties can tune in and find out for themselves what that bittersweet sadness might be.

**End of Document**



[***THEATER REVIEW;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3RK2-HWX0-000P-N4PN-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Nothing Nice to Say? Do Come Sit Closer!***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3RK2-HWX0-000P-N4PN-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 19, 1997, Friday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1997 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Movies, Performing Arts/Weekend Desk

**Section:** Section E; ; Section E; Part 1; Page 3; Column 1; Movies, Performing Arts/Weekend Desk ; Part 1; ; Column 1; ; Review

**Length:** 1285 words

**Byline:** By BEN BRANTLEY

By BEN BRANTLEY

**Body**

All right, so maybe it is the season of office parties. And maybe the prospect of yet another evening with a group of self-serving, randy materialists getting drunker and nastier by the minute isn't exactly what you had in mind as a holiday treat.

Nonetheless, you should try to squeeze into your social calendar the exquisitely sour little bash that's going on at the Judith Anderson Theater under the title of "Goose-Pimples." This ruthless portrait of ruthless people, written by the celebrated filmmaker Mike Leigh and dazzlingly directed by Scott Elliott, offers some of the most acutely observed performances to be seen this season. It's farce at its darkest and most organic: a comic collision of misunderstandings that bruises even at its silliest and that never seems merely mechanical.

The expert actors here, portraying four grasping London suburbanites and an unexpected visitor from foreign parts, never once try to win over the audience with charming, distancing winks at the shallow solipsists they portray. Not for a second do they demand that you root for them or even like them.

But that's precisely what makes "Goose-Pimples," a production of the vital young New Group, soar: the spectacle of people furiously butting their heads against the walls of their own small-mindedness, without ever pausing for a redemptive look at how badly they're behaving. The show has the precisely timed frenzy of a Blake Edwards movie, but minus the apologetic cuteness or sentimentality. It's a reminder of what good company bad company can be, at least in theatrical terms.

In this 1981 play, there's scarcely a scent of the warmer, cuddlier whimsy that would later creep into the films of Mr. Leigh, the director of "High Hopes" and "Secrets and Lies." Although "Goose-Pimples" won the London Evening Standard award for best comedy in its original production, it also had its share of loud detractors, and it's not hard to see why.

A character named Muhammad (played here by Adam Alexi-Malle and in London by Antony Sher), a Saudi businessman in search of a prostitute, drew the wrath of Muslims who saw the portrayal as insulting and morally depraved. But actually, Muhammad is the character who comes closest to being sympathetic in this take-no-prisoners satire, if for no other reason than that speaking no English, he can't be understood (a complication Mr. Alexi-Malle makes blissful comic hay of). The others, despite their heavy ***working-class*** accents, are perfectly comprehensible, and what they say isn't pretty.

There's Vernon (Sam Rockwell), a car salesman and the house-proud owner of a deliciously tacky black-and-gold apartment (realized in lethal detail by the designer Kevin Price and matched by Eric Becker's costumes) and his lodger, Jackie (the wonderful Caroline Seymour), an ambitious casino croupier. Rounding out the group are Irving (Max Baker), Vernon's loutish fellow employee, and his wife, Frankie (Gillian Foss), a compulsive eater who is toxic with discontent.

These shabby-souled figures may have upwardly mobile ambitions, but you can't imagine they'll climb much higher than they have already. They're suckers of an economic system they don't understand except as a license for greed (Jackie is always spouting billboard versions of Thatcherite economic credos), and their creator isn't about to give them an even break. The blue-collar losers of Mr. Leigh's earlier "Ecstasy," memorably staged by Mr. Elliott for the New Group several seasons ago, seem huggable by comparison.

So why should we care about them? For the first 20 minutes or so of "Goose-Pimples," there's not much evidence that we will. True, watching Vernon prepare for a dinner party for Irving and Frankie (with whom, by the way, he's having an affair), setting out black place settings in his all-black leisure clothes to the strains of Rod Stewart's "Do Ya Think I'm Sexy," is amusing enough. Less so is the puerile sex talk and brand-name dropping that occurs once Vernon's guests arrive. The tone seems to be one sustained sneer at people who are, after all, pitifully easy targets.

But while Mr. Leigh may not have invested his characters with much humanity, they are unmistakably, vibrantly human. And once Jackie returns to the flat with Muhammad, whom she has brought back from the casino with her, it becomes apparent that Mr. Leigh is doing something very canny indeed with a classic farce formula: milking the comic potential of a language barrier in ways that are finally devastating.

Muhammad, whose command of English doesn't extend far beyond "taxi" and "O.K.," is under the impression that he has been taken to a brothel. Jackie, who is as naive as she is aggressive, believes Muhammad is a big-spending sheik who will introduce her to a world of fancy restaurants and glamorous jobs. The first-act scene that finds them alone together is a masterpiece of mutually misread intentions, a hilariously spastic conversation that never connects.

When Irving and his guests return from a restaurant (the steaks he had bought to cook for dinner turned out to be rancid), and make their own attempts at communicating with Muhammad, the play turns into a sort of fractured, protracted game of charades that brings out the beast in everyone. Social, political and sexual insecurities come blundering to the surface. And it becomes painfully clear that, regardless of class or cultural origins, everyone here regards everyone else as an exploitable object.

Mr. Leigh pays homage to the conventions of farce, including a ridiculous set of entrance-complicating double doors. But Mr. Elliott, returning to the sort of inspired ensemble work he did for the New Group before making a shaky Broadway debut last season with "Present Laughter" and "Three Sisters," keeps the evening grounded in a sense of real time and physical immediacy.

There's not a gesture that isn't specifically motivated. And that these people aren't wind-up automatons in a comedy machine makes them funnier and far more frightening than characters in farce usually are. They may not be likable, but they're pathetically desperate and vulnerable, equally capable of wounding and being wounded.

The cast as a whole is splendid, even if Mr. Rockwell and Mr. Baker overdo some of the adolescent prurience. (Their parts are also the least interestingly written.) But Ms. Foss finds a poignant air of longing beneath Frankie's acerbic exterior. And Mr. Alexi-Malle, whose hands and eyes are always restlessly searching for signals to explain Muhammad's incomprehensible surroundings, and Ms. Seymour, who conveys stupidity with subtly shaded intelligence, are simply astounding.

Theirs are the characters with the highest hopes for what the evening might offer, and to see those hopes stripped away is affecting in ways you wouldn't think this play could sustain. There is one glorious moment in the first act that finds Jackie spinning deliriously in a dance that Muhammad eagerly mistakes for foreplay.

They are both, in that instant, wrapped in shiny, enticing fantasies that are, of course, totally at odds with each other. That's as close to real happiness as anyone in "Goose-Pimples" is allowed to come.

GOOSE-PIMPLES

By Mike Leigh; directed by Scott Elliott; set by Kevin Price; costumes by Eric Becker; lighting by Jan Kroeze; sound by Raymond D. Schilke; original music by Tom Kochan; production stage manager, John Harmon. Presented by the New Group, Scott Elliott, artistic director; Claudia Catania, executive producer; Lisa Goldsmith, managing director. At the Anderson Theater, 422 West 42d Street, Clinton.

WITH: Sam Rockwell (Vernon), Caroline Seymour (Jackie), Max Baker (Irving), Gillian Foss (Frankie) and Adam Alexi-Malle (Muhammad).

**Graphic**

Photo: Ruthless people: Gillian Foss, left, with Sam Rockwell, Adam Alexi-Malle, Caroline Seymour and Max Baker in Mike Leigh's "Goose-Pimples." (Sara Krulwich/The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** December 19, 1997

**End of Document**



[***POLISH UNION ASKS FOR A REFERENDUM ON WORKER RIGHTS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-F290-000B-Y2V3-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 9, 1981, Wednesday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1981 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Page 1, Column 1; Foreign Desk

**Length:** 1020 words

**Byline:** By JOHN DARNTON, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** GDANSK, Poland, Sept. 8

**Body**

The Solidarity union asked today that the Government hold a national referendum on workers' rights in running factories. It also voiced support for other East European workers who might seek to set up their own independent unions.

A motion, approved with only one dissenting vote at the union's national convention here, said that, if Parliament did not sponsor a referendum on self-management, then the union would do so itself.

The 890 delegates also approved a message to workers in other Soviet-bloc countries who might try to establish unions free of party control.

Poland's Solidarity union asks for national referendum on workers' rights in running factories

(In Moscow, the Soviet Government's press agency Tass said the convention demonstrated that the Polish union was out to seize political power. Page 6.)

Talks With Other Nations Offered

Solidarity's message to the workers of other Soviet-bloc nations said: ''As the first independent union of Eastern Europe we deeply feel a sense of community and, contrary to the slanders spread in your country, we are the authentic representatives of the ***working class*** in Poland.''

''We support those of you who have decided to enter the difficult road of struggle for free and independent unions. We trust that our representatives can meet soon to exchange experiences.''

The motion to send the message was approved overwhelmingly with only a scattering of hands raised in opposition, and it touched off a roar of applause inside the cavernous Oliva sports stadium where the convention met.

Report of an Attempt in Hu ngary

It was the first time that the Polish union, which arose out of worker protests a year ago and now has nine and a half million members, had directly addressed workers in other Communist countries.

Union leaders said they knew of no independent unions' being set up in any other Soviet-bloc country. but they said they had heard of a strike recently in the Soviet Union in which a demand for an independent union was reportedly raised and that they were aware of attempts to set up independent unions in Hungary.

Today's session of the convention, in contrast to earlier ones, seemed to take a political turn. It was as if, after three days of procedural questions, the floodgates of frustration and anger toward the party and Government were opened.

The convention condemned attempts to hamper union organizers within the Ministry of the Interior and the Ministry of Defense, both of them the sensitive terrain of security forces. The delegates made various proposals likely to unsettle the authorities. One was for elections to Parliament that are not stage-managed by the party.

Others were for freedom of travel and emigration, the rewriting of history books to fill in gaps pertaining to relations with the Soviet Union, and the restoration of May 3 as a national holiday marking the adoption of the 1791 Constitution, which was celebrated during inde pe ndence between the two world wars. The Constitution was adopted durin g the three successive 18th-century partitions that ended by remo ving Poland from the map of Europe until it was reconstituted after World War I.

In a remark that seemed to sum up the confident, history-making mood of the delegates, one of them, Zbigniew Karwowski, rose to demand that the Government provide access to the state-controlled news outlets. ''If not,'' he said, ''let's start a fund and build our own transmitters and broadcasting stations.'' He was roundly applauded.

The proposal for a national referendum on the issue of worker self-management was likely be opposed by the authorities. Such votes have not been a political practice in Poland, whether through governmental or nongovernmental channels.

Two Bills Before Parliament

Parliament is considering two bills on self-management, one submitted by the Government and the other supported by the union. They differ in the powers they would give worker councils, including the question of whether the councils could hire and dismiss managers.

Only last week, the party affirmed at a Central Committee meeting that it would not relinquish the right to make key personnel appointments. This system, known as nomenclature, by which the most important posts are filled by officially approved people, is one of the pillars of party control.

A test case is shaping up at the Katowice iron and steel plant. Workers began voting there yesterday in their own referendum on whether to dismiss the manager, Stanislaw Bednarczyk, who angered the union by shutting down its local publication. The results of the voting are expected later this week.

Test of Faith Is Seen

The wording of today's motion made clear that the holding of the referendum would be regarded as a test of faith in Parliament. If the body came up with a law that ignored the workers' wishes on selfmanagement, the union would boycott the law, the motion declared.

Karol Modzelewski, a unionist from Wroclaw, told the convention that the authorities would obviously refuse to hold a referendum. ''They are not suicidal,'' he said, ''and when they won't do it, then the situation will be clear, and we can stand ready for battle.''

Another delegate attacked the ''class of prominent politicians who monopolize the whole life of society.'' ''We should deprive them of economic means, which we can do through self-management,'' he said. ''We should deprive them of the means to indoctrinate by removing their influence over mass media, education and culture.''

In other action, the convention approved a letter to Poles abroad, thanking them for their support and urging them to return to Poland.''A new Poland is being built on the banks of the Vistula,'' the letter said.

----

U.S. Mentions Soviet Maneuvers

Special to the New York Times

WASHINGTON, Sept. 8 - Dean Fischer, State Department spokesman, said today that Soviet maneuvers in the Baltic region ''may be intended to intimidate the Polish people. '' A merican officials had previously declined to characterize the exerc ises in those terms. However, Mr. Fischer said, there is no indica tion that they are in preparation for military intervention.

**Graphic**

Illustrations: Photo of Lech Walesa voting at union's convention

**End of Document**



[***Wealth of Mine Barons Turns to Dust at Source***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-3JS0-000P-N0M0-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 4, 1997, Tuesday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1997 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** National Desk

**Section:** Section A; ; Section A; Page 1; Column 3; National Desk ; Column 3;

**Length:** 1243 words

**Byline:** By JAMES BROOKE

By JAMES BROOKE

**Dateline:** LEADVILLE, Colo.

**Body**

Guggenheim Berlin, Guggenheim Bilbao, Guggenheim New York, Guggenheim Venice. Why not a Guggenheim Leadville?

Leadville, as the name implies, is not chic. Perched at 10,152 feet, it is a hard-knocks mining town, claiming a little fame as the highest incorporated city in North America.

More than 135 years of a "get rich and get out" mining ethic has left two legacies. The population has dwindled to a tenth of its 1880's size, and the Environmental Protection Agency has declared the entire town a Superfund site.

Some holes that environmental engineers are plugging today produced the cornerstone of the Guggenheim fortune a century ago -- silver and lead worth $268 million in 1997 dollars.

"The Guggenheim fortune was started right here in Leadville," said Carl Miller, a third-generation resident who represents the area in the State Assembly. "It sure would be nice if they looked back at this community, which is struggling through the hardest times in its history."

In 1989, Mr. Miller wangled the only Guggenheim donation seen here in modern times, $25,000 to the National Mining Hall of Fame and Museum.

For their part, officers and spokesmen for the four Guggenheim foundations, all based in New York, said few projects in Leadville would meet the criteria stipulated by the bylaws of their foundations. One promotes modern art, a second grants midcareer fellowships, another studies criminal justice and the last supports research on violence and aggression.

Another response might be that everyone else did it.

Since 1860, mines in Leadville and elsewhere in Lake County have disgorged, at present-day prices, $12.5 billion in gold, silver, lead, copper, zinc and molybdenum, according to the Colorado Geological Survey, a state agency. All of this in a county that has real estate valued at a total of $53 million.

Marshall Field used some of his Leadville mining profits to start his retail business in Chicago. Charles H. Dow turned financial lessons that he learned as a newspaper reporter and mine manager here into a Wall Street news service, Dow Jones & Company.

Charles Boettcher parlayed a hardware store here into a Denver-based industrial empire. James J. Brown, a gold mine superintendent, also moved to Denver, building a showcase city house for his unsinkable wife, Molly Brown.

"Nobody who made their money here did anything for this place," Municipal Judge Neil V. Reynolds said with a view befitting his status as a fifth-generation resident. "Mining is a community of occupation, not a community of place, like farming."

Boom and bust has marked the West's economy for generations.

"The history of the West is, to some extent, the history of exploitation," former Gov. Richard Lamm said. "First the fur trappers, then the miners. We are building the 'match belt,' economies that flame brightly, then are snuffed out, leaving us with a hole in the ground surrounded by a ghost town."

Even today, with Denver emerging as a national center for cable television and mutual funds, the gothic tales that hang over mining towns like Leadville feed a lingering Western distrust of Eastern capital.

In New York recently, an employee of the Solomon R. Guggenheim Foundation mused vaguely in his Fifth Avenue office: "Leadville? Wasn't that copper?"

But in this alpine village, the family legacy remains as alive as the aging timber head frames above the Guggenheim silver mines that figure in a tourist guide, "The Routes of the Silver Kings." Local politics are still controlled by descendants by the Slovenian miners brought here over a century ago by Meyer Guggenheim, the family patriarch.

Leadville's last working mine and largest private employer, the Black Cloud, is run by Asarco, a company that the family founded and controlled for decades.

In the 1880's, Leadville, with 30,000 people, was the second largest city in the state after Denver. Its latest bust occurred a decade ago, when alternative processes were developed for the use of the mineral molybdenum to harden steel. In a few years, the work force at the nearby Climax Molybdenum mine, an enterprise not owned by the Guggenheims, fell from 3,000 people to 20.

The mine had paid 85 percent of Lake County taxes, and the closing devastated schools and the wider community.

"We have buckets catching drips in all the buildings," Superintendent Peg Portscheller said of leaking roofs in the Lake County schools. The wiring is so bad that overhead projectors cannot be used in some classrooms, she said, and heating is uneven.

Aging window frames have separated from walls, allowing miniature snowdrifts to form in several classrooms during snowstorms. An average of 10 feet of snow falls every winter, a period that nearly coincides with the school year.

The 1,400 students in the district reflect changing demographics, as 44 percent are from low-income families and receive free lunches, 46 percent are Hispanic and 59 percent graduate from high school.

The collapse of mining has meant an end to what people call "a family wage," $45,000 a year plus benefits for a miner who put in a 40-hour week. To match that, families have to move away or send two breadwinners northward over the Continental Divide to take low-wage jobs as dishwashers, housekeepers and janitors in the ski resorts.

But, just as babies are routinely given supplemental oxygen at birth here because of the altitude, Leadville natives seem to be suckled on a healthy dose of class resentment that extends to their view of the Guggenheim name that is paraded in more elegant corners of the world.

In fact, the museums were not all built with Guggenheim money. The Bilbao museum in Spain was financed by the regional Basque government; Deutsche Bank A.G. agreed to pay construction and operating costs for the museum in Berlin, which is in the bank's headquarters.

A ***working-class*** holdout in the Rockies, Leadville has a main street where people can buy a dishwasher, fill a doctor's prescription, pawn a hunting rifle, refill a propane canister, have an automobile repaired and buy a miner's cottage for $63,000.

By contrast, a neighbor to the west, Aspen, is a town where the average sale price of a one-family house last year was $1.4 million. To the north are Vail and Eagle County, with an assessed real estate value of $1.3 billion.

Gold-plated Vail is not always subtle in its attitude toward Leadville.

"One year, all of a sudden, our births jumped, from 85 a year to 110," Judge Reynolds recalled. "It turned out that the Vail hospital was steering the Mexican women, the Medicaid cases, over the pass to us."

A few years ago, Vail residents voted against a cemetery in town. Apparently a field of tombstones was deemed bad publicity for the ski industry. So Leadville continues to provide mortuary services for Vail.

"The Vail clinic would call up and say, 'Come after dark to the back entrance and don't use the hearse,' " recalled Judge Reynolds, who moonlighted a few years back with the local funeral home.

With that history, residents come up with cautious wish lists when they hear that a Deutsche Guggenheim is to open on Nov. 7 on the Unter den Linden in Berlin.

"The Guggenheims should remember their roots and do something for the town that gave them a launching," said Douglas Teeter, a native who recently returned to open an art gallery on the second floor of a clapboard house. "Maybe they could help the Leadville Arts Council sponsor trips for high school students to go down to Denver to visit the art museum."

**Graphic**

Photos: The Guggenheim Bilbao Museum in Spain, inset, represents the expansion of the family name. Its fortune was made in silver mines like this one in Leadville, Colo., a town that has fallen into decline. (Kevin Moloney for The New York Times; inset, Reuters)(pg. A1); Leadville, Colo., where the Guggenheim mining fortune was made, was at its height in the 1880's, when the Tabor Opera House was built there. (Kevin Moloney for The New York Times)(pg. A20)

Map of Colorado showing location of Leadville: Leadville, Colo., was a booming mining town a century ago. (pg. A20)

**Load-Date:** November 4, 1997

**End of Document**



[***Making Trouble in Shanghai***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-6P90-000P-24F5-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 5, 1992, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1992 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Book Review Desk

**Section:** Section 7;; Section 7; Page 11; Column 1; Book Review Desk; Column 1;; Biography; Review

**Length:** 1072 words

**Byline:** Ni Yuxian

By Judith Shapiro;

Judith Shapiro is the co-author with Liang Heng of "Son of the Revolution" and "After the Nightmare: A Survivor of the Cultural Revolution Reports on China Today."

By Judith Shapiro;  Judith Shapiro is the co-author with Liang Heng of "Son of the Revolution" and "After the Nightmare: A Survivor of the Cultural Revolution Reports on China Today."

**Body**

A CHINESE ODYSSEY

*The Life and Times of a Chinese Dissident.*

*By Anne F. Thurston.*

*440 pp. New York:*

*Charles Scribner's Sons. $24.95.*

THE Chinese dissident Ni Yuxian first had the chance to answer his Communist Party persecutors when the great investigative reporter Liu Binyan made him a hero of an essay, "A Second Kind of Loyalty." Now, with Anne F. Thurston's biography, "A Chinese Odyssey," he has yet another opportunity. But sometimes those who try to clear their names get themselves into even more hot water by presenting their cases in public. Mr. Ni comes across in this book as a thoroughly unpalatable character -- abrasive, unfaithful, opportunistic and arrogant, a man who even as a dissident disappoints us.

What distinguishes Ni Yuxian from most well-known Chinese dissidents is that he is not a member of China's intellectual elite. Born in 1945 into a ***working-class*** family in a town near Shanghai, he got himself admitted to the army (one of China's sole routes of upward mobility) when he was 16. Eventually, the "dissident soldier" managed to attend the Shanghai Maritime Academy.

But he was in constant trouble from early youth. As Ms. Thurston explains, he organized fellow soldiers, workers and students against the authorities, wrote angry letters to Mao Zedong and put up written posters defying ultraleftist policies. During the Cultural Revolution, he was arrested and detained for printing a pamphlet of sayings from Lenin (even Lenin could be considered counterrevolutionary at the height of the fervor). In 1977, he was thrown into a detention center in Shanghai for putting up a poster attacking the Gang of Four. He spent two years in fear that he would be executed, until the authorities released him in early 1979.

Mr. Ni, Ms. Thurston tells us, was then reinstated at the Maritime Academy, where he was given work in the propaganda department. But he felt discriminated against when party leaders refused to facilitate his efforts to obtain a passport. He traveled to Beijing and headed to The People's Daily to join the lines of petitioners seeking to interest Liu Binyan in their cases. Finally, a letter caught the journalist's attention. In 1984, Mr. Liu went to Shanghai to meet Mr. Ni and investigate further.

At the Maritime Academy, Ms. Thurston says, officials tried to persuade Mr. Liu that Mr. Ni was no antileftist hero during the Cultural Revolution: on the contrary, they said, he was an extremist who attacked teachers and cadres; he had stolen a bicycle; he was an egregious philanderer and had once been accused of rape. But Mr. Liu persisted despite his reservations. "A Second Kind of Loyalty" appeared in 1985. The ensuing furor was one cause of Mr. Liu's expulsion from the Communist Party for a second time.

Fearful of being arrested again, Mr. Ni slipped into an elevator in the United States Consulate in Canton, eventually finding a sympathetic official who helped him obtain a visa. He arrived in the United States in 1986, where he became entangled with China Spring, a politically controversial emigre Chinese faction rumored to be funded by Taiwan. According to Ms. Thurston, he is now accused by former supporters of having misused funds from his own one-man organization, the Committee for the Promotion of Democracy in China.

GIVEN the questions that have been raised about Ni Yuxian's character and motivations, the reader cannot but wish to know more about Ms. Thurston's doubts concerning Mr. Ni's self-presentation or her own commitment to explore his life. For she suggests in her preface that he is "a narcissist" who "often failed in his basic obligations to those closest to him, disappointing, sometimes bitterly so, his wife and his family, his teachers, his loves, and his friends."

With this unimaginatively titled volume, Ms. Thurston, the author of "Enemies of the People," a book about victims of the Cultural Revolution, appears to have wanted to write both an academic biography of Mr. Ni and an impassioned history of the contemporary Chinese democracy movement. The fit is an awkward one, in part because Mr. Ni is a peripheral political figure who acted largely alone. In Shanghai, he had little connection with events in Beijing, and he was in the United States during the 1989 democracy movement. As biography, Ms. Thurston's account is oddly impersonal and distanced, though she spent hundreds of hours talking to Mr. Ni, and though she describes the relationships she developed during the years she spent interviewing his family as deep ones. We get only hints of the pain of Mr. Ni's wife or the bitterness of his mistress, even when the two meet in a minibus. Mr. Ni himself does not capture us, either as a man of courage or as one of interesting flaws.

Still, the book has gripping moments. When Mr. Ni is dismissed from the army in 1964 for his "mistaken, capitalist, and revisionist thought," he stumbles on an opportunity to wipe his slate clean when a lazy official allows him to carry his own file to his new workplace. Terrified, he eases it open: "Every transgression he had ever committed was recorded there, many of which had long since faded into the dark recesses of the mind." By the time Mr. Ni is done burning the damaging evidence, the file is nearly empty.

Ms. Thurston's powerful description of Mr. Ni's experience in a Shanghai detention center in 1977 rivals that of Nien Cheng, who recounted her solitary confinement in the same city in "Life and Death in Shanghai." Mr. Ni is placed in a 6-by-4-foot cell containing 19 men. Threats of execution, torture, disease and false accusations are constant. So filthy are conditions that soon "the prisoner's skin is marked by sores, his bottom covered with pimples, and the pimples are filled with blood and with pus, and when the pimples burst open the pus and the blood stick to his bottom like glue, so that when he has to remove his cotton trousers to use the *matong* the sores pull painfully open and frequently become infected, and every trip to the *matong* becomes a matter of dread." Mr. Ni wakes one night to find himself covered with sticky liquid -- the blood of the man next to him, who has slit his wrists.

Ms. Thurston tells us that she was drawn to this story because she wished to write about "those rare cases where individuals manage to stay good" amid totalitarianism. But Ni Yuxian seems to have presented far more problematic a hero than either she, or Liu Binyan, had hoped.

**Graphic**

Photo: Ni Yuxian as a young soldier in the Chinese Army, 1963.

**Load-Date:** January 5, 1992

**End of Document**



[***Plan to Put Filtration Plant Under Park Angers the Bronx***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4C0Y-VBS0-TW8F-G2TM-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 25, 2004 Thursday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2004 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section B; Column 1; Metropolitan Desk; Pg. 1; Water Hazard?

**Length:** 1402 words

**Byline:** By ANTHONY DePALMA

**Body**

On the surface, it looks like a simple problem with a straightforward solution. On the surface.

On certain days, the drinking water that comes into New York from a dozen reservoirs just north of the city is cloudy, smelly or spiked with midge larvae. The city has been ordered to clean it up.

The $1.2 billion price for a water filtration plant is not an issue. Neither is engineering.

The stumbling block is a classic New York obsession -- location -- even though some of the real estate being fought over is subterranean.

The city's preferred site is below the surface of the southeastern corner of Van Cortlandt Park in the Bronx, a chip shot from the last stop on the No. 4 elevated subway and about half a block from the edge of the ***working-class*** Norwood neighborhood.

The idea is to put the filtration plant -- the size of a small factory -- in a big hole in the ground where there is now a utilitarian golf driving range.

The city has burrowed under parks before, most notably in Central Park, where it has buried four huge valve chambers, the last one about 25 years ago. People walking, running or picnicking above it now have no clue there is machinery beneath them.

City officials promise that once the treatment plant is built in the Bronx, it will be covered with a layer of soil and grass, and the driving range will be back in business.

But Paul Sawyer, who lives near Van Cortlandt Park, doubts the city will keep its promises. ''We do not trust D.E.P. with their projects in our parks,'' said Mr. Sawyer, who is executive director of the Friends of Van Cortlandt Park.

He and other residents fear that the traffic and tons of chemicals that will come with the completed plant will make it very visible, and intrusive. They worry that exhaust from the underground operation will turn the grass yellow and contaminate the air.

Most of all, residents and some local officials worry that the eight-year construction period, during which 28 acres of the park would be unusable, would overburden a poor, hard-working neighborhood.

''This project will destroy the neighborhood we've been fighting to save for 30 years,'' said Lyn Pyle, a longtime resident and community organizer. ''It will destroy the community and the web of people's lives.''

While 90 percent of New York's drinking water comes from the distant Catskill Mountains, the rest flows down from the Croton system, east of the Hudson River. Federal environmental officials have given the city a waiver from building a filtration plant for the Catskill water, so long as it stays clean. But in 1998, the city had to agree to treat the Croton water.

In a little more than three months, Christopher O. Ward, commissioner of the Department of Environmental Protection, will have to make a final decision about where to build the treatment plant.

He said that if Van Cortlandt were selected, the city would simply be borrowing the parkland for a while, during construction. The city would have to blast a hole about the size of ground zero to fit the 290 million-gallon-per-day treatment plant. The area around the Jerome Park reservoir would also have to be excavated for connecting tunnels.

But when the main plant work was done, Mr. Ward said, except for a small office and a loading dock for the filtering chemicals, the plant would be as unobtrusive as the valve chambers and underground tanks that the city has built in other parks.

The city has committed $43 million to restoring the park. And to compensate the community for ripping up that corner of the 1,146-acre park, the city has promised to kick in an additional $200 million for an extensive upgrading of other parks throughout the borough.

''The D.E.P. has demonstrated that it can build big infrastructure in very sensitive locations,'' said Mr. Ward during a tour of a huge valve chamber beneath Central Park. While substantially smaller than the proposed project in the Bronx, it is in a much more conspicuous and jealously guarded spot in the city. For security reasons, Mr. Ward asked that the exact location not be revealed.

The chamber, 160 feet down, is capped by a maze of pipe and valves that required 1.2 acres to be fenced off and dug up for much of the 1970's and 1980's. On a recent morning, schoolchildren were sledding on top of the chamber, apparently giving no more thought to what was underneath them than to the classes they were missing because of the late winter snow.

But the restored Central Park landscape is little comfort to some Bronx residents. Fay Muir, a longtime resident and leader of the Mosholu-Woodlawn South Community Coalition, recalled that the city built a valve chamber in the northern section of Van Cortlandt Park more than 10 years ago and still had not fully restored the area.

''It's not a matter of not trusting the D.E.P.,'' Ms. Muir said. ''We just go by their record.''

Mr. Ward, clearly frustrated by the opposition, fears what would happen if community groups derailed a project to protect the health of millions.

''Should local, not-in-my-backyard community opposition stop such an important project?'' Mr. Ward asked. ''This is a huge water supply decision that will be in place for the next 100 to 150 years. A bad decision will have a serious impact on everyone.''

Under city laws, Mr. Ward will have to respond to community comments by June 30. He then will issue what is called a commissioner's finding, in which he lays out the rationale for selecting a site from among the current alternatives -- Van Cortlandt, a part of the Harlem River waterfront or 83 acres of city-owned industrial land in Westchester County.

Then, following a 15-day notice period, the preferred site will be formally designated. Officials expect a legal challenge.

The city prefers the Van Cortlandt site because it is in New York rather than in Westchester County, where the city would have to pay property taxes on the building.

The Westchester site, in the town of Mount Pleasant, has been set aside for the construction of a huge filtration plant for the Catskills' water, should the federal government ever order the city to filter the bulk of its drinking water. Before it could consider the Van Cortlandt site, the city had to get approval from the New York Legislature to allow parkland to be used for construction. As part of the deal, the city agreed to provide the $243 million in park improvements in the Bronx.

Ms. Muir said that in doing its environmental study, the city failed to adequately study such critical issues as the impact that construction trucks would have on the busy intersection of Jerome Avenue and West Gun Hill Road. She also worries that so much blasting would create dust that would worsen the asthma that is a problem for many neighborhood children.

And though the driving range is fenced in now, she said children often crossed it or played there when golfers were not around. The city plans to incorporate ventilation louvers into a new fence around the perimeter of the driving range. It would also build a 14-foot-high sound barricade fence along Jerome Avenue that would also be a waterfall.

The city considers the water wall an aesthetic amenity. Ms. Muir considers it an obstruction. ''We're not going to be able to even see the park,'' she said.

Building at the city site in Westchester County makes more sense, Ms. Muir said, because no one lives nearby and building above ground is cheaper than going below the surface. And Westchester County residents who buy water from the city would pay a part of the construction costs, keeping water rates for city residents about 20 percent lower than if the plant was built in New York.

City officials said building in Westchester County would deprive the city of needed jobs and would not necessarily be cheaper because Westchester residents could challenge attempts to pass along building costs. Opponents of the city's plan bristled at the suggestion they were putting their needs above the city's.

''It's not Nimby,'' said Anne Marie Garti, president of the Jerome Park Conservancy, which had been involved in an earlier fight against the city's plans to build the filtration plant near the Jerome Park reservoir in the Bronx. ''There's a better site, and not only would it cost everyone in New York 20 percent less, it won't set a precedent for building industrial facilities in parkland, and that's everybody's concern.''

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

**Graphic**

Photos: The proposed site of a water plant in Van Cortlandt Park, top. Christopher O. Ward, environmental commissioner, at a valve chamber under Central Park. (Photo by Suzanne DeChillo/The New York Times)

(Photo by G. Paul Burnett/The New York Times)(pg. B1)

Workers doing site preparation for the construction of a valve chamber for a water tunnel in Central Park in 1971 and the site above the valve chamber last year. (Photographs by the New York City Department of Environmental Protection)(pg. B7)

**Load-Date:** March 25, 2004

**End of Document**



[***Poland's Coal Miners, Once Stars, Are Now Surplus***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-3MR0-000P-N1N4-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 2, 1997, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1997 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Foreign Desk

**Section:** Section 1; ; Section 1; Page 1; Column 2; Foreign Desk ; Column 2;

**Length:** 1272 words

**Byline:** By JANE PERLEZ

By JANE PERLEZ

**Dateline:** LIBIAZ, Poland

**Body**

After spending more than six hours, day after day, a mile and a half underground, Darek Ptak emerges, a fine gray powder streaked across his fleshy face, a hard hat cocked back on his head, and considers himself a lucky man.

In Poland's hugely inefficient coal mines, where the glory days of model Communist workers and Solidarity's battling union are over, Mr. Ptak, 31, is relieved just to have a job.

But if Poland's new Government -- an odd marriage of admirers of Margaret Thatcher with unionists -- has the courage to carry out its stated program, more than 80,000 miners like Mr. Ptak will lose their jobs in the next several years.

The coal mines of the Silesia region are one of the biggest drags on Poland's booming economy and one of the last redoubts of unreformed industry in this country, which threw off Communism in 1989. But Silesia is also a social time bomb, nearly seven million people in the industrial heartland in southern Poland, where big swipes at the coal mines could cause economic and psychological quakes across cities, towns and villages.

The new Finance Minister, Leszek Balcerowicz, has stressed the need for restructuring the coal mines. Indeed, his chief assistant, Jakob Karnowski, 23, has just completed his thesis on Mrs. Thatcher, who broke the British coal miners, and the welfare state in Britain. Mr. Karnowski concluded the British Prime Minister did right.

"There are similarities between Poland and the United Kingdom in the Thatcher period," said Mr. Karnowski, setting a tone for the coming turbulent debate in Poland. "There is the poor conditions of the mines in both places and the power of the miners. Arthur Scargill had big political power as the Solidarity trade unions do now."

Mr. Karnowski was comparing the British trade union boss with the current Solidarity union leader, Marian Krzaklewski. But in contrast to Mr. Scargill, Mr. Krzaklewski is a right-of-center politician who is the most powerful force in the new Parliament.

It is unlikely that the new Government will be as rough with the miners as Mrs. Thatcher was in Britain. But few deny that changes are ahead.

For generations, Poland's miners were the aristocracy of the ***working class***, reaping wages that were five times as high as those of other workers. Wages here are still nearly double the average.

Miners earned so much that despite the requirements under Communism that women work, miners' wives rarely did.

The mines, owned by the Government, provided apartments, health clinics, vacation homes and sports centers, all nonproductive assets that some of the more efficient mines are now trying to sell.

Under successive governments during the last seven years, a number of mines have closed and through the retirement of workers, the labor force has been sliced from 416,000 to 275,000 miners.

But economists for Solidarity, as well as Mr. Balcerowicz, recognize this is not enough -- last year, the mining industry lost $730 million. And productivity is very low. In 1996, Poland produced 513 tons of coal per miner while Germany produced 741 and Britain 2,811.

Most of the coal mined here is used for domestic energy needs. But in order to keep the bloated work force occupied and to lessen the risk of social unrest, Poland exports coal at below cost.

Salaries and social security payments account for 50 percent of the cost of Poland's coal, according to the World Bank.

There are also compelling environmental reasons for curtailing Poland's mines.

Scientists told an environmental conference in Silesia this year that three of Poland's largest mines pumped 5,000 tons of salt daily into the Vistula River, the country's main waterway, making it one of the most polluted rivers in Europe.

The heart of Mr. Balcerowicz's argument is that the money now spent on high wages and expensive pensions for men retiring in their early 40's should instead be spent on creating new jobs. This would ease the transition and soften the social disruption.

"It will be a victory for Poland when we decide that instead of paying for warm slippers for retired miners we secure jobs for their grandchildren," said Narcyz Dudek, treasurer of the Janina mine in Libiaz, and a supporter of Mr. Balcerowicz.

The Solidarity leader at the Janina mine, Stanislaw Kurnik, agreed with the treasurer.

"There have to be incentives for businessmen who will hire former miners," said Mr. Kurnik. "We have to reform. If there are no reforms the entire labor market in Silesia will collapse and the economy in other parts of Poland will be affected. Of course there are fears, everybody fears. We in Janina mine were afraid too. But our management was able to explain to us."

Here in Libiaz, about 30 miles southeast of Katowice, the major city of the Silesian region, the Janina mine is one of the few to turn itself into a profitable operation. This was largely done by investing in new equipment and by reducing the work force from 6,700 to 4,080, mostly through not replacing retiring miners.

Jerzy Grzybek, the mine director, said he had applied Western management techniques learned at business courses to turn the mine around. But, he said he had run up against lots of roadblocks. The Janina mine belongs to a Government-controlled holding company, and Mr. Grzybek said there were limits to his independence.

For example, Mr. Grzybek was forced to hire 50 miners last spring -- Mr. Ptak, laid off at a failing mine, was among them -- even though the Janina mine did not need them.

A recent referendum among the workers at the Janina mine favored cutting ties with the holding company and making the mine an autonomous business.

"But union headquarters were against it because they said making the mine independent would cut the union's influence," Mr. Grzybek said.

As Mr. Ptak walked toward the showers at the end of one recent workday, his attitude exemplified the Silesian motto: Once a miner, always a miner.

An electrician who went into mining 13 years ago, Mr. Ptak is still quite young. He is now working at his third mine. The other two were losing so much money they were in the process of closing, he said.

Despite this bleak picture and the fact he has a marketable trade as an electrician, Mr. Ptak is reluctant to leave. "It would not be very nice to look for another job," he said.

He is not alone. Silesia is set to become a new automobile manufacturing center for Poland, but so far miners have shown little interest.

General Motors received 27,000 applications for 2,000 jobs at the plant due to open at Gliwice, near Katowice, next year. Very few of the applicants were miners, said Zbigniew Lazar, a spokesman for General Motors in Poland.

The leadership of the new Polish Government comes from Silesia: the Prime Minister, Jerzy Buzek, is an industrial engineer from Gliwice. Mr. Krzaklewski and Mr. Balcerowicz, the two polar ends of the new coalition, won their parliamentary seats in Silesia.

To the surprise of many, Mr. Balcerowicz, who engineered Poland's harsh economic policies in the early 1990's that set the country on the road to its current 6 percent annual growth, received more votes than the union leader.

These men acknowledge that Poland's overall economic health depends on cutting the mine losses. But do they have the political stomach?

Mr. Karnowski stresses that Mrs. Thatcher acted early in her tenure so she had time to regroup for her re-election.

The Polish Government does not have long to move, he said.

"The first six months or year of this Government is a unique opportunity," said Mr. Karnowski. "We are not rich like Britain or other Western countries. We have to destroy the economic burden of the welfare state."

**Graphic**

Photos: Coal mines have become burdens on Poland's economy. Half of the price of coal goes to pay miners' salaries and benefits. (Krzysztof Wojcik/Forum)(pg. 1); Poland's new Government is considering ways to reform its hugely inefficient coal mining industry. Miners waited recently for an elevator to descend to work in the town of Sosnica. (Piotr Malecki/Forum)(pg. 8)

Map of Poland showing the location of Libiaz: The Janina mine in Libiaz is one of the few to have become profitable. (pg. 8)

**Load-Date:** November 2, 1997

**End of Document**



[***THATCHER AIDES FEAR TIME IS GROWING SHORT***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-FDC0-000B-Y2CH-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 28, 1981, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1981 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 4; Page 3, Column 4; Week in Review Desk

**Length:** 1077 words

**Byline:** By R.W. APPLE Jr.

**Dateline:** LONDON

**Body**

Month after month, the number of people unemployed in Britain continues its seemingly inexorable increase. Last week, the total reached 2,680,977, according to official figures, highest in the postwar era and more than 11 percent of the work force.

In the next few months, the figure seems certain to reach 3 million, and worse still for the Conservative Government of Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, joblessness is beginning to mount rapidly in the Tory heartland, southeast England, where the economy had remained robust until recently. For the first time, many of Mrs. Thatcher's Cabinet colleagues are looking fearfully at the political calendar. In theory, no general election is required until the spring of 1984, but most politicians believe she will probably choose October 1983. ''By the time we get back from our holidays,'' a senior Tory mused, ''we will have two years left until the campaign starts. That gives us a year to develop a new program and put it in place and a year to see the results. It might be just enough. The problem is that she doesn't seem to want a new program, not at the moment, anyway.'' Similar sentiments resulted in a full-dress Cabinet review of the economic situation 10 days ago. It produced no changes. As a consequence, ''wets'' - the rather derisive title given to leading Tories who doubt the wisdom of Thatcherite economics - are publicly expressing misgivings.

Members of British Prime Min Thatcher's Cabinet are fearful they will lose next election if economy does not improve

In New York, Peter Walker, the Agriculture Minister, warned against ''any doctrinaire approach'' and said ''this is not a decade for Western governments to become too fascinated by any economic theory.'' His remarks were taken as a direct attack on Mrs. Thatcher's monetarism, heightened by the absence of praise for her. Then, in a long article in The Times, Christopher Patten, a prominent Tory back-bencher, sharply questioned the party's line that there is nothing the Government can do to stimulate recovery without risking another burst of inflation. That attitude, he wrote, is comparable to the stand once ascribed by Adlai Stevenson to the Republican Party: ''Don't just do something, stand there.'' Mr. Patten, a former research director for the party, said progress had been made in bringing down inflation and that the somewhat weaker pound permitted British industry to compete more effectively for export orders. But he called for increased Government spending on capital projects in high unemployment areas and a big job-training program for unemployed young people.

Opposition in Disarray

Mrs. Thatcher is more likely to choose to meet the political challenge as she did when high unemployment was debated in the House of Commons - with an intransigent assertion that her policy is the only policy. During the debate, she routed Michael Foot, the opposition leader, describing his speech as ''disgraceful'' because it offered no real alternative program. She rejected reflation (the choice of the new French Government) as ''inflation on top of inflation'' and again said she would not accept an incomes policy, either voluntary or mandatory. So far, the Prime Minister has managed to limit the damage. Normally, 2.5 million unemployed would mean a huge deficit for the Government in the polls. But the Labor Party is in such disarray, so preoccupied with its own splits and squabbles, that it has found it impossible to present a credible alternative.

Labor remains embroiled in a divisive fight over the deputy leadership, which will not be settled until the party conference this fall, if then. Despite hospital treatment for a rare neurological disorder and prolonged convalescence, Tony Benn, the leader of Labor's left wing, continues to pose a severe threat to the deputy leader, Denis Healey, a right-winger. Mr. Foot is unlikely to retain the leadership for long (he will be 68 next month) and the battle may well decide who is to succeed him and move into place to become Prime Minister if Labor wins. The key is probably held by the huge Transport and General Workers' Union, which casts 1.25 million votes in party balloting. It voted last week to defer a decision.

But long before that issue is resolved, the strife that has divided the party will be vigorously aired in a by-election at Warrington, a ***working-class*** Labor stronghold near Manchester. The party's candidate is Douglas Hoyle, a left-wing trade-union official defeated in the last general election. His main opponent will be Roy Jenkins, the former Labor Foreign Secretary and a founder of the new Social Democratic Party. By choosing Mr. Hoyle, Labor provided a convenient target for Mr. Jenkins, who will be able to point to him as precisely the sort of man whose ''extremism'' forced the defection of the Social Democrats. Backed by the Liberals, the Social Democrats hope to make a relatively strong showing, although few expect them to win. If Mr. Jenkins could bring off an upset in such unfriendly territory, it would help the new party enormously; if he fails badly, the Social Democrats will lose momentum built up in their first months.

Unhappily for the new party, it is badly placed to fight another by-election on much more favorable ground. Croydon Northwest, a marginal Tory seat in the suburbs south of London, is prime centrist ground, the kind of constituency that might instinctively turn to a well-known Social Democrat such as Shirley Williams, the former Labor minister who was engulfed in the Thatcher tide of 1979. Mrs. Williams has made no secret of her interest in the seat. But the deal between her party and the Liberals at Warrington, made before the Croydon seat became vacant, specified that the Liberals would stand aside at Warrington if the Social Democrats did likewise when the next seat became available. So instead of Mrs. Williams, the centrist alliance candidate at Croydon will be William Pitt, a Liberal with an unimpressive electoral history.

Mrs. Thatcher is getting all the political breaks she could ask for, and it would be folly to write off her re-election chances so early. But Mr. Patten, speaking for many of his colleagues, is obviously worried. Conservatives, he wrote in The Times, ''cannot depend on the sickness within the Labor Party to hand us the next election.'' To win, he added, ''we shall have to get the economy right, or at least look as though we are some way toward doing so.''

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photo of Britons protesting economic conditions

**End of Document**



[***A Priest's 2 Faces: Protector, Predator***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:45VT-FR90-01CN-H2HH-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 19, 2002 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2002 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 1; Column 2; National Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 2819 words

**Byline:**  By FOX BUTTERFIELD with JENNY HONTZ

**Dateline:** BOSTON, May 18

**Body**

The way Christine Hickey remembers it, the Rev. Paul R. Shanley was her protector, someone who made her feel safe. He was a hero to her parents, who even named one of her sisters, Pauline, after him.

Ms. Hickey felt especially indebted to Father Shanley for what he did after she was sexually abused at her church in Stoneham, Mass., by another Roman Catholic priest, James Porter, in 1967, when she was about 9. Father Shanley reported Father Porter to the Boston Archdiocese and arranged to have him sent for treatment to a church-run center in New Mexico. Mr. Porter is now serving an 18-year prison sentence for child sexual abuse in Massachusetts as one of the most serious pedophile priests ever discovered.

But Ms. Hickey had no idea then that Father Shanley had been accused of sexual abuse himself. The father of an 11-year-old boy had reported him to the police six years earlier, barely a year after his ordination. Nor could Ms. Hickey have known that more than 30 people would eventually come forward with a trail of accusations against Father Shanley that would span the next three decades.

Father Shanley, 71, who was arrested this month on charges of raping a 6-year-old boy in 1983, has become a central figure in the sexual abuse crisis that has spread beyond the Boston Archdiocese to convulse the entire American church.

Like another disgraced priest, John J. Geoghan, Father Shanley was protected by top officials of the Boston Archdiocese. Church documents show that they vouched for his character and allowed him to continue working as a priest despite repeated accusations of abuse.

Like Mr. Geoghan, Father Shanley has been vilified as a marauding sociopath.

But as Ms. Hickey's account suggests, his story is not that simple. Interviews with Father Shanley's accusers, his relatives and people who worked with him, as well as an examination of thousands of pages of court papers and his previously undisclosed private writings, portray a man split in two: part protector, part predator, with the church central to both roles, providing both his mission and his cover.

It is a contradiction that some who know him find impossible to reconcile.

"I really think both sides of him are real," said Ms. Hickey, now 44 and a school administrator in Cambridge. "On the one hand, he did wonderful things," she said, particularly as a "street priest" in Boston in the late 1960's and 1970's, when he ran a widely admired ministry for runaway youths and later for gays, and gained national attention, including a mention in "Common Ground," the Pulitzer Prize-winning book about Boston by J. Anthony Lukas.

"I felt loved by him," she said. "He helped me tremendously."

On the other hand, said Ms. Hickey, who went through a period of nightmares and alcoholism after her own molestation, "he abused and took advantage" of some of the very people entrusted to his care.

Perhaps, she reasoned, "There is no real truth."

No one who knew Paul Shanley seemed to know who he really was. Maybe he wanted it that way.

For from early on, he was living with a dark secret. He has said he was molested by a priest at age 12, forced to have oral sex, according to notes of a psychiatrist's interview with him at the Institute of Living in Hartford, Conn., in 1994.

The Boston archdiocese released the notes as part of more than 1,600 pages of documents it was required to produce as a result of a lawsuit filed by Gregory Ford, who says Father Shanley molested him at St. John the Evangelist Church in Newton from 1983, when Mr. Ford was 6, until 1989.

Father Shanley never told his family about his own abuse -- not his brothers, his sisters-in-law or his favorite niece. "That was really a shock to me," said Estelle Shanley, the widow of Father Shanley's brother, Donald Shanley. "He never showed any signs of any stress people might exhibit. He was very solid and well-adjusted."

Father Shanley, who is in jail in Cambridge, could not be reached for comment. His lawyer, Frank Mondano, did not return phone calls.

Experts have long recognized that children who are physically or sexually abused are at risk of becoming abusers themselves. So Kay Jackson, a psychologist who is director of the Metropolitan Center, a private center for sex offenders in New York, said she had been waiting to see when a priest charged with child sexual abuse would come forward to say he had been abused as a boy.

"Our society tends to divide up perpetrators and victims into neat camps," Dr. Jackson said. "What if they're the same?"

Early Years

Social Work Plans Lead to the Seminary

Paul Shanley was born in 1931 in Dorchester, then a heavily Irish, ***working-class*** section of Boston where residents knew one another by the parish churches they attended.

The parish pastor was a crucial figure in their lives. Since Irish immigrants began to settle in Boston in large numbers in the 1840's, suffering discrimination from the established Yankees, local priests had guided them not only spiritually, but also in countless other practical ways, filling out citizenship papers, paying rent and helping to organize unions.

So the Irish of Dorchester repaid their priests with what little they had -- admiration, unquestioning deference and a willingness to forgive foibles, like whiskey and sexual activity, said Eugene Kennedy, a former priest and emeritus professor of psychology at Loyola University in Chicago.

Paul Shanley grew up in this world. His father owned a bowling alley and pool room. His mother was a genteel, pious woman who was a legal secretary and looked on Paul as her favorite child. "The family was very Catholic," Estelle Shanley said, and "at the time it was height of achievement for a mother to have a son go into the priesthood."

In a brief autobiography he wrote after graduating from high school in 1950, young Paul described himself as a mediocre student who liked to play spin the bottle and post office with the girls. A guidance counselor urged him to learn printing at a vocational school, but at the suggestion of a worker at a Y.M.C.A., where was a counselor, Paul took a battery of aptitude tests.

They "proved conclusively what I had suspected," Father Shanley wrote, that his talents lay in another direction. "This field was social work or, more specifically, boys' work."

He switched to Huntington Prep, a college-track high school, and spent summers as a camp counselor. After getting his diploma, Paul wrote: "I have thus far penetrated seven fields of boy's work. They are: summer camping, scouting, Y.M.C.A., day camping, club groups, settlement home and boys' home.

"It can be seen from this listing the predominance of social work over other fields," Paul wrote. "This might show a natural preference. My vocational plans are, strange to say, boy's work."

Paul enrolled at Boston University, but after two years transferred to St. John's Seminary in Boston. He has left no record explaining his decision, but Estelle Shanley, who first met him then, said: "Paul had a piety. He had a very understanding manner about him. He was very much a do-gooder. He wanted to do good, and I think Paul saw the priesthood as a way to do good work."

In retrospect, it is tempting to conclude that something happened to Paul Shanley at St. John's. His class of 1960, with 77 men, included five priests who have since been publicly accused of sexually abusing children.

Father Shanley, in a letter to a Boston Archdiocese official in 1995, said he had been abused at the seminary by a priest and a faculty member. But several priests who were in Father Shanley's class said they never heard of any sexual activity at St. John's.

On the contrary, said the Rev. Richard McBrien, a 1962 graduate and now a professor of theology at Notre Dame, "the seminaries in those days were very strict, very conservative, like minimum security prisons." Each student had his own room, he said, "and one of the most serious rules you could break was to be found in another student's room."

There was no formal preparation for the chaste life of a priest. "There were no classes about it, and we took no vow of celibacy," Professor McBrien said. "It was just assumed we would be celibate."

The Priesthood

From the Beginning, Accusations of Abuse

Two weeks after he was ordained in 1960, Paul Shanley was named an assistant pastor at St. Patrick's Church in Stoneham, a ***working-class*** suburb north of Boston.

A year later, Bernie Vacon, the Stoneham police chief, got his first molestation complaint about Father Shanley. The father of an 11-year-old boy called Chief Vacon to report that his son had been severely sexually abused. Chief Vacon said he took the complaint seriously because the father was a doctor, a senior lay member of the church and a Middlesex County official.

Chief Vacon, in a recent interview, recalled confronting Father Shanley, who told him nothing had happened.

"I said, 'What do you mean, nothing?"

"Shanley said: 'I was standing in his bedroom. He had pornography. I was just trying to straighten him out.' "

"I was pretty upset," Chief Vacon said. "Shanley got away with it because the father didn't want to go public with a prosecution against a priest. He was ashamed this had happened and he didn't want a fight with the church. That's how it was in those days."

The boy's mother did write to the pastor, Msgr. John Sexton, and to Cardinal Richard Cushing in Boston, Chief Vacon said, but there was no investigation by the church, as far as he knows.

Chief Vacon said he soon began getting other calls about Father Shanley, whom he called "a wolf in sheep's clothing." Without cooperation, the most Chief Vacon could do was to never go back to St. Patrick's, the church in which he was raised and where his aunt was a nun teaching in the church school.

In 1962, Marjorie Mahoney of Stoneham says, Father Shanley found another victim: her brother Bill O'Toole, then 12. On weekends, for a year and a half, Father Shanley took Bill on retreats to a cabin he had in the Blue Hill Reservation area of Milton, said Ms. Mahoney, whose father and grandfather were police officers in Stoneham.

"There would be other boys, but they would always be one bed short, so Bill would have to sleep with Shanley," Ms. Mahoney recalled.

"He told Bill he was doing the Lord's work by finding out who the homosexuals were," she said. "Shanley also warned Bill that if he told anyone, he would burn in hell."

In fact, Ms. Mahoney said, Bill did tell one of his brothers, Michael O'Toole, now a Stoneham policeman. Bill began having trouble in school and eventually became a drug addict, then determined he was gay and moved to San Francisco.

In 1998, Bill O'Toole died of AIDS. As he lay dying in a hospice, his mother said she was going to call a priest to say the last rites, Ms. Mahoney said. "But Bill said you can't do that." When their mother asked why, he blurted out the whole story, including Father Shanley's warning that he would burn in hell if he ever told. "You could see the terror in his eyes," Ms. Mahoney said.

Professor Kennedy, who has studied priests with troubled sex lives, said the actions Ms. Mahoney ascribed to Father Shanley were classic. "In his mind, he was an angel for saving these boys; that was his rationalization," Professor Kennedy said. "He got tremendous gratification thinking he was their savior, which kept him from recognizing that he is the predator."

Street Ministry

Reaching Addicts, Gays and Runaways

In 1969, Father Shanley began what the church called his "Youth Apostolate." Working without a church, from a small home in Roxbury, a poor, black section of the city, he ministered to the thousands of young people who were running away from home, experimenting with drugs and sex and often ending up homeless and sick.

He let his hair grow long, and traded in his black garb and Roman collar for blue jeans.

"All that societal churning was going on, and Paul Shanley was right in the middle of it," Estelle Shanley said.

His work was so inspiring that in 1970 three young Catholic nuns went to visit one of Father Shanley's programs, a residential drug treatment center, and ended up establishing their own full-time agency for young people on the street.

Thirty years later, their agency, Bridge Over Troubled Waters, is the main one of its kind in Boston, and Sister Barbara Whelan is still the director. "If I had not met Paul Shanley, I would not have spent the last 32 years of my life helping abused kids," she said.

"He had a real sense of why kids were hurting and was very committed to helping kids who had been abused," Sister Whelan said. "That was his thing. And most of the kids we saw had been abused."

Gradually after Bridge was founded, Father Shanley turned to work with young gay people, Sister Whelan said, and given the church's views on homosexual acts as sinful, he adopted a posture that seemed almost deliberately provocative.

In a 1970's interview with The Catholic Reporter, a liberal Catholic weekly, Father Shanley said homosexuality and bisexuality were "normal, natural" and not "pathological," as some in the church maintained. "I don't think sexual activity among members of the same sex is so much the problem. It's what society says and does about it."

The article, along with about two dozen more, were in Father Shanley's personnel file, included in the documents the archdiocese released.

Separately, in a speech at a church in Rochester, N.Y., in 1977, Father Shanley said that when an adult and a child have sex, "the adult is not the seducer -- the kid is the seducer." Moreover, if the adult is punished for the act, it will only traumatize the child, Father Shanley said, according to notes taken by a woman who was there and then wrote to the Boston archdiocese to complain about his comments.

By 1979, the leader of the Boston archdiocese, Cardinal Humberto Medeiros, had heard enough and ended Father Shanley's ministry to gays. But without any investigation, Cardinal Medeiros made him pastor at St. John's in Newton.

It was there he is accused of the abuse of the two 6-year-old boys that has resulted in the current civil lawsuit and criminal charges against him.

Moving West

Mounting Lawsuits And Failing Health

In 1990 Cardinal Bernard F. Law ended Father Shanley's post in Newton, for reasons in dispute, and allowed him to go on sick leave to southern California, without telling the local bishop in San Bernardino County about his background.

Father Shanley moved to Palm Springs where he filled in as a priest some Sundays and also owned a motel for gays with a fellow Boston priest, John White. Father White had been sent to California after suffering from depression, according to church documents.

Father Shanley apparently was in poor health then. His doctor, James Shaner, of Rancho Mirage, Calif., said in a 1991 letter that he had gastroenteritis, a hernia, chronic anxiety neurosis, severe allergies, asthma, Bell's palsy, loss of hearing, insomnia and an enlarged prostate.

After being seen at the Institute of Living in 1994, he was found to have a "somatoform disorder," according to a confidential report to a special review board created by Cardinal Law to deal with priests accused of sexual abuse. The disorder involves multiple physical ailments not fully explained by an actual illness.

It could be, several psychiatrists said, that Father Shanley's anxiety about his past actions, or his fear of being found out, was finally catching up with him.

He began telling church officials that someone was stalking him, and he tried to keep his identity as a priest secret. When one neighbor in San Diego in whom he had confided told some other people, Father Shanley was angry.

"You continue to tell people that I am a priest despite my wishes. So back off," he wrote to her by e-mail.

A psychiatrist who evaluated him at the Institute of Living in 1994 said Father Shanley had admitted the four accusations of sexual abuse made against him up to that point and acknowledged that he was "attracted to adolescents." On this basis, the church secretly settled several lawsuits against him.

There are now accusations by more than 30 men, some from Stoneham, some from his days as a street priest, some from Newton, and at least two new cases from Father Shanley's time in southern California in the 1990's, said Roderick MacLeish Jr., a lawyer with Greenberg, Traurig in Boston who is suing Cardinal Law over his handling of Father Shanley.

The number of lawsuits may grow, Mr. MacLeish said, because he is getting new calls every week.

Yet he never told his sister-in-law or his favorite niece, Teresa Shanley, about the charges against him, even when he returned to Boston from time to time to help care for his brother, Teresa's father, Donald, who had Alzheimer's disease. "I love him and stand by him," Ms. Shanley said after visiting him in jail. "He's like a father to me."

"I believe in his innocence, as he has told me he is innocent," she said.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Marjorie Mahoney, left, says the Rev. Paul R. Shanley began abusing her brother Bill O'Toole when he was 12, in 1962. Father Shanley "warned Bill that if he told anyone, he would burn in hell," Ms. Mahoney says. Mr. O'Toole, far right front, with Ms. Mahoney and other siblings in 1985, battled drug addiction and died of AIDS in 1998. (Jodi Hilton for The New York Times)(pg. 24); 2002 -- Father Shanley at a San Diego hearing this month after being charged in Massachusetts with raping a boy in 1983. (Associated Press); 1985 -- Father Shanley spoke with Archbishop Bernard F. Law of Boston at Father Shanley's Silver Jubilee celebration. (Associated Press); 1974 -- The Rev. Paul R. Shanley, whose youth ministry in Boston won praise, addressed a State House hearing. (The Boston Globe)(pg. 1)

**Load-Date:** May 19, 2002

**End of Document**



[***PRESIDENT IMPLORES SUPPORTERS TO HELP IN PASSING TAX BILL***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-FGP0-000B-Y2R0-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 12, 1981, Friday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1981 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Page 1, Column 1; National Desk

**Length:** 1056 words

**Byline:** By EDWARD COWAN, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** WASHINGTON, June 11

**Body**

Dusting off the cadences of the 1980 election campaign, President Reagan appealed today to 350 of his supporters to help win Congressional passage of the Administration's tax bill.

Noting that the audience in the East Room of the White House - businessmen, political figures, labor leaders and representatives of minority groups - had

Excerpts from Reagan talk, page D4.

helped muster public support for his budget, Mr. Reagan said, ''We need your help with another vital bipartisan piece of legislation.'' This is his proposal for a 25 percent tax cut that would go into effect over 33 months starting Oct. 1.

President Reagan appeals to his supporters to help win Congressional passage of tax bill

Asserting that his aim is to ''give this economy back to the American people,'' Mr. Reagan contended that ''our opponents want more money from your family budget'' to pay for Government spending that he hopes to eliminate.

Vows No Compromise

Earlier in the day, Mr. Reagan told a group of labor leaders, including the newly elected president of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, Roy Williams, that he would not compromise on a 25 percent cut in tax rates. ''I've dug in my heels on this,'' an aide quoted him as saying.

On Capitol Hill, liberal Democrats on the House Ways and Means Committee charged that the Administration tax bill would give substantial relief from combined income and Social Security tax burdens in 1982 for people with high incomes but that those with low incomes would end up paying more combined Federal tax than in 1981.

John E. Chapoton, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury for Tax Policy, said the Administration bill would offset the drift into higher tax brackets, or ''bracket creep,'' caused by wage inflation in 1982. But he said the bill would not offset the scheduled increase in the Social Security payroll tax, to 6.7 percent from the present 6.65 percent for the first $29,700 of income. However, he said, in 1983 and 1984 both sources of higher tax payments would be offset.

The Administration has proposed individual across-the-board tax cuts of 5 percent on Oct. 1, 1981, 10 percent on July 1, 1982, and another 10 percent on July 1, 1983. The Democratic majority on the Ways and Means Committee initially accepted the first two stages of that plan in a two-year bill. But this week they said they had decided to substitute something other than uniform across-the-board rate cuts.

The Ways and Means committee held its second day of general discussion of the tax measure.

Dan Rostenkowski, chairman of the committee and an Illinois Democrat, said that on Tuesday the committee would start to draft business tax relief in the form of faster depreciation of business assets.

Mr. Chapoton, in testifying before the committee, spent much of his time replying to Democratic criticism that the Administration's tax proposal would give too much relief to high-income taxpayers and too little to those in low-income brackets, particularly in light of cutbacks in Federal benefits and services that will occur under President Reagan's 1982 budget.

Conservative Democrats who have thrown their support behind the President's three-year tax plan have contended that the two-year bill suggested by the Democratic leadership would fail to deliver overall relief from bracket creep and rising Social Security payroll levies. The White House has also contended, as Mr. Chapoton did today, that the Administration bill would benefit the ''***working class***'' by stimulating savings, investment and new jobs.

Below the Poverty Line

Mr. Chapoton acknowledged to Mr. Rostenkowski that, under the Administration bill, some families below the poverty line in 1982 would pay Federal taxes. Mr. Chapoton also said that wage inflation might put back on the tax rolls low-income workers who pay no income tax now. The Labor Department has calculated that in 1980 a fourperson, nonfarm family needed an income of $8,410 to stay above the poverty line. That figure rises each year, roughly in line with the Consumer Price Index.

The 350 Reagan supporters invited to the White House included business executives, mayors, four state Governors, leaders of agricultural organizations, labor leaders, trade association executives and representatives of ethnic and minority groups. The Governors were Robert D. Orr of Indiana, James A. Rhodes of Ohio, William J. Janklow of South Dakota - all Republicans - and Edward J. King of Massachusetts, a Democrat.

Not once in a talk of about six minutes delivered from a text did the President mention the Democrats by name. His tax bill must get some Democratic votes if it is to prevail on the House floor.

Instead, Mr. Reagan spoke of ''our opponents'' and ''those who brought about the present economic mess.'' His audience was in no doubt that he meant the House Democratic leadership and the liberal wing of the Democratic Party.

'A Confrontational Mood'

''We are in a confrontational mood in the Ways and Means Committee,'' its ranking Republican, Representative Barber B. Conable Jr. of upstate New York, said in a speech last night. He charged that the Democratic preference for giving relatively large tax breaks to low- and middle-income earners would ''encourage consumption'' instead of saving and investment.

Committee Democrats, including Thomas J. Downey of Long Island, Marty Russo of Illinois, Robert T. Matsui of California and Donald J. Pease of Ohio, hammered at Mr. Chapoton today, using data that had been prepared at Mr. Rostenkowski's request.

Taking bracket creep and Social Security into account, Mr. Pease said, a one-earner family of four with an income of $10,000 would pay combined income and Social Security taxes of $983 in 1981. In 1982 on $10,914 of income, he said, the total tax payment would be $1,176 under the Administration's bill.

Representative Charles B. Rangel, Democrat of Manhattan, asserted that ''there is a class system building up in this country.'' He asked Mr. Chapoton if the Administration would consider something other than uniform across-the-board rate cuts. ''We are locked in,'' Mr. Chapoton replied.

Mr. Rangel complained to Mr. Chapoton because the White House had not yet proposed tax breaks for employers in inner-city ''enterprise zones,'' a campaign promise Mr. Reagan made in 1980. Mr. Chapoton said it was ''under active consideration.''

**End of Document**



[***A French Director With a Taste for the Gritty and Unglamorous***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-2W60-000P-N1XN-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 5, 1997, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1997 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Arts and Leisure Desk

**Section:** Section 2;; Section 2; Page 26; Column 5; Arts and Leisure Desk; Column 5;; Biography

**Length:** 1214 words

**Byline:** Claire Denis

By LESLIE CAMHI

By LESLIE CAMHI

**Dateline:** PARIS

**Body**

AS SHE SITS AND TALKS IN her agent's offices on an elegant boulevard near the Place de l'Etoile, the director Claire Denis is a long way from the remote French colonies and the ***working-class*** urban neighborhoods in which she has set each of her four feature films. But Ms. Denis navigates the distance gracefully.

She's an elfin woman with a shock of white blond hair, a small face that tenses with extreme concentration and a voice that's surprisingly bright and deep. She's also a daring filmmaker, who for the last decade has been breaking and remaking the esthetic and political codes of French cinema.

Her most recent film, "Nenette et Boni," which opened in New York on Friday, explores the troubled, inscrutable relationship between a disaffected teen-age brother and his pregnant younger sister as they move through the parallel economies and faltering social services of the port city of Marseilles. Beautiful, lost youth is the film's constant focus.

"My way of making films is tied to desire," says Ms. Denis, who is 49. "Not just the physical desire for another person but desire in general. All my films function as a movement toward an unknown other and toward the unknown in relations between people."

The power of this approach was evident as early as "Chocolat" (1988), the director's first feature. Loosely based on Ms. Denis's childhood in French West Africa, this story of colonial officials and their servants in the Cameroon of the 1950's centers on the mysterious and intimate tie between a young French girl and the African domestic who looks after her.

"Chocolat" made Isaak de Bankole, who played the servant, a star; it was the first of three films in which the director's eye focused, with passionate curiosity, on the intersection of European, African and West Indian cultures, and on the bodies of black men. (It also began the collaboration between Ms. Denis and her camerawoman, Agnes Goddard, who has worked on all her major films since then.)

In 1991, "No Fear, No Die" starred Mr. de Bankole and Alex Descas as partners who raise and train cocks for fights organized by a white entrepreneur in a deserted commercial zone outside Paris. Three years later came "I Can't Sleep," inspired by the true story of Thierry Paulhin, a black, gay transvestite who, with his white lover, murdered at least 20 elderly women in Paris during the 1980's. "The press called him a monster," Ms. Denis says. "My question was, Could I have been the mother of this monster, or his sister?"

Amid critical praise, "I Can't Sleep" earned the director vicious attacks in the right-wing news media, but she also received a flood of letters, she says, "from ordinary people, who felt that it spoke to the loss of social and affective ties that is perhaps the primary pain of our modern condition."

"Nenette et Boni" was born of Ms. Denis's collaboration with Gregoire Colin and Alice Houry, two young actors who starred in "U.S. Go Home," a short film she made three years ago for French television. That film is a portrait of a teen-age brother and sister growing up in a desolate Parisian suburb in the 1960's.

LIKE "CHOCOLAT" IT IS loosely autobiographical; when Ms. Denis, at the age of 13, returned with her family to France from Africa, she lived in the same suburb, or banlieu. (Later, she went to college, and then to the Institut des Hautes Etudes Cinematographiques, the prestigious state-run film school, before a decade of working as an assistant to directors like Jacques Rivette, Wim Wenders and Jim Jarmusch.)

These and other suburban neighborhoods, abandoned by the French middle class, are now impoverished ghettos inhabited by immigrant communities; they're the subject of sociological speculation, political debate and the so-called films de banlieux, a new cinematic genre. Intimate, sensual and complex, "Nenette et Boni" is in part Ms. Denis's reaction to the stereotypes of the banlieux genre.

"It's a neighborhood film," she says. "Though I don't show postcard shots of the city, I wanted Marseilles to be present in the characters, in their language and way of being."

Boni (Gregoire Colin) drives a pizza truck around the streets of Marseilles; when he's not baking and serving pies, he's reveling in overwrought sexual fantasies that focus on his neighbor (Valeria Bruni-Tedeschi), the voluptuous wife of a baker.

He lives with assorted friends in a house he inherited from his dead mother. One day, his sister, 15-year-old Nenette (Alice Houry), appears at his door. She has run away from school because she is pregnant; the child's father, she says, "doesn't exist." Their own father (Jacques Nolot) runs a lamp store and has problems with the mob; his attempts at paternity are useless. Nenette regards her growing middle with misery and stubborn lack of interest, but her predicament begins to startle Boni out of his daydreams.

Ms. Denis's gift is to integrate the characters so fully in their milieu that they emerge from it almost insensibly. "It's always been interesting for me to refuse the idea that everything in a film be organized around the main characters and their needs," she says. "I like the idea that viewers arrive as strangers in what appears to be a total mess, and little by little the main characters materialize."

Contemporary Marseilles is a place of conflict between a vibrant (and ancient) immigrant community and supporters of Jean-Marie Le Pen's extreme right-wing (and anti-immigrant) National Front party. In "Nenette et Boni," the actor Alex Descas has a small role as a black gynecologist. "Curiously, it's very rare to see that kind of role in French film," he says. "If you take the subway, or go into a cafe, or a courtroom, or a bakery, you'll see black people, Asians, Arabs. All that exists; why not show it in film? Well, for Claire, it's natural and normal."

Yet the roots of "Nenette et Boni" go deeper than politics. "When I was an adolescent I read Jean Cocteau's 'Les Enfants Terribles,' " Ms. Denis says. "Later I thought about the constant haranguing between brothers and sisters that exists alongside the unacknowledged desire for this bond of childhood to be their real love story, the one that binds them forever."

Growing up the eldest of four siblings, she only realized later, she says, that "the bond between brothers and sisters is troubling and mysterious, a blood tie as in ancient Greek tragedy."

Mr. Colin's performance as Boni is at once raging, sex-starved and tender. The role was written for him. "What I love about working with Claire," he says, "is that she lets the actor imbue the character with everything he is at a given moment. She never gives orders; she offers a critique of what she's seen."

This approach has much to do with Ms. Denis's faith in her medium. "Cinema has this incredible way of making us feel what psychology can't explain," she says. "You can read 15 books about serial killers, but that has nothing to do with the way you may look at people in the subway, or your own brother, or your mother, that mysterious element that makes you sense that what unites us, as human beings, is our opacity for each other. Cinema is made with light and shadow, but the beauty of light is that it delimits shadow. And that element of shadow is the part of cinema I'd like to continue exploring."

**Graphic**

Photo: TO BE YOUNG AND TROUBLED IN MARSEILLES Alice Houry, left, in the new film "Nenette et Boni," about a teen-age boy and his pregnant runaway younger sister, and the film's director, Claire Denis, in Paris. (Strand Releasing/Monlau/Rapho)

**Load-Date:** October 5, 1997

**End of Document**



[***On Language Life's Little Victories***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-FJF0-000B-Y1W4-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 31, 1981, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1981 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 6; Page 9, Column 1; Magazine Desk

**Length:** 1084 words

**Byline:** By William Safire

**Body**

''Citibank has coined a new and unnecessary word,'' Mrs. Winsome Adams of St. Albans, N.Y., wrote me last year. ''In several branches, the bank has signs which state that no two-party checks will be accepted for 'deposit or encashment.' 'Encashment?' What is wrong with the old-fashioned word cashing?''

The wheels of the vaults grind slowly, but a vice president of Citibank, Nathaniel Sutton, investigated the matter and reports: ''We plead guilty on 'encashment.' We did use it, but we didn't coin it. The British did. And two recent editions of Webster's are keeping the word alive and well.'' The word is listed in Webster's III as a Britishism. ''I believe the British are more fond of 'encashment' than we are, but you still hear it all the time in banking circles.''

William Safire commentary discusses usage of various words in English language

Does Citibank endorse this pretentious import? ''While the dictionary confers legitimacy, it does not confer appropriateness,'' said Sutton, caving in without admitting a bank error in our favor. ''I agree with Mrs. Adams that 'encashment' has a jargonish ring, and that 'cashing' is simpler and more appealing.'' He then deposited his policy directive: ''In fact, 'encashment' is one of the taboo words we urge employees not to use in the communications seminars our department conducts. But as you know, portentous words die hard.''

There! Even a big bank can kick the big-word habit without going through withdrawal symptoms. ''Portentous,'' by the way, used to mean ''portending evil; ominous'' and has come to mean ''pompous; self-important,'' possibly because it sounds like ''pretentious'' mixed with ''portly'' -but there is poetic justice in that, since pretentiousness can be ominous. Hats off, Citibank; you have rung Mrs. Adams's register.

That makes two banks we've held up in this space (the first, Chase Manhattan, no longer advertises: ''I've put the Chase behind me.'') Next on the slick-Willie list is the Bowery Savings Bank, which has induced its spokesman, Joe DiMaggio, to say in television commercials: ''Is there anyone who couldn't use a bunch of cash?''

Say it isn't so, Joe. Not ''a bunch of cash.'' Having fought off the extreme of pretension, we are now challenged by the extreme of condescension. I'd hate to go to my local bank seeking encashment only to walk out with a bunch of cash. ''Has our money become so devalued,'' cries Lewis Rappaport of Brooklyn, upset by Joe's jolt, ''that it is equated with fruit?''

If ''bunch'' applied to cash is a Bowery bummer, consider a bunch of pomposity from another banking institution, the American Express Company. On its 1980 wallet calendar, these words appeared: ''How and where to access service.'' When Paul Wolski of New Hyde Park, N.Y., complained to the Amex people about this corporate harrumphing, little did he realize that the company accessed complaints. On the 1981 wallet calendar, ''How and where to access service'' has been changed to ''How to use it.'' The clarity! The grace! I wouldn't leave home without it.

Subhead

Subheads - those junior headlines over short pieces, or headlines over subdivisions of a story - are becoming a punster's paradise. Moreover, these two- or three-word phrases are the last refuge of the inside joke; writers who enjoy smearing caviar on crackers for generals have taken to writing for themselves or the cognoscenti, often leaving the ordinary reader behind.

Example: In a recent ''Chatter'' column in People magazine, an anecdote is taken from a new book on dressing for a successful career, ''Working Wardrobe'' by Janet Wallach. Representative Millicent Fenwick, the cigar-chomping Republican from New Jersey, told Mrs. Wallach that she carries a box of spaghetti in her red leather briefcase to prepare for each night's dinner. Does Mrs. Fenwick ever reach for a state paper and come up with a handful of pasta? ''No,'' replied the Congresswoman, ''the bag is lumpy, so I know which side to go for.''

The subhead over this mild thigh-slapper was ''Lumpen Proletariat.'' Most readers know that ''proletariat'' is Communist jargon for lowest class, or ***working class***, but not one in a thousand would know that lumpen is the German word Communists have used to denote the lowest of the low: ''dressed in rags.'' The sophisticated subhead writer was playing on Representative Fenwick's lumpy bag and the rags worn by working women - a neat, bilingual pun.

Did anybody get the inside joke, besides lexicographers perusing People for clues to the lingo of Ryan O'Neal and his twisting Fawcett? Probably not, but I like the idea of occasionally slipping an elitist touch into a popular medium. We should read subheads as little mysteries, the way we look at crossword puzzles; there is a thrill to the discovery of an inside joke that makes us glad to be outsiders.

SUBHEAD: SUPERHEAD

Speaking of puns and headlines, I was impelled to entitle a recent political column about the Saudi Oil Minister, Sheik Ahmed Yamani, ''Yamani or Ya Life.''

At a party given in honor of America's new Ambassador to Saudi Arabia by John Mitchell (so many of my former colleagues have sand in their shoes), an astute Arab diplomat came over to me and confessed he had spent half an hour trying to grasp the meaning of the headline. Fortunately for international understanding, an American lobbyist had explained to him that the pun came from a classic radio show episode where a thief snarls, ''Your money or your life!'' to Jack Benny, whose skinflinty answer was a long pause.

I told the Arab diplomat that the result of Sheik Yamani's harsh speech in New York was better for the Israeli than the Arab cause. ''There is an old Bedouin saying,'' he replied mysteriously, ''that sometimes we are better off with the neck of an ostrich.''

The rest of my time at the party was spent buttonholing Arabs to ask, ''Have you ever heard the old Bedouin saying - ?'' but nobody was an old Bedouin, and I had to go back to the original source to confess my ignorance. Then it was revealed: An ostrich, with its long neck, has an advantage over other speakers. Since the sounds that form in its chest take a long time to reach its mouth, the ostrich has a moment to think twice and to bite off his words before they get out.

That is an excellent proverb for anybody in the word business. It has become my favorite Bedouin saying, vouchsafed in return for the price of a pun, and points this moral: When you spot a rare ostrich metaphor, never stick your head in the sand.

**Graphic**

Illustrations: drawings

**End of Document**



[***No Smooth Road Ahead for Tax-Cut Bandwagon***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-Y0W0-000D-G4YP-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 9, 1991, Saturday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1991 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** National Desk

**Section:** Section 1;; Section 1; Page 9; Column 1; National Desk; Column 1;

**Length:** 1146 words

**Byline:** By RICHARD L. BERKE,

By RICHARD L. BERKE,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** WASHINGTON, Nov. 8

**Body**

Despite the enormous pressure of a stalled economy and the message from voters this week that they want tax relief, Democratic and Republican lawmakers say the tax-cut bandwagon is going nowhere in Congress this year.

There has been something of a tax-cut frenzy in recent weeks, with dozens of lawmakers advancing an assortment of proposals that their authors vow would revive the economy. The latest entry comes from Representative Dan Rostenkowski, the most influential tax writer in Congress, who had been said to be resisting moves for a tax cut but who proposed one himself on Thursday.

Most lawmakers in both parties say there is only a remote possibility that any tax cut plan would be approved by Congress before it goes into recess before the end of the year.

'Get the Debate Started'

Speaking of his own tax-cut plan, Senator Lloyd Bentsen, a Texas Democrat, said: "It would be very difficult to get it passed this year. But I think it's important to get the debate started. Any time you get on a tax bill you've got yourself an extended debate that takes some time."

Even if a plan wends its way through Congress in early 1992, formidable obstacles remain.

President Bush restated his opposition to the idea again today, saying it would be impossible under the constraints of the budget agreement hammered out by the White House and Congress last year.

"I'd love to be in a position to pledge every American, whatever, a tax cut," Mr. Bush said at a news conference in Rome. "But I don't want to do that when I can't see how I can do that and keep it inside the budget agreement."

Some lawmakers, too, are warning their colleagues to resist the pressures for cutting taxes.

Representative Leon E. Panetta, the California Democrat who heads the House Budget Committee, said in an interview: "The greatest risk here is turning these kind of limited tax proposals into a wholesale bidding war that then winds up including everything from I.R.A.'s to capital gains to extension of tax credits to investment tax credits and a host of other members' favorites. So the big question that confronts both the President and the Congress is: Can you control the process so that it doesn't turn into chaos?"

But proponents of tax cuts in both parties are undaunted. Mr. Rostenkowski, an Illinois Democrat, told reporters of the White House's resistance, "Up until a week and a half ago we weren't even in a recession if you listen to them down at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue."

Representative Richard A. Gephardt of Missouri, the House majority leader, conceded that passage of a tax cut might not be imminent, but such proposals "send a very positive message to the American people."

"A lot of what's happening now is psychological," he said. "People need their confidence rebuilt."

Representative Thomas J. Downey, a Long Island Democrat who came up with a tax cut proposal in May, today framed the debate as guided by practical politics, saying, "The politics of the moment is how do you help middle-income taxpayers?"

Democrats contend that tax policy has favored the rich for the last decade and see tax cuts for the middle class as an appealing political issue. Republicans, meanwhile, are struggling to add provisions to their capital gains tax cut proposals that would benefit the middle class.

"Two or three months ago I would have said we would do nothing on taxes before the next election," said Jane G. Gravelle, a senior specialist in economic policy for the Congressional Research Service. "Now it looks more likely that we will."

But there is significant disagreement between Republicans and Democrats and in the parties themselves over how the tax cuts should be accomplished and whom they should benefit.

Gramm Offers a Plan

The leading Republicans in favor of cutting taxes are Senator Phil Gramm of Texas and Representative Newt Gingrich of Georgia, the House Republican whip. Their proposal would cut the rate of the tax of capital gains, expand benefits for Individual Retirement Accounts and offer a tax credit to first-time home buyers.

Mr. Rostenkowski's bill has already drawn the support of the House leadership. Speaker Thomas S. Foley of Washington vowed that "we are going to move forward with it" and that "it has a very high degree of probability of being passed by the House."

Mr. Rostenkowski's proposal calls for a tax cut for ***working-class*** and middle-income families that would be offset by higher income taxes on the wealthy. It would create an income-tax credit equal to 20 percent of the Social Security and Medicare taxes that a worker paid.

Downey Opened the Drive

Other leading proposals are more narrow than the Rostenkowski plan, geared more to such provisions as helping families with children.

The opening move in the latest drive to cut taxes came in May from Representative Downey and Senator Al Gore, a Tennessee Democrat, who proposed replacing the personal exemption for children with an $800 refundable credit. It would also raise the top tax rates.

"Our proposal would primarily benefit middle-income taxpayers with children," Mr. Downey said in an interview. "And the Rostenkowski proposal would benefit everyone who pays Social Security taxes. In terms of the base of who's covered, his is much larger. But our credit is far richer for middle-income taxpayers."

In another effort to help middle-class families, Senator Bentsen, the chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, proposed a $300 tax credit for each child up to the age of 18 and a liberalization of incentives for I.R.A.'s. But critics dismiss Mr. Bentsen's plan as not realistic because it would be financed through cuts in the military budget, which would violate the budget agreement that passed last year.

Under the agreement, lawmakers are forbidden from using cuts in discretionary programs, like the military, to offset a tax cut. Instead, the cuts must be paid for by some other tax increase or a cut in mandatory spending, like Medicare or food stamps.

Lost in the political discussion of tax cuts is whether they would give the economy the jolt that it needs, particularly if they do not take effect until well into next year.

"The curious proposals are the ones for I.R.A.'s and capital gains," Ms. Gravelle said. "If they did increase the savings rate, they would be unlikely to stimulate the economy."

Echoing such concerns, Mr. Panetta warned against "quick-fix" solutions. "Obviously the election results from last Tuesday added additional fuel to the fire in trying to do something to address the concerns of the American people," he said.

"But my view is that the President and the Congress should develop a comprehensive package that looks not only at tax relief but includes the unemployment compensation piece as well as some targeted investments," he said. "But from a political point of view, it may be that the best you can hope for is a very limited tax relief bill."

**Load-Date:** November 9, 1991

**End of Document**



[***The World: Adjoining; Rethinking Segregation Beyond Black and White***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:43M4-38S0-0109-T3R4-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 29, 2001 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2001 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 4; Column 1; Week in Review Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1524 words

**Byline:**  By JANNY SCOTT

**Body**

THE waves of immigration to the United States over the last 20 years -- the largest two-decade influx in the nation's history -- have produced new forms of segregation and integration that challenge the traditional meaning of those words. The 2000 census reveals that the issue of black-white segregation has been complicated by new forms of Latino and Asian separateness and mixing.

While the census makes clear that the segregation of blacks from whites remains stubbornly high, Latinos and Asians have integrated places once largely black or largely white. Yet they have also formed racial and ethnic enclaves that upend long-held assumptions about segregation's causes and costs.

These enclaves are the result of forces far more complex than those that produced black-white segregation in the past -- forces that include not only discrimination but also varying degrees of necessity, personal preference and the immigration process itself.

Among Asian groups, for example, it is sometimes those with higher incomes and a greater range of choices who opt to cluster. So the enclave is a springboard for some, a destination for others. And while some Latinos assimilate quickly, others become segregated in places that resemble traditional ghettos.

"The conventional notions of integration and segregation need rethinking," said George Galster, a professor of urban affairs at Wayne State University in Detroit. "We are starting to see many more multiracial and ethnic neighborhoods. And the dynamics of how and why those neighborhoods change are relatively unknown to social scientists, compared to the dynamics of the traditional white-black transitions."

John R. Logan, a sociologist at the State University at Albany who has long studied black-white segregation, said he shifted after 1990 to include Asians and Latinos. He has gone from thinking of segregation as "almost entirely imposed on minorities" to believing there is "more variation and complexity among different groups, and even different social classes among groups."

EXTERNAL barriers, like housing discrimination based on race, are still viewed as the main cause of black-white segregation. But among Asians, preference plays a larger part. Latinos fall in between. Like blacks, they face discrimination in the real estate market, though they can also benefit from the ethnic economies found in Hispanic enclaves. Many, better educated and better off, move on; others do not. Language ability is a key factor.

Professor Logan said Latino children tend to remain bilingual at home even in the third generation, particularly when they live in concentrated enclaves. But most Asian children in the third generation, he said, live in entirely English-speaking environments.

"The complexity of segregation is brought home to us when we see how differently it is working out for different groups," he said.

To many, the term segregation connotes black isolation from whites. And black-white segregation remains the most extreme. As Edward L. Glaeser, a Harvard economist who studies segregation, puts it, blacks, more than any group except perhaps Native Americans, have been subjected to an unusually severe set of external segregating forces -- from violence to restrictive covenants to racial steering by real estate agents.

"One of the striking things about black-white segregation over the years is that it has been and remains so much higher than other kinds," said John M. Yinger, a professor of public administration and economics at Syracuse University. "It is, in some ways at least, a different phenomenon."

BY contrast, Latino and Asian segregation is often a transitory product of immigration: a Korean immigrant moves into an Asian neighborhood not because of housing discrimination but because a Korean friend finds her an apartment. In that way, researchers say, Latinos and Asians resemble earlier European immigrants, who faced discrimination but also congregated voluntarily.

"There's probably some discrimination against Latinos and Asians in the housing markets," said Reynolds Farley, a sociologist at the University of Michigan, "but most immigrant groups have, to some degree, clustered when they arrived. As they move up the economic ladder, their clustering goes down."

Not everyone, however, moves on. Some Latino groups are isolated in inner-city areas just as disadvantaged as some African-American ghettos, Professor Logan said. While Latinos who achieve higher income and educational levels have assimilated after the first generation, many have not -- even in the third generation.

"There are many places now where Mexicans or Guatemalans or Dominicans or Puerto Ricans have greater disadvantage and perhaps not better prospects in the next 20 years than African-Americans," he said. "There's a social process in place that makes assimilation possible for them in a way that African-Americans do not experience. But, particularly among Hispanics, only a relatively small share get the benefit of that."

Another difference between the segregation of blacks and other groups has been the intensity of concentration. Philip Kasinitz, a professor of sociology at Hunter College and a specialist in immigration, said it is unusual for people who voluntarily cluster to become as highly concentrated as African-Americans. For Europeans who came in the early 20th century, as for more recent Latino and Asian arrivals, high concentrations occur only rarely, in so-called neighborhoods of first settlement.

Second-generation neighborhoods are far more mixed. The dominant ethnic group in places that used to be called, say, Little Italy rarely topped 50 percent, Professor Kasinitz said. Then middle- and upper-middle-class members of the immigrant group moved on, leaving the ***working class*** behind -- a pattern he suspects is being repeated by Asians and Latinos.

Black segregation is different. Concentrations of 80 or 90 percent occur almost exclusively in black neighborhoods, Professor Kasinitz said, because only in the case of blacks do all whites flee. There are neighborhoods in the Bronx, he said, where the older population is Italian and the younger population Latino, that will remain integrated for a long time.

Other scholars make the point that "voluntary" segregation is rarely clear-cut. The last national study of housing discrimination, in 1989, found discrimination in the sales market was as high on most measures for Latinos as for blacks. Another national audit, which for the first time included Asians, was done in 2000; the results are due this year.

"It's very hard when you see a clustering of any type of racial or ethnic minority group," Professor Galster said, "to know the degree to which their expressed preferences are a function of positive desires to be with their own kind as opposed to fears of being with a different group."

The census shows a mixed picture. Nationally, there has been a slight drop in black-white segregation, measured by indexes sociologists use. Much of the improvement seems limited to the black middle and upper-middle class; new and growing metropolitan areas in the South and West; and suburbs. Older cities remain highly segregated.

Segregation between blacks and Latinos dropped in some areas, as lower-income Hispanic immigrants moved into black neighborhoods that some blacks left behind, Professor Logan found. But segregation between whites and Latinos changed little in cities with the largest Hispanic populations, where many immigrants have settled in Hispanic neighborhoods; it dropped more where Latinos had been a small fraction of the population.

The pattern is similar for Asians. Asian-white segregation was unchanged in metropolitan areas with the largest Asian populations, which also saw heavy Asian immigration. It dropped where Asians made up 2 to 4 percent of the population.

"In some ways, we have become a far more mixed, multicultural community," Professor Kasinitz said of New York. He pointed out that the number of places that whites share with Asians and that blacks share with Latinos increased. "But the old, core segregation problem in the United States, the distance between blacks and whites, hasn't changed."

Researchers have drawn divergent conclusions. Professor Logan, who calculated rates of segregation between all four groups, found little change. Despite the small drop in segregation between blacks and whites, he said he was struck more by its persistence, and its persistence between whites and the other groups.

In contrast, Professor Glaeser, who is studying segregation between blacks and all nonblacks since 1890, concluded that the level had "declined dramatically" for the third straight decade. He said the drop appeared greater if one looked at black-nonblack segregation, instead of black-white, but it was significant either way.

Professor Galster of Wayne State said: "The data are just very complicated. There are all sorts of trends happening that suggest certain things that are positive and other things that are not. It becomes just a matter of judgment and ideological position whether one sees the glass as half empty or half full at this point."

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

**Graphic**

Photo: The new integration: a procession at Our Lady of Vietnam Church, in East New Orleans. (Nicole Bengiveno/The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** July 29, 2001

**End of Document**



[***Streetscapes/Crosby Street in SoHo; A Tale of Two Designations: Landmarked and Not - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:43M4-38N0-0109-T3DS-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 29, 2001 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

**Correction Appended**



Copyright 2001 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 11; Column 1; Real Estate Desk; Pg. 6

**Length:** 1314 words

**Byline:**  By CHRISTOPHER GRAY

**Body**

ANYONE who likes the cozy thought that landmark designation "saved SoHo" must at some time ponder the conundrum of Crosby Street. A block east of busy Broadway, only one side of Crosby Street was included in the 1973 SoHo Cast-Iron Historic District designation. Now, even several years after fancy stores and restaurants have arrived on this quiet backwater, it is difficult to tell which side of Crosby Street has been protected for almost three decades and which has not.

Crosby Street was built up with brick houses in the early 19th century, but factories moved in beginning in the 1850's and fire became a problem. In 1876, a blaze destroyed half the block between Broadway, Grand, Howard and Crosby, costing $3 million; it started in a warehouse at 10 Crosby Street.

The row houses that were not demolished were cut up for use as tenements and workshops, sometimes occupied by a troubled populace. The New York Tribune reported that, in 1877, Mary Flood ran out of a grocery store at 55 Crosby Street pursued by a her husband, James. "Don't strike me!" she cried out, but he killed her, thrusting an iron spike deep into her chest. The Floods had "a very sad reputation for quarreling" The Tribune said, and lived at 52 Crosby Street; Mrs. Flood, about 30, led a dissolute life, the newspaper said.

In 1885, The New York Times reported on a little brick house at 53 Crosby Street, where "people living on the block never saw such revelry and rowdyism as was carried on." One or two nude people ran out of the second-floor apartment, used as an opium den, and police found a cabdriver, Samuel Davenport, 24, dying on the sidewalk of opium intoxication.

By 1973, when the Landmarks Preservation Commission designated the SoHo Cast-Iron Historic District, Crosby Street had changed little since the turn of the century. The designation included only the west side of Crosby Street, with the even numbers; the east side, with the odd numbers, was not protected, although its building stock was not obviously different.

Somehow Crosby Street escaped the whitewater rapids of retailing that has more recently surged down Broadway and still has some of the character of a quiet eddy, although fancy stores and restaurants have replaced all but a few machine shops and hole-in-the-wall workers' eateries. A walk up Crosby Street starts at Howard Street -- the sides of Crosby frame Con Edison's 14th Street tower-beacon, an architectural North Star 16 blocks uptown. Sometimes traffic is so light, it is possible to walk in the Belgian block street, a rare treat in New York.

At the southwest corner of Grand and Crosby Streets -- included in the historic district -- one of the new dark-tinted sidewalks has recently gone in, although it clashes with some of the surviving original granite flags. While most people assume that the dark gray of such sidewalks is to imitate bluestone, a spokeswoman for the Landmarks Commission, Terri Rosen Deutsch, said that "the tinting is not to match bluestone, but to tone down the contrast." Daffy's, up from the northwest corner of Grand and Crosby Streets, also demonstrates this peculiarity of a so-called historic sidewalk clashing with the original one.

In the next block up, the giant St. John Kirkham Company building, at the northeast corner of Grand Street, seems at first glance like a sad commentary on the exclusion of the east side of Crosby Street from the historic district: its giant mansard roof has been stripped off, the sloping roof covered over with paperlike sheets of tin. But, as it turns out, the stripping took place before the other side of the street was designated a landmark.

On the west side, 30 Crosby Street has been renovated into giant luxury lofts in a $25 million project; the five-story building has a two-level wine cellar, with space for 20,000 bottles, and a lobby that looks like a spa you would get to on the Concorde, with marble, leather upholstery and gathered curtains. Joseph Pell Lombardi, the architect for the renovation, said the Landmarks Commission's advice "was nothing but helpful, although the developer might have wanted a jazzier canopy."

Across the street are some 1870's tenements, with laundry hung out on their fire escapes, forming a contrast that would be attractive to any painter of the Ashcan School.

North of Broome Street, another old factory at 56 Crosby Street has been redone for residential use under landmark restrictions. The architect, Matthew Gottsegen of Franke Gottsegen Cox, echoes Mr. Lombardi's remarks about the modest burdens of landmark designation. If it had not been regulated by landmarks, he said, "perhaps we wouldn't have done the detailed paint analysis, and gone with aluminum windows instead of wood, and a few other things -- it might have shaved off $250,000."

Across the street, the narrow vacant lot at 51 Crosby is scheduled to be a garden area for Andre Balasz's new hotel, to be built on a much larger plot facing Lafayette Street. Mr. Balasz said, "Three streets in SoHo -- Wooster, Mercer and Crosby -- have a peculiar, intangible charm; Wooster and Mercer have developed much further than Crosby, but I think that's going to change."

EARLIER this year, a passer-by who declined to give her name said she liked the way that despite the curious split landmark protection, both sides of Crosby Street were intact. "Except for that," she said, glaring at a raw cinder block doorway of recent vintage in an old power station at 55 Crosby Street. "Hideous." It is one of the few off notes on what is otherwise a fairly intact street.

William Chatham, the architect, lives at 55 Crosby Street. He owns the small vacant lot next door, at 57 Crosby Street, which he uses for parking. Eventually, he said, he would like to build a store on the lot, "but it would only be one story," and complementary to the existing buildings.

The old factory at the northwest corner of Spring Street was, until recently, redolent of 1960's SoHo, with wooden packing boxes in disarray under an iron loading marquee. But now it is emerging as the new MoMA Design Store, with the usual fancy fittings. A few doors up, two sales clerks at the Steve Madden store on Broadway were recently taking a smoke break outside the store's back entrance -- they are the new ***working class*** of Crosby Street. A big parking lot at 79-85 Crosby Street is owned by Allan H. Goldman, the son of Sol Goldman, the late real-estate baron. He declined to comment on the future of the site.

The last block to be affected by landmark designation, from Prince to Houston Streets, has a few surviving elements of the old days, like S. & P. Machine at 111 Crosby Street. But it has much more of the new Crosby Street, like the Housing Works Used Book Cafe at 130 Crosby and Historical Materialism, a vintage furniture gallery at 125 Crosby. Some connoisseur consciously preserved the old painted sign "Trucks Must Keep Off Sidewalk" on that building.

Mr. Chatham said that zoning, more than landmark designation, had affected the look of Crosby Street, at least the vacant lots: "Both sides of Crosby are in a manufacturing zone, which prohibits new residential construction, and the plots are too small for commercial construction," except for the hotels, like Mr. Balasz's. Crosby is destined to be overshadowed by Broadway, Mr. Chatham said, and "should end up looking something like Mercer Street."

Mr. Chatham has played a part in the architectural history of Crosby Street. He recently removed a 40-ton crane from his apartment at 55 Crosby Street, which had been the loft of Frank Gehry, the architect of the new Guggenheim Bilbao. It was Mr. Gehry who had redone the front door of 55 Crosby Street in industrial cinder-block style, and recently Mr. Chatham stuccoed over this potential icon of modernism -- he did not like the brutal look of the entrance to his residence, regardless of its provenance.

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

**Correction**

The Streetscapes column last Sunday, about Crosby Street, misstated the address of the Housing Works Used Book Cafe. It is at No. 126, not 130.

**Correction-Date:** August 5, 2001

**Graphic**

Photos: Left, a view up Crosby Street in 1939. In the current view, looking north from Spring Street, the left side has landmark status; the right does not. (Office for Metropolitan History, left; Frances Roberts for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** July 29, 2001

**End of Document**



[***Westchester Q&A: Jeffrey C. Gershen;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-3K40-000P-N176-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Working to Make Housing Affordable***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-3K40-000P-N176-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 2, 1997, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1997 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Westchester Weekly Desk

**Section:** Section 14WC;; Section 14WC; Page 3; Column 1; Westchester Weekly Desk; Column 1;; Interview

**Length:** 1319 words

**Byline:** By DONNA GREENE

By DONNA GREENE

**Body**

IT was a campaign issue in the race for county executive in 1976 and to some extent it has been one again this year. But the question of what to do to encourage the construction of affordable housing in Westchester comes down to some basic factors, says a man who builds such housing elsewhere: land costs must come down or allowable density must be increased.

Jeffrey C. Gershen of Katonah, president of Griffon Associates, has been in charge of various new and rehabilitated residential projects in New York, Connecticut and New Jersey. What he is saying may be obvious, he admits, but achieving change is difficult.

Situated in Elmsford, Griffon Associates, in concert with Wilder Balter Partners, a residential real estate development company, is building a 92-unit low-income community in Goshen in Dutchess County, on the site of an old infirmary. Previously, the group built a community in Middletown on what was an abandoned brewery. Mr. Gershen has been successful in obtaining various government subsidies to help keep costs down.

Here are excerpts from a recent conversation with Mr. Gershen:

Q. What are the obstacles and solutions for creating affordable housing in Westchester?

A. Nine times out of 10 the largest obstacle is money, and that is a function of the sources of funding for affordable housing. Affordable housing for the most part is rental housing, and conventional mortgaging of property is based on a rent stream.

To make housing affordable, the rent has to be low and the amount of mortgage has to be low. Therefore, other money has to be available to, in effect, subsidize that mortgage. The only money available currently to do that is the proceeds that come from the syndication of low-income-housing tax credits, which is a program that originates with the Federal Government and is delegated to the state in the form of tax credits.

In addition, there are what we call "soft second mortgages," which are usually either grants of some sort from a state housing agency, such as the New York State Division of Housing and Community Renewal, or the Housing Trust Fund Corporation. That's on the rental side.

On the home ownership side, you have state organizations such as the New York State Affordable Housing Corporation, which essentially gives mortgage subsidies that can drive the cost of housing down.

Q. Are you saying private enterprise cannot do this by itself?

A. Absolutely. It needs government help and it needs government encouragement, and the way the government can help obviously is to make more money available for the programs it has.

The other way of dealing with it is at the local level. Part of the problem in Westchester County is that the value of land is so extraordinarily high, and in order to translate high land value into less expensive housing, you would have to have a situation in which -- and this may be politically charged -- special zoning was created so that you can have higher density of units for a particular parcel of land.

Q. Most of your building is not in Westchester. Have you tried to get more involved in Westchester?

A. We have built in Westchester, at least Griffon has built for a client in Westchester, Bill Balter, who is also a Westchester resident. On one project, Stone Creek in New Castle, which is town houses, the vehicle to create a more affordable complex was the New York State Affordable Housing Corporation. Also -- remember my phrase "soft second money" -- we had a grant from the Westchester Housing Implementation Fund. This is essentially a pool of noninterest-bearing funds that can be used to finance infrastructure. And so that created an environment that despite high land costs and low density, the project was made more affordable.

Q. So the Housing Implementation Fund, created in the 1980's by the Board of Legislators, has had some impact?

A. Yes, it has. We have, in fact, accessed it twice. We also accessed it for a project in Cortlandt Manor, called Cross Creek at Van Cortlandtville. There again it was used essentially to finance the infrastructure -- roads, sewers, utility lines. But there is a downside to taking this Housing Implementation Fund money. The downside is Davis Bacon -- a Federal law with wage guidelines -- and therefore essentially Davis Bacon does drive the costs up.

Q. Discuss the brewery property you developed in Middletown.

A. It was an abandoned four-story beer brewery, Orange County Beer, that ended beer production probably in the 30's. Then it had a number of uses and it was eventually abandoned as a building. I can't say what went on inside it, but I'm sure it was used by the local night life. While it was structurally a very, very sound building, it had become an eyesore and something that was detracting from the neighborhood.

My partner, Bob Wilder, came up with the scheme along with a nonprofit organization from Orange County, called Orange County Rural Development Advisory Corporation, to develop it as an affordable income rental project. We redesigned the building and in concert with O.R.D.A.C. got tax credits and Housing Trust Fund Corporation grants and eventually a conventional mortgage. We developed apartments, all of which have lofts and four-foot palladium windows, and restored the building to what it looked like in the past.

Q. What you are doing at the Hearthstone in Goshen?

A. It is an even more challenging project than the Brewery was. Hearthstone is a development that includes five buildings on the grounds of the Orange County Infirmary, just outside the town of Goshen. The first of these five buildings was built in 1830, and the last was built in 1937. The previous use had been as a poorhouse and a home for the insane; more recently, one small building was used as a day-care center while the rest of it was kind of allowed to fall into various states of decay. We had to design all the insides of these buildings to create 89 senior citizen apartments on the grounds of the infirmary. .

Q. And did you obtain government subsidies?

A. Oh, yes. You have to understand that affordable rental projects must be supported in some way by low-interest or no-interest financing. We created a package of financing that is comprised of low-income- housing tax credits, grants and a conventional mortgage.

Q. What are the implications in Westchester?

A. That's a very politically charged question. If the goal is to create affordable housing in Westchester to keep young people from moving out and to support people who have lived all their lives in Westchester -- the middle-income ***working class*** -- the first thing you have to do is not be afraid of affordable housing.

Q. Do you think people are afraid of affordable housing?

A. Yes. There is a very strong fear in this county and in almost every community that affordable housing will detract from the community.

Q. Is this racially charged?

A. I would rather not say that. But affordable housing means bringing in people who may or may not share the same social values as the existing community -- social and economic. When most people see any housing that in some way has a public funding component to it, it triggers alarm; it triggers fear. My experience over the last eight years is that the fears are totally groundless.

The question is: how does the county executive convince local authorities and municipal town boards to pass zoning laws that allow for the kind of density -- not townwide obviously -- that would bring the high land values in line with the per-unit cost necessary to develop?

Affordable housing does not necessarily mean you cannot have a bucolic existence. Every town has to look at what its needs are. They may not be losing population, but the population is getting older. And as the population gets older you're going to have more and more battles over school taxes, which are the largest part of property taxes. So in a way affordable housing is a way to regenerate your community.

**Graphic**

Photo: Jeffrey C. Gershen, head of Griffon Associates, at a housing construction site in Goshen. (Susan Harris for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** November 2, 1997

**End of Document**



[***Boston Ignores a Trend In Re-Electing a Mayor***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-Y070-000D-G42F-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 11, 1991, Monday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1991 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** National Desk

**Section:** Section A;; Section A; Page 10; Column 1; National Desk; Column 1;

**Length:** 1103 words

**Byline:** By FOX BUTTERFIELD,

By FOX BUTTERFIELD,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** BOSTON, Nov. 10

**Body**

It was just an impulse, as it often is for Raymond L. Flynn, that prompted him to take a break from campaigning for re-election as Mayor one recent morning to drop in at the Gavin Middle School in South Boston.

How are things going? Mayor Flynn asked the principal, Joseph Lee. Fine, said Mr. Lee, except that the school had no books; the School Department had failed to deliver them. Outraged, Mr. Flynn was soon making a blizzard of phone calls and eventually tracked down the missing volumes.

The incident was classic Ray Flynn, who bypassed television and radio advertising in the last election to campaign door to door and who runs several miles a day, making frequent stops to chat with passersby. His strategy paid off: Mr. Flynn won a record-high 75 percent of the vote in his re-election to a third term last Tuesday.

The triumph of the 52-year-old Democrat was all the more remarkable because it came when Boston is mired in its worst economic slump since the Depression and in an election season in which voters around the country vented their anger by ousting incumbents.

'An Untypical Politician'

Mr. Flynn's victory marks him as the most popular politician in Massachusetts, according to John Marttila, a Democratic political consultant here, who cited a variety of private polls that show the Mayor's approval rating surpassing that of Gov. William F. Weld, a Republican.

His impressive showing would make him a strong contender for Governor or possibly as a Democratic Vice Presidential candidate, said Mr. Marttila, who has been a consultant to several of Democratic Presidential aspirants. Mr. Flynn has also gained national recognition as a spokesman on urban issues in his tenure as president of the National Conference of Mayors.

"Ray is really an untypical politician, because he touches average people in the way few politicians these days can," Mr. Marttila said. "He makes people feel that he cares."

Mr. Flynn's appeal, which some critics deride as more style than substance, grows out of a humble boyhood that fixed in him a conviction that "all politics is personal."

Mr. Flynn's father was a longshoreman, often in poor health and out of work, and his mother was a cleaning woman. Mr. Flynn made his way out of poverty by getting a basketball scholarship to Providence College and eventually a tryout with the Boston Celtics. He didn't make the team, and instead got involved in politics, working on Vice President Hubert H. Humphrey's Presidential campaign in 1968 and later being elected to the state legislature to represent his old neighborhood, South Boston. Today he still lives in a modest row house in "Southie," a ***working-class*** district on the waterfront.

"I don't have to read memos to know what is going on out there," Mr. Flynn said, sitting in his City Hall office, his feet propped on a coffee table. On the wall is an old campaign poster of his political idol, Mr. Humphrey, who was Mayor of Minneapolis before his terms as a United States Senator and the Vice President.

The Boston press has chided Mr. Flynn for his penchant for showing up at fires or at the scene of racial disturbances, saying that he spends more time getting his picture on television than solving the city's problems.

But voters have reacted differently. "The vast majority of the people who voted for him actually know him," said Ira Jackson, a deputy mayor under Mr. Flynn's predecessor, Kevin H. White, and now a senior vice president of the Bank of Boston. "In today's world, with problems spiraling out of control, that is very reassuring. The voters know Ray will be there."

In fact, a Boston Globe poll last August of 814 registered voters found that 43 percent said they had met Mr. Flynn personally.

Challenge of a New Term

The challenge for the peripatetic Mr. Flynn now, as he enters his third four-year term, is whether personal politics will still be enough.

In his first two terms, Mr. Flynn was widely given credit for easing racial tension that had grown out of a conflict over court-ordered school busing in the mid-1970's. Although he had opposed the busing himself at the time, Mr. Flynn as Mayor made a concerted effort to reach out to Boston's black population, opening predominantly white housing projects to blacks. He restored many of the city's neglected neighborhood parks. And he increased the number of blacks, Hispanics and Asians on the city payroll to 22 percent from 6 percent. Minorities make up 35 percent of Boston's population.

But in the past few years Mr. Flynn has come under growing criticism from some prominent blacks for racial insensitivity.

Justice and Education

In particular, blacks have complained about police behavior, especially in the handling of the investigation of the fatal shooting in 1989 of Carol Stuart and her unborn baby. Her husband, Charles Stuart, claimed the couple had been attacked by a black gunman.

An angry Mr. Flynn called for every available detective to join the investigation, and the police soon disclosed they had a suspect, a black man with a long criminal record. But Mr. Stuart stunned the city a few months later when he apparently committed suicide by jumping off a bridge after one of his brothers implicated him in the killing.

A second issue has developed out of Mr. Flynn's successful drive to replace the elected Boston School Committee with an appointed board. In Mr. Flynn's view, as well as that of some blacks, the quarrelsome School Committee was an obstacle to improving Boston's poor public schools. He will begin appointing the new committee January 1.

But in a city where blacks have held little political power, several prominent blacks believe that Mr. Flynn's dissolution of the old school committee, which had four blacks among its 13 members, was an attack on them, although his aides have indicated that the Mayor may appoint two blacks, a Hispanic person and an Asian to the new, seven-member committee.

"Here is someone not of our community saying, 'I will select your leaders for you,' " said the Rev. Graylan Ellis Hagler, who finished third and was eliminated in the September preliminary election for Mayor.

Mr. Flynn acknowledged that the fight has "caused me some pain." But in his view the schools hold the key to the future of Boston, a city that has been transformed into a center of universities, medical research and investment management. Mr. Flynn wants to streamline what he regards as the bloated bureaucracy of the school system as well as restore athletic programs and improve vocational education.

"School is the ladder out of poverty," he said. "So I will take everyone on to make the schools better."

**Load-Date:** November 11, 1991

**End of Document**



[***New York to Let Public Buy Public Housing***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-XTP0-000D-G346-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 3, 1991, Tuesday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1991 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk

**Section:** Section B;; Section B; Page 1; Column 2; Metropolitan Desk; Column 2;

**Length:** 1141 words

**Byline:** By JAMES C. McKINLEY Jr.

By JAMES C. McKINLEY Jr.

**Body**

In a policy shift that could represent the future of public housing in New York City, the city's Housing Authority said yesterday that families would be able to apply some of their rent toward buying their apartments in some new developments to be built with Federal funds over the next two years.

The Bush Administration strongly favors programs that would turn over public housing to tenants across the nation. The decision by New York City, which has the largest housing authority in the nation, will send a forceful signal to other cities, Federal officials said.

"Overall, they are tilting their program towards ownership," Alfred A. DelliBovi, Deputy Secretary of the City's Department of Housing and Urban Development, said. "We're just happy that they're with us on this."

$76 Million U.S. Grant

The program will involve only a portion of the 837 apartments to be built or renovated under a new, $76 million Federal grant. None of the 179,000 apartments the authority currently manages would be sold to tenants, said Laura D. Blackburne, the chairwoman of the City Housing Authority, and under Federal law any apartments sold to tenants would have to be replaced by the Federal Government.

Ms. Blackburne said the Housing Authority's intent was to help middle-class families squeezed by rising property values and high rents without abandoning its mission to aid the working poor.

"It's not fixing what's working," she said. "It's expanding opportunities for people who have found themselves out in the cold."

The Housing Authority will rent to a wider spectrum of ***working-class*** and middle-class families than in the past, Ms. Blackburne said. Some units in the new projects where residents will have an opportunity to buy will go to families making as much as $40,000 a year, rather than the present top income figure of $29,500.

Only about a third of the residents in New York's public housing are on public assistance, compared with rates of almost 100 percent in most other large cities, city and Federal officials said.

Ms. Blackburne outlined the new policies yesterday as she announced the $76 million grant, the largest since 1981, when the Reagan Administration sharply curtailed grants for low-income housing. The funds come out of $733.7 million approved for construction of new housing in the Affordable Housing Act of 1991, signed into law a year ago.

The law includes programs that were hammered out between Congress and Housing Secretary Jack Kemp after a long, philosophical battle over the future of the housing program. Mr. Kemp opposed building new subsidized housing in most cities and pushed for several programs that would help current residents buy their apartments.

City Had a Choice

Under the law, the city could have used the $76 million to build traditional housing projects for low-income families to rent, Ms. Blackburne said. But she said she agreed with Mr. Kemp's philosophy that residents who own their homes create stable buildings. She became persuaded that the authority should experiment with smaller, mixed-income buildings that would give some middle-class people -- like teachers, firefighters and civil servants -- a chance to buy homes, she said.

Under the new initiatives, Ms. Blackburne said, the authority would allow families in some new buildings to put aside a portion of their rents in escrow accounts until they had saved enough for a down payment on the apartment. In other buildings, families in public housing with sufficient savings could purchase apartments as soon as they are built.

The buyers would include people on the authority's waiting list, which currently numbers 200,000, or already living in public housing who have over the years begun to earn more than the income limits. That would in turn open up more units in the older projects, she said.

The Federal money will be used to build 837 new apartments in a variety of buildings that will be designed to blend into neighborhoods, unlike the high-rise projects built in the 1960's and 1970's, Ms. Blackburne said. About half the funds will be used to refurbish vacant buildings. New projects will include many low-rise apartment buildings.

Mr. DellaBovi said the grant represented "the beginning of tomorrow." He insisted that the Republican Administration had not abandoned public housing, despite the fact that in the 11 years under Mr. Reagan and Mr. Bush the Federal Government has paid for a total of 4,310 apartments in New York City, fewer than the 4,689 built in 1978 alone under President Carter.

"There shouldn't be anybody on a waiting list in my judgment, but there are people on waiting lists and we're going to chip away at it, and work together to eliminate the waiting list," Mr. DellaBovi said.

Sites for the buildings and designs have yet to be chosen, Ms. Blackburne said. If they can be found this spring, the first new buildings could open within two years, she said. The authority has not decided how many of the scheduled units will be available for residents to buy, she said.

Saving Current Projects

Housing experts outside the city government said Ms. Blackburne's new policy appears to be an attempt to explore Mr. Kemp's ideas without sacrificing the current projects serving the poor. The plan also appears to be aimed at helping families living in public housing who over the years have begun to earn more than the income limits, but not enough to buy a home in New York's inflated market.

"What this seems to represent is a constructive blending of the city's housing needs with Jack Kemp's goal of encouraging home ownership in public housing," said Joseph B. Rose, executive director of the Citizen's Housing and Planning Council. "There is a real problem in the Housing Authority. They have got families who are at the high end or exceeding their income eligibility."

The Housing Authority also plans to construct some buildings as a partner with private developers, setting aside some of the apartments for low-income tenants while the rest of the units would be on the open market.

The authority manages 179,000 apartments in 325 developments that were built entirely with Federal funds. The tenants pay 30 percent of their income in rent. One current project, the Forest Hills Houses in Queens, is a cooperative owned by about 400 tenants.

A Widespread Misconception

Ms. Blackburne said the New York system suffers from the widespread perception that the buildings are high-rise, inner-city projects where crime and poverty rule. She said the new, smaller projects will be designed to dispel those images and to serve residents with a wider range of incomes.

"There was a time when the mention of public housing sent shivers through people," she said. "What I want to do with this opportunity today is to put up housing that makes people less nervous, that makes communities within existing communities."

**Load-Date:** December 3, 1991

**End of Document**



[***THE REGION/Q.& A.: Jeffries and Beyond;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-XVF0-000D-G3VJ-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Turmoil and Tradition At City College***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-XVF0-000D-G3VJ-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 1, 1991, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1991 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Week in Review Desk

**Section:** Section 4;; Section 4; Page 6; Column 1; Week in Review Desk; Column 1;; Question

**Length:** 1159 words

**Byline:** By JOSEPH BERGER

By JOSEPH BERGER

**Body**

DR. BERNARD HARLESTON, a soft-spoken experimental psychologist, has been president of the City University of New York's City College campus for 10 1/2 years. It has been a time of controversy for the college, founded in 1847 and famous both for its eight Nobel laureates and its volatile politics. With 14,000 students, it is the nation's largest producer of black and Hispanic engineers and among the half-dozen greatest sources of black medical school students. But it has presented Dr. Harleston with thorny challenges, most recently the turmoil surrounding Dr. Leonard Jeffries, chairman of the black studies department, who has charged that Jews helped finance the slave trade and joined with the Mafia to portray blacks in a demeaning way in the movies, and Dr. Michael Levin, a philosophy professor who contends that blacks are, on average, less intelligent than whites. In an interview, the 61-year-old Dr. Harleston reflected on how City College has changed and how the most recent Jeffries flareup has affected the college. He also discussed how budget cuts are chipping away at a school long known as the "Harvard of the poor."

Q. What kind of place is City College today?

A. I think, in terms of the basic mission and purpose of City College, it is today no different than the City College of the 1950's or 40's. Two principal changes: currently our students pay tuition; prior to 1976 there was no tuition. The second change is a change in demographics. The student body is genuinely multicultural. We have students from over 80 countries. Three out of four of our students are nonwhite. Students speak a variety of languages, some 42 different languages. More than half of our students work. Eighty percent are on some kind of financial aid. So that it still is a ***working-class*** college.

Q. What impact has tuition [currently $1,850 a year] had on the college?

A. There is no question in my mind that the imposition of tuition and the relatively rapid increase in tuition over the last couple of years has made it more difficult for students to attend, certainly more difficult for students to attend without working and also taking out loans, and hence the distractions to the academic programs which were not present when tuition was essentially free. Many of our students are part time because they have to work. Many are full time and still have to work.

Q. Twenty years ago, open admissions made the college accessible to students with lower averages, providing many with remedial coursework. Today students can enter with an 80 average or a ranking in the top third of their class or by meeting a number of poverty criteria. Can the college be both excellent and open?

A. Absolutely. I would submit that a condition of excellence is diversity. I appreciate that a part of excellence is assuring the kinds of support for students -- tutoring, advising -- that they may not have had in their high school preparation.

Q. This is a time of real cutbacks at a place where cutbacks are laid on the shoulders of people with the fewest alternatives. How is the college coping?

A. It is estimated that in three years funding at the senior college has been reduced some 12 percent. We see it in the size of our classes. They are larger. We see it in the loss of full-time faculty members. We have fewer. We see it in the quality of our student services. We are not able to provide as much advising, as much counseling. For me, having watched this over a 10-year period, I worry and express public concern as to whether the level of priority is being lowered either by direct policy or de facto, and whether we are doing a major disservice to the city and the state by being unable to meet the needs of the very large population of men and women who have access only to public institutions.

Q. What impact have the recent controversies about your two professors had on the college?

A. I'll begin by affirming again the view that the college disassociates itself from the statements of Professor Jeffries and Professor Levin, that we repudiate any articulation of racism, anti-Semitism, ethnic slurs, any articulation that is demeaning to any group. What's been a source of tremendous joy to me has been our students reaffirming this over and over again during this difficult period. I think the impact on faculty is to some degree a sense of frustration. The frustration is not so much that you have this kind of controversy going on in the academy. That's to be expected. I think the frustration is that the controversies have been represented by so many media outlets as if they were indeed the total type of controversy at the City College. It is not true.

I think similarly, with respect to many of the students, I have said and I will say it again that this student body is certainly freer of any forms of anti-Semitism or racism. We had a magnificent demonstration weeks ago of this very point. We were having a multicultural fair. An Israeli group got up to dance. It invited some Palestinians to join them. They joined. Other students joined.

Q. What have you found to be the particular challenges of your 10-year tenure?

A. Early on there were very important challenges about assuring a community of civility. I think it's fair to say that faculty-student relations were somewhat more strained when I came here in 1981. And we've had to talk about common purposes, and we think we've done that with some measure of success. It was important to try to build on our strengths, and particularly the School of Architecture and the School of Engineering had to be given very dramatic attention. Each was teetering on the brink with respect to quality, and we were able to restore these to genuine schools of excellence. We have a core curriculum that was visionary in its development, that is responsible in a creative way to the question of understanding the role that everybody's culture played in our getting where we are. And this is reflected in required courses in world civilizations, world humanities, world arts.

Q. What kind of resolution do you see to the Jeffries controversy?

A. The important consideration is that a decision has been taken. The chancellor, the board of trustees supported the recommendation that Mr. Jeffries's election be confirmed for one year. I would use the time to monitor and assess his ability to perform the duties of the chair and also to use the time to work with the department through the provost and the dean around the issues of strengthening the department, defining resources, defining appropriate leadership and defining the relationship of that department to the other academic departments. I have said before that I believe this is a defining moment for the black studies department. If out of the controversy we come out with a stronger department, with the resources for clear intellectual vigor, then perhaps those achievements will offset the pain and dislocation that resulted from the controversy itself.

**Graphic**

Photo: Dr. Bernard Harleston, president of City College of New York. (Joyce Dopkeen/The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** December 2, 1991

**End of Document**



[***Queens Co-op for Trade Workers Slowly Departs From Its Roots***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4BXV-3H00-TW8F-G25V-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 15, 2004 Monday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2004 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section B; Column 2; Metropolitan Desk; Pg. 1; Electchester Getting Less Electrical

**Length:** 1511 words

**Byline:** By DAVID W. CHEN

**Body**

The meat cutters had Concourse Village in the Bronx. The garment workers had Seward Park Houses in Manhattan. The printers had Big Six Towers in Queens.

Decades ago, local unions sponsored more than a dozen cooperatives that provided almost 50,000 decent and affordable apartments to ***working-class*** families. As the power of labor waned and real estate values skyrocketed, though, most of these co-ops either lost their direct union connection or allowed their shareholders to sell their units on the open market.

These days, the only co-op left with strong union ties is Electchester, the pride of Local 3 of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, in Flushing, Queens. But how long Electchester can maintain that extended-family intimacy is anyone's guess.

Rather than staying for generations, as they used to do, more residents are treating Electchester as a springboard to the suburbs. Increasing numbers of residents are falling behind on their payments, so Electchester officials are relying more on stringent credit checks to screen applicants. Some longtime residents are talking openly about their wish to cash in their shares on the open market. And the number of electricians is steadily shrinking.

''How strong is a community that's a transient community?'' asked Joe Mandell, a longtime Local 3 official who is the coordinator of the Electchester Cooperative Housing Companies. ''It flies in the face of what Electchester is.''

To a degree, the angst reflects the fierce and nostalgic loyalty that Electchester residents have to the development's history and values. And to ease such concerns, Mr. Mandell has pledged to uphold, vigorously and indefinitely, Electchester's principles of providing reasonably priced housing for workers.

But if Electchester does continue its slow erosion, some residents fret, it could become indistinguishable from any other middle-class development, and become a bittersweet coda to a rich but little-known chapter of New York housing history.

Electchester was established in 1949, when Harry Van Arsdale Jr., the famed labor leader, worked with the Joint Industry Board of the Electrical Industry to purchase 103 acres of a former country club and build apartments there. The first part of the complex was called First Housing. The second was called Second Housing. The last -- two 23-story high-rises, built in the late 1960's -- was called Fifth Housing.

All told, 5,550 people live in about 2,500 units in 38 buildings, many of which are six-story brick structures. There are plenty of trees and playgrounds, and the complex, south of the Long Island Expressway, is a short walk from the Electchester shopping center. Public School 200, which sits on land donated by Electchester, is nearby.

When Electchester was created, the union provided a major portion of the mortgage, and the state offered tax abatements. Electchester was classified as a limited dividend nonprofit, subject to state regulations similar to the ones governing Mitchell-Lama projects today.

The original families paid $475 per room for equity shares, and carrying charges of $26 per month per room, on apartments ranging from three and a half to five and a half rooms, according to ''Harry Van Arsdale Jr.: Labor's Champion'' (M.E. Sharpe, 2002), a biography by Gene Ruffini. Today, many residents still consider Electchester one of the city's best bargains: an equity down payment of roughly $1,000 per room, and monthly carrying charges of roughly $140 per month per room.

As recently as perhaps two decades ago, about 90 percent of Electchester's units were occupied by Local 3 members. This percentage far exceeded the one-quarter or one-third that was typical of other union cooperatives, and was due largely to the power of Mr. Van Arsdale, who lived there himself, and the fact that Electchester, privately funded, could choose its residents.

Today, perhaps 50 percent are electricians, though another 10 percent of residents have a family connection to the union -- a father, an uncle, a grandfather. About 55 percent are white, 25 percent African-American and 15 percent Hispanic; about 30 percent are senior citizens.

Not surprisingly, some Electchester apartments contain complicated wiring schemes, due to the predilections of shareholders to fiddle with the wiring themselves. But nonelectricians have felt lucky to be part of the community.

''Harry Van Arsdale did a beautiful thing, because it was very good for the average individual,'' said Leo Spritzer, a spry man in his early 80's. He worked for the Army Corps of Engineers and has lived at Electchester since 1953. ''Even as an outsider, I have a certain feeling for Local 3, because they're all around me.''

Union-backed cooperative housing was once all around New York City, too. It originated in the 1920's, with the Amalgamated Houses in the Bronx. It coalesced in the 1950's, when several unions created a broad vehicle for building such co-ops: the United Housing Foundation, led by Abraham Kazan. It peaked in the late 1960's, when 40,000 to 50,000 union-sponsored units were sprinkled throughout developments like Co-op Village, Penn Station South, Rochdale Village and Co-op City.

But the cooperative housing movement began to peter out in the 1970's, said Joseph Jamison, research director of the New York State A.F.L.-C.I.O. One factor was the city's fiscal crisis. Another was the federal government's retreat from subsidized housing. A dispute at Co-op City that led to the withholding of monthly carrying charges hurt the United Housing Foundation. And the federal Employee Retirement Income Security Act, with its strict financial requirements, unintentionally made it harder for union pension funds to make profitable housing investments in a city as costly as New York.

In time, several union-sponsored cooperatives wavered over whether to continue requiring shareholders who were moving out to sell their shares back to the co-op at the original price -- or whether to allow them to test the open market and potentially make a huge profit.

Some, like Penn Station South, chose not to change, even though they no longer had any formal union connection. Some, like Co-op Village on the Lower East Side, opted to sell out, disappointing union leaders.

''Kazan would be angry,'' said Ken Wray, former executive director of the United Housing Foundation. ''Somebody did all the work, and maintained it, and you moved into a place you could afford, and you're turning around, and you're saying, 'I don't care. I'm going to make my money and run.' That's wrong.''

Electchester officials promise that they will never go that route, because to do so would betray Mr. Van Arsdale's legacy.

Still, they also believe that they have to run Electchester more as a business than as a family enterprise. In 1998, the development's tax abatements expired, and ''that's what is hurting us,'' Mr. Mandell said. With costs for water, sewage, taxes and, in particular, insurance, climbing, Electchester had to increase its carrying charges two years ago, for the first time in nine years.

About a decade ago, Electchester began to court nonelectricians actively, in part to bring in younger families. The waiting list is five years now, but Electchester has also witnessed far more turnover. The average family now stays 5 to 10 years. About 15 percent move out each year, compared to perhaps 5 percent a decade ago.

Moreover, while many residents used to bring in a letter of recommendation or a casual reference to get in, all applicants must now pay a $25 fee and are subject to income verification and credit checks, Electchester officials said.

Even then, Mr. Mandell said, there has been a noticeable increase in housing court cases recently over nonpayment and illegal subletting: 5 percent of residents, compared to perhaps 1 percent a decade ago.

''You don't get the cooperation you used to get,'' he said.

To their credit, Mr. Mandell added, some new residents eagerly sign up for any number of Electchester activities, like bingo nights, holiday parties or street fairs. Many are also enthusiastic about the offerings for children, like a nursery school, scout activities and sports.

But those attitudes may be more the exception than the rule, residents say.

''We were the diehards; we were the volunteers,'' said Bill Conklin, 76, an original Electchester resident. ''The young people, they just move out after a few years. There's nothing wrong with that. It's a different generation.''

Electchester has been a way of life for Cindy King, 46, too. Her grandfather, an electrician, was the pioneer. Now, she, her sister, a daughter, an aunt and a cousin all have Electchester apartments.

Ms. King, who works for the City Department of Education, is apprehensive about the changes. Sure, it would be nice to sell one's apartment at a market rate. But the pull of Electchester is too strong.

''Honestly speaking, when you look around, there is no place else,'' she said. ''It's convenient, it's affordable. Where else would you go? I love my apartment.''

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Bill Conklin, 76, has lived in Electchester since the 1950's. His unit overlooks Pomonok Houses and Queens College

on clear days, he can see Manhattan and beyond. (Photo by Librado Romero/The New York Times)

A 1950's union brochure promoting the new complex in Flushing advised members to ''spend wisely'' and ''save for housing.'' (pg. B1)

Two decades ago, about 90 percent of Electchester's units were occupied by members of Local 3. Today, about half of them are. (Photo by Andrea Mohin/The New York Times)(pg. B5)

**Load-Date:** March 15, 2004

**End of Document**



[***Weekender Frenchtown, N.J.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4BX6-20J0-TW8F-G2JN-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 12, 2004 Friday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2004 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section F; Column 1; Escapes; Pg. 8; HAVENS

**Length:** 1561 words

**Byline:** By JULIA LAWLOR

**Body**

THE last 12 miles of the drive from New York to Frenchtown is a quintessential country scene, with rolling hills, quaint farmhouses, hayfields and the occasional yellow tractor-crossing sign. But then a dip in the two-lane road reveals something quite different: a tiny river town that bustles on weekends with tourists roaming antique shops, dining at restaurants and playing, weather permitting, in the Delaware River.

What's most surprising about Frenchtown is that although it is only about 70 miles from New York, until very recently few people knew about it. ''It is so close, so charming, and it's not on anyone's radar screen,'' said Michael Overington, president of Ian Schrager Hotels. He and his wife, Lisa, bought a white clapboard farmhouse on 10 acres just outside of Frenchtown's small downtown 15 years ago for $300,000. They have added 10 adjoining acres and raise sheep, llamas and chickens. Just about every Friday night the couple and their two daughters, ages 10 and 15, leave New York at 8 p.m., arriving in Frenchtown soon after 9.

Much of Frenchtown, a borough just a bit larger than a square mile, is in a historic district, with buildings dating back as early as the 1790's. Bridge Street, the main shopping street, leads to an iron bridge across the river to Bucks County, Pa., and is flanked by two grand Greek Revival buildings, the National Hotel and the Frenchtown Inn, both now upscale restaurants.

Most of Frenchtown's houses are relatively modest, however, many of them built on narrow lots in the Victorian style with wraparound porches, stained-glass windows and gingerbread trim.

Jim and Jillison Brophy, who rent an apartment in Manhattan, bought their first home in Frenchtown last November to use as a weekend retreat. They paid $394,000 for a three-bedroom, two-bathroom pink Victorian house with a big porch on a quarter of an acre. ''We had set out to get a farm with a lot of land,'' said Mr. Brophy, an equity trader for Bank of America Securities. ''But then we thought, with our schedules, it would be a lot to maintain. We like the small-town feel and the fact that we're within walking distance of the main street.''

The Scene

Most residents of Frenchtown live there full-time: a mix of ***working-class*** families who have been there for generations, New Jersey state government workers who commute to Trenton, and employees of nearby pharmaceutical industries. In the 1980's artists began to move in, attracted by low housing prices and the beauty of the area. Their influence is evident on Bridge Street, with its half-dozen art galleries, eight antiques shops and several one-of-a-kind clothing stores.

On weekdays, Kathee Williams opens her Kathee's General Store on Kingwood Avenue at 4:30 a.m., and carpenters, shopkeepers and lawyers stream in for coffee and gossip before heading to work. Newcomers soon learn they can go to her store for much of what they want -- newspapers, lottery tickets, milk, bread, fishing poles and advice. ''If they need a plumber or they want their driveway plowed, they come to me,'' Ms. Williams said, leaning against the open door for a quick cigarette break.

On weekends, Frenchtown attracts people from Bucks County who come over for a change of scene. A bike trail on old railroad tracks, running through town and for miles along the Delaware, brings cyclists who line up outside the local hangout, the Frenchtown Cafe, for breakfast.

Warm weather also draws people to the river to fish or go out on the water. Inner tubes, rafts, canoes and kayaks can be rented seven miles to the south at the Bucks County River Country in Point Pleasant, Pa., across the river from New Jersey.

You never know who you might run into on the river. Once a year, Chip Williams, owner of Mitchell Williams Real Estate in town, closes up shop and takes the whole staff out to play. ''We put up our 'Gone Tubing' sign and float down the river with our pina coladas,'' he said.

The ''French'' in Frenchtown derives from Paul Henri Mallet-Prevost, a Swiss banker with ties to the French aristocracy who arrived in 1792 after fleeing from French revolutionaries. The town then consisted of a grist mill, a sawmill and a store, but Mallet-Prevost imported family, friends and slaves and set about developing the town. He built what is now the Frenchtown Inn to serve travelers who ferried across the river from Pennsylvania and loggers who floated downriver on rafts.

In the railroad era of the 19th and early 20th centuries, Frenchtown boomed, with small industries and processing operations for local produce. It declined with the Depression, becoming a ''backwater,'' according to Ellen Fletcher Russell, a 13-year resident and member of the borough planning board. ''It was not a destination for anybody.''

That sleepy isolation saved old Frenchtown, keeping houses from being torn down or covered with aluminum siding. ''We owe the survival of the character and the quality of the town to those quiet years,'' Ms. Russell said.

Pros

In a downtown too small to need a traffic light, Frenchtown has a wealth of dining choices, including the Frenchtown Inn, Lila's in the National Hotel, the Race Street Cafe, the Bridge Street Cafe and the Cocina Del Sol. A Thai restaurant is to open soon.

Weekenders who want to leave the car behind can take a Trans-Line bus between Frenchtown and the Port Authority Bus Terminal. The ride takes an hour and 45 minutes and costs $14.50.

In 2000, when Linda Erickson began commuting between New York and Frenchtown to oversee the renovation of an old stone house she and her husband had purchased, she spent many evenings at the National Hotel (now Lila's) chatting with locals.

''Everybody hangs out together,'' Ms. Erickson said. ''It doesn't matter if you're an electrician, a ditchdigger, a stonemason or an artist.''

Mayor Ron Sworen called Frenchtown the ideal ''family-oriented'' town, with children playing safely on the sidewalks and swimming in the local creek.

Two local actors, Laura Swanson and Keith Strunk, hope to launch a professional theater company, River Union Stage, by this summer.

Crime is barely thought of.

Cons

For those yearning for lots of land and a feeling of seclusion, Frenchtown will not suffice. ''Most New Yorkers want more acreage than what Frenchtown has to offer,'' said Nancy Bousum, an associate broker at Kurfiss Real Estate in New Hope, Pa. Although there are a few farms on the outskirts, most houses are built close together, and anyone seeking a retreat here should expect a small-town atmosphere, not country quiet.

Parking is at such a premium that some people rent out their garages for $75 or $100 a month.

The only supermarket closed last October and the closest now is in Flemington, about 15 miles away. Town officials are seeking another supermarket to take over the old space.

Nightlife is pretty much limited to the bars at the Frenchtown Inn and Lila's and the Rathskeller in the basement of the National Hotel. Those seeking more liveliness can drive about 20 minutes south to Lambertville, N.J., or New Hope, Pa.

The Real Estate Market

Because Frenchtown is small, with only about 500 houses, few properties are for sale. There are some houses built in the 1950's and 60's on the outskirts of town, but those are rarely purchased as second homes, according to Chip Williams of Mitchell Williams Real Estate. Taxes in Frenchtown are higher than across the river in Bucks County, but houses in Bucks County tend to be more expensive. Prices in Frenchtown have risen 40 percent since 1998, according to Ms. Bousum of Kurfiss Real Estate.

On the market this week were a three-bedroom, one-bathroom Victorian with a wraparound porch for $329,000, and an 1888 four-bedroom, three-bathroom house on an acre of land near downtown with a renovated barn and a heated pool for $534,500.

THE LAY OF THE LAND

A River Town but No Longer a Backwater

POPULATION -- 1,488.

SIZE -- 1.2 square miles

MEDIAN HOUSE PRICE -- $256,000.

RECENT SALES -- A four-bedroom, two-bathroom 1865 Victorian on Fifth Street with a wraparound porch and two-story barn sold for $315,000, $14,000 under the asking price, after four months on the market. A four-bedroom, two and a half bath 1840 Colonial on Harrison Street with a separate apartment sold for the asking price, $295,000, after 23 days on the market. An Arts & Crafts-style Colonial on 7th Street, built in 1900, with four bedrooms and one and a half bathrooms, sold for $282,000, $13,000 under the asking price, after almost four months on the market.

DISTANCE FROM NEW YORK -- 68 miles.

TRAVEL TIME -- By car, an hour and 20 minutes in light traffic.

GETTING THERE -- Take the New Jersey Turnpike south to Exit 14, Interstate 78 West, and follow to Exit 15 (Clinton, Pittstown). Turn left off the ramp onto Route 513. Follow route 513 (be careful to turn right at Pittstown in order to stay on 513) for 12 miles until you reach Frenchtown.

WHILE YOU'RE LOOKING -- The Widow McCrea House (53 Kingwood Avenue, 908-996-4999) has five rooms and a separate cottage for $115 to $285 a night, including breakfast, afternoon tea and a bottle of wine. The Guesthouse at Frenchtown (85 Ridge Road, 908-996-7474), a two-story 1780 fieldstone house overlooking the Delaware River Valley, is available for $165 to $225 a night for up to four people. There is no host on site, but B & B services are provided.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: NO TRAFFIC LIGHTS -- Stately houses, like the one above, and small shops, left, line Bridge Street, the Frenchtown, N.J., thoroughfare that leads to the Delaware River. (Photographs by Tom Madden/The New York Times)Map of New Jersey highlighting Frenchtown.

**Load-Date:** March 12, 2004

**End of Document**



[***A Deposed President of CBS Records Chronicles His Debauchery and Detox***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4BVG-D6J0-TW8F-G20F-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 4, 2004 Thursday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2004 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section E; Column 3; The Arts/Cultural Desk; Pg. 1; Sex, Drugs and Ego: A Music Mogul's Swath of Destruction

**Length:** 1461 words

**Byline:** By LOLA OGUNNAIKE

**Body**

In the living room of his sleek, two-bedroom apartment on the Upper East Side of Manhattan, Walter Yetnikoff sat enjoying a picturesque sunset, ''a real cocaine view,'' he called it. It was just after 4:30 and Mr. Yetnikoff, the most powerful man in the music industry for much of the 80's, was sober. This would not have been the case 15 years ago.

''I'd come out of a coma around 7 or 8 a.m.,'' he said, describing his daily routine as president of CBS Records from 1975 to 1990. ''By 9 I might have drunk a half a bottle of vodka. Then I would call someone at CBS, maybe the head of the network or accounting, and yell at them. I'd finally drag myself out of bed and get into the office around noon. The steward would immediately bring me a screwdriver.'' Mr. Yetnikoff was referring to cocktails, not hardware. ''I might walk out of my office and say, 'That one's nice, let's make his career,' or I might say, 'Get rid of that one.' ''

He is every bit as forthcoming in his new memoir, ''Howling at the Moon: The Odyssey of a Monstrous Music Mogul in an Age of Excess'' (Broadway Books), which chronicles Mr. Yetnikoff's rise from ***working-class*** Brooklyn to the upper echelons of the music industry and to his spectacular downfall. Writing in the tradition of dishy tell-alls like ''The Kid Stays in the Picture,'' by the Hollywood producer Robert Evans, the 70-year-old Mr. Yetnikoff, who said he has been clean since 1989, opens up about his drug-and-booze-fueled days, his overseeing of the careers of megawatt stars like Michael Jackson, Mick Jagger and Bruce Springsteen, his newfound spirituality after a much-needed stint in rehab.

Mr. Yetnikoff took over CBS Records in 1975. In the years to come, the music industry would experience explosive growth with the advent of the CD. Under his watch CBS's annual revenue grew from $485 million to well over $2 billion. He engineered the sale of CBS Records to Sony for $2 billion in 1987. At the time, he signed a multiyear contract that was widely reported to have included a $20 million bonus. Drugs and alcohol, however, destroyed all he had built, including his relationships with colleagues and artists like Mr. Jackson and Mr. Springsteen. In 1990, Mr. Yetnikoff wrote, he was ''unceremoniously canned'' by Sony.

In ''Howling'' he accuses the entertainment lawyer Allen Grubman and Tommy Mottola, his former protege, of undermining him with Sony's Japanese owners. Mr. Mottola would eventually take over as chief of Sony in 1998. Mr. Grubman did not return phone calls. Through a spokesman Mr. Mottola declined to comment.

''I call him scumola,'' Mr. Yetnikoff said dismissively.

Of Mr. Jackson, who brought CBS the blockbuster ''Thriller,'' Mr. Yetnikoff writes that ''he had no social skills'' and that ''he was a child who sought the company of other children.''

Mr. Jackson and a handful of other prominent CBS artists would sever personal ties with Mr. Yetnikoff in the months preceding his dismissal. Paul Simon is described as ''pretentious and self-important,'' in the book. ''His entourage treated him like little Lord Byron, hanging on his every word.''

There is very little that Mr. Yetnikoff won't say. ''Walter has no filter,'' said the music biographer David Ritz, the co-author of ''Howling.'' Though age has slowed down Mr. Yetnikoff considerably and his signature beard, once dark and lush, has turned into a gray 5 o'clock shadow, he seems as brash and outspoken as ever. He is the Jewish uncle who asks his unsuspecting nephew to pull his finger, a veritable Borscht-belt character. Jackie Mason would have little trouble playing him in a made-for-television movie.

It was Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis, then an editor at Doubleday, who first approached him about writing his life story in the late 1980's during a lunch at the 21 Club. Mr. Yetnikoff's life was unraveling at the time. ''I got the contracts when I was detoxing in Hazelden,'' the addiction treatment center, he said, ''so obviously the book didn't get done.'' Two years ago Mr. Yetnikoff revived the idea, reaching out to Mr. Ritz, who wrote the biography of Marvin Gaye.

''Howling'' opens with Mr. Yetnikoff fantasizing about a marathon lovemaking session with the former first lady: ''After her third orgasm, Jackie O. looked at me with a mixture of gratitude and awe.''

No such thing occurred, Mr. Yetnikoff said with a lascivious grin. Still a shameless flirt, he said he has never lacked for female companionship; three wives and slew of ''lady friends.'' ''I was not Don Giovanni,'' Mr. Yetnikoff said, adding that he has slept with only 40 women. ''Sex was fine and I didn't mind partaking in it, but I was really looking for love. Maybe in all the wrong places.''

Rarely at a loss for words during two interviews, each lasting several hours, Mr. Yetnikoff grows quiet when talk turns to his troubled childhood, recounted in ''Howling.'' Reared in Brownsville, Brooklyn, then a largely Jewish area, Mr. Yetnikoff said that recalling the abuse by his father was ''extremely painful.''

''He would kick me in the street when I was 5 years old, and I thought that was normal,'' Mr. Yetnikoff said, his voice heavy. ''It's not normal to bang your kid's head up against the wall, though.''

His mother pushed him to excel in the hopes that her first-born son would be rich enough to help the family escape a life of poverty. ''She worshiped money,'' he said. ''Power was more my thing.''

Mr. Yetnikoff would eventually attend Columbia Law School, where he won an academic scholarship. He joined CBS Records in 1961 as a junior lawyer, following Clive Davis, a friend and fellow lawyer. By 1975 Mr. Yetnikoff was president of the label.

''That's when all hell broke loose,'' he said before noting Lord Acton's maxim about the corruptive nature of absolute power. Once a low-key, married father of two, Mr. Yetnikoff said he morphed into a philandering egomaniacal monster who brazenly lived on the edge and flouted authority at every turn.

One executive who worked at a rival label remembered Mr. Yetnikoff as a man who enjoyed ''humiliating a great many people.'' He spoke on condition of anonymity because of the close-knit nature of the music industry.

Another executive, speaking anonymously for the same reason, said, ''I don't think he was unethical in the sense that he would steal, but he was unethical in the sense that he would apply severe retribution for those who spoke up against him.'' It is this Yetnikoff who is captured in ''Hit Men,'' Fredric Dannen's graphic look at the music industry's underbelly. Mr. Yetnikoff called that book ''bull.''

Mr. Yetnikoff enjoyed close relationships with various CBS artists, often partying with them as if he were a rock star. ''Those artists that were in contact with him had to deal with him,'' said the executive from the rival label.

The crazier he grew, the more power CBS gave him, Mr. Yetnikoff said. But as his professional stock rose, his personal life disintegrated. His first wife (and true love) died of lung cancer. Mr. Yetnikoff's own vices were ravaging his body. At the urging of his doctor he checked into rehab in 1989, sobered up and discovered spirituality. After a stint at Hazelden he returned to CBS. A clearheaded Mr. Yetnikoff was not good for business.

''I would go into meetings and ask people to hold hands and say the serenity prayer,'' he said laughing. ''It really freaked people out.''

After being fired by Sony, he was intent on catapulting himself back to greatness. He sunk millions of dollars of his own money into a new label that he started called Velvel, which soon folded. He tried Hollywood next, but his project, a Miles Davis biopic, failed to draw interest.

These days Mr. Yetnikoff volunteers at recovery centers around the New York region. ''Twelve years ago he started coming out every week or two,'' said Msgr. Vincent E. Puma, founder of Eva's Kitchen, a homeless shelter in Paterson, N.J. ''He never misses. He is very faithful.''

When not assisting recovering addicts, Mr. Yetnikoff helps run Commotion Records, a fledgling company that specializes in indie-movie soundtracks. Other projects, he said, are on the horizon.

He had just finished thumbing through a photo album of his raucous 50th birthday party. There was Mick Jagger and Billy Joel, Christie Brinkley and the founder of Atlantic Records, Ahmet Ertegun. Mr. Yetnikoff said he missed the trappings of power. ''People sometimes don't return my calls,'' he shared. ''In the old days you were running a huge risk if you didn't return my calls.''

Regrets, he has many of them. But Mr. Yetnikoff said he is doing his best to live in the moment. ''If you have one foot in yesterday and one foot in tomorrow,'' he said, ''you're going to hurt your crotch.''

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Mr. Yetnikoff once worked with Mick Jagger, left, and Bruce Springsteen. (Photos by Associated Press, top

Ebet Roberts)

From rise to fall to tell-all: Walter Yetnikoff. (Photo by G. Paul Burnett/The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** March 4, 2004

**End of Document**



[***The Change Artists***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5K9F-R1G1-JBG3-601G-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 24, 2016 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2016 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section MM; Column 0; Magazine Desk; Pg. 30; FEATURE

**Length:** 6353 words

**Byline:** By GIDEON LEWIS-KRAUS

Gideon Lewis-Kraus is a writer at large for the magazine. He last wrote about the signs and potential consequences of a Silicon Valley bubble.

**Body**

In June of 2015, Felicia Joy Wong was in her car, awaiting with some apprehension the economic address that would officially open Hillary Clinton's presidential campaign. The speech was being staged at the F.D.R. memorial on New York City's Roosevelt Island, and though Wong is a political operative of atypical modesty -- she describes herself as a former schoolteacher whose accession to minor power has been entirely accidental -- she had taken the choice of venue as auspicious. Wong runs the Roosevelt Institute, a small think tank (for lack of a better term) that originated in trusts established to promote the legacies of Franklin and Eleanor. Its chief economist, the Nobel laureate Joseph Stiglitz, indirectly coined the Occupy movement's enduring slogan (''We are the 99 percent''), and Stiglitz and Wong each saw the election as an opportunity to channel Occupy energy into national politics. The country was perhaps ready once again, they believed, for what F.D.R. called ''bold, persistent experimentation'' in our economic affairs. Two of Wong's senior staff members had gone to the island for the event, but she herself bowed out, claiming the duties of a part-time suburban soccer coach and mom.

In the car, Wong heard the candidate say: ''The middle class needs more growth and more fairness. Growth and fairness go together. For lasting prosperity, you can't have one without the other.''

Oh, my God, Wong thought, I can't believe she just said that. Each time she repeated this story to me, she narrowed her eyes toward an imaginary car radio and pointed in disbelief.

''Prosperity can't be just for C.E.O.s and hedge-fund managers,'' the candidate continued. ''Democracy can't just be for the billionaires and corporations.''

Oh, my God, Wong thought again, I can't believe she just said that. It may have been political boilerplate, but Wong thrilled to it. Her incredulity had yielded to pleasure and admiration. Republicans, the candidate went on, ''pledge to wipe out tough rules on Wall Street, rather than rein in the banks that are still too risky, courting future failures.''

Wong stopped the car to check her phone. Exultant emails were streaming in. ''This is our plan!'' one Roosevelt board member wrote. ''This is your plan!''

''Our plan'' was ''Rewriting the Rules of the American Economy,'' an inventive combination of narrative history and policy platform that Roosevelt published the month before. The report billed itself as a comprehensive agenda to ameliorate inequality. First, it said, inequality is a choice, not an inevitable byproduct of technology, globalization and the uneven distribution of personal virtue. Second, it held that the longstanding notion of an economic trade-off between growth and equality is a fiction.

Unlike the myriad other white papers that each week were drafted, edited, somnolently received at other think tanks and shelved without fanfare, this report -- original not so much in its ideas as in its clarity and vigor -- had captured wide and consequential attention. In the months leading up to its publication, the Roosevelt team was in close touch with Clinton speechwriters and advisers, and in subsequent rallies the candidate continued to draw upon the report, even at the level of explicit language; calls to ''rewrite the rules'' found their way into more of her addresses. The many news reports that linked the speech to Wong's organization consistently and erroneously relocated her team to Washington. (Their headquarters are in Midtown Manhattan, in an Art Deco tower in the shadow of the Citigroup Center.)

Much of the left, including the significant bloc that rejected Clinton in the primaries in favor of Bernie Sanders and his call for ''revolution,'' finds Wong and her allies delusional in their hope that ''Rewriting the Rules'' might be realized in Democratic Party practice. But the Sanders and Trump insurrections revealed an appetite for economic populism that no one in either party establishment had quite anticipated. Now Roosevelt and other progressive groups are wagering that a mandate for economic overhaul might already exist, and that it might even be carried out by the woman who always was the party's near-certain nominee. Wong herself believes that the financial crisis radically destabilized the politics of the American economy, possibly for decades to come, and that 2016 might well mark the early commotion of a genuine political realignment.

As the party heads into its convention in Philadelphia, this coalition sees encouraging signals -- perhaps most notably the role that Elizabeth Warren, a key Roosevelt ally, has come to play in the campaign -- that Hillary Clinton's economic sympathies might ultimately lie further to the left than skeptics supposed. Roosevelt is a 501(c)(3), and though it does maintain a political-action arm, it does not work to elect specific candidates. Still, various representatives from Clinton's speechwriting and policy teams regularly solicit the organization's input. Roosevelt in turn has redoubled its efforts not only on advancing the ideas in ''Rewriting the Rules'' but also in recruiting the personnel necessary to carry them out, in the form of a methodical effort to find suitable candidates for economic positions in a future presidential administration.

Rob Stein, the liberal operative whose establishment of the Democracy Alliance in 2005 did perhaps more than any other act to funnel new money and new ardor into progressive causes, told me: ''Like no other progressive institution, Roosevelt is bringing strategically relevant insight to the deeper structural problems of our economy.'' Part of the reason Wong and her team remain mostly unheralded is that they eschew power politics for the quieter work of developing networks to act on ideas. They thus do not see themselves as pushing or pulling or dragging the Democratic nominee to their position. They believe that this candidate, of all candidates, is unlikely to respond to public hectoring or ultimatums. The greatest incentive they can offer is a demonstration that Clinton may well already be the candidate that progressives -- and the electorate -- have been waiting for.

A displaced Californian, Wong lives with her family in Westchester but makes routine Amtrak face-work pilgrimages to Washington. She has thick, artfully unruly cataracts of black hair and moves with a long, darting, buoyant stride. In meetings, she spends much of her time profusely, sweetly and genuinely thanking people for their thoughtful recommendations of white papers she has already read, studies she has already digested, arguments she could recite by heart, academics she already funds or would like to, funders who already donate and, often, information or ideas she herself has originated. Men of bulk in loosened ties have a way of talking at her for hours and then lifting her best notions, as if accidentally choosing a nicer umbrella on the way out of a restaurant.

One cold, dreary spring day I accompanied her to the A.F.L.-C.I.O. building on 16th Street NW, a foreboding grid of polished beige stone with a lobby dominated by a hallucinogenic two-story marble mosaic. Wong often proceeds by indirection, and the obvious contrast of this first meeting -- between Big Labor's encumbrances and Roosevelt's dexterity -- made, in retrospect, a deliberate point.

Damon Silvers, the organization's policy director, greeted us in a cluttered low-floor office that looked as if it might belong to a law professor. He showed us seats at a wobbly round table and talked about wages and productivity and economic pain. ''There have been a few years over the last 30 with broad-based wage growth,'' he noted, ''but those are the outliers, the exceptions -- a few years under Reagan, some under Clinton, but stagnation has been the regime since 1980.'' He praised Roosevelt as the source of ''heavyweight economic thinking'' on this, and for ''upping the ante.''

Wong deflected the credit. ''Well, you've been saying this,'' she replied, ''and Elizabeth Warren says it, and Stiglitz has been saying it for 30 years, but now it's almost common knowledge.'' Wong was more concerned about how they planned to put that common knowledge into action before the looming convention.

''Despite President Obama's efforts, the rules of the economy continue to drive runaway inequality,'' Silvers went on. ''The power dynamics that were in place in 2008 are still in place now, and we don't have all the time in the world to fix this.''

This continued for a while, as Silvers relaxed into the comfortable contours of his analysis and Wong steered the visit toward what might actually be done. Eventually she was summoned to see the union's president, Richard Trumka, whose seigneurial berth looks down on the White House. Silvers directed me in the meantime to a vitrine of the fat blue bill-signing pens L.B.J. used to enact the Great Society -- food stamps, public broadcasting, urban mass transport, water quality, wholesome poultry products. ''If you want to see what structural change looks like,'' he told me, tapping on the glass, ''take a look at this.''

The progressive organizations in Wong's rotation take as a matter of course the idea that the Obama administration was a significant missed opportunity for transformation on that order. They do not entirely blame Obama. He had his legislative victories -- most importantly in the Affordable Care Act -- but one lesson they drew from his time in office was that liberals had long been overly fixated on legislative success. (Johnson had a Congress he could work with; Obama mostly did not, and the next president probably won't, either.) The right has set the agenda for the past 35 years because they built their economic movement deductively (from the first principle of the unregulated market) and took their victories where they could find them. The left, by comparison, tended to moralize, and spoke in the language of justice instead of growth. When they did talk about economics, it took the form of individual issues -- minimum wage, student debt, paid family and sick leave -- rather than overarching pronouncements. This muddle worsened during the Bush era, when urgent noneconomic concerns forced the left to privilege short-term electoral tactics over long-term strategy.

Roosevelt was designed to be a place, independent of the party establishment, to unite all of these factions under the banner of long-term, coherent economic thinking. Had such a movement existed in 2008, it might have seized on the financial crisis as an opportunity for structural economic reform. Obama's recovery model, to the group's lasting dismay, remained in thrall to old superstitions about growth. The goal of the bailout was to fix the existing financial system and get credit flowing back into the economy while keeping an eye on deficit spending. But today, though high-level macroeconomic numbers like monthly job growth or the headline unemployment rate have improved, almost half of the new jobs created in the first five years of the recovery were poverty-level. Repaired with a kludge, the system went right back to doing exactly what it did before: allowing the extraordinary concentration of power in the hands of the few to dominate the prospects of the many.

Roosevelt and its allies believe that the crisis could have been an occasion -- unseen since the New Deal -- for the diffusion of authority, large-scale infrastructural investment, attention to low-wage growth and relief for the plight of overextended homeowners rather than banks. But that opportunity passed by because, in the absence of a strong, organized countervailing force, responsibility for the bailout simply defaulted to the claque of Citigroup veterans and sympathizers that had administered Democratic economic policy for what was now a full generation. The critics didn't think that these ex-bankers were unscrupulous, but rather that they acted in accordance with the free-market orthodoxy they inherited from their predecessors.

With all this resentment of bankers, a news consumer might have thought the enthusiasm in this milieu -- that is, all the groups that resisted the legacy of deregulated, race-neutral, free-market bipartisanship -- would accrue to Bernie Sanders. But Sanders in fact came up only rarely in my conversations with them, usually in praise of the sincerity of his message. The common view of the Democratic contest was that Sanders did a great service in pushing Clinton to the left. Though in some senses this was clearly the case -- on the minimum wage and on college tuition -- there was an alternate interpretation. As Sanders gained traction, it seemed to Wong and her partners that Clinton had simply ceded to him the territory of aggressive financial reform. Sanders, in their view, hadn't so much pulled her to the left as pushed her to swivel.

The Roosevelt coalition agreed by and large with the direction of Sanders's economic program, but they regretted the crudeness of his exposition. They understood, for example, the appeal of a call to break up the banks but found greater sophistication in Clinton's proposals to regulate ''shadow banking.'' They wished his advisers had been more careful with the numbers. And the personal iconoclasm and moral purity of the Sanders campaign didn't lend themselves to governance. How, given the way Obama's ideals foundered on a kind of Washington default mode, did Sanders plan to staff an entire administration?

Wong and her allies spent a lot more time worrying about Donald Trump than they did valorizing Sanders. Their fear was, and is, that Clinton's response to Trump's faux populism, racism, xenophobia and misogyny -- that we needed to make America not ''great'' but ''whole'' again -- would crowd out everything she once said about corporations and inequality. Clinton's central economic metaphor, ''ladders of opportunity,'' promised access to the current system rather than a wholly different one. But Roosevelt has found that a message of ''leveling the playing field'' polls much better with voters of color and the white ***working class***. (Its recent follow-up to ''Rewriting the Rules,'' a paper about race by the fellows Dorian Warren and Andrea Flynn, acknowledges that the economic interests and political needs of the two constituencies may not always seem perfectly aligned.) The central preoccupation for Wong, and for Silvers and for Warren, was to demonstrate that it was the courageous thing, not the cautious one, that would capture the preponderance of the electorate.

It is common, in Washington, to view yourself as there by some celestial accident; Beltway insiders delight in a good sneering reference to Beltway insiders. But Wong really does seem like an improbable person to preside over a think tank. She grew up in Silicon Valley, studied poetry at Stanford, got a Ph.D. in political science at Berkeley, worked as a high-school teacher and then at a valley start-up and then happened into a job at the Democracy Alliance, a semi-secretive club of progressive donors. She can barely bring herself to utter the phrase ''think tank,'' much less ''policy shop.'' Late one evening in Washington, we walked by a thickset monolith that glowed with a cold marmoreal light, as if James Turrell had built a fortress for some paranoid ice king. The front read CSIS: the Center for Strategic and International Studies. Wong rolled her eyes, theatrically shuddered and tucked her runaway hair behind her ear. ''Now that's a think tank.''

On the left, there are lots of small organizations in Washington that publish granular research on specific economic trends. But the most significant liberal think tank in recent years has been the Center for American Progress, founded in 2003 by the former Bill Clinton chief of staff (and current Hillary Clinton campaign chair) John Podesta as his party's answer to the conservative Heritage Foundation. CAP has done a lot of innovative policy work, especially on universal preschool and health care, but it was always less of a research organization than a shadow government for an opposition in exile. When Obama was elected, roughly a third of CAP's staff went into his administration. CAP was founded in an era when few liberals were of the opinion that the system itself was broken: If you just found slightly better Democrats, elected them to office and put smarter policies in their hands, they believed, the country would return to the prosperity of the 1990s. Liberal Washington was not equipped, when the financial crisis broke, to tender a holistic analysis of what was ailing the economy. (Today, CAP's economic ideas are more in line with those of Roosevelt, and in 2015 it released a report on short-termism that anticipated part of ''Rewriting the Rules.'')

In 2009, a political scientist named Andrew Rich, known for writing about the ''war of ideas,'' was drafted to reinvent the Roosevelt Institute as a place for the radical thinking that postcrisis politics seemed to require. Roosevelt at the time was an ad hoc collection of spare progressive parts, including the upkeep of the F.D.R. Library in Hyde Park, N.Y. Rich believed that if you weren't in Washington, and you weren't beholden to the party apparatus, and if you got the right people -- people who were too idiosyncratic or rough-hewn for academia, or academics who wanted to be politically relevant but needed help with finding an audience for their work -- you could create a new kind of institution on a looser, livelier model.

At that moment of upheaval and administration dithering, financial reform was the new Roosevelt's obvious first priority. Rich brought on Stiglitz and Mike Konczal, whose pseudonymous financial-crisis blog had a cult following among progressives. In 2010, the organization held a conference that prominently featured Elizabeth Warren, then early in her career as a public figure. While Warren worked on the TARP oversight panel, she needed somewhere to park her aide-de-camp, Dan Geldon, to help draft the details of the Consumer Financial Protection Bureau that was being set up on the basis of her ideas. He served as a fellow, and he and Warren maintain close ties to Roosevelt. Warren insisted I come into her office, though she was late to a vote, so she could tell me how enormously enthusiastic she was about Roosevelt's work: ''It's a new voice in American political discourse. Their message is, We can do better than this! They're bringing fundamental optimism back to the center of American life.''

When Wong took over in 2012, she continued to recruit staff members and fellows who were at once nonaligned and well connected: to the A.F.T. and S.E.I.U., Demos, MoveOn, the Clintons. By January 2015, Wong had decided, along with her communications director, Marcus Mrowka, and her vice president of research and policy, Nell Abernathy, to prepare for the coming election by creating a full-dress economic agenda that would be there for the candidates' taking. ''Rewriting the Rules'' got funding from the Ford Foundation, whose decision last year to refocus around the issue of inequality was influenced by Roosevelt, and whose president, Darren Walker, effused to me about Wong as an ''incandescent leader'' for the progressive movement. While written by Stiglitz, the paper was worked out in consultation with labor officials, academics, congressional staff members and -- unusually for a think tank -- advocates from places like Color of Change, Naral and the Black Civic Engagement Fund.

The report lays out a stark narrative about the American economy as it exists today. Inequality, it maintains, is a function not of economic laws but of the preferences awarded to the powerful to extract rents -- to exploit people who have little choice -- especially on necessary goods like housing and health care. This may have been old wine, but it was poured into new bottles; economists after Keynes lost the habit of talking about power, and Roosevelt stressed that this vision was about the way that power and prejudice created not only distorted markets but also nonfunctional ones. The economy has stalled because too much wealth is being generated in nonproductive activity, hoarded to preserve for the rich all the things government no longer provides. The long-run situation, as Wong put it to me once, is America as ''a fear-catalyzed gated community for a privileged few, and a violent, racially hostile, 'Lord of the Flies' race to the bottom for the rest of us.''

''Rewriting the Rules'' then moves on to 37 policy recommendations. Some seek to reduce concentrated power via changes to the tax code, financial reform and labor-market interventions: enacting financial-transaction taxes; taxing corporations on global income; strengthening the right to collective bargaining; and rewriting laws -- on intellectual-property rights, lending practices, health care -- that present unfair opportunities for monopoly profits. There is a parallel pocketbook agenda: a Fed policy of full employment, via low interest rates and access to credit markets, rather than one designed to control inflation; higher living wages; gender and racial equality in pay; affordable child care. Last is infrastructure: public spending for public goods, and not just roads and bridges but also broadband, high-speed rail, smart grid, green buildings -- and especially investments in schools and housing that might end racial segregation. All three categories rest in part on public options. The role of an activist government, as Roosevelt sees it, is not to monopolize any given service, on a command-economy model, but to exist as a permanently nonextortionate market player. The report calls for a postal bank, which would expand access to banking services to the underserved; a public option for mortgages; Medicare open to all; and an expansion of Social Security via voluntary public investment accounts modeled on I.R.A.s.

From a budgetary perspective, at least, the report takes care to present its recommendations as feasible and responsible, imagining that all of those public options (for example) would be run as break-even enterprises. ''Rewriting the Rules'' does call for an increase in top individual marginal tax rates to perhaps 45 percent, a substantial increase by today's Republican standards but well in line with contemporary Europe or 20th-century America. What was novel was that, unlike the usual centrist Democrat call for more job training and an expansion of the earned-income tax credit, this was not about tinkering with the old tax-and-transfer liberalism but about changing the fundamental structure of the economy. Their demands were vaulting, but they held that an agenda offering freedom from exploitation (rather than freedom from regulation), and insisting that greater fairness would benefit everyone, would resonate with all Americans.

Joseph Stiglitz is a short, oracular man with gray hair and gray stubble trimmed to equal length, which gives his head the round softness of a late-stage dandelion. His minimal-cognitive-load uniform is a blue sportcoat, an open-necked blue dress shirt and roomy gray trousers over thick-soled black sneakers; I saw him wear this unvarying attire to work in his vast personal complex at Columbia University, meetings at the Ford Foundation, a public Roosevelt colloquy with the Black Lives Matter activist Alicia Garza and Hill briefings. His clothes, along with his trundling gait, give him the appearance of a curmudgeonly but twinkle-eyed shtetl tailor, come to dispense wisdom about structures of international trade-dispute arbitration as he fits the bar mitzvah boy for a suit. He has a dry wit but seems not entirely sure when jokes have been received as such, and so, as if someone once told him that he should soften his fearsome intellect by smiling more, he punctuates his speech with a randomized distribution of grins.

Everywhere it has been pointed out that this election feels like a prolonged rehash of 1990s enmities. Wong has a Faulknerian view: ''It's not just the same fights,'' she told me, ''but the exact same people.'' The story goes that there were two distinct factions in the Clinton White House: the free-market, centrist, ''neoliberal'' wing that we now associate with such figures as Larry Summers and Robert Rubin and such institutions as the Democratic Leadership Council; and then people like Stiglitz -- who was head of the Council of Economic Advisers for two years -- and Robert Reich. The Summers/Rubin wing largely prevailed. An approach to crime and poverty was engineered to win back Reagan Democrats so they could pass a deregulatory program that would appeal to emerging managerial wealth. The party's Rubinite/Citigroup lineage extended through Rubin's protégé Michael Froman, who as part of Obama's transition team helped usher Tim Geithner into the Treasury Department. It was this legacy that had, throughout the primaries, prevented so many people from taking the former first lady -- especially as she tied herself to Obama's tenure -- as a credible voice for the economic reforms of ''Rewriting the Rules.''

This Manichaean story is a vast oversimplification for a variety of reasons, but it did inform the way many voters, especially on the left, viewed the primaries. The fight between Clinton and Sanders often seemed like a choice between a repudiation of the long 1990s entirely (Robert Reich has been an outspoken Sanders supporter) or an avowal that this time the party will choose the vision of Stiglitz. The obvious mystery then becomes: Where does Hillary Clinton herself stand? The problem is not that there's no answer, Wong and Stiglitz think, but that it's a badly phrased question. To pretend the battles are the same as they were in 1994 ignores the fact that the economic realities have changed, economic thinking has changed, the party has changed and -- perhaps more than anything -- the electorate has changed.

On the left, Stiglitz -- with his resignation in protest from the World Bank, in 2000; the 2002 publication of the bridge-burning anti-neoliberalism classic ''Globalization and Its Discontents''; and the 2011 publication, in Vanity Fair, of an article titled ''Of the 1 Percent, By the 1 Percent, For the 1 Percent'' -- is viewed, like Sanders, to have landed consistently on the right side of history. But even he believes that there's little profit in trying to evaluate the decisions of the 1990s by contemporary standards. As he put it to me, ''What the D.L.C. was about, to some extent, was the fact that the fall of the Iron Curtain had given a false euphoria to the market economy. We thought we had won. But, in reality, we hadn't won; they had failed. And we read into their collapse the wrong thing.''

Now, though, there's no excuse. ''Between 1990 and 2015 we've had the financial crisis, growth of inequality to unbounded levels, slow growth over all for a third of a century,'' Stiglitz said. ''We've had a third of a century as an experiment, and if you don't see the results of that experiment now, that's willful neglect.''

Wong was a White House fellow in the Clinton administration in 1998 and had her own objections to the positions of that White House, though for her at the time it had more to do with a policy of race neutrality than with neoliberalism. (She helped write an 800-page book, in the voice of the president, about racial healing; it was spiked in part because it didn't hew to the administration's official line.) For Wong, too, this election has proved not that the disputes of the 1990s must be fought anew but that they have already been won, decisively and across the board. They have been won on the data, now that we have another two decades of it. And they have been won on the demographics, as the millennial generation -- boisterously represented at Roosevelt by a large collegiate network and, in their office, by a young former U.C.L.A. activist named Joelle Gamble -- has never known anything but market precarity.

One way that Clinton could signal that she really is serious about the remediation of inequality is through the decisions made by her transition team on personnel. In July, The Boston Globe reported that Roosevelt had been leading a campaign to help staff the economic-policy positions in future presidential administrations. The Clinton campaign appeared to be lagging in this regard behind Trump, who had long before named Chris Christie transition chairman. It seemed to Wong that appointments -- especially as a proxy for the candidate's relationship with Wall Street -- were being taken as a matter of considerable seriousness, and, she told me, ''everyone is watching.''

Since the 1970s, movement conservatism has consistently outperformed progressives in laying a talent conduit. Heritage identifies young candidates and grooms them for a smooth climb through the system; adjacent to its headquarters is a library-dorm for its interns, replete with piles of free Hayek. One of Roosevelt's youngest fellows, the legal scholar K. Sabeel Rahman, likes to point out that Department of Justice regulators, drawn from conservative legal and economic circles and influenced by the ideas of Robert Bork, essentially rewrote the federal guidelines for mergers and acquisitions and thereby weakened the government's power to make antitrust cases.

Roosevelt's project, likewise, is about finding people with the economic, legal and regulatory experience to change the country's balance of power. Wong and her staff have been clear that what they are compiling is nothing so simple as a list. It is, rather, a process by which qualified candidates from all 50 states might be matched to possible jobs. This goes for top positions, like cabinet secretaries or the heads of agencies, but also down to the deputy under secretaries and staff members, whom they could introduce to the system. The people who hold these jobs now are probably lucky if their own relatives know their titles, but theirs are positions with real leverage, especially collectively: the Treasury's Domestic Finance Department's chief homeownership preservation officer; HUD's Office of Housing's deputy assistant secretary for risk management and regulatory affairs; the Department of Justice's deputy assistant attorney general for economics. It's important to look at these jobs in aggregate because centers of power in Washington are not fixed: A position, like the chief of staff of the O.M.B., that is relatively weak when filled by one candidate might, occupied by someone else, represent a key node.

The team had a few different sources for leads: securities and banking regulators at the state and local levels; the offices of the state attorneys general, especially assistants in the departments of consumer protection, education and welfare; academics in law, economics and business; and other think tanks and policy institutes. ''Where,'' they would ask a local banking regulator or assistant city manager in Seattle or San Antonio or St. Paul, ''do you think you'd want to be in five or 10 years?'' The ideal candidates have experience taking (or advocating for) regulatory action, and would thus know how to use the varied, extensive antitrust powers that individual agencies like the D.O.J. and the Federal Trade Commission already possess. Many of the prescriptions advanced by ''Rewriting the Rules'' would require a congressional majority to make them real; the appointments project, by contrast, would help circumvent the congressional standstill on many issues where authority already resides in the executive branch.

Wong thinks it's no longer accurate to even think of these issues in terms of left versus right. Instead, she holds, real political realignment means a long-term cultural change in the perception of government and its relationship to consolidated power. Wong has been resolute in refusing to draw a bright line, as some progressives would, to rule out bankers, in part because banks are only one element in the pattern. If most people have a hard time understanding or worrying about the concept of ''financialization,'' they have a much easier time recognizing -- as Elizabeth Warren put it in a speech at the New America Foundation last month -- that four airlines control 80 percent of American airline seats, three chains own 99 percent of drugstores and four companies sell 85 percent of the beef.

This appointments project is fundamentally about control, but its success lies beyond any one institution's ability -- even an institution working on behalf of and in concert with a lot of other parties -- to determine. The work could see wholesale adoption in the weeks after the convention: Allies of Elizabeth Warren, Politico recently reported, ensured that a commitment to personnel who were ''not beholden to the industries that they regulate'' would be enshrined in the party's platform. The project could place a few people in a scattershot way. Or, of course, it could be shelved entirely in favor of the familiar circuit of routine placement, and whoever lands the economic portfolio for the winning transition team will act, as usual, at his or her own personal discretion.

In June 2016, a little more than a year after the Roosevelt Island speech, Clinton gave her first major economic address as the presumed nominee, in Raleigh. She called for wage increases through stronger unions; portable benefits; an expansion of Social Security; the closing of the carried-interest loophole and an exit tax for corporate inversions; and policies to address the racial employment and racial wealth gaps. Most important for everyone at Roosevelt, she said that she planned an administration that would ''rewrite the rules so more companies share profits with their employees and fewer ship profits and jobs overseas.'' She used their phrase twice, and then used it again a few days later, at her first joint campaign appearance with Warren.

The next day, I went to see Wong in her office. She did not want to seem naïve, but she was optimistic. ''All of my optimism now is based on all of the evidence -- on all the polling, on all the people, on what the candidate herself has said. Hillary laid down a marker on Wall Street with her Roosevelt Island speech last year. We thought at the time, She'll move away from this, and she did. But it was there for her to go back to. And I think that's been vindicated in the last 48 hours.''

Wong and I walked out into the blinding late-spring sun, and she put on her mirrored aviators. The famously infirm Citigroup Center, which had been built on feeble stilts reinforced in secret under cover of night, was reflected in them. ''My optimism wasn't dumb. It wasn't just based on the academic views on the trickle-down experiment. Yesterday's speech was a great indicator. She hit every marker. I could go through every policy in that speech and tell you which constituency it was written for.'' After running down into the subway, Wong -- who can't write a one-paragraph email without somehow mentioning eight books and 27 people -- promptly emailed me an entire roster of the Clinton intimates who favored real reform, including Heather Boushey of the Washington Center for Equitable Growth; Maya Harris, one of Clinton's senior policy advisers; and Gary Gensler, the campaign's chief financial officer.

Not all of Wong's allies take as rosy an outlook as she does. David Rolf, president of S.E.I.U. 775 told me, ''I'm not optimistic enough to think that we're out of those woods yet. The Democratic Party, its leaders and its infrastructure, is very much of two minds about economics. The progressives have gained a lot of ground, but to think that the trickle-down elements of the party are gone?'' At Roosevelt's board meeting a few weeks ago, the Center for Popular Democracy's Marbre Stahly-Butts, an architect of the Black Lives Matter policy platform, worried that the evolving platform of the Democratic convention seemed -- on matters of mass incarceration and policing in particular -- to be anemically centrist.

To Wong, though, much of the hand-wringing about Clinton is beside the point. People like to kibitz on the subject of who a politician ''really'' is, to claim that some votes or statements or gaffes or alliances are deeply revealing and others merely accidents, frivolities or improvisatory performances. We isolate and label a politician's essence in the hope we might predict with certainty how she'll behave in the future. But in Wong's view, the question of who a politician is -- and above all who this particular presidential candidate is -- is irrelevant. Her strategy is to proceed in public as if the candidate is certain to rise to the occasion.

A few days after the speech, Wong wrote me an email at 6 a.m. on a Sunday, her favorite time to think. ''For the 40 years that she has been in the public eye,'' she wrote, ''Hillary Clinton has been the subject of constant political analysis, armchair psychoanalysis, horrible rumor verging on slander -- and also adoration, especially from a number of women around her age who want to see her not just as a role model but a heroine.'' She continued: ''The good news for those of us arguing strenuously for the wisdom of structural economic and political reform: Whether Hillary 'really believes in the cause' or not does not matter. This surfeit of attention leaves out a bunch of other politically relevant factors beyond what is 'true' about Hillary internally.''

''After all,'' Wong said to me more than once, ''she is unknowable. Nobody can know her. I certainly can't know her. All I can go by is what is on the public record, and who she's got around her. I'm sure I'll be disappointed again. Over the next few months, we'll all be disappointed again. But I'm only optimistic because there's evidence for me to be that way.''

Sign up for our newsletter to get the best of The New York Times Magazine delivered to your inbox every week.

[*http://www.nytimes.com/2016/07/24/magazine/could-hillary-clinton-become-the-champion-of-the-99-percent.html*](http://www.nytimes.com/2016/07/24/magazine/could-hillary-clinton-become-the-champion-of-the-99-percent.html)

**Graphic**

PHOTO: Felicia Wong, president and C.E.O. of the Roosevelt Institute. (PHOTOGRAPH BY CHRISTAAN FELBER FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (MM33) DRAWING (DRAWING BY PABLO DELCAN) (MM30-MM31)

**Load-Date:** August 7, 2016

**End of Document**



[***FRUGAL TRAVELER;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3TY6-5X00-007F-G2G8-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Tokyo, Folksy and Affordable***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3TY6-5X00-007F-G2G8-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 25, 1998, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1998 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Travel Desk

**Section:** Section 5; ; Section 5; Page 6; Column 1; Travel Desk ; Column 1;

**Length:** 2797 words

**Byline:** By DAISANN McLANE

By DAISANN McLANE

**Body**

TOKYO, a city infamous for its $15 cups of coffee and $200 cab rides from the airport, has been sitting on the back burner of my travel list for many years. I'd visited there on business in 1979, and the city had intrigued, baffled and stimulated me. Zen gardens, pachinko parlors, temples, gadgets, sumo matches, Hello Kitty -- Tokyo's quirky urban weirdness appealed to my New York sensibility. But vivid memories of the outrageous costs of my trip made me too anxious to think of attempting Tokyo without an expense account.

But when the Japanese yen dropped to around 140 to the dollar a few months ago (it rebounded to around 133 when I left on Sept. 24 and had risen more than 10 percent by early last week), I figured it was a good moment to return. Coincidentally, the very morning in August that I began scanning the Internet, Japan Airlines announced a sale on its home page: a round-trip economy ticket from New York to Tokyo for $675.

Wondering what the catch was, I phoned and found that there wasn't any and that I could get seats for travel dates in late September to early October if I got to JAL's office and paid for my ticket within 24 hours. With tax, and an extra $25 charge for a Friday departure, it came to $740 -- less than my fare in 1979!

There were more surprises in store, but the best one was this: I spent several perfect September days in Tokyo -- wandering the back streets of old neighborhoods, slurping noodles and sake elbow to elbow with fans glued to the afternoon TV sumo matches, poking into neighborhood museums -- and when I toted up my expenses, I'd spent as little as $60 and no more than $89 a day on meals and accommodations.

Favorable exchange rates have made Tokyo more affordable and accessible to Americans, but they aren't the only thing that has transformed the city from daunting to delightful. I can still remember my frustration in 1979 as I stumbled like a helpless 4-year-old through Tokyo's bewildering streetscape of signs and symbols, all in kanji, katakana and hiragana, the complex triad of Japanese writing systems. While I still find Tokyo confusing, it has become a puzzle that's easier to solve. There is much more English in Tokyo now -- it is there as a side dish rather than a main course, but the little bit of Roman script that dots public transportation maps, buildings, packages and menus is enough to steer non-Japanese readers in the right direction. And thanks to globalization more Japanese speak excellent English (while most American urbanites, at least, are fluent in sushi).

With only a few phrases of travelers' Japanese and my sushi vocabulary, I navigated through Tokyo's excellent subway system, sampled unfamiliar restaurants, bathed in a traditional Japanese public bath, and even found my way out to an outlying suburb for a shiatsu massage from a master practitioner. It was not difficult. In fact, to my amazement, I discovered Japan to be one of the easiest foreign travel experiences I've had recently.

One of the biggest boons, from a budget traveler's perspective, is that Japan's network of inexpensive small hotels, inns and bed-and-breakfasts, once reserved for Japanese or Japanese-speakers, has become user-friendly for foreigners. Indeed, arranging my accommodations in Tokyo was so problem free that I kept waiting for a disaster or misunderstanding.

I began my planning with a visit to the Japanese National Tourist Office in New York, where a staff member spent 20 minutes with me discussing my itinerary, then proceeded to fill up a shopping bag's worth of brochures, maps, discount coupons, railway timetables and -- most important -- a guide to an independent association of English-speaking ryokan and small hotels, the Japanese Inn Group. This group offered basic rooms, mainly with shared toilets and bathrooms (in Japan, baths and toilets have traditionally been separate rooms). The price for a single at one of the group's ryokan in Tokyo ranged from around $35 to $57, with the higher priced places offering private toilets and/or baths.

These prices put Tokyo well within my range, so I started comparing the descriptions of the ryokan (also available on the tourist office's Web site, [*www.jnto.go.jp*](http://www.jnto.go.jp)) with those in independent guidebooks, and reading up on the different neighborhoods they were in. Finally, in early September, I'd made my choice of two ryokan at slightly different price levels.

The first, Ryokan Sawanoya, offered a Japanese-style room with a futon, tatami mats and shared bath, for $37 including tax. The price was attractive, and so was the location, Yanaka, an old Tokyo district close to the Ueno terminal, where Keisai Railway runs trains to and from Narita Airport for about $7.50 each way.

The other, Ryokan Asakusa Shigetsu, was in the middle of Asakusa, another interesting old Tokyo neighborhood of temples, markets and public baths. It was a bit more up-market than Sawanoya -- it had Western and Japanese-style rooms with private bath for $57, and a restaurant that offered breakfasts ($9) and dinners ($18 to $25).

Using the reservation form included the Japanese Inn Group pamphlet, I faxed my requests, in English, to both. In the morning, two confirmations were sitting in my fax tray.

Although I'm accustomed to living in cramped New York apartments, I had an attack of claustrophobia when entering my single room at the Sawanoya. A fluffy futon covered with a Japanese comforter took up most of the clean 6- by-7-foot space; the remainder was a small recessed area with a television set, phone, floor cushion and low table set with a hot water pitcher, china cups and a canister of green tea.

As I settled in, however, the room began to feel more cozy than cluttered. Sliding shoji screens along one wall provided a double-door buffer with which I could close out noise from the hallway. There was a window and air-conditioner on the other wall.

I didn't mind that the toilet (for women only, with both a Western toilet and a Japanese-style squat one) was in the hall, since my third-floor room was directly across from it. And I enjoyed the ritual of the evening Japanese bath, where you enter, undress, scrub yourself down with soap and water while sitting on a stool in front of a low spigot, rinse off, then jump in a deep hot tub (Sawanoya's tubs, while used by all the guests, were private -- only one person could use it at a time. And, perhaps as a concession to foreigners, the baths had hand-held shower fixtures and were open in the mornings for showers.) Between the hot tub soaks and the fluffy futon, my jet lag evaporated in 24 hours.

Sawa-san, a charismatic man in his 50's, was both Sawanoya's proprietor and its lead character: dressed in a kimono and with a cockatoo perched on his shoulder, he simultaneously tended to phone reservations while laughing and joking with guests in English and Japanese. He grew up in, and is a major booster of this neighborhood, Yanaka, a warren of streets and old-fashioned shops that has an urban character of Dickensian richness.

Yanaka, along with the nearby neighborhoods of Nezu and Sendagi in the Ueno district, is considered by Tokyoites to be one of the last strongholds of Tokyo's salt-of-the-earth downtown spirit, or shitamachi -- a spirit that I understood as roughly akin to the way New Yorkers feel about Brooklyn. At check-in, Sawa-san gives guests a exuberant, hand-drawn map entitled "Let's Find Out the Japanese Life" -- his idiosyncratic guide to Yanaka, which lists such local must-sees as the tatami weaver's shop, the rice cracker and tofu factories, the fancy paper store and the tea merchant.

His map, along with the Yanaka chapter of an excellent small book of walking tours, "Little Adventures in Tokyo," by Rick Kennedy, an American expatriate, was invaluable. It led me effortlessly into something that often takes weeks of travel time to find: the daily life of a neighborhood.

I spent an entire rainy day roaming Yanaka. I peeped into the tofu factory, bought a rice-and-seaweed cracker freshly toasted over hot coals (75 cents), and clapped my hands to wake up the gods at a half dozen Shinto and Buddhist shrines crowded into the cramped blocks of this neighborhood. Turning into the largest of them, the Nezu, I happened upon a Shinto wedding, and stayed to watch the ceremony.

It was a solemn affair; the families were dressed in black suits and gray dresses, the bride regal in a kimono of heavy ivory brocaded satin. The priest's' prayers were murmured over the tinkle of canned Japanese traditional music, and, three times, the participants ceremonially sipped sake from lacquered cups. Then, suddenly, the priest made a discreet signal, moved to one side and the scene erupted in a dazzle of flashbulbs as excited family members moved into position for that all-important wedding shot.

The pelting rain only added to the atmosphere of Yanaka's old Buddhist cemetery, where funerary staffs sprouted and burning incense thickened the damp, heavy air. I continued down streets of two-story wooden houses, every one fronted by lovely homespun container gardens bursting with ferns, petunias, palms and impatiens. I bought a packet of green tea ($4) and a porcelain tea canister ($12) at an elegant shop where I was greeted with a cup of tea by the kimono-clad sales clerk. I paid a visit to the Asakura Choso Museum, the exquisitely appointed former home of a master Japanese sculptor of the 1920's.

I meandered on, in a dreamy state, until finally hunger brought me down to earth. Yanaka has plenty of inexpensive corner yakitori shops, noodle shops and mom-and-pop restaurants. As is the custom in Japan, they all display plastic replicas of their daily specials in window cases outside. The menus, for the most part, are only in Japanese, but pointing works.

I chose Yaegaki, a restaurant on the corner near the ryokan, and ordered cold soba noodles and nori seaweed strips with a soy sauce. With an Asahi beer, the tab came to $7.50 -- about average for the ***working-class*** places in Yanaka where I took most of my meals.

I got used to the tatami way of living at Sawanoya, so when I moved into my Western style single at Ryokan Shigetsu (the Japanese rooms had all been booked), in the nearby district of Asakusa, sleeping in a bed gave me a bit of reverse culture shock. My spotless, recently renovated room was about nine feet long, and narrow enough that I could reach out and touch each wall. Two windows at one corner looked out onto an airshaft. It had a single bed, refrigerator, television and desk attached to the wall, and it felt so much like a ship's compartment I kept waiting for the roll.

The Shigetsu staff was friendly and helpful, but formal and professional rather than homey -- there was nary a cockatoo in sight. But I did have my own, nifty compact bathroom with tiny tub and shower -- I ruefully realized I'd missed that. And Shigetsu's Japanese hot tub, in a rooftop room, was built of cedar; guests use it one at a time and when I jumped in at the end of my long days, I imagined I was in a miniature spa.

Just a few blocks away was the Senso-ji shrine, one of Tokyo's most important, with its enormous five-tiered pagoda. Dedicated to the Buddhist goddess Kannon, the shrine attracts a nonstop flow of tourists, worshippers, schoolchildren and street characters -- like the old man who lulls pigeons to sleep by stroking their necks as spectators snap away.

The street leading away from the temple was a busy arcade of shops selling everything from shoes to crackers to fancy silk kimonos. The carnival air was very different from the relaxed, homey atmosphere of Yanaka -- until the 40s, Asakusa, especially the Rokku section, had been the center of Tokyo's entertainment and "pleasure" district. Yet, exploring a bit outside Asakusa's touristy kitsch, I found interesting, low-cost delights were everywere. I spent a whole morning rummaging through the profusion of exotic shiny cooking gadgets, plastic food displays, pottery and assorted Japanese kitchen equipment in the restaurant supply shops on nearby Kappabashi Street.

In the course of my two ryokan stays, I learned that there are drawbacks. My biggest complaint is that most ryokan ask guests to vacate their rooms between 10 A.M. and 3 P.M. so the rooms can be cleaned (though at some, like Sawayona, guests can ask that they not do so). I found it uncomfortable to be without a home base from which to rest between bouts of sightseeing, particularly since it rained for five days straight.

The other problem is that many ryokan do not have a night desk clerk. Instead, they lock the front door at 11 P.M., and if you don't make curfew, you could be out of luck (Sawanoya will arrange to lend you a key if you ask beforehand). This could complicate the logistics of late-night activities.

Still, I found that the benefits of staying in a small, traditional hotel far outweighed these inconveniences. Sprawling, chaotic Tokyo is best absorbed neighborhood by neighborhood. Would I have ever noticed the old Tokyo charm of Yanaka's shitamachi if I hadn't stayed at Sawanoya? I doubt it. Could I have explored my own shitamachi in New York at the bargain basement Tokyo price of under $90 a day? Fuhgedaboudit.

The bottom line for shitamachi

Getting There

When I went to Tokyo, the yen was trading at about 133 to the dollar, but since my trip, the yen has rebounded strongly to well under 120, so prices have risen from what I paid.

I spent $740 in August for a round-trip economy class ticket on Japan Airlines, (800) 525-3663. From Narita Airport, the Keisei Skyliner train runs about every 20 minutes to Ueno Station, about a mile from the Yanaka district, and costs around $14.50 for the 51-minute trip. Only 20 minutes and reclining individual seats distinguish it from the Keisei Limited Express, which makes the same trip in 71 minutes, and cost me $7.50. Keisei ticket counters are in Terminals A and B of the airport.

Taxis in Tokyo are expensive. A cab from Ueno Station to Ryokan Sawanoya, about a mile, cost me $5.

Once in the Yanaka and Asakura districts, I averaged about $75 a day for food and lodging.

The Japanese National Tourist Organization was very helpful, providing free advice, maps and brochures. In New York, J.N.T.O. is at 1 Rockefeller Plaza, Suite 1250, New York, N.Y. 10020; (212) 757 5640. Its Web site is [*www.jnto.go.jp*](http://www.jnto.go.jp).

I picked up a copy of Rick Kennedy's "Little Adventures in Tokyo" ($12.95, Stone Bridge Press) at a Barnes & Noble in Brooklyn before leaving and it provided many delightful and offbeat suggestions.

Where to Stay

Both ryokan I stayed in are are often booked up as much as two months in advance.

My Japanese-style room without bath at the Ryokan Sawanoya, 2-3-11 Yanaka, Taito-ku, Tokyo 110, was tiny, but tidy and functional, and cost $37 a night, including tax; phone (81-3) 3822-2251, fax (81-3) 3822-2252.

Ryokan Asakusa Shigetsu, 1-3-11 Asakusa, Taito-ku, Tokyo, was recently renovated, and has both Japanese- and Western-style rooms on six floors near the bustle of Tokyo's most visited shrine. My Western single had its own toilet, shower and tub, a single bed, a built-in desk/refrigerator and a television. It cost $55 a night, including tax; (81-3) 3843-2345, fax (81-3) 3843-2348.

Where to Eat

Both Yanaka and Asakusa have a profusion of inexpensive restaurants. Two are Kameya, 2-18-2 Bunkyo-ku, Nezu, (81-3) 3821-0861, and Yaegaki, corner of Shinobazu street by the turnoff for Nezu shrine, (81-3) 3821-8997, where I got decent, if not spectacular, meals of noodles, fried fish or yakitori for $8 to $12.

What to Do

I adored the Kamekichi Tea Shop on Yanaka Ginza in Yanaka, (81-3) 3823-0015), which sells hundreds of varieties of Japanese green tea, or ocha, from the everyday to the rarest leaves. They also sell tea accessories and pots, and discount purchases 10 percent on the 1st and 15th of every month. Open 10 A.M. to 7:30 P.M.

Asakura Choso Museum, 7-18-10 Yanaka, Taito-ku, Tokyo, (81-3) 3821-4549, is the former house and studio of Fumio Asakura, a prominent 20th-century sculptor. It has examples of his work, and is built around an evocative meditation garden. Admission: about $2.25, $1.10. Hours: 9:30 A.M. to 4:30 P.M. Closed Monday and Friday and Dec. 29 to Jan. 5.

The Shitamachi Museum, Ueno Park, Taito-Ku, (81-3) 3823-7451, is an interesting place to visit after one has prowled through the present day shitamachi of Yanaka. Downstairs, it has copies of city shops, circa 1920, and upstairs is a fascinating collection of ephemera from Tokyo's prewar period through the 1950's, including magazines, household goods, and a ***working-class*** living room from the 50's. The museum is open daily except Monday 9:30 A.M. to 4:30 P.M. and admission was about $1.50. It will close from Dec. 29 to Jan. 4.   DAISANN McLANE

**Graphic**

Photos: Ultra Man statue in the Rokku section of Asakusa, once Tokyo's entertainment district. The author's rooms at two ryokan: the Sawanoya (top) and the Asakusa Shigetsu. Senso-ji, in Asakusa district, is one of Tokyo's most important Buddhist shrines. Kitchenware for sale on Kappabashi Street. (Photographs by Daisann McLane)(pg. 6); Women's clothing from the 1920's at Shitamachi Museum. (Daisann McLane)(pg. 18)

**Load-Date:** October 25, 1998

**End of Document**



[***In Mexico, a Kidnapping Ignored***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:556M-25W1-DXY4-X1KR-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 18, 2012 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2012 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Column 0; Foreign Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 2519 words

**Byline:** By DAMIEN CAVE

**Body**

MATAMOROS, Mexico -- They have spotted their stolen vehicles at stoplights, driven by the same gunmen who used them to take their entire family captive last July. They have reported the brazen abduction to every branch of Mexican law enforcement, only to be ignored, or directed someplace else.

For the women of the Cazares family who were kidnapped with their families for ransom -- and who are still searching for five missing relatives -- the official response to their horrific ordeal has been even more excruciating than the crime itself. Even now, they say, after months of trying to goad the Mexican authorities into action, they still see criminals they recognize living large here in this border city, as untouchable as kings.

''We're completely impotent,'' said Zynthia Cazares, 30, an American citizen who was among those abducted and whose husband, brother and father are still missing. ''No one will help us.''

Six years into a mostly military assault on drug cartels, impunity across much of Mexico has worsened, and justice is harder to find. Criminals in Mexico are less likely to be punished now than even just a few years ago, say current and former government officials and experts who have studied Mexico's ailing judiciary, because the authorities have been overwhelmed by increases in violent crime while corruption, fear and incompetence have continued to keep the justice system weak.

Many areas now veer toward lawlessness: in 14 of Mexico's 31 states, the chance of a crime's leading to trial and sentencing was less than 1 percent in 2010, according to government figures analyzed by a Mexican research institute known as Cidac. And since then, experts say, attempts at reform have stalled as crime and impunity have become cozy partners.

''Crime goes up, diminishing the likelihood of punishment, which causes crime to rise again,'' said Alejandro Hope, a former senior intelligence officer for Mexico. ''And so we go.''

Kidnappings in particular are fueled by this dynamic. Reported abductions have jumped by more than 300 percent since 2005 -- to levels on par with Mexico's kidnapping wave in the late 1990s -- in part, experts say, because criminal gangs have become better organized and freer to commit crimes without being punished.

Some Mexican officials counter that the kidnappings illustrate the desperation that criminal groups find themselves in after years of battling the government. These officials argue that the training programs and increased coordination among the authorities have strengthened the system. But researchers say that kidnappings, which require teams of captors, safe houses and a degree of territorial control, flourish when the state is particularly feeble. Studies also show that kidnappings destroy a city's sense of security and its economy even more than murders do.

The Cazares case is a telling example: 18 family members were taken from three homes in Matamoros over a few hours on the morning of July 9. Their houses and offices are now shuttered, stripped nearly bare by thieves.

Their barbarous calamity has been pieced together through interviews with a half dozen relatives, personal notes, and correspondence with Mexican and American authorities.

Even with some details and names left out for security reasons, the Cazares case shows how border towns like Matamoros -- across from Brownsville, Tex., and with a population of 490,000 -- run according to rules defined less by government than by gangs that exhibit both sophistication and the heedlessness born of committing crimes in a void, when the chances of getting caught can barely be measured.

The case also shows how various levels of the Mexican government pay lip service to helping crime victims, without doing much else.

Even for families with wealth and connections -- the Cazareses' ranks include government contractors and engineers with decades of government service -- Mexican law enforcement is virtually useless.

''It's unacceptable,'' said one of the women of the Cazares family, explaining why her family has chosen to speak out. ''This has to end.''

The Kidnapping

It was not yet 5 a.m. when the gunmen -- at least eight of them, many with the high voices of youth -- suddenly appeared, first in the living room and then the bedrooms, wearing fatigues and black masks.

Their white sneakers suggested they were not the authorities, but they moved quickly as if they had done this before. They rounded everyone up, blindfolding all but a 9-year-old boy and a girl who turned 11 that day. They asked the family patriarch to open the safe, then the gunmen pushed everyone -- including Rodolfo Cazares, 36, a symphony conductor visiting from Germany, and his French wife, Ludivine -- into the family's vehicles.

The women ended up in the back of a Chevy Suburban, covered with a sheet. ''We couldn't believe it,'' said Mrs. Cazares, Rodolfo's wife. ''We were afraid, but we were always hopeful that nothing bad would happen.''

By 7 a.m., the kidnappers had reached the second home. ''Open the door,'' they demanded, guns in hand, as they stood a half block from a private guard booth for the neighborhood. ''We have your brother.''

They collected four more relatives. There was a slight snag in their plan -- a son had escaped, sprinting to the third Cazares home a few blocks away. But in his haste he must have left the door open because minutes later, the kidnappers barged in there, too.

The fatigues they wore over their clothes were gone. A tall man in jeans with the scent of alcohol directed the family from room to room, holding a pistol to the neck of his guide as he assessed what to steal.

The Cazares men -- three middle-aged brothers, one of their sons and a son-in-law -- were kept together. The women and three children, along with an 84-year-old grandfather, found themselves stuck in other vehicles for most of the first day. Their captors drove them around the city for hours.

It was clear that they were not worried about getting caught. They stopped for gas (without paying, the family said) and in their conversations over portable radios, the men talked mainly about avoiding their rivals, the Zetas, a ruthless crime syndicate. The police rarely came up, and no one intervened -- not neighbors who saw the abduction, nor strangers who saw the Cazares women, in their pajamas and shoeless, being moved into a different car on a busy street around midday.

At one point, the women did hear helicopters overhead. ''We hoped they were coming for us,'' said one of the women.

But then the sound faded.

Around nightfall, the kidnappers drove the women to a house where at least 20 men were drinking and smoking marijuana. Gunfire broke out. Some of the blindfolded women were suddenly shoved into another SUV, where -- feeling with their hands -- they discovered they were sitting next to a dead body.

The kidnappers nonetheless tried to keep everyone calm. They said the family was taken by mistake, a claim the Cazareses still believe. ''We're from the Gulf Cartel,'' the men said. ''We're the good guys.''

The bad guys, in the minds of the abductors, were the Zetas, whose members broke from the Gulf Cartel. And by comparison, the Gulf Cartel is supposed to represent a lighter shade of darkness, but experts say that as kidnapping has become more common, brutality has increased. The government's focus on killing or detaining cartel leaders has led younger, more violent criminals into the market.

''Capos are now in their late 20s, or mid-20s and early 30s,'' said Vanda Felbab-Brown, author of ''Shooting Up: Counterinsurgency and the War on Drugs.'' ''They're people who have no experience with management, with negotiations, and who now need to prove themselves.''

The Cazares women said that they feared a few captors, but that mostly they were treated well. For three nights, teenagers with large weapons told them they would be set free soon, while guarding them in a peach-colored house in a crowded neighborhood. Then, around midnight, three days after they were taken, the kidnappers dropped them off near the loading dock of a nearby Walmart.

They were free. But what about their husbands?

Ransom and the Authorities

The ransom demands began two days later, with telephone calls to a Cazares brother who lives in Texas. ''It's a money problem,'' the kidnappers said, a mantra they would repeat, according to notes taken by a relative. ''And money can fix it.''

Documents the Cazareses filed with the police show that the family said it could provide a few thousand dollars, but instead, the kidnappers gave the family an extra day or two to get the sum they demanded. Calls for ransom often mean that the captives will be released, and the Cazares family made four payments, sending a trusted employee to deliver a total of $100,000 to Matamoros, first to a grocery store parking lot and then behind a fast-food restaurant.

Communication with the kidnappers was handled solely by the family. Members spent days and nights sitting around the kitchen table in Texas waiting for the telephone to ring.

On three occasions, the Cazareses were allowed to speak with one, then two of the five men still being held. On the first call, the men held hostage were mostly concerned about their wives and children. (''We were so in love,'' said the wife from the third house that the kidnappers invaded, fighting back tears at the recollection. ''He was my first boyfriend.'')

The second call ended more abruptly when one of the captives said he wanted to go home. During the final round of calls, on July 27, the kidnappers said they needed only one more payment. The family sent the cash across the border, waiting to see the white van that the kidnappers had said would arrive with their loved ones after the money was received. It never came.

Devastated, the family tried calling the kidnappers' telephone. But it was out of service that day and forever.

Several weeks later, the Cazareses went to the authorities. They first had to overcome their fears since more than a fifth of all kidnappings in Mexico involve police officers or soldiers, according to a 2011 Mexican congressional report, which also explains why kidnapping statistics are undercounts.

The Cazareses reported the crime because, they said, it was their only hope. And since they started pushing for an inquiry, the Cazares women have not stopped. In addition to giving extensive testimony to the local, state and federal authorities, they have written to Mexico's attorney general, human rights officials and Department of Foreign Affairs, as well as President Felipe Calderon. They have also written to President Obama and Pope Benedict XVI.

The response has been defined by minimal effort and cold dismissal.

The local police initially promised to investigate but a month later sent the family a form letter saying the case was out of their jurisdiction. (The department did not respond to e-mails and telephone calls seeking comment; nor did the mayor of Matamoros.)

In September, state investigators with a 50-member antikidnapping squad in Tamaulipas took lengthy statements from family members. But in an interview this month, one of the investigators said that his team had not questioned any potential suspects or witnesses, nor had investigators visited relevant locations.

The investigator, Manuel Adolfo Benavides Parra, said his agency was hoping to get information from two men arrested on federal drug and weapons charges in late November -- men the Cazareses identified as part of the group that kidnapped them. But Mr. Benavides said federal prosecutors had not answered requests for information, preventing him from interrogating the two detainees.

Meanwhile, an official with the Mexican attorney general's office in Tamaulipas insisted that the kidnapping was a state case. He refused to answer questions about the men in federal custody. ''We have nothing else to say,'' he said.

The Cazareses insist that more should have been done by now. The peach-colored house where they were held, which the family says it has identified for the federal authorities in official statements, is a logical starting point. And it is not hard to find. It sits on a street in a crowded ***working-class*** neighborhood a block from a major road. This month, an electricity bill stuffed into the door -- without an envelope, and clearly visible -- showed a spike in service during July, and that the last payment was made in January 2011. A next-door neighbor said he knew nothing about the owners, though he admitted there was often suspicious activity there late at night.

He was one of many Matamoros residents who said they no longer felt safe in their city. Indeed, the Cazareses are saddened not just by the loss of their loved ones, but also of their hometown. The neighborhoods where they grew up are now windswept and filled with for-sale signs. Many of the Cazares women struggle with depression. They said that a few people in the federal government had come close to alleviating their pain with offers of help and letters of reassurance, though even then, hopeful moments have dissipated.

In November, for example, a friend put them in touch with Deputy Interior Secretary Felipe Zamora Castro, a high-level official who promised to help. Two days later, Mr. Zamora was killed in the helicopter crash that also took the life of his boss, Francisco Blake Mora, the interior secretary.

Seeking Help Abroad

The Cazareses now say that they are back to square one: lower-level officials at the Interior Ministry have asked that they file official paperwork, which means additional delay.

''Not a single Mexican authority will help us,'' said Zynthia Cazares, the sister of Rodolfo, fidgeting with her jewelry in the Texas home where she now lives amid photographs of the missing and statues of the Virgin Mary. ''God has asked us to have patience, confidence and faith.''

The family has also sought help from abroad. Ludivine Cazares, Rodolfo's wife, recently started to rally support in Europe, writing to French and German officials. The Cazareses are also trying to involve the United States. The five missing men are all Mexican, but as is common in border families, many of their relatives are American citizens or legal residents, and the gang members seem to fear American authority; the 9-year-old boy kidnapped from the first home was dropped off at the border right away, the kidnappers told the women, because he was born in the United States to an American mother who had contacted the F.B.I.

American officials, who were not aware of the Cazares case, said they, too, were extremely frustrated with Mexico's lack of progress on judicial reform, but they added there was little they could do to quickly remedy a problem of law, culture and bureaucracy.

The Cazareses nonetheless want more. They ask why American aid sent to help Mexico to fight the drug cartels still seems so disconnected from victims; why progress -- if there is any -- seems so slow. ''The American money never reaches the people who really need it,'' Zynthia Cazares said, maintaining that her relatives could still be saved. ''We need help. Now.''

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

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: Zynthia Cazares showing photographs of, from left, her brother, husband and father, all still missing after they were kidnapped. (A1)

MISSING LOVED ONES: Zynthia Cazares outside her home in Brownsville, Tex. Five of her family members remain missing from a kidnapping last July that has drawn little notice from Mexican officials.

SCENE OF A CRIME: One of the Cazares family homes in Matamoros, Mexico, now locked and vacant. Eighteen family members were kidnapped from three homes over a few hours on the morning of July 9, 2011. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY JANET JARMAN FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (A10)

**Load-Date:** March 18, 2012

**End of Document**



[***As Maine Voters Cut Back Spending, Police Force May Go From 1 to None***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-Y1M0-000D-G0WJ-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 4, 1991, Monday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1991 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** National Desk

**Section:** Section A;; Section A; Page 12; Column 1; National Desk; Column 1;

**Length:** 1062 words

**Byline:** By FOX BUTTERFIELD,

By FOX BUTTERFIELD,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** STOCKTON SPRINGS, Me., Nov. 1

**Body**

Ted Reed, the police chief in this rundown town of weatherbeaten houses by Penobscot Bay, now exists on a salary made up of donations. His old cruiser runs on gasoline provided by a garage owner.

Chief Reed's plight has been brought about by growing anger among the town's 1,383 residents over the recession and rising property taxes. In September they voted to do away with their one-man police force, and the drive stalled temporarily only after some townspeople took up a door-to-door collection to keep Chief Reed on the job.

On Tuesday the question will be settled by a referendum. If the vote goes against keeping the Chief, the town will have to fall back on the county sheriff's office and the state police. Tempers are running high.

Familial Insults

At a selectmen's meeting on Thursday night, with beige quilts covering the windows to keep the cold out of the unheated room, members of the audience insulted each other's families and one burly man poked his finger in another's face. Afterwards, Parker Gray, the head selectman, summed up the sentiments: "If you took these same parties and put them in a bar, with a couple of .38's, I think you can imagine what kind of problem you'd have."

Although the amount of money at stake here is small -- it would cost $4,000 to keep Chief Reed and his patrol car operating till the end of the year -- the issue touches a raw nerve in Maine, where the economy has been declining and frustration over taxes has been building for two or three years, especially in poor rural areas.

Similar concerns led two other towns in Maine to eliminate their police forces last summer. In one, Lebanon, a town of 4,300 people in the southwest near the New Hampshire border, an 18-year-old security guard at a campground was stabbed to death while trying to stop a break-in shortly after residents voted to abolish the town's seven-member police force in July.

Some local and state authorities worry that more communities will follow suit next spring at their annual town meetings, New England's traditional form of town government in which financial and other major decisions are made by a vote of those attending. "Our small towns see their police departments as discretionary spending; it's not like it is in big cities where crime is a big threat," said Jim Damicis of the Maine Municipal Association.

These towns are counting on their county sheriffs and the state police to take over the duties of their police forces, Mr. Damicis said. But the sheriffs and the state police have been hit by budget cuts of their own and are concerned that they may not be able to provide adequate assistance.

Col. Andrew E. Demers, head of the Maine State Police, said, "If there are any more cuts, I am afraid there will be a point where we'll have to decide what we can do and what we can't."

Town Business and Feuds

In Stockton Springs, the battle over whether to keep the Chief's job is typical of the fights elsewhere in Maine, and, as is true of small-town tussles, it is spiced with local feuds.

The conflict began at the town meeting last March when Mr. Gray, newly elected as head selectman, proposed a Police Department budget of $22,000, including Mr. Reed's salary, gasoline and maintenance for his cruiser. That was $9,000 less than was spent the previous year.

Mr. Gray said he believed that the department was simply too expensive. "People were in a cutting mood," he recalled. They had just watched as their property taxes were re-evaluated, with the valuation on some waterfront land jumping to more than $100,000 an acre from $3,000.

Mr. Gray offered the Chief an option: Take a cut in his $440-a-week pay, or face elimination of his job when money ran out in September.

Chief Reed, a blunt-spoken 56-year-old man who some people here say "would arrest his own mother," took his chances, reckoning that come September the citizens would vote to draw enough money from the town's general fund to cover his expenses.

But at a special town meeting on Sept. 26, after two disputed ballots, the decision was no, by four votes.

Ed Marshall, a retired 69-year-old traveling salesman who voted to extend Chief Reed's pay, said: "We all felt sick when we left the meeting. I tossed and turned all night."

Mr. Marshall said he remembered what it was like when Stockton Springs, a ***working-class*** town of clam diggers and mill hands, did not have a policeman. He lives across the street from the local school, and he recalled young people gathering there, drinking and swearing and breaking into the buses.

The Drive for Donations

So Mr. Marshall and some friends came up with a plan. The next week, at the selectmen's meeting, after Chief Reed's job was terminated, Mr. Marshall's group asked if the Chief could be kept on with contributions. The answer was a grudging yes, and so the Chief was rehired a few minutes later.

In the next two days Mr. Marshall's group raised $2,000 for their police officer. Mr. Marshall's team also circulated a petition, getting 242 signatures, seeking a referendum on Election Day that would have the town pay the rest of Chief Reed's expenses until the end of the year. That way, under Maine's form of government, the Chief would automatically be kept on three more months, until the next annual meeting. Perhaps then, Mr. Marshall thought, the town would come to its senses.

But Manly Shute, a barrel-chested carpenter and lobsterman, was angered by the donations scheme and the referendum. He saw the donations as a trick, because it forced the town to continue paying the Chief's insurance.

'They Don't Give a Darn'

"I'm not against the officer personally," Mr. Shute said in an interview. "It's just that it's the poor people who keep paying and they don't give a darn about the poor people."

So Mr. Shute began gathering signatures for another petition, which he presented at the selectmen's meeting on Thursday, calling on the town to stop the donations plan.

At the meeting, one supporter of Chief Reed shouted at Mr. Shute, "Your problem is, your name is Shute" in a derogatory reference to Mr. Shute's large clan of relatives in town.

Mr. Marshall tried to quiet the dispute. "Let's not get into this," he said. "This is a good town."

Mr. Shute replied, "Well, it was."

It was Halloween, and as the angry participants, including Mr. Reed, left Town Hall, they noticed his cruiser. It had been splattered with eggs.

**Graphic**

Photo: The recession and rising property taxes in Stockton Springs, Me., prompted voters to do away with their one-man police force in September. Some residents have since taken up a collection to keep Chief Ted Reed on the job, until the matter is settled by referendum on Tuesday. (Gary Guisinger for The New York Times)

Map of Maine showing location of Stockton Springs

**Load-Date:** November 4, 1991

**End of Document**



[***Kings of the Road, With Rusted Crowns***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4BT6-JKP0-TW8F-G2KJ-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

February 27, 2004 Friday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2004 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section F; Column 2; Escapes; Pg. 1; DRIVING

**Length:** 1354 words

**Byline:** By ROBERT ANDREW POWELL

**Dateline:** ISLAMORADA, Fla.

**Body**

''GET in and come with me,'' commands Eric Bass, leaning out of his rust-speckled Jeep. ''I have found a masterpiece.'' Mr. Bass rumbles down U.S. 1, the Florida Keys' main drag. His 1979 Jeep is a link in a chain of motor homes and motorcycles that clog this island road during the high season. Mr. Bass, a 53-year-old fishing guide, is tracking a more indigenous vehicle.

About a mile down the road, Mr. Bass pulls onto the gravel shoulder, tapping the brakes and stirring up a cloud of white coral dust. Before him sits a perfect specimen. It's a 1980 Jeep pickup. A pelt of flaky orange metal colors the body, except on the hood, where engine oil has soaked through the rust. A gash runs from the passenger door to back near the gas tank. There is no rearview mirror; the outside mirror on the driver's door dangles like a broken arm. One headlight is round; the other is square, held in place by a nest of plastic twist ties.

''Look at those tires,'' Mr. Bass says. The treads on three tires are as smooth and thin as balloons. The fourth is flat. The truck appears to have been abandoned, left to decompose. It's more like sculpture than vehicle. But looks are deceiving. ''I saw this truck this morning at the post office,'' he explains. ''That means it was driven today.''

There's a certain kind of car that flourishes in the Florida Keys. It's not a shiny new Audi or a Porsche S.U.V. The Keys Cruiser, also known as a Conch Mobile, is a jalopy held together by copper wire and duct tape. A car warmed by a heavy coat of rust. These are not ''art cars'' decorated with bottle caps and elaborate paint jobs, but fashionable vehicles nonetheless.

''The thing that makes it cool is how beat up it is,'' says Mr. Bass, who has been tracking Keys Cruisers since he moved here from Pennsylvania six years ago. ''It's a badge of honor the more dents it has.''

Poorer residents employ Keys Cruisers because they have to, the wealthy because they want to fit in. And there are plenty of poor and rich people alike in the Keys. Subsistence fishermen and short-order cooks live in trailer homes down the street from the elevated mansions of insurance magnates and sports team owners; weekenders, as the locals call them.

There's the doctor who trucks his dogs in his 1982 Chevy Blazer rather than use his new Ford Expedition. John Clark, a marina owner, drives a fleet of luxury cars, including a Ferrari Testarossa. When he leaves his home in Islamorada for happy hour at Rum Runners, he takes his Cadillac Eldorado Biarritz convertible, the one with the rust spots and brittle molding, the car he has not maintained since it rolled off the assembly line in 1955. It's a car, he said, that ''you have to be half-drunk to appreciate.''

''You pay nothing for these cars and you just drive them,'' Mr. Clark said. ''You don't care if somebody runs into them. It's the Keys. If you're looking for status symbols, you're in the wrong place. You don't drive Ferraris and BMW's to impress anyone down here, because they aren't impressed.''

In the 1930's, the Overseas Highway, which connects Key West to the mainland, was completed. The arrival of automobiles, though, never altered the islands' essential nature. Fishermen pass their days hunting tarpon in backcountry mangroves. Nights -- and memories of troubles in past lives up North -- are softened with beer and tequila. In a culture where worry is the enemy, a good car is one more thing to worry about.

''I wouldn't take a Lexus to a bar and park it,'' said Billy Ismer, a mechanic. ''The nice car is for special occasions, like when someone dies.''

Good weather is one reason dilapidated cars last so long in the Keys. There are other factors. In Pennsylvania, where Mr. Bass grew up, his Jeep would have to pass inspection every year. Not so here. (Vehicle inspections have never been required in Monroe County, but the police can issue a ''fix-it ticket'' if an individual officer thinks it is warranted.)

''If they ever did a safety inspection, they'd have to get rid of half the Keys Cruisers,'' said Bruce Delvalle, owner of Bruce's Long Key Automotive. Speed limits are generally low, he said, ''so it's not like you need to do 80 or anything.''

''There are no hills here, either,'' he said. ''You just step on the gas and roll to where you're going.''

Arys Arce's cruiser was a green 1977 Dodge Aspen he bought for $500 from a former colleague in the Coast Guard, where Mr. Arce had been a boatswain. In more than a year of ownership, Mr. Arce never bothered to change the oil. The Aspen featured vinyl seats and a dashboard masked with duct tape. The air-conditioning didn't work, and the car overheated if he drove faster than 50 miles per hour. The roof leaked, too, though that problem was solved.

''Someone asked why I didn't just cut the roof off,'' he said, referring to a co-worker at the Coast Guard station in Islamorada. ''At the time that sounded like a great idea, so we just cut if off right then and there.''

The back seat became convenient storage for a catch of as many as 15 dolphin (the game fish, not the porpoise). Any rainwater that accumulated dripped out of holes drilled in the floorboard. The only problem was the stability, or lack of it. Hitting the slightest bump caused the Aspen's body to undulate like an ocean wave.

It was a problem Mr. Arce could live with.

''When you live in the Keys you don't have to go east or west, because if you do you'll be in the water,'' he said. ''If you find a car that goes straight, you're fine.''

A few months after Mr. Arce modified his Aspen, high seas tossed him from his Coast Guard cutter. A boat propeller cut into his head, nearly killing him. As he recovered, a titanium plate screwed into his skull, his surgeon ordered him to find a safer car. He stubbornly stayed with his cruiser, a hockey helmet his only protection.

''I'd still be driving it today if my wife hadn't opened her big mouth,'' Mr. Arce said, adding that his family complained en masse. ''It was kind of an intervention.'' Mr. Arce sold the Aspen to a pair of Canadians who had just moved to the Keys. They gave him $500 for it, same as he had paid.

The Keys are gentrifying at an astounding rate, and some fear that poses a threat to the cruiser culture. The value of homes has increased by 10 percent a year, every year, for two decades. Tiny cottages in relative disrepair are selling for $450,000 or more. Even in the Middle and Upper Keys, ***working-class*** families with good jobs are being priced out of the market. Short-order cooks and maids who work in the islands' many hotels often live in dormitories.

While the cost of living in the Keys rises, the emphasis on individuality that inspires cruiser culture declines, said Dean Miller, the owner of a salvage yard in Marathon.

''As times change, fewer and fewer people are fixing up their cars,'' Mr. Miller said. ''Ten years ago they were coming in searching for Pacer parts, or old Lincoln stuff. Now that the cost of living in the Keys is too high, individuality has been sacrificed.''

Not entirely. The building boom of expensive condos is attracting people like Lonnie Ruehlow, a migrant construction worker. Mr. Ruehlow, 31, moved to Big Pine Key four months ago, escaping a winter at his last job site, on Martha's Vineyard.

One recent afternoon he was loading plants at the nursery where his girlfriend works. He was shirtless, deeply tanned, his hair bleached by the sun. Around his neck dangled the tip of a deer antler, a talisman from his youth in Wisconsin. When he arrived in the Keys, Mr. Ruehlow looked into buying a new truck. Instead, he invested $500 in a '72 Chevy, with a horn that warbles ''Dixie.'' A grille of wire mesh shields the radiator. The passenger-side door can't be opened from the outside. Duct tape -- that staple of Keys Cruiser repair -- prevents the back bumper from falling off.

''I get more compliments in this thing than I would in a new truck, man,'' Mr. Ruehlow said. ''This has style, man, it's the bomb. It needs a little body work, sure, but it fires up when I turn the key. It's my official Conch Mobile.''

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

**Graphic**

Photos: CLUNKER OF CHOICE -- A 1955 Cadillac Eldorado Biarritz, above, owned -- but not maintained -- by John Clark, left, a marina owner in Islamorada, Fla. His fleet of cars includes a Ferrari. He prefers taking the Caddy to happy hour.

AIRY -- James Lamb, left, and Bruce Delvalle in a 1985 Bronco. They removed the roof. (Photographs by Brian Blanco for The New York Times)(pg. F4)

VINTAGE -- Richard Meister, left, his Jeep and Eric Bass in Islamorada, Fla. (Photo by Brian Blanco for The New York Times)(pg. F1)

**Load-Date:** February 27, 2004

**End of Document**



[***TELEVISION;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-W3R0-0024-J51F-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Black Life on TV: Realism or Stereotypes?***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-W3R0-0024-J51F-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 15, 1993, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1993 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Arts & Leisure Desk

**Section:** Section 2;; Section 2; Page 1; Column 1; Arts & Leisure Desk; Column 1;

**Length:** 2570 words

**Byline:** By ISABEL WILKERSON

By ISABEL WILKERSON

**Body**

From the beginning, television -- the image mill for the mainstream -- has not known quite what to do with black characters. It has struggled, as has the country, to find a place for them that white Americans could find comforting and digestible from the safe distance of their living rooms. Reality had nothing to do with it. Were real blacks ever the docile buffoons depicted on "Amos 'n' Andy," or jolly sycophants like Beulah? Could blacks on television be palatable if they were anything less than Rhodes scholars who speak seven languages, like Bill Cosby on "I Spy," or the properly powdered nurse Julia?

Most seasons, old stereotypes pass for shorthand sociology, broken only by contrarian moments like "Roots" or "The Cosby Show." Now, after the success of street movies like "Boyz N the Hood," television, particularly in a few bold steps by HBO, is making black dramas with the highest production values and an edgy pseudorealism, in which violence and pathology are inherent in being black and crack is a required character.

Consider this scene from "Strapped," a movie about guns in the inner city that will have its premiere on Saturday on HBO: A black teen-ager sits on a Brooklyn stoop with semiautomatic weapons to sell. He does not want to do this. This is an act of desperation and misguided urban heroism. He knows of no other way to bail out his girlfriend, who is pregnant and charged with selling crack.

And this scene from "Laurel Avenue," last month's critically acclaimed mini-series about a black ***working-class*** family in St. Paul: Late at night in an unlighted living room, a black woman envelops her adolescent son in her arms, stills him, as he slowly lets his hand, the one holding the gun, go limp. She is a recovering drug addict, an unwed mother with no job, trying to keep the boy from going back out to the streets. She would return him to the womb if she could, but it is too late. He is already selling crack and seeking revenge on her drug-dealing ex-boyfriend for beating her.

To many in the industry, this is landmark television, evidence of a brave new realism in the portrayal of blacks, long overdue after 40 years of minstrels and sidekicks. To others, it is merely a richer, more elegant form of stereotyping that, combined with the explosion of brutish, unremittingly violent movies like "Menace II Society," does greater damage to blacks because viewers see so little else.

The two HBO offerings, and a season's worth of new slapstick hip-hop comedies, are at the center of a sharpening debate over the images of blacks on television today and in seasons to come, a painful introspection that occurs, paradoxically, at a time when there are more blacks in front of and behind the camera than ever before. While many series include a black actor or two in the cast -- Blair Underwood, for example, in "L.A. Law" -- what is at issue now are the shows that have black America as their subject.

It would be naive to suggest that a few dozen black directors could weed out demeaning portrayals. The directors say there is not a single black in the television or movie business who can green-light a project and get it to the public. The people who call the shots are white executives who obsess about ratings and box office, not civil rights. Pathology sells. And producers, black and white, cannot get it to the screen fast enough.

"As long as it's in the ghetto and people are carrying guns and even the dog speaks in four-letter words, they'll give it four thumbs up and nine stars," said Robert Townsend, who directed the 1987 movie "Hollywood Shuffle," a satire on black stereotyping, and the new film "The Meteor Man." "They say, 'Give us the ugliest side of the world.' Not that it doesn't exist -- we know it exists. But can we show another side of the world?"

Right now, the industry does not appear especially interested in that. It seems a black movie or television show is not considered "authentic" without a rap score, a slack-shouldered teen-ager and drugs, violence or some other social ill. Reality is the new buzzword. But some blacks in television ask, whose reality?

"We've seen the black lower class, and I wouldn't say it's always accurately depicted," said Thomas Carter, who has directed episodes of "Miami Vice," "St. Elsewhere" and "Hill Street Blues." "What we don't see is black working people. Most black people go to work every day. Most black people are not on welfare. Where are those people? Most black people are trying to keep their families together. Where are those people?"

Some of them were in "Laurel Avenue." The single mother in the mini-series has a twin sister, a police officer who is about to be promoted to sergeant. The young crack dealer has a teen-age aunt who makes good grades and has a job at a coffeehouse. But the plot is driven mainly by others' drug troubles and shady dealings.

The actor and producer Tim Reid, who starred in "Frank's Place," a comedy-drama cited by many blacks for its full-spectrum depictions of them, crunched numbers in his head to make the case that with blacks, Hollywood has made the exception the rule.

Of the 30 million blacks in the country, less than half are male, a fraction of them are teen-agers, and only a quarter of those have criminal records. Yet they are the lead characters in most of the recent black movies and many television shows. "What you have is a few million people driving the entire media image of black America," Mr. Reid said. "It's wrong. We know it's wrong."

IN THE CURRENT CLIMATE, pathology is truth and truth pathology. It is hard to sell anything else. "If the kids who made 'Menace II Society' had gone to a studio and said they wanted to make a movie called 'Contributors II Society' about black kids going to college, it would never have been made," said Charles S. Dutton, the star of the Fox series "Roc" and executive producer of "Laurel Avenue," who nonetheless considered the movie an important work and who made a cameo appearance in it.

For years, blacks said they wanted to see serious dramas about their lives, but dramas have a price. "Dramas don't get told about people whose lives are perfect," said Bridget Potter, senior vice president for original programming at HBO. "Look at 'Death of a Salesman.' Willy Loman was a quintessential American loser salesman. That family was a white ***working-class*** dysfunctional family. The Lomans had many problems. That's what drama is about."

Few blacks in the industry would argue for censorship or boycotts. That would only close off opportunities to work. Rather, what they say they want is balance, a chance to do a black "Northern Exposure" or a black "Thirtysomething," in which the characters are perhaps struggling with infertility or layoffs or in-laws, as white characters do.

For now, it seems a "Cosby" backlash has set in, as television has returned to familiar caricatures, like Shaneneh, the garish man-chaser in a braided wig and padding played by Martin Lawrence in the Fox series "Martin" or the shiftless sidekick Malcolm on the ABC sitcom "Where I Live."

The stream of recycled stereotypes drove Bill Cosby to chastise the industry publicly when he was inducted into the Television Hall of Fame last fall. "We are not just those negatories that you see," Mr. Cosby told his colleagues. "I'm begging to you all, stop this horrible massacre of images that are being put on this screen now. It isn't fair. It isn't fair to your children watching, because that isn't us. It isn't us. It isn't us."

Even some of the critically acclaimed shows resort to slapstick put-downs whose urban idioms presumably help make them black. "Is that your face or is that Heavy D's butt?" Sharon, a character on "Where I Live," asks her brother, Doug. "They got some big-booty women in college," says Malcolm when he hears that a friend has been accepted at St. John's. And this is on a show that was saved from oblivion only after a delegation of prominent blacks beseeched ABC to keep it on the air, calling it a fairly good representation of black American life.

Black characters, regardless of their age or station, are shown slapping and punching one another or threatening to do so. On the ABC sitcom "Hangin' With Mr. Cooper," one of Mr. Cooper's roommates, a schoolteacher, takes on the lead character's grandmother. "Come on wid it," the roommate says, as everybody's dukes go up.

Malcolm-Jamal Warner, who played Theo on "The Cosby Show," said that the scripts for the NBC series he starred in last season, "Here and Now," repeatedly called for him to slap his sidekick on the head when the sidekick said something dumb. Mr. Warner said he had refused. "I have seen this my whole life, and I was not doing it on 'Here and Now,' " Mr. Warner said. "Theo was able to be black without grabbing his crotch and saying, 'Yo, yo, what's up?' "

Up and down the chain of command, stereotypes can shape the film-making process. Kevin Hooks, who directed the film "Passenger 57" and episodes of NBC's "I'll Fly Away," found what he considered the perfect location to film a scene for one of his movies. It was in Harlem, on 114th Street near a pristine park. The producers asked Mr. Hooks if he would mind littering the street so it would look more like the audience's image of Harlem. He did mind.

"Whose reality are we talking about?" Mr. Hooks asked. "It's not like we were making something else out to be Harlem. But the concern of the establishment was that white America would be confused by this image."

Blacks have come to be viewed, some say, as a kind of canvas onto which any societal ill can be projected. "Black folks have played the role of absorbing and reflecting all that is wrong with America," said Marlon Riggs, the director of "Color Adjustment" and "Ethnic Notions," two documentaries about black images. "There is this sense that we can be used because we're so elastic, so empty in our identity that society can project upon us its fantasies and phobias."

Others find the whole topic disturbing and futile, noting that if all the offending shows were canceled tomorrow, life would change little for most blacks. "People are looking to a shoddy institution geared to making money to lead us to the promised land," said Todd Gitlin, professor of sociology and director of the mass communications program at the University of California at Berkeley. "Television is a poor place to look for guidance. It's the dependence on television that makes me queasy and should make others queasy."

How viewers come to accept stereotypes as reality has to do with how blacks have traditionally been depicted. To people who may know few blacks personally, television or movie stereotypes reinforce widely held notions about black sexual prowess, criminality or laziness and make comedies easier to execute because there is less explaining to do. There is a sense that everyone is on the same page. "When you do something contrary to stereotypes, it becomes harder to tell the story because people say, 'How come?' " said George Gerbner, a professor of communications at the University of Pennsylvania.

Some white studio and network executives say they, too, would prefer fully drawn characters and creativity. "The stereotyping is kind of just laziness and memory loss," said Brandon Tartikoff, the former head of NBC Entertainment, who brought "The Cosby Show" to the air. "What you try to avoid is presenting characters that only have one dimension, who are just happy-go-lucky and silly or just greedy or just loudmouthed. You try to ground them in reality."

Part of the dilemma for blacks is that many of the offending movies and television shows, although financed by whites, are written and directed by blacks. Many blacks do not want to be seen as knocking the few others who make it in Hollywood. But some say there is blame on all sides. "The people making the decisions exist in a very narrow society," said Todd Boyd, professor of critical studies at the School of Cinema Television at the University of Southern California. "I think we have a number of African-American actors and directors who are so intent on getting paid that they are willing to co-sign this ignorance."

Mr. Townsend calls it "black-on-black film crime" or "black-on-black television." But black directors making the grittier street movies say theirs are life-and-death subjects that demand the country's attention.

"STRAPPED," LOOSELY inspired by a real-life shooting in Brooklyn, is an urban morality play about the dead-end lives of urban youth and the horrible choices they must make. In it, a former drug dealer, Diquan Mitchell (played by Bokeem Woodbine), works as a police informant in an attempt to win his girlfriend's release from jail. The path he takes when that doesn't work out (selling guns) eventually leads to an accidental shooting and even harder choices.

Forrest Whitaker, the actor who makes his directorial debut with "Strapped," said one reason he decided to do the HBO movie was because of what he saw happening to South-Central Los Angeles where he grew up and still has family. He said he does not see stereotypes in "Strapped" but a call for solutions. "It's not stopping because I choose not to talk about it," Mr. Whitaker said. "It is what it is. Clearly something has to be done. We have to keep pushing it and pushing it."

In "Laurel Avenue," said its director, Carl Franklin, he tried to depict a warm and loving family that would be more than a "Waltons N the Hood." He made sure viewers knew the patriarch had a job (in a factory) and that they saw him comforting an insecure stepdaughter heading to a job interview. Mr. Franklin repeatedly showed black adults looking after the children, uncles watching over their wayward nephew and aunts doting on a toddler niece.

The pathologies are there -- unwed motherhood, guns, drug abuse, drug-dealing, domestic violence. But some blacks said series could have been much more lopsided. "If it wasn't for Carl Franklin and Charles Dutton, God knows what it would have looked like," Mr. Reid said.

The breathless reviews for "Laurel Avenue" and "Strapped" are as much a recognition of the quality of the work as they are reminders of how few dramas there are about the black experience. "We have so few projects each year that address African-Americans that the tendency is to expect the few we have to address everything," Mr. Franklin said. "That's too much pressure on anybody."

No matter how well done, however, specialists are skeptical that this is a sea change in progress. "I have yet to be convinced that this is any different from the zigzags of the past," Professor Gerbner of the University of Pennsylvania said. "Unless it becomes a matter of policy to diversify, it will still be a Band-Aid on a gaping wound."

There are mixed signals for the coming season. Fox, which carries the most black programming, will schedule a variety show created by Mr. Townsend; a sitcom about a black single father, starring the comedian Sinbad, and "Living Single," a kind of black "Designing Women."

How these images hold up over time remains to be seen. "The caricatures that prevail in any era never seem like caricatures to those amused by them," Mr. Riggs, the documentary film maker, said. "They are considered commonplace and part of the culture. It is only when people look back that they can see them for what they are and wonder, 'How could they have been amused by this?' "

**Graphic**

Photos: Bokeem Woodbine and Fredro in the HBO film "Strapped," to have its premiere on Saturday -- Weapons for sale. (Demmie Todd/HBO); Mary Alice, left, Juanita Jennings and Michael Tezla in the HBO mini-series "Laurel Avenue" -- A brave new realism? (J. Stringer/HBO)(pg. 28); Doug E. Doug, left, Flex and Shaun Baker in ABC's "Where I Live" -- Even on a critically acclaimed show, the humor is anatomical and the sidekicks are shiftless. (Greg Schwartz/ABC)(pg. 1)

**Load-Date:** August 15, 1993

**End of Document**



[***Five Family Members Dead in Chelsea Fire***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4TND-JVW0-TW8F-G0KP-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 12, 2008 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2008 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Column 0; Metropolitan Desk; Pg. 43

**Length:** 1737 words

**Byline:** By ROBERT D. McFADDEN; Reporting was contributed by Manny Fernandez, Jason Grant, Christine Hauser, Jack Healy, C. J. Hughes, Colin Moynihan and Karen Zraick.

**Body**

Trapped behind a wall of flame and a whirlwind of smoke, five members of a family, including three children, huddled in a bedroom and a bathtub of water but perished Saturday in a Manhattan apartment with only one exit, no fire escape and a long hallway that became a chimney of poison gases, fire officials said.

Beyond jumping from the seventh-floor windows or trying to run through a gantlet of flames and smoke, the victims -- a man, a woman and their three young daughters -- had no way out of the apartment at 401 West 18th Street, at Ninth Avenue in Chelsea, after the fire broke out in the kitchen just before 6:30 a.m., firefighters said.

The couple and the girls were killed by the smoke, but a 10-year-old boy was found alive in the fire, which officials called the deadliest in New York City since a blaze in a four-story house in the Bronx in March 2007 killed 10 people, including nine children, from two West African immigrant families.

The cause of the Chelsea fire had not been determined, but Fire Department officials said that a smoke detector in the apartment appeared to have been deliberately disabled, perhaps giving the victims less of a chance to escape.

Other factors, including the fire's point of origin and the layout of the apartment, may have also played a role.

Firefighters arrived on the scene at the Fulton Houses, a sprawling city project, within four minutes of a 911 call. While some battled flames that engulfed the kitchen and spread to a living room and long hallway, others breathing with air packs rushed into the inky blackness of the 20-foot hallway and the three bedrooms and a bathroom at the back of the apartment to search for victims.

They shattered windows and worked quickly. In the bathroom, they found the mother, Delkis Balbuena, 34, with her 8-year-old daughter, Nanny Joa Balbuena, in a bathtub filled with water, where they had apparently tried to seek refuge. A 3-year-old girl, Bet-el Joa Balbuena, was also found in the bathroom, under a sink.

And lying on the floor in a small bedroom at the back, huddled under bunk beds near a window, firefighters found the 40-year-old father, Maschay Joa Valdez, with his 15-month-old daughter, Ruth Joa Balbuena, and his 10-year-old son, whose name was not released, but who was identified by one law enforcement official as Jonzan Joa Balbuena.

''It was not a big bedroom,'' Deputy Fire Chief James Daly said. ''They were definitely trying to make their way out.''

Neighbors described the family as recent immigrants, the mother possibly from the Dominican Republic and the father possibly from Ecuador, who had lived in the apartment for about a year.

All had been overcome by the poisonous fumes of dense smoke, and were either dead or unconscious when firefighters reached them on the top floor of the seven-story building, fire officials said.

They were carried down to the street, where firefighters and emergency service technicians tried to revive them by performing CPR.

''Everyone was in cardiac and respiratory arrest,'' Chief Daly said.

As a plume of smoke hung over the neighborhood and a tangle of firefighting equipment sprawled around the intersection, crowds gathered in the streets on a sun-drenched morning, and neighbors told of heart-rending scenes as the firefighters emerged, one after another, carrying the soot-streaked victims.

Miguel Acevedo, who lives across the street, said he saw firefighters ''literally bringing body after body outside. I saw the little boy being carried by the firemen and handed over to the E.M.S. worker. He wasn't moving at all. He wasn't breathing. His eyes were closed, and they were trying to revive him, pumping on his chest.''

Mr. Acevedo said it was the saddest day of his life. ''The last fireman,'' he said, ''after the last body came out, he went on his knees and prayed.''

The father was taken to Bellevue Hospital Center, where he was pronounced dead. The other five victims were taken to St. Vincent's Hospital Manhattan, where the mother and the three girls were pronounced dead. The boy, in extremely critical condition, was transferred to Jacobi Medical Center in the Bronx for treatment in a hyperbaric chamber, which increases the oxygen flow to body tissues.

The fire and deaths stunned residents of the Fulton Houses, a complex of 11 low-rise and high-rise red-brick buildings with 944 apartments that was built in 1965. It is home to 2,200 people, a ***working-class*** enclave amid the upscale shops and restaurants of Chelsea. The average rent is $373 a month, and many tenants have lived there for decades and say the complex is fairly well maintained and almost never affected by fires. The buildings are described as fireproof, constructed of poured concrete with a brick facing.

As fire marshals investigated the cause of the blaze, Chief Daly noted that there was a smoke detector outside the bedrooms that was hard-wired to the apartment's electrical system and designed to work in a power failure with backup batteries. But he said fire marshals had found that its wires were disconnected and its 9-volt battery was missing, so it was not working before the fire.

''Apparently someone must have taken that smoke detector down and disconnected the power source,'' Chief Daly told reporters. He said the detector had been destroyed by the heat of the fire, although it was 20 to 25 feet away from the point of origin. ''That thing was melted down and hanging off the ceiling,'' he said.

The detector, he said, ''was not operational, so obviously that played a big part.'' He said that if the smoke detector had been working and had sounded an alarm at the first hint of smoke, it could have made a difference. ''Every second counts in a fire,'' the chief said. ''I don't know how fast this fire developed.''

Ann Marie Baronowski, a 17-year resident and president of the Fulton Tenants Association, said each unit of the building has one to three smoke alarms, but fire officials mentioned only one in the burned apartment.

The New York City Housing Authority confirmed that detectors in the building ''are hard-wired directly into electrical lines and also have backup batteries,'' and said the detector in the apartment was replaced in an annual inspection on Feb. 7, and found in working order during an inspection on April 7.

The layout and location of the apartment, a five-room unit with only one exit and no fire escape, appeared to have been factors. The only door opens onto a small foyer, with the kitchen to the left and a living room to the right. Beyond those rooms, a long hallway leads to three bedrooms and the apartment's only bathroom at the back.

Chief Daly said the fire broke out in the kitchen of the apartment, which despite its designation, 6A, is on the seventh floor of the building on the northwest corner of 18th Street and Ninth Avenue. It has windows looking north and east. The Fire Department was called at 6:33 a.m., and as the neighborhood awoke to the wailing of sirens, more than 80 firefighters arrived at the scene.

The fire quickly engulfed the kitchen and spread to the living room, blocking the exit, Chief Daly said. ''That fire didn't allow them to get past the door,'' he added. ''They were trapped in the rear.''

As smoke filled the rooms and flames spread, the family apparently retreated along the hallway to the back of the apartment. ''That narrow hallway is now basically a chimney that they're trying to get down, and they can't,'' Chief Daly said.

Nancy Santiago, 42, who has lived for 35 years in Apartment 6B across the hallway with her mother, who is 70, said she smelled smoke sometime after 6 a.m., apparently through a vent. ''I didn't think anything about it because I thought she had a burning pot again on the stove,'' she said. Later, she said, her mother heard the girls next door screaming and pounding on the wall. ''But we didn't think anything of it because it was normal for the girls to always be up screaming, having a ruckus,'' Ms. Santiago added.

She went out into the hallway, however, and saw smoke pouring out from under her neighbor's door. ''Her door was black with soot all around the door,'' Mr. Santiago recalled. ''The hallway was already white.'' She collected her family and took everyone out to the street.

Kathy Creer, 45, who lives one floor below the fire scene, said she ran upstairs. ''The whole hallway was smoky,'' she said. ''I started banging on the apartment door, 6A. I didn't hear no noise from inside. The smoke was coming around the door, and black soot was coming out from beneath the door.''

Firefighters broke in and began fighting the flames with water hoses drawn from a standpipe and hand-held fire extinguishers. As they held the flames at bay, two firefighters plunged through to the rear of the apartment and began searching for victims.

The smoke, Chief Daly said, was overwhelming. ''The smoke was so acrid it was burning my eyes,'' he said. ''Ink black.''

Chief Daly added: ''It's a tragedy.''

The mother and one of the girls were brought out first, Ms. Creer said. Their faces were covered with soot and unrecognizable, she said. She knew more victims were in the burning apartment and said she screamed at the firefighters: ''Get the babies!''

Minutes later, the others were brought out. In the street, Mr. Acevedo watched as the 10-year-old boy was carried on a stretcher into the middle of Ninth Avenue, where the emergency technicians labored over him.

''Everyone was in shock, watching the bodies come out,'' Mr. Acevedo recalled. ''Nobody was actually moving. They all looked lifeless.''

Jeanine Calderon, 39, who lives on the third floor of the building, said she would see Delkis Balbuena standing with her children at the bus stop every morning of the school year until the 10-year-old boarded his bus. ''She always said hi,'' she said.

''She never left the kids alone; they were always together,'' said Ms. Calderon, who has lived in the Fulton Houses about four years. ''She was busy all the time taking care of them.''

''She was a good mom, a quiet person,'' she added.

Another neighbor, Doris Pagan, 27, who lives a floor below the burned-out apartment, said fire officials arrived to check her smoke detector on Saturday. It was in working order, she said.

''I'm still not coping with it,'' she said of the deaths. ''It breaks my heart, especially the little babies.''

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

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: Kathy Creer said she ran to Apartment 6A and saw smoke and soot seeping around the door.

Neighbors two floors below Apartment 6A, where the fire was contained, looked outside after the flames had been extinguished. The blaze was the deadliest residential fire in New York in 19 months. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY HIROKO MASUIKE FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (pg.A43)

A makeshift memorial outside the 18th Street building where the five people died on Saturday. (PHOTOGRAPH BY HIROKO MASUIKE FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (pg.A46) CHART: FIRE AT 401 W. 18TH ST.: Five members of a family were killed after a fire swept through an apartment at the Robert Fulton Houses in the Chelsea neighborhood of Manhattan. (CHART BY THE NEW YORK TIMES

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PICTOMETRY (AERIAL), HIROKO MASUIKE FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES (CLOSE-UP))

**Load-Date:** October 12, 2008

**End of Document**



[***An Everyman on the Trail, Biden Enjoys Senator's Perks at Home***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4TK8-6TK0-TW8F-G18X-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 2, 2008 Thursday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2008 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Column 0; National Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1868 words

**Byline:** By MIKE MCINTIRE and SERGE F. KOVALESKI

**Body**

For the millions of voters getting to know him, Senator Joseph R. Biden Jr., the Democratic vice-presidential nominee, portrays himself at times as an average guy who takes the train to work, frets about money and basically has led a middle-class life.

''Ladies and gentlemen, your kitchen table is like mine,'' Mr. Biden said when Senator Barack Obama introduced him as his running mate. ''You sit there at night after you put the kids to bed and you talk, you talk about what you need. You talk about how much you are worried about being able to pay the bills.''

Mr. Biden certainly can trace his roots to the ***working-class*** neighborhoods of Scranton, Pa., and Claymont, Del., where he was raised. But these days, his kitchen table can be found in a 6,800-square-foot custom-built colonial-style house on four lakefront acres, a property worth close to $3 million.

Although he is among the least wealthy members of the millionaires club that is the United States Senate -- he and his wife, Jill, a college professor, earn about $250,000 a year -- Mr. Biden maintains a lifestyle that is more comfortable than the impression he may have given on the campaign trail. A review of his finances found that when it comes to some of his largest expenses, like the purchase and upkeep of his home and his use of Amtrak trains to get around, he has benefited from resources and relationships not available to average Americans.

As a secure incumbent who has rarely faced serious competition during 35 years in the Senate, Mr. Biden has been able to dip into his campaign treasury to spend thousands of dollars on home landscaping and some of his Amtrak travel between Wilmington, Del., where he lives, and Washington. And the acquisition of his waterfront property a decade ago involved wealthy businessmen and campaign supporters, some of them bankers with an interest in legislation before the Senate, who bought his old house for top dollar, sold him four acres at cost and lent him $500,000 to build his new home.

There is nothing to suggest Mr. Biden bent any rules in the sale, purchase and financing of his homes. Rather, he appears to have benefited at times from the simple fact of who he is: a United States senator, not just ''Amtrak Joe,'' the train-riding everyman that the Obama-Biden campaign has deployed to rally middle-class voters.

''He was a V.I.P., so he was treated accordingly by the bank,'' said Ronald Tennant, a former loan officer who handled the mortgages Mr. Biden used to build his house. The bank did not give him a below-market interest rate, a perk that has caused embarrassment for some other members of Congress. But, Mr. Tennant said, ''We paid particularly close attention to make sure everything came out right.''

Mr. Biden's campaign said that he neither received special treatment nor offered any to the people he has dealt with in real estate and banking, and that he had not left a misleading impression of his wealth with voters. The senator, said David Wade, his spokesman, ''has never forgotten where he came from, or how he grew up, and those middle-class values motivate his work for the middle class.''

''He appreciates,'' Mr. Wade continued, ''that with his income as a senator he has been blessed to live comfortably, provide for his family, send his kids to college, and have the home his family dreamed of.''

As for the payments by Mr. Biden's campaign committee, Citizens for Biden, his aides insisted they were not used to cover the senator's living expenses, which would be illegal. Election lawyers said that the law does not spell out all the ways an officeholder could benefit personally from the use of campaign money, and that regulators are generally reluctant to challenge the justifications campaign committees use.

Mr. Biden's campaign said the payments to tree trimmers and lawn services, typically totaling a few thousand dollars a year, were permissible because they were tied to political events at his home. Jim Whittaker, co-owner of Grass Roots Inc., which was paid $4,345 in 2000, said the payment probably represented several visits to the senator's property, adding that Mr. Biden was ''late paying the bill one time.''

''We cut the grass and put sod down for him, did spring cleanups, mulching and knocked down vegetation,'' Mr. Whittaker said. ''One time we did a mulching job and he was having an event, but I don't know if it was political or just for friends.''

Beyond landscaping costs, one of the Biden campaign's largest regular expenditures is for Amtrak tickets for the senator and his aides or consultants. Going back to 2001, those expenses typically ranged from $9,000 to $15,000 a year -- far exceeding that of his colleagues in Delaware's Congressional delegation, whose campaigns spent between $500 and $3,000, federal election records show. Like Mr. Biden, Delaware's other senator, Thomas R. Carper, and Representative Michael N. Castle commute daily to Washington, their offices said.

Commuting on the train to and from Washington is an expensive proposition, $84 round trip from Wilmington or $1,062 for a monthly pass, although Amtrak offers a little-known discount for federal employees traveling on business. Senators cannot use their office travel allowance for commuting, according to a spokesman for the Senate Rules Committee.

But Mr. Biden's aides acknowledged he sometimes uses campaign money to pay for trips if they ''involved a meeting or event related to his campaign.'' They could not explain why his campaign's Amtrak expenditures are relatively high, other than to point out that they would include travel by his staff and consultants, as do those of other politicians.

The Biden campaign's Amtrak expenses have remained high even in years without elections, when he was not actively campaigning and his committee retained a handful of part-time staff members and almost no consultants. In 2003, for instance -- after he had just easily won re-election to another six-year term -- his committee spent $10,874 on Amtrak tickets; that same year, the campaigns of Senator Carper and Representative Castle spent $1,257 and $589, respectively.

Mr. Biden's Amtrak travel is the stuff of Washington lore. He started making the 90-minute trips each day to be with his young sons after his first wife died in 1972, and he has continued ever since. On the stump, Mr. Biden cites his commute as a way to connect with voters; last month he brought reporters along to chronicle a ride.

At least by Senate standards, Mr. Biden does not have to try too hard to underscore his relative lack of wealth. He has long shouldered a heavy debt load; he obtained or refinanced mortgages 29 times since he was elected in 1972, and currently owes $730,000 on two mortgages on his home. In addition, he has had several personal loans, including one for up to $50,000 secured by the cash value of six life insurance policies.

Mr. Biden supplements his $165,000 Senate salary with a stipend from teaching a college course. His biggest boost came a few years ago, when he collected $225,000 in advances for his best-selling memoir. The Bidens have several checking accounts with less than $15,000 each, and Jill Biden's retirement fund with between $15,000 to $50,000, according to their tax returns and Mr. Biden's Senate financial disclosure reports. The couple reported virtually no investment income last year, and their largest asset by far was their home.

Mr. Biden previously lived for 21 years in a 10,000-square-foot former DuPont mansion in Greenville, which he bought in 1975 for $185,000 after learning it was slated for demolition.

Afterextensive renovations, he sold it in February 1996, through word of mouth, to John R. Cochran III, the vice chairman of MBNA, one of the nation's largest credit card companies. He agreed to pay Mr. Biden's full asking price, $1.2 million. MBNA reimbursed Mr. Cochran for a loss he took on the sale of his old home, according to a 1997 securities filing, which said the company requested that he move to Delaware from Maryland.

Mr. Cochran, who still lives at the house, could not be reached for comment.

The real estate deal was just one facet of a close relationship between Mr. Biden and MBNA, which donated more than $200,000 to his campaigns. The Delaware-based company gave a job to Mr. Biden's son Hunter; flew Senator Biden and his wife to the Maine coast, where Mr. Biden spoke at a company retreat; and its former chief executive, Charles M. Cawley, donated at least $22,500 to a nonprofit breast cancer fund started by Jill Biden.

MBNA also was an aggressive advocate of bankruptcy reform legislation before the Senate Judiciary Committee, where Mr. Biden was a senior member and its former chairman. The legislation would make it harder for consumers to escape credit card debts.

Mr. Wade said there was nothing improper in Mr. Biden's dealings with Mr. Cochran. He said the sale price was supported by an appraisal for the same amount, and that Mr. Biden never did MBNA any favors in the Senate.

In acquiring a site for his new house, Mr. Biden bought the lakeside parcel in Wilmington in March 1996 from Keith D. Stoltz, a real estate executive who once lived adjacent to the property and sold it to the senator for $350,000, the same price he paid for it five years earlier. In an e-mail message, Mr. Stoltz said the price was reasonable because the real estate market was soft and he had paid a premium for the lot so he could keep it undeveloped.

''Joe initially offered me $300,000 for the lot and I declined his offer,'' he said.

Mr. Stoltz and several of his relatives have since given a total of about $33,000 in campaign donations to Mr. Biden over the years. He said the senator has never done anything ''either formally or informally'' to help his company.

To build his house, Mr. Biden turned to Beneficial National Bank. Its executives were active in state politics in Delaware, major campaign contributors to both parties nationally and advocates of changes to bankruptcy policy.

Not long before Mr. Biden obtained his construction loan from Beneficial in July 1997, he had offered to nominate the bank's chairman, James H. Gilliam Jr., for a federal judge's post in Delaware, according to news accounts of Mr. Gilliam's death in 2003. Mr. Gilliam, a lawyer who also headed a state judiciary nomination panel and donated to Mr. Biden's campaigns, declined the offer and recommended someone else, whom Mr. Biden nominated in June 1997.

Mr. Biden's campaign said that his dealings with Mr. Gilliam had nothing to do with the $634,000 in loans he received from Beneficial, adding that Mr. Biden had other reasons to consider Mr. Gilliam, who would have been Delaware's first African-American federal judge.

Mr. Biden, who said in his book that he designed his house ''from the ground up,'' saw it finished it time to move in for Christmas 1998, although the work of maintaining it never seemed complete. Recounting how he was once interrupted by a presidential phone call while he was outside watering newly planted cypress trees, he lamented that ''even after a few years on the property, there was still landscaping to be done.''

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

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: Senator Joseph R. Biden Jr. took the train on Wednesday from his home in Wilmington, Del., to Washington for Senate business. (PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES ESTRIN/THE NEW YORK TIMES)

Mr. Biden's 6,800-square-foot colonial-style house sits on four lakefront acres that he bought in March 1996 for $350,000. (PHOTOGRAPH BY PICTOMETRY) (pg.A26)

**Load-Date:** October 2, 2008

**End of Document**



[***Finance Debate Spans the Political Spectrum***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-40C0-000P-N1SB-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 19, 1997, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1997 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** National Desk

**Section:** Section 1; ; Section 1; Page 1; Column 3; National Desk ; Column 3;

**Length:** 1341 words

**Byline:** By ERIC SCHMITT

By ERIC SCHMITT

**Dateline:** WASHINGTON, Oct. 18

**Body**

Many Americans may think that the debate over how political campaigns are financed is simply an inside-the-Beltway battle between a Republican-controlled Congress and a Democrat in the White House.

But, in fact, a diverse array of civic, religious, business and labor groups -- including the American Heart Association, the Gray Panthers and the National Rural Letter Carriers' Association -- are actively engaged in the often-arcane debate over unregulated soft money, issue advertisements and political action committees.

Interest groups have had a pivotal effect on the changing shape and content of the bill to overhaul campaign finance, sponsored by Senators John McCain, Republican of Arizona, and Russell D. Feingold, Democrat of Wisconsin.

For example, the Senators' original bill offered 30 minutes of free television time to candidates who voluntarily agreed to limit their spending. But when the major television networks howled in protest and brought their considerable influence to bear, Senator McCain dropped that idea to salvage the rest of the proposed legislation.

"Broadcasters already provide thousands of hours of free TV time each election season through news coverage, public affairs programming and candidate debates," said Dennis Wharton, of the National Association of Broadcasters.

Not only were industry giants drawn into the lobbying war over changing campaign finance, but organizations representing hundreds of thousands of Americans with agendas as diverse as the nation itself joined the debate.

When groups like the National Education Association and the International Association of Fire Fighters protested the bill's original ban on political action committees, the Senators eliminated that provision, too.

"We needed to preserve the $5 contribution a school teacher makes once a year," said Kathleen Lyons, a spokeswoman for the education association, whose P.A.C. spends about $6 million each election cycle on candidates. "We're not talking about fat cats with deep pockets shelling out thousands of dollars."

The bill has been pared to its essential components, banning unregulated soft-money contributions to national political parties and categorizing advertisements that advocate issues and those that champion candidates. Nonetheless, the measure is on life support after Senator Trent Lott of Mississippi, the majority leader, blocked any up-or-down votes on it, probably for the rest of the year.

That dozens of disparate groups have joined coalitions on both sides of the issue, however, suggests that the procedural votes the Senate held this month are unlikely to be the last word.

To be sure, the brunt of the special-interest lobbying has fallen to a handful of groups. Common Cause, a public-interest group, has led the forces for change, while an unlikely coalition, including the American Civil Liberties Union and the National Rifle Association, has aligned itself with legislators fighting the bill.

Both sides say their goal is to make it easier for more Americans to get involved in the political process, increase the amount of information available and have more competitive races.

But one side's efforts to curtail Washington's chase for campaign dollars represents a threat to the other side's ability to spend as much money as it wants to exercise its right to political free speech.

"We can't make certain voices speak louder and certain voices speak softer," said Laura W. Murphy, director of the Washington office of the A.C.L.U. "Voters should not be treated as dimwits. Just because some group can flood the airwaves with its message doesn't mean the voters can't see through that."

In many cases, groups that back the bill say it would put their members on more of an equal footing with wealthier contributors.

"We'd like to see more citizen participation because that's more advantageous to small groups like ours, whose members don't have a lot of money, and who make smaller contributions," said Doug Stone, director of public policy for the Gray Panthers, a group with 20,000 members, mostly elderly people.

Other supporters say the legislation would free lawmakers from many of their fund-raising duties.

"Children would be far better off if the system were reformed," said Jim Weill, general counsel for the Children's Defense Fund. "The system currently favors powerful constituents, and ***working class*** and poor children and their families are among the least powerful people in the political system.

"It's not a partisan issue," Mr. Weill said. "It's a question of whether this consumes inordinate amounts of time, energy and attention of legislators, when they could be spending more time on the welfare of children."

At least 10 religious organizations, including the Episcopal and United Methodist Churches, have endorsed the bill. Two years ago at its national meeting in Minneapolis, the 5.2 million-member Evangelical Lutheran Church of America approved a resolution urging spending and contribution limits in all political races and increased disclosure requirements for contributors.

"There was a sense that campaigns at all levels were rising beyond the means of ordinary citizens," said Russell O. Siler, a spokesman for the Lutheran Church. "This restricts candidacy to those with great personal wealth or with wealthy supporters."

For other groups, the bill would take away a wealthier rival's advantage. The Environmental Defense Fund, a 300,000-member organization, says that a soft-money ban would strip oil and gas companies of a major financial weapon.

"We support the concept of leveling the playing field, especially with the tobacco industry," said Rich Hamburg, a spokesman for the American Heart Association, which represents 4.6 million volunteers, but cannot compete in lobbying dollars with industry giants like the Philip Morris Companies.

Many corporate titans support the legislation, partly because they are tired of having to make larger and larger political contributions.

Jerome Kohlberg Jr., a founder of the leveraged buyout firm Kohlberg Kravis Roberts & Company, formed a group, Campaign Reform Project, whose members include more than two dozen current or former business leaders like Warren E. Buffett, the Nebraska billionaire investor, and Alan Hassenfeld, the chief executive of Hasbro Inc., the toy maker.

"They're getting dunned all the time in amounts that have gotten out of hand," Mr. Kohlberg said. "They used to be asked $5,000 or $10,000, and now it's a quarter of a million dollars. These are ridiculous sums."

Opponents of the bill, including the National Right to Life Committee and the Christian Coalition, argue that a soft-money ban and restrictions on issue advertisements would violate their constitutional right to free speech.

Stephen D. Driesler, senior vice president for the National Association of Realtors, which represents 720,000 agents, said that the bill would have prevented the group from buying advertisements in the 1996 Presidential primary season that criticized a plan to eliminate mortgage-interest deductions for homeowners.

"The bill would have restricted all that," said Mr. Driesler, whose organization spent about $100,000 on the advertisements.

Ms. Murphy of the A.C.L.U. said the bill's increased reporting disclosures would make it difficult for gay military personnel, for example, to buy a radio or television advertisement opposing the Pentagon's "don't ask, don't tell" policy on homosexuality. Disclosing their names would almost certainly end their military careers, Ms. Murphy said.

In place of the bill's restrictions, the A.C.L.U. favors a robust public-financing system for all Federal candidates.

With this year's debate limping to an end, groups on both sides voice skepticism that Congress has fully addressed the issue.

"We don't think anybody at this current juncture is serious about passing legislation," said Ken Parmelee, vice president of governmental affairs for the National Rural Letter Carriers' Association, which represents 100,000 postal workers. "We think they're all playing gotcha politics."

**Load-Date:** October 19, 1997

**End of Document**



[***Could Hillary Clinton Become the Champion of the 99 Percent?; Feature***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5MMB-SF41-JBG3-64DV-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 23, 2016 Saturday 00:00 EST

Copyright 2016 The New York Times Company All Rights Reserved

**Section:** MAGAZINE

**Length:** 6436 words

**Byline:** GIDEON LEWIS-KRAUS

**Highlight:** A coalition of progressives has been quietly building a plan to bring Occupy-style ideas into the political establishment. Will the Democratic nominee get on board?

**Body**

Correction Appended

In June of 2015, Felicia Joy Wong was in her car, awaiting with some apprehension the economic address that would officially open Hillary Clinton's presidential campaign. The speech was being staged at the F.D.R. memorial on New York City's Roosevelt Island, and though Wong is a political operative of atypical modesty - she describes herself as a former schoolteacher whose accession to minor power has been entirely accidental - she had taken the choice of venue as auspicious. Wong runs the Roosevelt Institute, a small think tank (for lack of a better term) that originated in trusts established to promote the legacies of Franklin and Eleanor. Its chief economist, the Nobel laureate Joseph Stiglitz, indirectly coined the Occupy movement's enduring slogan ("We are the 99 percent"), and Stiglitz and Wong each saw the election as an opportunity to channel Occupy energy into national politics. The country was perhaps ready once again, they believed, for what F.D.R. called "bold, persistent experimentation" in our economic affairs. Two of Wong's senior staff members had gone to the island for the event, but she herself bowed out, claiming the duties of a part-time suburban soccer coach and mom.

In the car, Wong heard the candidate say: "The middle class needs more growth and more fairness. Growth and fairness go together. For lasting prosperity, you can't have one without the other."

Oh, my God, Wong thought, I can't believe she just said that. Each time she repeated this story to me, she narrowed her eyes toward an imaginary car radio and pointed in disbelief.

"Prosperity can't be just for C.E.O.s and hedge-fund managers," the candidate continued. "Democracy can't just be for the billionaires and corporations."

Oh, my God, Wong thought again, I can't believe she just said that. It may have been political boilerplate, but Wong thrilled to it. Her incredulity had yielded to pleasure and admiration. Republicans, the candidate went on, "pledge to wipe out tough rules on Wall Street, rather than rein in the banks that are still too risky, courting future failures."

Wong stopped the car to check her phone. Exultant emails were streaming in. "This is our plan!" one Roosevelt board member wrote. "This is your plan!"

"Our plan" was "Rewriting the Rules of the American Economy," an inventive combination of narrative history and policy platform that Roosevelt published the month before. The report billed itself as a comprehensive agenda to ameliorate inequality. First, it said, inequality is a choice, not an inevitable byproduct of technology, globalization and the uneven distribution of personal virtue. Second, it held that the longstanding notion of an economic trade-off between growth and equality is a fiction.

Unlike the myriad other white papers that each week were drafted, edited, somnolently received at other think tanks and shelved without fanfare, this report - original not so much in its ideas as in its clarity and vigor - had captured wide and consequential attention. In the months leading up to its publication, the Roosevelt team was in close touch with Clinton speechwriters and advisers, and in subsequent rallies the candidate continued to draw upon the report, even at the level of explicit language; calls to "rewrite the rules" found their way into more of her addresses. The many news reports that linked the speech to Wong's organization consistently and erroneously relocated her team to Washington. (Their headquarters are in Midtown Manhattan, in an Art Deco tower in the shadow of the Citigroup Center.)

Much of the left, including the significant bloc that rejected Clinton in the primaries in favor of Bernie Sanders and his call for "revolution," finds Wong and her allies delusional in their hope that "Rewriting the Rules" might be realized in Democratic Party practice. But the Sanders and Trump insurrections revealed an appetite for economic populism that no one in either party establishment had quite anticipated. Now Roosevelt and other progressive groups are wagering that a mandate for economic overhaul might already exist, and that it might even be carried out by the woman who always was the party's near-certain nominee. Wong herself believes that the financial crisis radically destabilized the politics of the American economy, possibly for decades to come, and that 2016 might well mark the early commotion of a genuine political realignment.

As the party heads into its convention in Philadelphia, this coalition sees encouraging signals - perhaps most notably the role that Elizabeth Warren, a key Roosevelt ally, has come to play in the campaign - that Hillary Clinton's economic sympathies might ultimately lie further to the left than skeptics supposed. Roosevelt is a 501(c)(3), and though it does maintain a political-action arm, it does not work to elect specific candidates. Still, various representatives from Clinton's speechwriting and policy teams regularly solicit the organization's input. Roosevelt in turn has redoubled its efforts not only on advancing the ideas in "Rewriting the Rules" but also in recruiting the personnel necessary to carry them out, in the form of a methodical effort to find suitable candidates for economic positions in a future presidential administration.

Rob Stein, the liberal operative whose establishment of the Democracy Alliance in 2005 did perhaps more than any other act to funnel new money and new ardor into progressive causes, told me: "Like no other progressive institution, Roosevelt is bringing strategically relevant insight to the deeper structural problems of our economy." Part of the reason Wong and her team remain mostly unheralded is that they eschew power politics for the quieter work of developing networks to act on ideas. They thus do not see themselves as pushing or pulling or dragging the Democratic nominee to their position. They believe that this candidate, of all candidates, is unlikely to respond to public hectoring or ultimatums. The greatest incentive they can offer is a demonstration that Clinton may well already be the candidate that progressives - and the electorate - have been waiting for.

A displaced Californian, Wong lives with her family in Westchester but makes routine Amtrak face-work pilgrimages to Washington. She has thick, artfully unruly cataracts of black hair and moves with a long, darting, buoyant stride. In meetings, she spends much of her time profusely, sweetly and genuinely thanking people for their thoughtful recommendations of white papers she has already read, studies she has already digested, arguments she could recite by heart, academics she already funds or would like to, funders who already donate and, often, information or ideas she herself has originated. Men of bulk in loosened ties have a way of talking at her for hours and then lifting her best notions, as if accidentally choosing a nicer umbrella on the way out of a restaurant.

One cold, dreary spring day I accompanied her to the A.F.L.-C.I.O. building on 16th Street NW, a foreboding grid of polished beige stone with a lobby dominated by a hallucinogenic two-story marble mosaic. Wong often proceeds by indirection, and the obvious contrast of this first meeting - between Big Labor's encumbrances and Roosevelt's dexterity - made, in retrospect, a deliberate point.

Damon Silvers, the organization's policy director, greeted us in a cluttered low-floor office that looked as if it might belong to a law professor. He showed us seats at a wobbly round table and talked about wages and productivity and economic pain. "There have been a few years over the last 30 with broad-based wage growth," he noted, "but those are the outliers, the exceptions - a few years under Reagan, some under Clinton, but stagnation has been the regime since 1980." He praised Roosevelt as the source of "heavyweight economic thinking" on this, and for "upping the ante."

Wong deflected the credit. "Well, you've been saying this," she replied, "and Elizabeth Warren says it, and Stiglitz has been saying it for 30 years, but now it's almost common knowledge." Wong was more concerned about how they planned to put that common knowledge into action before the looming convention.

"Despite President Obama's efforts, the rules of the economy continue to drive runaway inequality," Silvers went on. "The power dynamics that were in place in 2008 are still in place now, and we don't have all the time in the world to fix this."

This continued for a while, as Silvers relaxed into the comfortable contours of his analysis and Wong steered the visit toward what might actually be done. Eventually she was summoned to see the union's president, Richard Trumka, whose seigneurial berth looks down on the White House. Silvers directed me in the meantime to a vitrine of the fat blue bill-signing pens L.B.J. used to enact the Great Society - food stamps, public broadcasting, urban mass transport, water quality, wholesome poultry products. "If you want to see what structural change looks like," he told me, tapping on the glass, "take a look at this."

The progressive organizations in Wong's rotation take as a matter of course the idea that the Obama administration was a significant missed opportunity for transformation on that order. They do not entirely blame Obama. He had his legislative victories - most importantly in the Affordable Care Act - but one lesson they drew from his time in office was that liberals had long been overly fixated on legislative success. (Johnson had a Congress he could work with; Obama mostly did not, and the next president probably won't, either.) The right has set the agenda for the past 35 years because they built their economic movement deductively (from the first principle of the unregulated market) and took their victories where they could find them. The left, by comparison, tended to moralize, and spoke in the language of justice instead of growth. When they did talk about economics, it took the form of individual issues - minimum wage, student debt, paid family and sick leave - rather than overarching pronouncements. This muddle worsened during the Bush era, when urgent noneconomic concerns forced the left to privilege short-term electoral tactics over long-term strategy.

Roosevelt was designed to be a place, independent of the party establishment, to unite all of these factions under the banner of long-term, coherent economic thinking. Had such a movement existed in 2008, it might have seized on the financial crisis as an opportunity for structural economic reform. Obama's recovery model, to the group's lasting dismay, remained in thrall to old superstitions about growth. The goal of the bailout was to fix the existing financial system and get credit flowing back into the economy while keeping an eye on deficit spending. But today, though high-level macroeconomic numbers like monthly job growth or the headline unemployment rate have improved, almost half of the new jobs created in the first five years of the recovery were poverty-level. Repaired with a kludge, the system went right back to doing exactly what it did before: allowing the extraordinary concentration of power in the hands of the few to dominate the prospects of the many.

Roosevelt and its allies believe that the crisis could have been an occasion - unseen since the New Deal - for the diffusion of authority, large-scale infrastructural investment, attention to low-wage growth and relief for the plight of overextended homeowners rather than banks. But that opportunity passed by because, in the absence of a strong, organized countervailing force, responsibility for the bailout simply defaulted to the claque of Citigroup veterans and sympathizers that had administered Democratic economic policy for what was now a full generation. The critics didn't think that these ex-bankers were unscrupulous, but rather that they acted in accordance with the free-market orthodoxy they inherited from their predecessors.

With all this resentment of bankers, a news consumer might have thought the enthusiasm in this milieu - that is, all the groups that resisted the legacy of deregulated, race-neutral, free-market bipartisanship - would accrue to Bernie Sanders. But Sanders in fact came up only rarely in my conversations with them, usually in praise of the sincerity of his message. The common view of the Democratic contest was that Sanders did a great service in pushing Clinton to the left. Though in some senses this was clearly the case - on the minimum wage and on college tuition - there was an alternate interpretation. As Sanders gained traction, it seemed to Wong and her partners that Clinton had simply ceded to him the territory of aggressive financial reform. Sanders, in their view, hadn't so much pulled her to the left as pushed her to swivel.

The Roosevelt coalition agreed by and large with the direction of Sanders's economic program, but they regretted the crudeness of his exposition. They understood, for example, the appeal of a call to break up the banks but found greater sophistication in Clinton's proposals to regulate "shadow banking." They wished his advisers had been more careful with the numbers. And the personal iconoclasm and moral purity of the Sanders campaign didn't lend themselves to governance. How, given the way Obama's ideals foundered on a kind of Washington default mode, did Sanders plan to staff an entire administration?

Wong and her allies spent a lot more time worrying about Donald Trump than they did valorizing Sanders. Their fear was, and is, that Clinton's response to Trump's faux populism, racism, xenophobia and misogyny - that we needed to make America not "great" but "whole" again - would crowd out everything she once said about corporations and inequality. Clinton's central economic metaphor, "ladders of opportunity," promised access to the current system rather than a wholly different one. But Roosevelt has found that a message of "leveling the playing field" polls much better with voters of color and the white ***working class***. (Its recent follow-up to "Rewriting the Rules," a paper about race by the fellows Dorian Warren and Andrea Flynn, acknowledges that the economic interests and political needs of the two constituencies may not always seem perfectly aligned.) The central preoccupation for Wong, and for Silvers and for Warren, was to demonstrate that it was the courageous thing, not the cautious one, that would capture the preponderance of the electorate.

It is common, in Washington, to view yourself as there by some celestial accident; Beltway insiders delight in a good sneering reference to Beltway insiders. But Wong really does seem like an improbable person to preside over a think tank. She grew up in Silicon Valley, studied poetry at Stanford, got a Ph.D. in political science at Berkeley, worked as a high-school teacher and then at a valley start-up and then happened into a job at the Democracy Alliance, a semi-secretive club of progressive donors. She can barely bring herself to utter the phrase "think tank," much less "policy shop." Late one evening in Washington, we walked by a thickset monolith that glowed with a cold marmoreal light, as if James Turrell had built a fortress for some paranoid ice king. The front read CSIS: the Center for Strategic and International Studies. Wong rolled her eyes, theatrically shuddered and tucked her runaway hair behind her ear. "Now that's a think tank."

On the left, there are lots of small organizations in Washington that publish granular research on specific economic trends. But the most significant liberal think tank in recent years has been the Center for American Progress, founded in 2003 by the former Bill Clinton chief of staff (and current Hillary Clinton campaign chair) John Podesta as his party's answer to the conservative Heritage Foundation. CAP has done a lot of innovative policy work, especially on universal preschool and health care, but it was always less of a research organization than a shadow government for an opposition in exile. When Obama was elected, roughly a third of CAP's staff went into his administration. CAP was founded in an era when few liberals were of the opinion that the system itself was broken: If you just found slightly better Democrats, elected them to office and put smarter policies in their hands, they believed, the country would return to the prosperity of the 1990s. Liberal Washington was not equipped, when the financial crisis broke, to tender a holistic analysis of what was ailing the economy. (Today, CAP's economic ideas are more in line with those of Roosevelt, and in 2015 it released a report on short-termism that anticipated part of "Rewriting the Rules.")

In 2009, a political scientist named Andrew Rich, known for writing about the "war of ideas," was drafted to reinvent the Roosevelt Institute as a place for the radical thinking that postcrisis politics seemed to require. Roosevelt at the time was an ad hoc collection of spare progressive parts, including the upkeep of the F.D.R. Library in Hyde Park, N.Y. Rich believed that if you weren't in Washington, and you weren't beholden to the party apparatus, and if you got the right people - people who were too idiosyncratic or rough-hewn for academia, or academics who wanted to be politically relevant but needed help with finding an audience for their work - you could create a new kind of institution on a looser, livelier model.

At that moment of upheaval and administration dithering, financial reform was the new Roosevelt's obvious first priority. Rich brought on Stiglitz and Mike Konczal, whose pseudonymous financial-crisis blog had a cult following among progressives. In 2010, the organization held a conference that prominently featured Elizabeth Warren, then early in her career as a public figure. While Warren worked on the TARP oversight panel, she needed somewhere to park her aide-de-camp, Dan Geldon, to help draft the details of the Consumer Financial Protection Bureau that was being set up on the basis of her ideas. He served as a fellow, and he and Warren maintain close ties to Roosevelt. Warren insisted I come into her office, though she was late to a vote, so she could tell me how enormously enthusiastic she was about Roosevelt's work: "It's a new voice in American political discourse. Their message is, We can do better than this! They're bringing fundamental optimism back to the center of American life."

When Wong took over in 2012, she continued to recruit staff members and fellows who were at once nonaligned and well connected: to the A.F.T. and S.E.I.U., Demos, MoveOn, the Clintons. By January 2015, Wong had decided, along with her communications director, Marcus Mrowka, and her vice president of research and policy, Nell Abernathy, to prepare for the coming election by creating a full-dress economic agenda that would be there for the candidates' taking. "Rewriting the Rules" got funding from the Ford Foundation, whose decision last year to refocus around the issue of inequality was influenced by Roosevelt, and whose president, Darren Walker, effused to me about Wong as an "incandescent leader" for the progressive movement. While written by Stiglitz, the paper was worked out in consultation with labor officials, academics, congressional staff members and - unusually for a think tank - advocates from places like Color of Change, Naral and the Black Civic Engagement Fund.

The report lays out a stark narrative about the American economy as it exists today. Inequality, it maintains, is a function not of economic laws but of the preferences awarded to the powerful to extract rents - to exploit people who have little choice - especially on necessary goods like housing and health care. This may have been old wine, but it was poured into new bottles; economists after Keynes lost the habit of talking about power, and Roosevelt stressed that this vision was about the way that power and prejudice created not only distorted markets but also nonfunctional ones. The economy has stalled because too much wealth is being generated in nonproductive activity, hoarded to preserve for the rich all the things government no longer provides. The long-run situation, as Wong put it to me once, is America as "a fear-catalyzed gated community for a privileged few, and a violent, racially hostile, 'Lord of the Flies' race to the bottom for the rest of us."

"Rewriting the Rules" then moves on to 37 policy recommendations. Some seek to reduce concentrated power via changes to the tax code, financial reform and labor-market interventions: enacting financial-transaction taxes; taxing corporations on global income; strengthening the right to collective bargaining; and rewriting laws - on intellectual-property rights, lending practices, health care - that present unfair opportunities for monopoly profits. There is a parallel pocketbook agenda: a Fed policy of full employment, via low interest rates and access to credit markets, rather than one designed to control inflation; higher living wages; gender and racial equality in pay; affordable child care. Last is infrastructure: public spending for public goods, and not just roads and bridges but also broadband, high-speed rail, smart grid, green buildings - and especially investments in schools and housing that might end racial segregation. All three categories rest in part on public options. The role of an activist government, as Roosevelt sees it, is not to monopolize any given service, on a command-economy model, but to exist as a permanently nonextortionate market player. The report calls for a postal bank, which would expand access to banking services to the underserved; a public option for mortgages; Medicare open to all; and an expansion of Social Security via voluntary public investment accounts modeled on I.R.A.s.

From a budgetary perspective, at least, the report takes care to present its recommendations as feasible and responsible, imagining that all of those public options (for example) would be run as break-even enterprises. "Rewriting the Rules" does call for an increase in top individual marginal tax rates to perhaps 45 percent, a substantial increase by today's Republican standards but well in line with contemporary Europe or 20th-century America. What was novel was that, unlike the usual centrist Democrat call for more job training and an expansion of the earned-income tax credit, this was not about tinkering with the old tax-and-transfer liberalism but about changing the fundamental structure of the economy. Their demands were vaulting, but they held that an agenda offering freedom from exploitation (rather than freedom from regulation), and insisting that greater fairness would benefit everyone, would resonate with all Americans.

Joseph Stiglitz is a short, oracular man with gray hair and gray stubble trimmed to equal length, which gives his head the round softness of a late-stage dandelion. His minimal-cognitive-load uniform is a blue sportcoat, an open-necked blue dress shirt and roomy gray trousers over thick-soled black sneakers; I saw him wear this unvarying attire to work in his vast personal complex at Columbia University, meetings at the Ford Foundation, a public Roosevelt colloquy with the Black Lives Matter activist Alicia Garza and Hill briefings. His clothes, along with his trundling gait, give him the appearance of a curmudgeonly but twinkle-eyed shtetl tailor, come to dispense wisdom about structures of international trade-dispute arbitration as he fits the bar mitzvah boy for a suit. He has a dry wit but seems not entirely sure when jokes have been received as such, and so, as if someone once told him that he should soften his fearsome intellect by smiling more, he punctuates his speech with a randomized distribution of grins.

Everywhere it has been pointed out that this election feels like a prolonged rehash of 1990s enmities. Wong has a Faulknerian view: "It's not just the same fights," she told me, "but the exact same people." The story goes that there were two distinct factions in the Clinton White House: the free-market, centrist, "neoliberal" wing that we now associate with such figures as Larry Summers and Robert Rubin and such institutions as the Democratic Leadership Council; and then people like Stiglitz - who was head of the Council of Economic Advisers for two years - and Robert Reich. The Summers/Rubin wing largely prevailed. An approach to crime and poverty was engineered to win back Reagan Democrats so they could pass a deregulatory program that would appeal to emerging managerial wealth. The party's Rubinite/Citigroup lineage extended through Rubin's protégé Michael Froman, who as part of Obama's transition team helped usher Tim Geithner into the Treasury Department. It was this legacy that had, throughout the primaries, prevented so many people from taking the former first lady - especially as she tied herself to Obama's tenure - as a credible voice for the economic reforms of "Rewriting the Rules."

This Manichaean story is a vast oversimplification for a variety of reasons, but it did inform the way many voters, especially on the left, viewed the primaries. The fight between Clinton and Sanders often seemed like a choice between a repudiation of the long 1990s entirely (Robert Reich has been an outspoken Sanders supporter) or an avowal that this time the party will choose the vision of Stiglitz. The obvious mystery then becomes: Where does Hillary Clinton herself stand? The problem is not that there's no answer, Wong and Stiglitz think, but that it's a badly phrased question. To pretend the battles are the same as they were in 1994 ignores the fact that the economic realities have changed, economic thinking has changed, the party has changed and - perhaps more than anything - the electorate has changed.

On the left, Stiglitz - with his resignation in protest from the World Bank, in 2000; the 2002 publication of the bridge-burning anti-neoliberalism classic "Globalization and Its Discontents"; and the 2011 publication, in Vanity Fair, of an article titled "[*Of the 1 Percent, By the 1 Percent, For the 1 Percent*](http://www.vanityfair.com/news/2011/05/top-one-percent-201105)" - is viewed, like Sanders, to have landed consistently on the right side of history. But even he believes that there's little profit in trying to evaluate the decisions of the 1990s by contemporary standards. As he put it to me, "What the D.L.C. was about, to some extent, was the fact that the fall of the Iron Curtain had given a false euphoria to the market economy. We thought we had won. But, in reality, we hadn't won; they had failed. And we read into their collapse the wrong thing."

Now, though, there's no excuse. "Between 1990 and 2015 we've had the financial crisis, growth of inequality to unbounded levels, slow growth over all for a third of a century," Stiglitz said. "We've had a third of a century as an experiment, and if you don't see the results of that experiment now, that's willful neglect."

Wong was a White House fellow in the Clinton administration in 1998 and had her own objections to the positions of that White House, though for her at the time it had more to do with a policy of race neutrality than with neoliberalism. (She helped write an 800-page book, in the voice of the president, about racial healing; it was spiked in part because it didn't hew to the administration's official line.) For Wong, too, this election has proved not that the disputes of the 1990s must be fought anew but that they have already been won, decisively and across the board. They have been won on the data, now that we have another two decades of it. And they have been won on the demographics, as the millennial generation - boisterously represented at Roosevelt by a large collegiate network and, in their office, by a young former U.C.L.A. activist named Joelle Gamble - has never known anything but market precarity.

One way that Clinton could signal that she really is serious about the remediation of inequality is through the decisions made by her transition team on personnel. In July, The Boston Globe reported that Roosevelt had been leading a campaign to help staff the economic-policy positions in future presidential administrations. The Clinton campaign appeared to be lagging in this regard behind Trump, who had long before named Chris Christie transition chairman. It seemed to Wong that appointments - especially as a proxy for the candidate's relationship with Wall Street - were being taken as a matter of considerable seriousness, and, she told me, "everyone is watching."

Since the 1970s, movement conservatism has consistently outperformed progressives in laying a talent conduit. Heritage identifies young candidates and grooms them for a smooth climb through the system; adjacent to its headquarters is a library-dorm for its interns, replete with piles of free Hayek. One of Roosevelt's youngest fellows, the legal scholar K. Sabeel Rahman, likes to point out that Department of Justice regulators, drawn from conservative legal and economic circles and influenced by the ideas of Robert Bork, essentially rewrote the federal guidelines for mergers and acquisitions and thereby weakened the government's power to make antitrust cases.

Roosevelt's project, likewise, is about finding people with the economic, legal and regulatory experience to change the country's balance of power. Wong and her staff have been clear that what they are compiling is nothing so simple as a list. It is, rather, a process by which qualified candidates from all 50 states might be matched to possible jobs. This goes for top positions, like cabinet secretaries or the heads of agencies, but also down to the deputy under secretaries and staff members, whom they could introduce to the system. The people who hold these jobs now are probably lucky if their own relatives know their titles, but theirs are positions with real leverage, especially collectively: the Treasury's Domestic Finance Department's chief homeownership preservation officer; HUD's Office of Housing's deputy assistant secretary for risk management and regulatory affairs; the Department of Justice's deputy assistant attorney general for economics. It's important to look at these jobs in aggregate because centers of power in Washington are not fixed: A position, like the chief of staff of the O.M.B., that is relatively weak when filled by one candidate might, occupied by someone else, represent a key node.

The team had a few different sources for leads: securities and banking regulators at the state and local levels; the offices of the state attorneys general, especially assistants in the departments of consumer protection, education and welfare; academics in law, economics and business; and other think tanks and policy institutes. "Where," they would ask a local banking regulator or assistant city manager in Seattle or San Antonio or St. Paul, "do you think you'd want to be in five or 10 years?" The ideal candidates have experience taking (or advocating for) regulatory action, and would thus know how to use the varied, extensive antitrust powers that individual agencies like the D.O.J. and the Federal Trade Commission already possess. Many of the prescriptions advanced by "Rewriting the Rules" would require a congressional majority to make them real; the appointments project, by contrast, would help circumvent the congressional standstill on many issues where authority already resides in the executive branch.

Wong thinks it's no longer accurate to even think of these issues in terms of left versus right. Instead, she holds, real political realignment means a long-term cultural change in the perception of government and its relationship to consolidated power. Wong has been resolute in refusing to draw a bright line, as some progressives would, to rule out bankers, in part because banks are only one element in the pattern. If most people have a hard time understanding or worrying about the concept of "financialization," they have a much easier time recognizing - as Elizabeth Warren put it in a speech at the New America Foundation last month - that four airlines control 80 percent of American airline seats, three chains own 99 percent of drugstores and four companies sell 85 percent of the beef.

This appointments project is fundamentally about control, but its success lies beyond any one institution's ability - even an institution working on behalf of and in concert with a lot of other parties - to determine. The work could see wholesale adoption in the weeks after the convention: Allies of Elizabeth Warren, [*Politico recently reported*](http://www.politico.com/story/2016/07/elizabeth-warren-no-bankers-democratic-platform-225406), ensured that a commitment to personnel who were "not beholden to the industries that they regulate" would be enshrined in the party's platform. The project could place a few people in a scattershot way. Or, of course, it could be shelved entirely in favor of the familiar circuit of routine placement, and whoever lands the economic portfolio for the winning transition team will act, as usual, at his or her own personal discretion.

In June 2016, a little more than a year after the Roosevelt Island speech, Clinton gave her first major economic address as the presumed nominee, in Raleigh. She called for wage increases through stronger unions; portable benefits; an expansion of Social Security; the closing of the carried-interest loophole and an exit tax for corporate inversions; and policies to address the racial employment and racial wealth gaps. Most important for everyone at Roosevelt, she said that she planned an administration that would "rewrite the rules so more companies share profits with their employees and fewer ship profits and jobs overseas." She used their phrase twice, and then used it again a few days later, at her first joint campaign appearance with Warren.

The next day, I went to see Wong in her office. She did not want to seem naïve, but she was optimistic. "All of my optimism now is based on all of the evidence - on all the polling, on all the people, on what the candidate herself has said. Hillary laid down a marker on Wall Street with her Roosevelt Island speech last year. We thought at the time, She'll move away from this, and she did. But it was there for her to go back to. And I think that's been vindicated in the last 48 hours."

Wong and I walked out into the blinding late-spring sun, and she put on her mirrored aviators. The famously infirm Citigroup Center, which had been built on feeble stilts reinforced in secret under cover of night, was reflected in them. "My optimism wasn't dumb. It wasn't just based on the academic views on the trickle-down experiment. Yesterday's speech was a great indicator. She hit every marker. I could go through every policy in that speech and tell you which constituency it was written for." After running down into the subway, Wong - who can't write a one-paragraph email without somehow mentioning eight books and 27 people - promptly emailed me an entire roster of the Clinton intimates who favored real reform, including Heather Boushey of the Washington Center for Equitable Growth; Maya Harris, one of Clinton's senior policy advisers; and Gary Gensler, the campaign's chief financial officer.

Not all of Wong's allies take as rosy an outlook as she does. David Rolf, president of S.E.I.U. 775 told me, "I'm not optimistic enough to think that we're out of those woods yet. The Democratic Party, its leaders and its infrastructure, is very much of two minds about economics. The progressives have gained a lot of ground, but to think that the trickle-down elements of the party are gone?" At Roosevelt's board meeting a few weeks ago, the Center for Popular Democracy's Marbre Stahly-Butts, an architect of the Black Lives Matter policy platform, worried that the evolving platform of the Democratic convention seemed - on matters of mass incarceration and policing in particular - to be anemically centrist.

To Wong, though, much of the hand-wringing about Clinton is beside the point. People like to kibitz on the subject of who a politician "really" is, to claim that some votes or statements or gaffes or alliances are deeply revealing and others merely accidents, frivolities or improvisatory performances. We isolate and label a politician's essence in the hope we might predict with certainty how she'll behave in the future. But in Wong's view, the question of who a politician is - and above all who this particular presidential candidate is - is irrelevant. Her strategy is to proceed in public as if the candidate is certain to rise to the occasion.

A few days after the speech, Wong wrote me an email at 6 a.m. on a Sunday, her favorite time to think. "For the 40 years that she has been in the public eye," she wrote, "Hillary Clinton has been the subject of constant political analysis, armchair psychoanalysis, horrible rumor verging on slander - and also adoration, especially from a number of women around her age who want to see her not just as a role model but a heroine." She continued: "The good news for those of us arguing strenuously for the wisdom of structural economic and political reform: Whether Hillary 'really believes in the cause' or not does not matter. This surfeit of attention leaves out a bunch of other politically relevant factors beyond what is 'true' about Hillary internally."

"After all," Wong said to me more than once, "she is unknowable. Nobody can know her. I certainly can't know her. All I can go by is what is on the public record, and who she's got around her. I'm sure I'll be disappointed again. Over the next few months, we'll all be disappointed again. But I'm only optimistic because there's evidence for me to be that way."

Sign up for [*our newsletter*](http://www.nytimes.com/newsletters/magazine) to get the best of The New York Times Magazine delivered to your inbox every week.

Gideon Lewis-Kraus is a writer at large for the magazine. He last wrote about the signs and potential consequences of a Silicon Valley bubble.

Correction: August 7, 2016, Sunday

This article has been revised to reflect the following correction: An article on July 24 about the Roosevelt Institute, a think tank based in Manhattan, misidentified the union chapter of which David Rolf is president. It is S.E.I.U. Local 775, not the entire S.E.I.U.

PHOTO: Felicia Wong, president and C.E.O. of the Roosevelt Institute. (PHOTOGRAPH BY CHRISTAAN FELBER FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (MM33)

DRAWING (DRAWING BY PABLO DELCAN) (MM30-MM31)

To pretend the battles are the same as they were in 1994 ignores the fact that the economic realities have changed - and the electorate has changed.

**Load-Date:** January 14, 2017

**End of Document**



[***URUGUAYANS TENSE AS MILITARY, OUTVOTED, PONDERS FUTURE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-G9M0-000B-Y4WC-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 14, 1981, Wednesday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1981 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Page 2, Column 3; Foreign Desk

**Length:** 1085 words

**Byline:** By EDWARD SCHUMACHER, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** JUAN LACAZE, Uruguay, Jan. 11

**Body**

Mate, a bitter herbal tea, is said by Uruguayans to make lions of the meek and workers of the lazy, to cool the sweltering, to help the digestion and to solve most other daily maladies.

If Artigas Torres, a textile worker, is not scrubbing wool at the factory here, he can often be found at his kitchen table sipping the hot, dark liquid from a gourd.

Like most ***working-class*** Uruguayans, he drinks it through a metal straw that filters the leaves but becomes so hot that it sears the lips of the uninitiated.

Yet Artigas Torres - his mother named him after Jose Gervasio Artigas, the father of Uruguayan independence -and many of his neighbors in this tidy river town of 15,000 people so swear by the herbal tea that when they go out to socialize they frequently carry jugs of hot water and gourds filled with mate leaves.

Discussion of political outlook in Uruguay focuses on Government response to national vote rejecting continued military ruleVoters Reject Constitution

The people of Juan Lacaze have been drinking mate even more than usual for the last month and a half. Six weeks ago, the Uruguayan people shocked the military Government by overwhelmingly voting in a national plebiscite to reject a proposed constitution aimed at legitimizing rule by the armed forces. Last weekend, the Uruguayan national soccer team upset Brazil at a world tournament in Montevideo, 100 miles away.

The soccer tournament is a settled issue. The plebiscite is not. The military Government has yet to decide whether it will step down or crack down. The people in this town are apprehensive.

''The military has a responsibility before history,'' the 49-yearold Mr. Torres said. ''I am anxious to participate, to vote.'' For all his anxieties - and the presumed leonine properties of the mate he was sipping through his bushy mustache - Mr. Torres said that he was unwilling to resort to street demonstrations, much less violence. It is a common attitude among Uruguayans.

'We Do Not Have the Arms'

''If the armed forces do not not respond - well, what can we do?'' he said. ''We do not believe in violence. Everything is best accomplished through dialogue.''

''Anyway,'' he added, shrugging his shoulders, ''we do not not have the arms to fight.'' That is the attitude the Government is relying on as it prolongs deliberations on what new form of Government to offer the people. The rejected constitution would have created a government in which the military would have had final authority on almost all policies.

If there were a place where the the apprehension in Uruguay might turn restive, Juan Lacaze, named after an early patriot, would be a likely candidate. The unions at its two textile mills were once dominated by Communists and the town was said to have been a haven for left-wing Tupamaro guerrillas before the armed forces took power in 1973. In the plebiscite, the town's voters rejected the military proposal by the highest percentage in the country: 71 percent, compared with 58 percent nationally.

A Typically Uruguayan Town

But the town is in many ways a typically Uruguayan one. It sits on the edge of the Rio de la Plata, a hugh estuary between Argentina and Uruguay. The main roads are paved; the rest are wide and sandy, lined by purple-blossomed jacaranda trees. The one-story, grayplaster houses abut one another. A small soccer field, pointed out proudly to visitors, is at one end of town. The police station is in the middle.

One reason behind the opposition here is the Government's economic programs. The real wages of urban workers have fallen as the authorities have moved toward a free market economy, dismantling much of the Government's economic control apparatus.

The minimum wage at textile mills, which make mostly blankets and bolts of woolen cloth, is about $135 a month, down almost 40 percent from 1971, according to Government reports.

Strikes Are Banned

On the other hand, strikes shut the factories from one to three months a year in the early 1970's. Strikes are now banned and the economy grew more than 6 percent last year.

The military did away with some liberal social laws, such as one that allowed workers to retire at the age of 50 at three-quarters of their salaries. But it left intact most social welfare programs, including subsidized mortgages and free medical care and education. Beef, the key to the Uruguayan cuisine, remains cheap, costing about a dollar a pound for lean rump steak.

The biggest beneficiaries of the Government's economic policies have been export industries, such as the paper mill on the edge of town. Its business has tripled in 10 years and it is building an elaborate chemical recovery plant.

Yet, Jorge Sanguinetti, a plant director, was, like many Uruguayan industrialists, a leader of the opposition to the proposed constitution.

Politics and Business

''The constitution and business are two different things,'' he said as he drove slowly along the streets of the town. Mr. Sanguinetti, a short, dynamic, 46-year-old man, said he wanted the Government to ''get together with the political parties to draft a new constitution.''

Turning the car toward his home on the outskirts of town, he frequently waved out the window to familiar faces. ''We won!'' he shouted to them.

Mr. Sanguinetti's family came from Genoa, Italy, in the middle of the 19th century with a wave of middle-class Europeans whose ideas of liberalism and socialism were the seeds of the 20th century social welfare democracy that existed in Uruguay until the military takeover. The 19th-century European respect for history, family and tradition is still held here by the immigrants' descendants, who, like Mr. Sanguinetti, make up a large part of the professionals and industrialists who voted against the proposed constitution.

The country was being ravaged by urban terrorism and continuing economic crisis at the time of the military takeover. The armed forces then had the support of much of the population. But security is now restored, and much of that support has dissipated.

''The military should have a very important role in government as consultants on security,'' Mr. Sanguinetti said. ''But they proposed getting involved in all the things that government has to do with.''

''I do not think that terrorism will ever be finished for good anywhere,'' he said as he approached his alpine-style chalet on a bluff overlooking a bend in a small river. ''We could have an upsurge. But I am sure that the people, with the help of the army, will be able to control it and triumph.''

**Graphic**

Illustrations: Photo of Jorge Sanguinetti

**End of Document**



[***A Novelist's Education In a Bruising School Of Hard Knocks***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-XD50-000D-G10N-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 17, 1991, Thursday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1991 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Cultural Desk

**Section:** Section C;; Section C; Page 17; Column 1; Cultural Desk; Column 1;; Biography

**Length:** 1003 words

**Byline:** Pete Dexter

By MERVYN ROTHSTEIN

By MERVYN ROTHSTEIN

**Body**

Pete Dexter, the National Book Award winner and Emmy Award nominee for "Paris Trout," is talking about a time before prizes.

"There's a certain kind of people who have time missing in their lives," Mr. Dexter says. "There's about 8 or 10 years for me that I don't remember anything that happened. And 8 or 10 may be giving me the benefit of the doubt. It wasn't like I was always drunk. But I was always up for something. I was always doing something I shouldn't have been doing, and it usually involved drinking or leaving someplace in a hurry."

Mr. Dexter, who is 48 years old, is sitting in the restaurant of a midtown Manhattan hotel talking about himself because his new novel, "Brotherly Love," published by Random House, has just hit the bookstores. As he speaks, his wiry body seems to tense a bit, and he hunches his shoulders ever so slightly for emphasis, perhaps in subconscious imitation of a boxer. Which is not so surprising, because he has devoted many hours to the gym ring.

For the last five years, Mr. Dexter has been a columnist for The Sacramento (Calif.) Bee. Before that, he wrote a street column for The Philadelphia Daily News.

"Brotherly Love" is about two young men who grow up in the bloody world of the Philadelphia mob, a land of death, betrayal and retribution. "Paris Trout," which won the National Book Award in 1988, tells of murder and racism in the Deep South in the early 1950's. The title character, portrayed by Dennis Hopper this year in a Showtime cable-television movie, for which Mr. Dexter wrote the screenplay, kills a 14-year-old black girl in the process of tracking down a young black man who has failed to pay a debt.

No Stranger to Violence

"Violence is a great shaping thing," Mr. Dexter says. "It shapes what follows for everybody. Not just as a literary device, but in real life. The thing about violence is that it doesn't build to a crescendo the way it does in the movies. It doesn't work in a linear or a logical way. It's unpredictable. It never happens quite the way it's supposed to happen. It's usually not the guy you're looking at who swings the baseball bat at you."

Mr. Dexter is no stranger to violence, in his fiction and in his life. Once, in New Orleans, "a guy pointed a gun at me in an alley," he says. "I understood at that moment that things could turn much worse in a hurry."

He used to box six days a week at a Philadelphia gym. And, he says, there was "that famous incident in South Philadelphia, 10 years ago this December."

He and a friend, the heavyweight fighter Randall (Tex) Cobb, were involved in a brawl that grew out of a column Mr. Dexter wrote for The Philadelphia Daily News about drug activity in the neighborhood.

Baseball Bats and Crowbars

"There were 30 guys with baseball bats and crowbars," Mr. Dexter says. "That was a real informative evening." Mr. Dexter suffered a broken leg, a broken back, chipped teeth, and scalp lacerations that required 90 stitches. He also suffered some permanent damage, he says, damage that has totally eliminated his propensity for drinking.

"I got hit over the head a lot, and it changed the way everything tastes," he says. "Alcohol has a real acid taste to me now, and I can't drink the stuff anymore."

"In some ways it's probably a good thing," he continues. "But I was never somebody who drank because I was depressed. I always had a good time. One of the things I always did as a columnist was hang around in bars. Great, funny stuff can happen in bars. And I guess I kind of miss seeing some of that stuff."

Just as the fight changed his life, he says, so did his winning the National Book Award.

"I don't do much now that I don't want to do," he says. "I mean, I still have to take out the garbage, but I don't have anybody dictating to me, or telling me, or even asking me."

An Island in Puget Sound

When he won the prize, Mr. Dexter was writing his column three days a week. Now he writes it only once a week. And he no longer writes from Sacramento. He lives instead on Whidbey Island, in Puget Sound, about 40 miles north of Seattle.

Life, he says, is much easier in the relative isolation of the 40-mile-long island than it is in the big city. "You never have to wait on line for anything," he says. "And people aren't rude."

"There's a real pretty view from the window," he says. "Half the year there are some eagles in the trees. The house overlooks a place called Useless Bay. Once in a while you see some whales. And beyond that are the Olympic Mountains."

Mr. Dexter was born in Pontiac, Mich. His father died when he was 2, and he and his mother moved to South Dakota. When his mother remarried, the family moved to Mill edgeville, Ga., the model for the small town in "Paris Trout." After four years, they moved to Forest Park, Ill., where he went to high school.

He took his time getting through college, mostly at the University of South Dakota, kicked around a few years, then ended up in Fort Lauderdale, Fla., where one hot summer day he walked past the office of The Fort Lauderdale Sun-Sentinel. "It was air-conditioned inside," he said. "So I went in. That's how I started writing. It was 1969 or so, and it was a lot easier to get a newspaper job."

Mr. Dexter began writing novels about eight years ago. His first two were "God's Pocket," about a murder in a ***working-class*** South Philadelphia neighborhood, and "Deadwood," a comic tale of Wild Bill Hickok and his most unusual friends. Both won critical praise but nowhere near the kind of public attention the National Book Award gave him.

Time on His Hands

When it comes to why he turned to fiction, Mr. Dexter says he always knew he wanted to write something else besides a newspaper column and refers again to the Great South Philadelphia Brawl and to the change in taste it brought about.

"Sure, you can go to bars when you're not drinking," he says. "But it's not as much fun. The laughs aren't there. So suddenly I had a lot of extra time. I asked myself, 'What are you going to do?' And I sat down and started writing a novel."

**Graphic**

Photo: Pete Dexter (Matthew McVay for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** October 17, 1991

**End of Document**



[***CONGRESSMEN ACT TO SALVAGE PROJECTS DOOMED BY REAGAN***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-G020-000B-Y1PF-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 22, 1981, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1981 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 11; Long Island; Page 1, Column 5; Long Island Weekly Desk

**Length:** 1063 words

**Byline:** By SHAWN G. KENNEDY

**Body**

SINCE the Reagan Administration unwrapped its 1982 spending package late last month, the Island's Capitol Hill legislators have been calculating its potential impact on the region.

Within Mr. Reagan's plan to shift budget priorities, they say, there are spending cuts that would have a particular impact on the Island, including reduced aid to mass transportation and highway construction and maintenance projects. In addition, they point to the proposed curtailment of such services as Medicaid and the school lunch program and a lowering of the family income level for college loan applicants.

Senator Alfonse M. D'Amato, Republican of Island Park, and most of the Island's Republican Congressional delegation have expressed solid support for the majority of the Reagan budget cuts. All of them, however, back challenges in a few areas, but there is no indication at this time of how successful they will be in softening the impact of the cuts.

Congressmen act to salvage projects doomed by Reagan

Last week, Labor Department officials in Nassau and Suffolk Counties announced that further reductions in the Comprehensive Employment and Training Act program would force them to dismiss by April 15 more than 1,500 public service employees whose salaries CETA had paid.

Although local officials and some Island Congressmen expressed concern over the impact of the mass dismissals, there seemed to be little support for lobbying to have the CETA funds restored before Congress approved next year's final spending plan.

Meanwhile, it was disclosed that a strong effort by Senator D'Amato had resulted in the unfreezing of Economic Development Administration funds for Flightways of Long Island in Farmingdale and an industrial park in Babylon. Flightways, a school that says it teaches all phases of aviation, will get a $753,000 loan guarantee and the industrial park will receive a $600,000 grant.

The lack of support for a campaign to save the CETA jobs and the push on the unfreezing of development projects as well as bipartisan support for the restoration of mass transit funds give some indication of the direction of the effort.

Representative John LeBoutillier, Republican of Westbury, said that he was ''in near total agreement'' with the President on the budget cuts, but that he disagreed with the curtailment in federally guaranteed loans to college students from middle-income families.

''We need to develop a new way to finance the student loan program,'' Mr. LeBoutillier said. ''We can't allow those desiring higher education to be denied that opportunity.''

He also said he believed that the Helen Keller Institute in Sands Point deserved to have its Federal financing continued. ''It is the only facility that seeks to rehabilitate and train and educate deaf and blind individuals,'' he said.

Senator D'Amato, who supported cuts in such areas as CETA and Medicaid, characterized the proposed reduction in mass transit aid as ''counterproductive'' and said he would give attention to having some of the funds restored.

The Senator also has said he would support an effort by some New York Representatives to restore a $2.5 million grant to expand the Astoria Film Studios in Queens because of the jobs that he believes the project will generate.

Representative Gregory W. Carman, Repulican of Farmingdale, said that while he would not favor efforts to restore funds in any specific area, he would support adjustments within the budget plan.

''We have some tremendous problems in transportation,'' Mr. Carman said. ''Currently New York gets a 20 to 25 percent reimbursement. We need a formula that would give Long Island a fair shake.''

The Representative said he would also propose tax incentive programs for companies hiring some of the CETA workers who are due to lose their jobs next month.

Representative Thomas J. Downey, Democrat of Amityville, said he was particularly concerned about the lid on Medicaid spending, the cuts in the school lunch program, the potential loss of mass transit funds and the reduction in eligibilty for student loans.

''My constituents and some school districts in my area have been writing me telling me about how the hot lunch program changes will affect children in the district,'' Mr. Downey said. ''The school districts estimate that if support money for the program is cut, the cost of a lunch will go from 60 cents to $1 and then eventually to $1.40. School districts also say that some students would drop out of the free lunch program, not wanting to be identified as needy.''

Mr. Downey said he would oppose budget restrictions that would limit participation in the lunch program to those students who qualified for free lunches.

Like Mr. LeBoutillier, Mr. Downey does not support proposals to raise the income ceiling for families of students seeking Federal college loans.

''We've helped subsidize the middle class in other ways, and there's nothing wrong with that,'' Mr. Downey said. ''But if at some point you decide that you are going to take away all support or help for people like the ***working class***, then you come to a point where these people aren't interested in supporting programs for the lowerincome people and the needy.''

Mr. Downey will also seek an adjustment in Medicaid grants so that there would be a more equal distribution among states. New York receives a reimbursement rate of between 50 and 55 percent while Texas, for example, receives between 60 and 70 percent.

The Representative said that, according to Mr. Reagan's proposal to cut personal income taxes, a family of four with an income of $20,000 a year would gain $114 in the first year of the plan, but would have an offset of $418 in additional economic burdens resulting. for example, from increases in Social Security payments, subway and commutation fares, heating oil costs and electric bills.

Mr. Downey noted that on the positive side the Reagan spending plan would mean that the Island would gain an estimated $1 billion in defense contracts. He was asked if there were ways to restore some of the budget cuts while maintaining the defense contracts.

''Actually, Mr. Reagan has given us the room in his proposals to find alternatives,'' Mr. Downey said. ''As a matter of politics, we have the obligation to come up with alternatives that do not adversely affect our area at the expense of other regions. It can be done, and we're working on it now.''

**End of Document**



[***ART REVIEW; American History, Sliced to Order***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:43GP-HG60-0109-T2FM-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 13, 2001 Friday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2001 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section E; Part 2; Column 4; Leisure/Weekend Desk; Pg. 30

**Length:** 1409 words

**Byline:**  By HOLLAND COTTER

**Dateline:** COOPERSTOWN, N.Y.

**Body**

For centuries, history painting was an exalted genre. Almost nobody makes a career of it now. Its time-honored ingredients -- didacticism, idealism, rhetorical flair -- are out of fashion, as is history itself, the idea that certain things happened in a certain way. Postmodernism put the kibosh on all that.

Ralph Fasanella (1914-1997) was a history painter in the traditional mold. He believed that the past had a coherent shape and direction; he wanted the future to have one, too. He had a lot invested in this clarified, nonrelativistic vision. He needed something from it: self-confirmation, emotional comfort. And his pugnacious insistence on getting what he was after is what makes his art at once vital and limited.

Both qualities come across in "Ralph Fasanella's America," a retrospective of his work at Fenimore Art Museum, part of the New York State Historical Association here. It's a compact exhibition, only about 50 paintings, which is good. Fasanella worked with a relatively small number of themes, but he packed an exhaustive amount of information into each painting. By presenting the essence of his career rather than its every little twist and turn, the show preserves the combustive power of individual pieces and moves along with something of his restless, talking-on-the-run urban energy.

Fasanella was born in the Bronx, the child of Italian immigrants. His father was an ice deliveryman, his mother a seamstress who had progressive social beliefs: anti-fascist, pro-labor. The family moved to Sullivan Street in Manhattan when he was 5. At 10 he was arrested for theft and put in a Roman Catholic reform school. The experience permanently turned him off organized religion, though religious symbolism and a secular-humanist version of religious faith pervade his art.

In 1937 he went to Spain to fight in the civil war but eventually crossed swords with military superiors and unheroically sailed home. His radical political convictions, already formed, were sharpened by the Depression. In the 1940's he began a stint of union organizing only to find himself chafing at the corruption he encountered. On a summer vacation in 1945 he casually took up pencil sketching and was hooked. He started to paint soon afterward.

Art gave him almost everything he was after: a forum for his political thinking; a concrete way of retrieving, preserving and perfecting the past; and public service work in which he was his own boss. It did not, however, pay the bills: for years Fasanella sold almost nothing, and he never had a patron.

He took a job in a gas station and later invested in one of his own in the South Bronx. When he wasn't working, his wife, Eva, supported the family by teaching. In 1972, after a cover article in New York magazine proclaimed him "the best primitive painter since Grandma Moses," he gained wide recognition, though by then much of his best work was in the past.

Most of Fasanella's painting is in fact about the past, personal and political, with constant overlap of the two. His first painting, done in 1945, is a detailed, brick-by-brick reimagining of the Sullivan Street tenement where he lived as a boy. The vivacious "May Day" (1948), one of his early mural-size works, depicts an imaginary workers' parade through Union Square in the 1930's, with multiethnic celebrators and Edenic vistas of communal gardens stretching into the distance.

Fasanella witnessed such events, but his image is still a Preston Sturges-style escapist fantasy, a positive-thinking, virtuous view of the past; history not as it was but as it could have been, should have been. In the years after the piece was finished, political realities pressed down hard on him. Through the 1950's he was tailed by the F.B.I. and dismissed from jobs. His paintings increasingly became symbol-laden, composite creations, splicing together public and private events, people and places from different times in the past, personal details and Christian emblems.

A series of three stirring homages to his father date from this time. In each the father is depicted as a crucified figure floating against aerial views of ***working-class*** neighborhoods. The paintings are rich with specific details, each lovingly inserted as if placed on display. At the same time the Cubistic shifting of angles and perspectives keeps everything dreamlike, miraculous, apparitional.

Fasanella is often associated with activist political art, though the only real concentration of such work is from the 1960's, a decade about which he had conflicted feelings. His mural-size "American Tragedy" (1964) assembles its high-profile political players -- John F. Kennedy and Barry Goldwater, civil rights demonstrators and the Ku Klux Klan -- into good-guy, bad-guy camps. "The Mad 60's," done the same year, takes aim at the material and sexual excesses of the era's popular culture, mixing go-go dancers and Supreme Court justices.

Elaborately plotted and pieced together, the paintings owe a debt to Diego Rivera. But they have a hectic and hectoring doomsday feel reminiscent of the millennialist dramas of Howard Finster, a Christian evangelical artist with whom Fasanella would seem, at least on the surface, to have little in common ideologically.

By comparison, a later political series commemorating the 1912 Bread and Roses strike of textile workers in Lawrence, Mass., has a very different feeling. These paintings were not quick-reaction pieces; Fasanella researched his subject for two years. Perhaps for that reason they have an air of tact and balance, of passionate detachment, conveyed by a near-abstract play of geometric forms: the dour brick walls of the old New England mills take on the texture of ornamental filigree.

The same qualities are found in his depiction of his own past, one of the finest examples being "Family Supper" (1972). The scene is a cutaway view of the kitchen of the Sullivan Street apartment of his childhood, though the format also suggests an altarpiece, with an ornamental border of tenement windows and a row of storefronts as a predella.

The family sits around the table eating pastries and fruit: it is a Last Supper scene with the artist's mother in the seat of honor at the center. On the wall is Fasanella's painting of his crucified father, though here it appears as a calendar illustration. Once the symbolic implications of these figures kick in, every object in the neat-as-a-pin apartment -- a sewing machine, a steamer trunk, a wine bottle, a clock -- assumes a precious, liturgical weight.

This painting hangs at the very beginning of the Fenimore House exhibition, organized by Paul D'Ambrosio, chief curator for the State Historical Association. And it is Fasanella's art at its best: intricately composed, beautifully painted, with the personal and the political seamlessly meshed.

The same cannot be said of "Farewell, Comrade: The End of the Cold War," Fasanella's final attempt at history painting on a grand public scale. Done in response to the collapse of Communism in Europe, it is full of tired images -- Lenin in his coffin, political slogans, a globe with a rising Soviet star -- and prefabricated rhetoric.

The painting's position as the show's culminating work makes chronological sense, but it also puts an emphasis on the doctrinaire side of Fasanella's art, what is narrow about it rather than expansive, time-bound rather than timeless. Fasanella himself had serious misgivings about the Soviet social experiment once it had unfolded, but at the end he clung for dear life to the party line, and the results ring hollow.

One is tempted to let Fasanella -- the self-taught artist, the immigrant's son, the man of the people -- off the hook for such shortcomings. But that would be a mistake, an indulgence in the sort of protective condescension that "folk art" is routinely subjected to.

We have a right to be demanding of our most ambitious and representative American artists; they reflect and partly shape the moral fabric of our lives. Fasanella was one of them. And as with history itself, his failures are as instructive as his successes are exhilarating.

"Ralph Fasanella's America" remains at Fenimore Art Museum, New York State Historical Association, Lake Road, Route 80, Cooperstown, N.Y., (607) 547-1400, through Dec. 30. It travels to the New-York Historical Society in Manhattan (April 1 to July 15), and the Mennello Museum of American Folk Art in Orlando, Fla. (Aug. 15 to Nov. 30, 2002).

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

**Graphic**

Photo: Detail of Ralph Fasanella's "May Day" (1948), in Cooperstown. (New York State Historical Assciation)

**Load-Date:** July 13, 2001

**End of Document**



[***POLANSKI PLANNING TO DIRECT 'AMADEUS' ON POLISH STAGE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-FY90-000B-Y53Y-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 27, 1981, Friday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1981 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section C; Page 11, Column 1; Weekend Desk

**Length:** 954 words

**Byline:** By NINA DARNTON, POLANSKI PLANNING TO DIRECT 'AMADEUS' ON POLISH STAGE

**Dateline:** WARSAW

**Body**

Roman Polanski sat on an easy chair in his single room at the Victoria Hotel here. He was on the phone to Paris, talking in French to a friend who had just had a baby girl and who had named her Tess. He hung up, jubilantly told his visitor in English about the birth, and then picked up the phone again to speak in Polish to an actor who was waiting to join him for coffee.

Mr. Polanski is at home in all three languages and feels at home in at least two of the countries - Poland and France. He liked the United States too, he said, but never felt truly comfortable there. He feels himself more of a European.

Roman Polanski dicusses his career as film director and new plans to direct play "Amadeus" on Polish stage

Mr. Polanski has returned to his native Poland on an official visit to attend the opening of his newest film, ''Tess.'' ''People from Film Polski came to Paris to talk about getting 'Tess' almost a year ago, but they had money problems,'' he said. ''I suggested to my producer that this would be a good time to give them the film, and he agreed. So they didn't have to pay for it. I hope that other producers will do the same. I am going to write to the producer of 'Rosemary's Baby' and ask him, too, because if they don't, the Poles will just never get to see the good Western films.''

Mr. Polanski, who in jeans and a metallic shirt looked a full 10 years younger than his 47 years, visited Poland last June, shortly before the strikes that gave birth to the Solidarity trade union. Before that, he was here in 1976 ''on a journey of sentiment.'' Before that, he had not been back for 15 years.

Call of the West

Mr. Polanski left Poland in 1961, shortly after the release of his innovative film ''Knife in the Water.'' ''Why did I leave? I left for the same reason Hitchcock left England,'' he said, ''for the same reason artists often leave small countries. There is something that calls you West - because that's where your future is. I can't deny that the political situation also made things more limited here, but that wasn't the only reason, and that wasn't the most limiting period.''

He said that the authorities were unhappy with ''Knife in the Water,'' but they didn't shelve it indefinitely. ''They released it, but not like a film more politically agreeable to them,'' Mr. Polanski recalled. ''It never had an official premiere, it was given only a limited distribution. They saw it as criticizing certain aspects of social life in Poland that were untouched before - it showed a certain kind of bourgeois-type man who wasn't supposed to exist here. Besides, anything different was looked on with suspicion. It was enough to be different, to have problems, even if not directly political. Just being nonconformist raised suspicion.''

Asked about the growing political power of the unions in Poland, Mr. Polanski said: ''Even when I was here in June, I was surprised that people had no fear to speak their minds - it felt like one of the really free liberal countries I have visited. Then when the strikes began and the movement grew, I can only say that it is encouraging and surprising that it really and truly comes from the ***working class*** and unique, I think, that they are really concerned with freedom for intellectuals and artists.''

No Inspiration for Film

Nonetheless, Mr. Polanski said he was not interested in making a film examining the events here, because politics never interested him artistically.

''I'm interested in true and basic human emotions and these are timeless. Of course, you can use a specific society and political situation to express them, but that is only the canvas.''

And how did the Poles react to ''Tess,'' the film based on the Thomas Hardy novel that has earned Mr. Polanski an Academy Award nomination as best director. Was there a full house?

''Was there a full house? Are you kidding? Yesterday they broke the door down trying to get into the Moscow Theater. There was a crowd outside trying to get me to help them get in. Then they put on an extra show - the last show should end at about midnight, but they put one on at 1 in the morning and it ended at 4 A.M.. Isn't that crazy? I remember at film school in Lodz where we stayed up and watched films until 8 in the morning.''

A Busy Schedule

Mr. Polanski was busy during his short stay here, showing an old film of his at the film school in Warsaw, participating in a seminar with film students, and completing plans to direct ''Amadeus,'' the Peter Shaffer play that has scored such a success on Broadway. Mr. Polanski will direct the play in Warsaw and the actors will be drawn from the repertory company of Tadeusz Lomnicki, a well-known actor and director in Poland. Mr. Lomnicki himself will play the leading role.

This will be the first time Mr. Polanski has worked in Poland in 20 years and, given the hard currency situation here at the moment, it is clear that he is doing it for love, not money. He chose ''Amadeus'' because ''I read it and couldn't put it down.'' Mr. Polanski started his career in the theater when he was 14 and is looking forward to the opportunity to work in it again.

The director, whose list of box office and artistic successes also includes ''Chinatown,'' does not feel that his career had brought him everything he yearned for. ''I don't know, I started out wanting to be famous, and I ended by being notorious,'' he said wistfully, citing the murder of his pregnant wife, Sharon Tate, by the Charles Manson group and the fact that he was a fugitive from American justice, charged with ''unlawful intercourse with a minor.''

The success of ''Tess,'' however, and his plans for a new adventure movie called ''Pirates,'' sound less like an ending, and more like a new beginning.

**End of Document**



[***Book Chain Taps Underserved Neighborhoods - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4BSS-MCK0-TW8F-G1Y8-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

February 25, 2004 Wednesday

Late Edition - Final

**Correction Appended**



Copyright 2004 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section C; Column 3; Business/Financial Desk; Pg. 6; COMMERCIAL REAL ESTATE

**Length:** 1439 words

**Byline:** By ROBERT SHAROFF

**Body**

Borders Books and Music is tapping into one of the retail industry's few remaining new frontiers -- underserved urban neighborhoods -- with stores in Detroit and Chicago.

In November, the company, a subsidiary of the Borders Group, opened an 8,000-square-foot store in the heart of downtown Detroit at the Compuware Corporation's new world headquarters building, the first new office building to be constructed there since the 1970's.

The company is also the main retail anchor for an ambitious new mixed-use retail and residential complex on the North Side of Chicago.

''There's no doubt that there's certain rough spots in these trade areas,'' said Alex Lelli, vice president for development of Borders, which is based in Ann Arbor, Mich. ''But there's a lot of change coming.''

Of the two projects, the Detroit store is probably the bigger gamble, if only because of the general absence of retail activity of any kind in the downtown area.

''Retail is lacking in downtown Detroit,'' said Charles Maday, the chief executive of Exclusive Realty, a Detroit commercial brokerage firm. ''All the retailers left. It's the only major city that doesn't have even a hardware store.''

A walk around the downtown area confirms that. It is impossible to buy even a T-shirt in downtown Detroit, let alone necessities like groceries or furniture.

Compuware's new headquarters, a 1.1-million-square-foot office building with about 60,000 square feet of retail space, is the first significant retail development -- aside from restaurants and entertainment spots-- since the construction of the riverfront Renaissance Center in the 1970's.

The location, at the corner of Woodward Avenue and Monroe Street, has powerful associations for many older residents. For most of the last century, the area was the city's retail hub, home of the J.L. Hudson Company and other department stores now vanished. Hudson's, which occupied a square block just north of the Compuware Building, closed in the 1980's and its building was demolished in the mid-1990's.

''Retail from Day 1 was a component of our strategy,'' said Denise Knobblock, executive vice president for administration at Compuware. ''Hudson's is still sorely missed in the city. We wanted to bring back some of the things it used to provide.''

Ms. Knobblock said that Compuware pursued Borders ''quite heavily'' by appealing to its civic responsibility as a Michigan-based company and by pointing out that the downtown area, while deserted at night, continues to have a viable population of daytime office workers. In addition to the 4,000 people who work in Compuware's new building, the headquarters for General Motors is several blocks away in the Renaissance Center.

''We feel the population is just unserved,'' Mr. Lelli said. ''They have no alternatives on their lunch hour in terms of retail. Our feeling is that if we're careful about our operational discipline in terms of hours of operation, we will be successful.''

The store opened in early November and according to Mr. Lelli is performing to expectations. While declining to say what kind of sales he expects the store to generate, he did say that Borders' ''general rule of thumb'' for stores in underserved markets is to ''break even in Year 1 and look forward to Year 2.''

Three other retail operations -- a Hard Rock Cafe, a coffee shop and a credit union office -- have opened in the building, and leases have been signed for six others, including a Kinko's, two restaurants and a clothing store.

The Chicago project, called Uptown Square, is also an attempt to bring retail life to a blighted commercial district. Situated in Uptown, a North Side neighborhood that has resisted gentrification for many years, it consists of three buildings, two of them existing and one new, totaling about 80,000 square feet at the intersection of Broadway Street and Lawrence Avenue.

Both of the older buildings -- one, in neo-Classical style, originally housed a bank; the other is a terra cotta department store -- date from the early decades of the last century. Both have been vacant for many years.

The project has about 40,000 square feet of retail space, with Borders taking 25,000 square feet for its store, which will open in April.

The project also has 33 condominiums, 8 of them earmarked for residents who earn 60 to 80 percent of the area's median income.

The developer of the project is Joseph Freed & Associates of Palatine, Ill., a company that until recently was known mainly for constructing mixed-use downtown revitalization projects in the Chicago suburbs.

''It's an interesting project,'' said Dennis Harder, vice president for development services at Freed. Mr. Harder said the company ''got past the idea that this would be a big risk or gamble'' by studying what he called ''the positives'' associated with the neighborhood.

The Uptown neighborhood has traditionally been an entertainment district and is still home to several concert halls and nightclubs. The area also has a considerable amount of new and renovated residential housing and is easily accessible by public transportation.

''We looked at it in terms of its proximity to residential areas and the fact that there isn't any competition in this location,'' Mr. Lelli said.

The city also cooperated by awarding the $23.5 million project a $7 million tax break. ''This is a catalyst project that involves retail, market rate and affordable housing, and historic preservation,'' said Alicia Berg, the city's commissioner of planning and development. ''It's a microcosm of how we're trying to create balance in our neighborhood redevelopment efforts.''

Both projects are part of a larger trend playing out in many urban neighborhoods around the country. According to Mark Blaxill, senior vice president of the Boston Consulting Group, a Boston-based business consulting firm that helped write an influential study on urban retailing in the late 1990's, the core areas of cities represent an $85 billion market. He also said that in some areas unmet demand was as high as 60 percent.

''The popular press often promotes the notion that inner cities are drug-ridden gang-dominated horrible places,'' he said. ''But the vast majority of these neighborhoods are populated by ***working-class*** people who have jobs and incomes and some degree of education.''

Increasingly, retailers are taking notice. ''Virtually all retailers that are seeking expansion today are considering underserved urban markets,'' said Richard Totaro, president of the corporate services division of the real estate brokerage and services company CB Richard Ellis.

The reasons, he said, include ''the high densities you find in many inner-city markets and the fact that there's typically an extremely diversified income base in these neighborhoods.''

There are also numerous competitive advantages for guessing right and being the first retailer to enter a gentrifying neighborhood.

''The first guy in gets all the goodies -- the best location, the incomparable economic deal,'' said Bruce Kaplan, president of Northern Realty Group, a Chicago-based real estate services firm.

Mr. Kaplan said that bookstores are viewed as especially desirable tenants for neighborhood revitalization projects. ''They have a lot of influence with developers because their drawing power far exceeds the actual size of their space,'' he said. ''They play the same role that diners or gas stations do in small towns -- they are places where people meet their friends, socialize and hang out.''

Another plus is the general lack of competition in many urban neighborhoods. In both Detroit and Chicago, Borders will be the only large national store for many blocks.

''Being the first store into a trade area gives you and your brand the first shot at underserved customers,'' Mr. Lelli, the Borders executive, said. ''Hopefully, that impression is long lasting.''

The downside, of course, is that a retailer can arrive too early or in a neighborhood that ultimately does not revive as anticipated.

Also, building in the city is typically a far more complicated process than suburban development.

''There's a different set of operational challenges,'' said Mr. Blaxill of Boston Consulting. These include, he said, everything from the added time to line up approvals for zoning changes and construction permits to dealing with the competing agendas of various neighborhood groups.

The benefits, however, remain compelling. ''Anytime and anywhere you open a store, there's risks associated with it,'' Mr. Lelli said. ''But I think there's sufficient background and support for each of these locations.''

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

**Correction**

An article in Business Day on Wednesday about the opening of Borders bookstores in Detroit and Chicago referred incorrectly to development in downtown Detroit. The headquarters building of the Compuware Corporation, the site of a new Borders store, is the third new office building to be built there since the 1970's, not the first. The article also referred incorrectly to the availability of T-shirts for sale in the area. They are indeed available, at stores that sell souvenirs and sundries.

**Correction-Date:** February 27, 2004

**Graphic**

Photo: Alex Lelli, vice president for development at Borders, in front of the company's new 8,000-square-foot store in downtown Detroit. (Photo by William Zbaren for The New York Times)Chart: ''Data Update''Value of construction contracts for commercial and industrial buildings by region. Seasonally adjusted annual rate through January.Graph tracks contracts (regionally in billions) for the South, West, Midwest, and Northeast from 2000-2004.NATIONAL IN BILLIONSJAN. 2003: $70.7NOV. 2003: 60.3DEC. 2003: 57.0JAN. 2004: 60.4(Source by McGraw-Hill Construction/Dodge)

**Load-Date:** February 25, 2004

**End of Document**



[***CONGRESSMEN HEAR VOTERS, BUT MESSAGE IS NOT CLEAR***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-FRV0-000B-Y3RK-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 26, 1981, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1981 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 1; Part 1; Page 19, Column 1; National Desk

**Length:** 1066 words

**Byline:** By STEVEN V. ROBERTS

**Dateline:** RANDOLPH, MASS., April 24

**Body**

Representative Brian J. Donnelly's district starts in the ***working-class*** neighborhoods of Boston and stretches south to suburbs like Randolph, tree-shaded sanctuaries for the children of the city's ethnic immigrants. When this new generation moved out here, many of them found their taxes rising, their outlooks changing and their votes shifting.

Take Patricia Griffin, a real estate manager, who backed a Republican Presidential candidate for the first time last fall. Earlier this week she attended a Chamber of Commerce breakfast with Representative Donnelly, and her message to the lawmaker was clear: Support President Reagan's economic plan.

Steven Roberts discusses issues raised by constituents of Representative Brian Donnely in Boston, notes voters' criticism of planned budget cuts

''People were fed up with the poor management of the Democrats,'' said Miss Griffin, who considered herself a liberal a decade ago. ''Reagan said he would do something, get something passed and nothing had been done for so long. Whatever he's able to accomplish, we'll feel some satisfaction with that.''

The nation's legislators have been home in their districts for the Easter recess the last two weeks and, according to interviews in a half-dozen cities, many of them have heard from constituents like Miss Griffin. However, Mr. Donnelly has heard many opinions that conflict with Miss Griffin's, and many other lawmakers found voters in growing numbers criticizing some of Mr. Reagan's specific budget cuts as unreasonable and unfeeling.

The Contrasting Viewpoints

''Nobody knows the difference between Reagan's budget and the Democrats' budget,'' said Mr. Donnelly, a second-termer who is on the House Budget Committee. ''People are just committed to doing something different, because they feel past policies haven't worked.''

But Representative Geraldine A. Ferraro, Democrat of Queens, who reported two months ago that her district heavily backed the President, said: ''My mail has totally turned around. I don't think my people have changed their minds. I just think they didn't realize what was happening. In many instances we're getting, 'Yes, we have to balance the budget, we have to cut the deficit, but please don't touch this program.' ''

Next week the House of Representatives will take up the budget for the 1982 fiscal year. The House Budget Committee, dominated by Democrats, has reported out a plan that would allocate more money for social programs and less for defense than President Reagan's budget. By advocating a lower tax cut, the Democratic budget also projects a lower deficit than the President.

El Salvador and Haig

The budget was not the only subject on voters' minds this week, and several legislators discerned a rising uneasiness over American support for the Government of El Salvador. ''People here recognize,'' said Representative Dante B. Fascell, Democrat of Florida, ''that a country so close by as El Salvador cannot be allowed to be taken over by Communists, but even the very conservative Miamians don't want El Salvador to be turned into another Vietnam.''

Representative John L. Burton, Democrat of California, reported strong objections to Mr. Reagan's plan to lease oil drilling rights off the Pacific Coast and growing doubts about Secretary of State Alexander M. Haig Jr. ''A lot of serious people out here think he is a little bonkers,'' Mr. Burton said.

But the focus was clearly on the economy, and much of the sentiment around the country boiled down to the remark of Paul Connolly, a businessman here, who said of Representative Donnelly: ''I think he should go all the way with the President's program. What we've been doing for the last 20 years hasn't worked.''

Appeal to 'Worst Instincts'

To many Democrats, this antitax, antigovernment mood has been fostered by conservative politicians like President Reagan. ''In this state,'' asserted Representative W.G. Hefner, Democrat of North Carolina, ''peoples' worst instincts have been appealed to. They think all the causes of all our problems are government giveaway programs.''

While the President seems highly popular in most districts, lawmakers have been besieged by constituents who are increasingly alarmed at the potential impact of Mr. Reagan's proposed budget cuts.

''The tide has turned,'' declared Representative Dennis E. Eckart, Democrat of Ohio. Representative Gerry E. Studds, Democrat of Massachusetts, added: ''This meat ax approach is not what people voted for. I really think people are saying, 'Hey, wait a minute.' ''

In the Florida district of Representative William Lehman, a Democrat from North Miami Beach, some voters expressed a concern that cuts in job programs would lead to riots in Miami. In Queens, Representative Ferraro heard about reduced Social Security benefits. In San Francisco, Representative Burton met with city officials who say that reduced funds from Washington will mean higher local taxes.

In a long day of meetings, Representative Donnelly of Massachusetts listened to endless expressions of pain and concern. Ilene Seidman, a public interest lawyer, told him that proposed welfare cuts would have a ''disastrous effect'' on many families where members are working or attending college.

Mr. Donnelly supports the Democratic budget, a compromise bill that accepts many cuts in social programs but restores money for some key services. But to his immense irritation, many voters seem totally polarized: The conservatives want all of the Reagan budget cuts, while the liberals want none of them.

Late in the afternoon, Mr. Donnelly finally blew up at a group of city workers representing the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees. When they argued for increased spending for domestic social programs, the lawmaker accused them of living in a ''never never land'' of liberal dogma.

When Mr. Donnelly advised the union members to back a ''strategic withdrawal'' from the liberal bastions, a worker named Frank Mercier shouted back, ''Your strategic withdrawal means a lot of heartache and tragedy out there. It means lost jobs and families torn apart.''

By the end of the day Mr. Donnelly was torn by the conflicting demands of Miss Griffin and Mr. Mercier, and angry at his inability to sell the Democrats' attempt at compromise. ''Are you sensing that we Democrats have no great sense of direction?'' he told one group wearily. ''You're right.''

**End of Document**



[***Changing of The Avant-Garde***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:528H-F2C1-JBG3-607S-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

February 27, 2011 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2011 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section M2; Column 0; T: Women's Fashion Magazine; Pg. 199

**Length:** 2159 words

**Byline:** By A. O. SCOTT

**Body**

Tahar Rahim sat at a small table in the bar of the Hotel Lutetia, an elegant, century-old pile of early-Art Deco opulence in the St.-Germain section of Paris. The Lutetia, a magnet for artists and bohemians in its early years, was a headquarters for German officers during the occupation and then served, after the war, as a repatriation center for returning deportees. Now it is a gathering place for international business travelers and the occasional French movie star.

Rahim, a fine-boned man of 29, with hyperactive eyebrows and a friendly, energetic manner, fits the category, even as he may also end up redefining it. Born in 1981 to Algerian immigrant parents in the small city of Belfort in eastern France, Rahim, a year after winning two Cesar awards for his electrifying lead performance in Jacques Audiard's prison drama ''A Prophet,'' is about to blow up everywhere, with five very different movies coming soon to French cinemas, possibly to Cannes and even to American multiplexes.

When I met him in Paris, he was briefly back from Tunisia, where he had been shooting ''Black Gold,'' a sweeping story of early-20th-century Arab history directed by Jean-Jacques Annaud, the maximalist auteur whose films include ''Seven Years in Tibet,'' ''The Name of the Rose'' and ''Quest for Fire.'' The shoot was an epic in its own right. ''Four months,'' Rahim said, shaking his head. ''We were in the desert, then in Tunis. Then we'll finish with four weeks in Qatar. All in English, with big stars, shooting every day. But it's cool. It's cool to live this!'' And in the midst of it all, just a few days before our meeting, early-21st-century Arab history had erupted right in front of Rahim's eyes, as the fed-up Tunisian populace, with brave young people in the vanguard, threw out their despot, Zine el-Abidine Ben Ali, and inspired a stunning wave of protests in Egypt and Yemen.

Rahim, who visited Algeria only once as a child and who grew up in a bilingual household in a multiethnic neighborhood, is of the same generation as most of the people who were filling the streets of Tunis. And within the narrow, worldly universe of cinema, he is part of a noticeable revolution in perception. His self-description as ''a French person, of Algerian descent'' may be a demographic commonplace, but not when attached to a French movie star.

For at least 50 years, from Bardot and Belmondo through Deneuve and Depardieu, to Binoche and beyond, the glamour and gravity of its screen actors have been central to France's cultural patrimony and vital to its international profile. And while it may be too soon to place Rahim, at the bright dawn of his career, in such a radiant tradition, the reasonably good odds that he will is something of a cultural milestone in its own right. His ascent is the latest sign that the image and idea of what it is to be French has undergone a significant change, as the children and grandchildren of immigrants from the old colonies, particularly in North Africa, have become more and more visible as the consumers, producers and charismatic faces of France's popular culture.

The identity of France has been the subject of an argument at least as old, and every bit as complicated, as the nation itself. Is it defined geographically and linguistically, with reference to ancient and cherished traditions? Or does the essence of France reside in the republican ideals of liberty, equality and fraternity, which are understood to be universal and therefore at least theoretically independent of race, language or background? Since the 1960s, when France lost the last of its overseas empire and, with some ambivalence, began opening its borders to its former colonial subjects, the debate has increasingly been about the status of France's estimated 5 million Arab and Muslim citizens. The politics have frequently been ugly and contentious: fear of immigrants fueled the rise of the far-right National Front in the 1980s and '90s, and issues like head scarves in the schools, crime and poverty in suburban housing projects and the fear that young French Arabs are becoming ''bin Ladenized'' have become fixtures in the news media and in political campaigns.

There has been no shortage of movies, television shows, novels and pop songs that tackle these matters -- angrily, earnestly, satirically, anxiously. But as painful and intractable as many of the problems associated with immigration may be, they have also added, undeniably, to the vitality and variety of French culture, refreshing and renewing it in large and small ways. To stick with cinema, the subgenres of banlieue and beurs films that emerged in the early 1990s -- the names refer to the lower-class suburbs and the reverse-slang word for second- and third-generation French Arabs -- have mutated and matured, and the actors and directors associated with them are more and more part of the mainstream. Abdellatif Kechiche, a Tunisian-born director who started out as an actor, has become one of the most admired French filmmakers of his generation for movies -- notably ''L'Esquive'' and ''The Secret of the Grain'' -- that try to capture the difficulty and complexity, but also the warmth and resourcefulness, of ***working-class*** Arab life in contemporary France. And at least a symbolic breakthrough moment came five years ago in Cannes, when the award for best male performance was given to the cast of Rachid Bouchareb's ''Indigenes,'' a film about the experiences of a group of North African conscripts fighting bravely against the Germans for a notably grudging and ungrateful France.

All of this is part of the context of Rahim's career -- and he is hardly the only hot young French actor of Arab background -- but he does not seem especially troubled or concerned with identity politics. And this itself is a sign of how much has changed, of how quickly old assumptions have been swept away. Even as its terms were being argued, sometimes violently, in the media and on the streets, a multicultural France was coming into existence in places like Belfort.

I had no sense of strangeness,'' Rahim said, switching from English into French. ''I never felt out of place, wherever I went. It was all normal. Maybe it's more that way now, with people dividing up into different communities. But when I was a kid it wasn't like that. In my town, and especially in my area, there were people from everywhere: Algerians, Senegalese, French people, Asians, all kinds of immigrants and natives, and everyone circulated. We ate at each others' houses, there weren't really any problems. I don't know if that is changing, or if people want to believe it's changing, but I think people just have to live together. Maybe I sound naive when I say that, but it's true.''

Naive or not, that open spirit -- and the natural curiosity that goes with it -- is unquestionably useful to Rahim's art, even though his approach to it emphasizes difficulty, nakedness and risk. He started going to movies obsessively as a teenager, gravitating from the American blockbusters of the era -- ''I was a Hollywood boy!'' he said at one point, breaking into a grin -- toward the more challenging films of the New Hollywood and the Nouvelle Vague. Sometimes described as a French Al Pacino, he is more vocal in his admiration for the less showy, inward-turned character actors of the '70s: Gene Hackman, Harvey Keitel, Robert Duvall.

Their influence -- the combination of rawness and precision, the complete commitment to the emotional reality of the character -- is evident in nearly every scene of ''A Prophet.'' For his role as Malik, a young criminal caught between the rival ethnic gangs that rule a high-security penitentiary, he won the Cesar for Most Promising Actor and also for Best Actor. That double laurel seems at once contradictory -- how can a promise be made and fulfilled in a single performance? -- and entirely consistent with the logic of the movie, which traces Malik's transition from a terrified, illiterate nobody into the sly and self-confident master of his fate. When he arrives in prison a beaten, feral man-child, he is the very opposite of promising. He has no skills, no knowledge, no friends. But he adapts and, through a combination of luck, guile and a willingness to absorb the lessons of experience, manages to transcend them.

The character's individual destiny also suggests a larger theme, as Malik, an angry, antisocial teenager from France's Arab underclass, forges an identity for himself that doesn't quite fit within the rigid categories that govern the prison and, by implication, the world outside it. He falls, somewhat unexpectedly, under the protection of a Corsican gang and its kingpin (brilliantly played by Niels Arestrup), learning their codes and their language and penetrating, as much as any outsider can, their web of tribal loyalties. But he is also drawn into the network of Muslim inmates that is one of the prison's other main centers of power (a third being the mainly French guards and administrators). They try to appeal to his sense of racial and religious solidarity, to coax and coerce him into sticking with his real brothers. But by the end of the film, Malik has succeeded in defining himself not as an honorary Corsican or a loyal Muslim but as a free and self-created man.

In the wake of ''A Prophet'' -- first shown at Cannes in 2009, winning a Grand Jury prize there, and in 2010 winning nine Cesars, including Rahim's pair -- he was inundated with offers. ''It's a very nice situation to be in, but it's also the worst,'' he told me, because the risk of making the wrong choices seemed overwhelming. ''So I waited a lot -- a whole year. I didn't shoot anything. I was reading different scripts, trying to find what I really wanted to do. I refused a lot of things.''

And now he has thrown himself into an array of projects that is almost dizzying to hear about. He has a supporting role as the Seal Prince in Kevin Macdonald's ''The Eagle,'' a sword-and-sandal action movie set in Scotland in the second century A.D. (''The chance to play a character, this prince, speaking in ancient Celtic, that was charming,'' Rahim said.) Later this year, maybe at Cannes in May, he will be seen in ''Love and Bruises'' (once known as ''Bitch''), the latest film from the Chinese director Lou Ye, whose most recent films have been lauded on the festival circuit but condemned in China. ''I like his cinematic identity,'' said Rahim, who struggled with the language barrier and a grueling shooting schedule to play a worker in a Paris food market who has an anguished love affair with an expatriate Chinese woman. ''Every love story is the same, in each movie, but in this case it was different. There is love, there is brutality, there is sex, there is misunderstanding, like in life, and finally this is the encounter between the Far East and Europe. So I knew I would really discover something there.

''We finished that shoot on a Saturday,'' he said, shaking his head in mock disbelief as he continued the breakneck chronicle of his recent activity. ''And on Monday I was in Tunisia, preparing to start with Annaud.'' And after noting his plans to take a few months off after ''Black Gold'' finishes production in Qatar, Rahim went on to describe other recent and future projects. A thrillerish historical drama, directed by Ismael Ferroukhi, about an Algerian who joins the French resistance, and then a movie by the Belgian director Joachim Lafosse based on the case of Genevieve Lhermitte, convicted in 2008 of murdering her five children.

''But after this,'' he said, meaning ''Black Gold,'' ''holidays. I'll stay home a bit, then travel. I don't know where. Visit my family, learn how to get bored. I don't know how to get bored. I need to learn to rest.'' I asked if he was tempted by Hollywood, perennial seducer of actors from abroad. ''Not especially,'' he says. ''I don't want to say, 'I want to be in Hollywood,' like so many actors do, but I know that Hollywood is still making good movies, and I'd like to be part of that someday. There are some really great directors working there that I would love to work with.''

That may well happen. Less than two years after his first film premiered in Cannes, he has worked with directors from Belgium, Scotland, China and France. Rahim may be a French movie star of Algerian descent, but he feels unconstrained by background or nationality, as free and self-confident as Malik in the last moments of ''A Prophet.'' ''I don't know why we have to work only in one country, because cinema -- there is no frontier for this,'' he said to me earlier, as he finished smoking on the chilly sidewalk outside the hotel.''I have to find new experiences'' -- he paused for a moment, his eyes darting as if the experience he was seeking might be coming around the corner of the Boulevard Raspail -- ''I would love to work in Korea, because they are making films there now that are just amazing.''

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

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: Le smoking: The actor Tahar Rahim, who won both Best Actor and Most Promising Actor last year at the Cesars, has been called a new, French Pacino.

Star bright: Rahim in ''A Prophet,'' far left, and at a screening of the film at the Cannes Film Festival in 2009 with the actress Leila Bekhti, below.

The new wave: Clockwise from above: The cast of ''Indigenes,'' winning at Cannes

a still from Abdellatif Kechiche's ''The Secret of the Grain''

Rahim in the forthcoming ''Black Gold.'' (PHOTOGRAPHS BY BALENCIAGA BY NICOLAS GHESQUIERE JACKET, $1,835, SHIRT, $585, AND PANTS, PRICE ON REQUEST. CALL (212) 206-0872. FASHION ASSISTANT: GUILLAUME HARRISON. GROOMING BY TERRY SAXON AT JED ROOT. SHOT ON LOCATION AT RAPHAEL HOTEL, PARIS. GO TO RAPHAEL-HOTEL.COM.

ROGER ARPAJOU/SONY PICTURES CLASSICS/EVERETT COLLECTION

SONY PICTURES CLASSICS/EVERETT COLLECTION

VALERY HACHE/AFP/GETTY IMAGES.

QUINTA/DAVID KOSKAS

PATHE FILMS/EVERETT COLLECTION

BERNARD BRUN/IMAGES FACTORY/CORBIS)

**Load-Date:** February 27, 2011

**End of Document**



[***EDWARDS ARRIVES IN NEW YORK, SET TO IMPEDE KERRY***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4BRP-TH00-TW8F-G20Y-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

February 20, 2004 Friday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2004 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Column 4; National Desk; Pg. 1; THE 2004 CAMPAIGN: NEW YORK

**Length:** 1463 words

**Byline:** By JAMES C. McKINLEY Jr. and RAYMOND HERNANDEZ

**Dateline:** ALBANY, Feb. 19

**Body**

Senator John Edwards on Thursday brought his populist campaign to New York, a state that has become an unexpected battleground that may offer him a last-ditch opportunity to slow Senator John Kerry's momentum and keep his own bid for the presidency alive.

Mr. Edwards landed in New York City and started the scramble for the state's rich lode of 236 delegates by declaring that the economy was in a shambles, in no small part because of the avarice of multinational corporations.

''It is not good enough to serve the interests of shareholders and executives but sacrifice the needs of ordinary people who work for a living,'' Mr. Edwards, of North Carolina, declared this morning at Columbia University, sounding his standard promise to end a system of two Americas, divided by wealth and privilege.

In recent years, New York has not played a decisive role in Democratic presidential primaries, partly because its contest has taken place late in the primary season. Not since 1988, when Michael S. Dukakis fought out the nomination against Senator Al Gore and the Rev. Jesse Jackson, has the state really mattered in the crucial delegate count buildup.

But, after Mr. Kerry's string of Democratic primary and caucus victories across the nation, New York has taken on new significance. Mr. Edwards asserts he will focus his efforts to stop Mr. Kerry, of Massachusetts, in New York, Ohio and Georgia.

''Who would have ever thought that the New York primary might make or break a candidate,'' said Charles E. Schumer, New York's senior senator.

On landing in New York City, Mr. Edwards, a first-term Democratic senator, has stepped into a state known for its complicated and contradictory electoral politics. It is a state divided north and south, urban and suburban, with fault lines built around unions, race, religion and ethnicity.

It has powerful fund-raisers who are sought out by candidates around the country and a vast media network that is both a curse and blessing to those who try to get their message across.

In sum, it has tripped up many homegrown candidates, not to mention those from other places.

Mr. Edwards has vowed to campaign aggressively in upstate cities and in pockets of New York City's outer boroughs where ***working-class*** people have lost jobs in recent years as more and more companies have moved their operations overseas, his aides say. He plans to barnstorm the state for five days, appearing on three of those days in Buffalo, Albany and Rochester, which have been particularly hard hit by plant closings and that may be more receptive to his message.

But it is far from certain Mr. Edwards's tactic of going after voters in economically hard-pressed regions upstate will work because most of the state's Democratic primary voters come from New York City and its suburbs, political strategists say.

In the 2000 Democratic presidential primary, for example, upstate accounted for 30 percent of the statewide electorate, compared with about 53 percent in New York City and 17 percent in New York City's suburbs: Westchester, Rockland, Nassau and Suffolk counties. The 70-to-30 downstate-upstate ratio was consistent with previous primaries.

''The problem with the numbers is most of the voters in the primary are in the New York metropolitan area,'' said Lee M. Miringoff, the director of the Marist College Institute for Public Opinion. ''So there is only so much you can get statewide by doing well upstate.''

A leading New York Democratic strategist, speaking on the condition of anonymity, put the problem more bluntly. ''Edwards's populist message of job loss works well upstate because it's a fading industrial area that's a lot like other parts of the country where he has done well,'' the strategist said. ''But in New York Democratic primaries, upstate is not where the votes are.''

Democrats like Senator Hillary Rodham Clinton of New York and Mr. Schumer have campaigned heavily upstate in recent years, showing in general elections that they can make inroads into what was once considered a Republican bastion by talking about jobs. But unlike the primaries in other states, only Democrats can vote in New York's Democratic primary.

Downstate the issues are much different form those upstate. Voters in the suburbs of New York City are more focused on property taxes and education, two issues that seldom become part of the national political debate. The city itself tends to be dominated by traditional liberal Democrats, for whom civil rights, the environment and a solid social safety net for the poor are important.

Political strategists say it remains to be seen how Mr. Edwards's brand of populism will be received in New York City. His supporters say many financial institutions and other service-sector employers in the city have begun to move some of their back-office operations to places like India, so the issue of jobs going overseas may resonate in the city as well.

But getting that message across may be challenging. With 10 states going to the polls on March 2, officials from both campaigns acknowledged that neither candidate has the resources to saturate the major media markets with television advertising. That means newspaper endorsements and television coverage on major networks could play an important role, several strategists said.

''Free media is going to be the No. 1 factor in this election,'' said Bill de Blasio, a city councilman who is a co-chairman of the Edwards campaign in New York. ''Both campaigns are going to be struggling.''

Another open question is where blacks and Latinos, who wield considerable power in a Democratic primary, will throw their support. Blacks and Hispanics account for about a third of the vote in a statewide Democratic primaries, though they are no longer a monolithic voting block in general elections.

They can often play a pivotal role if the white vote splits, and racially charged issues can quickly become decisive in New York elections. This is a state, too, where Mr. Jackson came in second in the Democratic primary in 1988.

The Rev. Al Sharpton, the only black candidate still in the race, is barely in the mix, with recent polls showing him in the single digits, despite the fact that New York is his home state. Yet, Mr. Sharpton is doing his best to stir things up, including injecting race into the contest.

On Thursday, Mr. Sharpton called on federal prosecutors to open an investigation in the case of a white police officer in Brooklyn who shot an unarmed, 19-year-old black on the roof of a public housing building.

''I'm also here to say that everyone on the ballot running for president on March 2 should not campaign in New York without taking a position on this case,'' he said. ''Police conduct, police misconduct and racial profiling is as much a presidential campaign issue as ethanol is in Iowa.''

Another major force in New York politics is organized labor, which has mastered the art of getting out the vote, particularly in New York City and in the state's other urban areas.

One of the most potent political machines in the state belongs to Dennis Rivera, the leader of the largest health workers union, S.E.I.U./1199. Mr. Rivera had supported Howard Dean, the former Vermont governor, who ended his active campaign for president on Wednesday. With Dr. Dean out of the race, Mr. Rivera is leaning toward endorsing Mr. Kerry, people close to Mr. Rivera say. Other major unions are still up for grabs, among them the United Federation of Teachers and the Civil Service Employees Association.

One difference in this year's contest is the grass-roots movement that Dr. Dean assembled before he withdrew from active campaigning. He has a formidable network of 70,000 volunteer organizers in the state, who proved their power when they collected 105,000 signatures to put him on the ballot, far more than any other candidate.

Most of the elected officials who supported Dr. Dean are gravitating toward Mr. Kerry. But it is unclear where many of the rank-and-file Dean followers will go and whether they will sway the vote, much in the way the unions have in the past. Ethan Geto, Dean's campaign director in New York, predicts they may well go with Mr. Edwards.

''Among the grass-roots people, there is a widespread antipathy toward Kerry,'' Mr. Geto said.

Some political professionals wonder whether Mr. Edwards can win the hearts of a majority of voters by campaigning across the state with his populist message, instead of concentrating solely on New York City and Buffalo, as many Democrats have done before him.

''It seems unorthodox,'' Ken Sunshine, a longtime Democratic strategist, said. ''But on the other hand, there's been nothing orthodox about this election. Who could have predicted that this would be such a roller coaster year?''

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Senator John Edwards of North Carolina spoke yesterday at Columbia University, drawing some notice. (Photo by Ting-Li Wang/The New York Times)(pg. A1)

Laura Hwang held a sign yesterday outside Columbia University, where Senator John Edwards spoke. He plans to spend five days in the state. (Photo by Associated Press)(pg. A18)

**Load-Date:** February 20, 2004

**End of Document**



[***ART;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-4MG0-000P-N1HH-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Public Sculpture the Public Likes. Really.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-4MG0-000P-N1HH-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 21, 1997, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1997 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Arts and Leisure Desk

**Section:** Section 2; ; Section 2; Page 29; Column 1; Arts and Leisure Desk ; Column 1;

**Length:** 1282 words

**Byline:** By ROBIN CEMBALEST;

Robin Cembalest is the arts editor of the Forward.

By ROBIN CEMBALEST;  Robin Cembalest is the arts editor of the Forward.

**Body**

IN 1995, WHEN THE SCULPTOR Tom Otterness was asked to create an artwork for a plaza outside the Sacramento Federal Courthouse, he had an inspiration: a four-foot-tall chess set that reflected the drama of the proceedings unfolding inside. In his first proposal, he envisioned one side as the financial establishment -- rooks as banks, bishops as lawyers, king and queen as rich entrepreneurs. The other would be an army of ***working-class*** pawns bearing shovels, mallets and serving trays.

Bronze casts of those pieces are in Mr. Otterness's show that opens Thursday for a monthlong run at the Marlborough Gallery on West 57th Street, where he moved from a SoHo gallery last year. But the works never made it to the plaza. A community panel convened by the General Services Administration, the Federal agency that commissioned Mr. Otterness, deemed the idea inappropriate and asked him to try again, a normal part of the back-and-forth nature of public projects.

The plaza, which opens next spring, now has a very different configuration: a tableau depicting the history of Sacramento, with salmon, gold miners, a covered wagon and scenes from the building of the railroad.

Though the final result bears no resemblance to his original design, Mr. Otterness is philosophical. "I said, 'What do you want?' " he recounts. "They said, 'Eagles.' I thought, 'Here's a chance to do a series of vignettes of Western culture.' I look at it positively."

That willingness to compromise is one reason Mr. Otterness is one of the country's busiest public sculptors. Nearly every work in the Marlborough show was generated by a public project. There are the canine prosecutor and feline defendant (telltale feather in its mouth) completed last May at the United States Courthouse in Portland, Ore. An alligator chomping off a man's head belongs to "Life Underground," a series of more than 20 bronzes that will be installed in December at the subway station on Eighth Avenue and 14th Street in Manhattan. A "frog rock" and other anthropomorphic stone characters are adapted from a piece for the United States Courthouse in Minneapolis, scheduled for next year.

With the debacle of Richard Serra's "Tilted Arc" still alive in the memory of the committees that commission public art, Mr. Otterness's frolicking figures offer everything that monolithic abstract sculpture lacks: humor, narrative, tactility, accessibility and an obvious, yet unthreatening, artistic sophistication.

"There's public art that I like, there's public art my son likes, but this is something we both like," says Tom Finkelpearl, a former director of New York City's percent-for-art program. "That it could exist for a 4-year-old and an adult expert is something Tom's acutely aware of."

Mr. Finkelpearl describes Mr. Otterness's elaborate vignettes as a contemporary version of church frescoes that spun complex allegories for an illiterate public. Others have likened his chubby cast of characters to the Pillsbury Doughboy, Babar the Elephant, James Thurber's cartoons, Disney animations and Holbein's portraits; his narrative style to Delacroix's history painting, Chinese tomb sculpture and Roman friezes; his sense of the absurd to Kafka.

IT TAKES A MOMENT OF LOOKING at Mr. Otterness's work to realize just how dark its content can be. His creatures may be adorable, but they are also greedy, cunning and destructive, engaged in life-or-death dramas in which the small and meek often emerge as losers. In "The Tables," a 1987 piece owned by the Whitney Museum of American Art, scores of tiny figures course through a city threatened by an atomic bomb shaped like a whale, a gargantuan spider and a cracked world hanging overhead.

"The Disney thing is the window into the work," says the artist, a mild-mannered man of 45 with below-the-shoulder graying blond hair and a goatee. "Disney has this nightmarish quality that I am convinced is its attraction -- the underpinnings of dysfunction and turmoil."

While many successful public artists work almost exclusively in the civic arena, Mr. Otterness is one of the few, among them Vito Acconci and Siah Armajani, who have a strong presence in the gallery and museum world as well.

According to Adam Weinberg, a curator at the Whitney, "Otterness engages a lot of the issues of current contemporary art -- popular culture, the pitfalls of capitalism, the downfall of communism, sexual politics. But he is really sui generis. There are not many artists I can relate him to."

Mr. Otterness plays down the political implications of his art, preferring to emphasize its personal approach to economic issues. "Instead of looking at this social system we're in from a great distance, I'm looking from inside my family out," says the artist, who has a wife and a 5-year-old daughter. "From the point of view of one of those figures looking up at one of those ominous forces."

Besides, he notes, what may seem heavy-handed to some may appeal to others. That was the case when the art museum in his hometown, Wichita, Kan., invited him to build a piece for its lawn and he offered an enlarged detail from "The Tables": a 15-foot-tall woman with a sickle standing over a fallen man with a hammer. "We were prepared for the worst," says Inez Wolins, the museum's director. But when the sculpture was installed in 1995, "Not a single person complained."

GROWING UP IN KANSAS, where his father worked for Boeing and his mother worked as a waitress and sold real estate, Mr. Otterness had no doubts about his calling. "I used to tell my teachers I didn't need to know how to spell because I was going to be an artist," he says. He proved himself right when he won a scholarship to attend the Art Students League and at 19 he found himself in New York. To support his studies, he catalogued pre-Columbian collections at the Museum of Natural History, where the Aztec and Mayan pieces exerted great power on him. "They had a beautiful formal quality combined with horrific decapitations and sacrifices," he says.

Mr. Otterness joined the Lower East Side artists who in 1977 founded Collaborative Projects, aspiring to take art out of galleries into mainstream settings like Times Square. In 1980, he provoked a small scandal when it emerged that he had made a film of a dog being shot, a seemingly uncharacteristic gesture that he has since declined to discuss.

Mr. Otterness has refined the characters he started working with in the late 70's, though he still uses five wax prototypes: a nude, a blue-collar worker, a white-collar worker, a police officer and a generic rich person. In his 9,000-square-foot Brooklyn studio under the Manhattan Bridge, as many as 12 assistants help him churn out his public projects.

The figures have gradually increased in size -- his largest so far is the 30-foot-tall "Uberfrau" outside the state library in Munster, Germany -- and he wants to make them bigger still. "I'd like to have figures that function as architecture," he says. "I'm trying to get into Las Vegas to do a theme park." Another ambition is to move into animation and toys.

Meanwhile, he is juggling the details of his public projects: his "Visionary," a 17-foot-tall woman holding her detached head in her hands, will be installed by the Public Art Fund at the Metrotech Center in downtown Brooklyn next month; he is finishing gates for the garden of the Cleveland Public Library. At the request of the Metropolitan Transit Authority, he recently removed a "rat cop" from "Life Underground," which is on view in Battery Park City until its installation in the subway.

"My philosophy is try to yield to every request so that the work can survive and end up in public," he says. "Then an active debate can happen."

**Graphic**

Photo: Kafkaesque -- Tom Otterness in his Brooklyn studio with a plaster model for "Lobster," the bronze version of which will be in his show at Marlborough Gallery. (Suzanne DeChillo/The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** September 21, 1997

**End of Document**



[***TENNIS; A Wild Card, a Wild Crowd, a Wild Wimbledon Finish***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:43G2-KDV0-0109-T1FS-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 10, 2001 Tuesday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2001 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section D; Column 5; Sports Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1339 words

**Byline:**  By SELENA ROBERTS

**Dateline:** WIMBLEDON, England, July 9

**Body**

On the last changeover of a Wimbledon final destined to become a folk tale, Goran Ivanisevic threw a towel over his head to block out the Aussies clutching their inflatable kangaroos and to seal off the chants from the face-painted Croatians.

This was not a carnival midway but a surreal Center Court scene created by the ***working-class*** fans who camped overnight to buy the 10,000 tickets released by the All England Club today, offered for a men's final postponed after a weekend of rain delays. Unrefined in their raw roars after a point but respectful to both players during the rallies, the impassioned crowd provided the colorful background to an intense, but feel-good, final, that Ivanisevic ultimately captured, 6-3, 3-6, 6-3, 2-6, 9-7.

But at this fragile moment in an epic fifth set, Ivanisevic needed his own space. Under the towel, he was alone with his demons. He had been to a Wimbledon final three times before, only to find despair. But now, as a fading superstar with an eroded shoulder, as the 125th-ranked player who needed a wild-card invitation to enter Wimbledon, Croatia's beloved Ivanisevic was serving for the championship against Australia's best mate, Patrick Rafter.

But once Ivanisevic removed the towel, the pressure crept into his head. On cue, Ivanisevic morphed into a tortured soul on the worn baseline.

He cupped his hands in prayer before double-faulting on his first championship point, bent over in thought before double-faulting on his second championship point, then dropped in a crafty second serve only to watch Rafter end the rally with a delicate lob for a winner, killing his third championship point.

"I say, 'No, no, no, this is not true,' " Ivanisevic said. "Then, I say: 'O.K., fourth match point. Just put that second serve in, doesn't matter where. Maybe he's going to miss.' And he did."

On a forehand return, Rafter plopped a 109-mile-an-hour second serve into the net to end a compelling day at the theater, with Ivanisevic taking the final bows. After playing the most games of any fifth set in a Wimbledon final, after becoming the first wild card to win a Grand Slam event, an elated Ivanisevic dropped facefirst into the grass upon capturing his first major in 48 attempts.

"I think I'm dreaming," said Ivanisevic, ancient by tennis standards at age 29, and a year older than his opponent. "Somebody is going to wake me up and tell me: 'Man, you didn't win. You have to go back again.'

"This is so great. I don't even care if I ever play a match in my life again. If I don't want to play, I don't play again. This is it. This is the end of the world."

Hyperbole is part of Ivanisevic's personality. He loses hard, wins big. Once the Wimbledon title was his, he climbed into the players' box, hugged his father, Srdjan, then stood on the ledge to raise his arms in celebration. King of the world. Moments later, he was hoisting the polished winner's trophy on the Wimbledon lawn instead of the runner-up's plate. Now, Ivanisevic could drop the label of being the greatest player to have never won a major.

"At the expense of me," Rafter said with a smile. "I'm sick of making bloody history."

A year ago, Rafter was on the other side of the net as Pete Sampras won a record 13th major. On that day, he humbly and gracefully celebrated the magnitude of Sampras's achievement. True to his good nature, Rafter met his thrilled opponent at the net after match point today, embraced him like an old friend and playfully rubbed Ivanisevic's head as the two walked off the court.

This act of sportsmanship was a good cover for Rafter's own disappointment. Pondering retirement, Rafter has been desperate to add Wimbledon to his two United States Open titles before he exits. A year ago, he had Sampras on the edge of defeat. Today, Rafter was two points from victory, with Ivanisevic serving at 6-7, 15-30, in the fifth set.

"This time it hurts a little more than last time," Rafter said. "I might have said a few curse words when I got to the locker room. Didn't smash anything. Just said, blah, blah, blah. That's it. All my mates are there, just having a couple of beers and thinking about what a great two weeks it was."

Aided by perspective, Rafter will recover. For his own safety, Ivanisevic almost had to win. Another disappointment might have left him in an emotional puddle.

In the fourth set, he revealed just how easily his calm veneer can crack. Ahead by two sets to one, Ivanisevic was serving at 2-3. On Rafter's second break point of the game, Ivanisevic was called for a foot fault by a lineswoman. With a ferocious growl in the umpire's direction, Ivanisevic stepped up for a second serve. But when the left-handed Croatian unleashed a blast down the middle, a linesman called it out. The double-fault gave Rafter the only break he needed in the fourth set and triggered a fit by Ivanisevic. He threw down his racket, kicked the net and turned cranberry red during a tirade.

Even after he had cooled down in the reflection of the championship trophy, Ivanisevic had some abrasive words for the line judges on that critical point.

"First foot fault of all tournament," Ivanisevic said. "That ugly, ugly lady, she was really ugly, very serious. I was, like, kind of scared. Then, I hit another serve, huge. That ball was on the line, was not even close."

Ivanisevic went on to describe the linesman in question with a derogatory word used in reference to homosexuals, tainting some of the postmatch good will. Ivanisevic has used the same slur before, but it was after a loss at the Queen's event three weeks ago.

Today, he exhibited little control over his thoughts, words or actions at times during and after the match. In the fourth set, he came unraveled in his disgust. In celebration, he was unrestrained in his joy. But in the fifth set, he corralled his emotions at the perfect moment. To set up his four championship points, he calmly broke Rafter's serve.

In the 15th game of a one-hour fifth set, Rafter's first serve deserted him as he fell behind, 15-40. On break point, Rafter arched his back into the shape of a comma as he uncoiled a serve that kicked with a wicked spin. But with one compact forehand jab, Ivanisevic sent a cross-court return darting past Rafter, who was left crestfallen after the shot. That one point allowed Ivanisevic to serve out the match, albeit with his nerves going wild.

"I knew he was tight," Rafter said. "But I just couldn't get the ball back over."

As Rafter's last return ducked into the net, Croatians and Aussies alike jumped up in a thundering group cheer. Along with their joy for Ivanisevic's long-awaited major and respect for Rafter's effort, they were also applauding the purity of the moment. For once, the common fan had a chance to take part in a Wimbledon like no other before. "Walking out there, it was the best moment in my life," Ivanisevic said. "Just everybody going nuts with the flags. It's just a great atmosphere. Was the best atmosphere Wimbledon has ever had. I don't think this day can be matched ever again."

The match lived up to the atmosphere. Ivanisevic's victory exceeded every expectation he -- or anyone else -- had when he arrived.

"When I wake up, I'm going to think, 'Is this true or not?' " Ivanisevic said. "I am Wimbledon champion? I still cannot believe it's true."

MATCH POINTS

GORAN IVANISEVIC dedicated his Wimbledon title to Drazen Petrovic, the Nets star and a Croatian compatriot, who died in an automobile accident in Germany eight years ago. "I went to his funeral just before Wimbledon, and I said I was going to dedicate that Wimbledon to him," Ivanisevic said. "Unfortunately I played pretty badly and I lost in the third round." Ivanisevic said his father brought him some newspapers before this tournament. In one of them was a poster of Petrovic. "So I ripped it off and put it on the wall," he said. "I said: 'This must be destiny. This is it.' Everything was going smoothly and I won it. I want to dedicate this victory to him. He was not my best friend, but he was my good friend."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Goran Ivanisevic, who entered Wimbledon ranked No. 125 in the world, won his first Grand Slam event in 48 attempts. (Associated Press)(pg. D6); Goran Ivanisevic was congratulated by Patrick Rafter after winning an hourlong fifth set yesterday. "I think I'm dreaming," Ivanisevic said. (Photographs by Agence France-Presse)(pg. D1)

**Load-Date:** July 10, 2001

**End of Document**



[***Fearing Gang Violence, School Forfeits a Game***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-Y220-000D-G1HN-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 3, 1991, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1991 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** National Desk

**Section:** Section 1;; Section 1; Part 1; Page 26; Column 1; National Desk; Part 1;; Column 1;

**Length:** 1110 words

**Byline:** By ROBERT REINHOLD,

By ROBERT REINHOLD,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** LOS ANGELES, Nov. 2

**Body**

The two top-rated high school football teams in Los Angeles spent Friday afternoon at practice instead of playing their showdown game against each other, and therein lies a painful statement about urban America.

It is not a standard story of racial animosities. Rather, it is a story of fear and apprehension among hard-working families trying to bring up their children in an urban setting in which teen-age thugs tote automatic weapons, and where it seems that even so traditional an American pastime as Friday night football cannot be played without an army of police officers.

Even though the chief of police offered to deploy as many as 500 officers to protect them, and even though the game was shifted to the afternoon, the players, parents and coach at Phineas Banning High School refused to play its archrival, Susan Miller Dorsey High School, at Jackie Robinson Stadium, a city-owned field adjacent to Dorsey. Banning forfeited the game, thereby marring its 7-0 record and jeopardizing its chances to win the city championship.

At the game last year the Dorsey team started a brawl over a disputed call by the referee. And a month ago two students were wounded at another Dorsey game when gunfire broke out between rival gangs. Just this week, a Dorsey student was shot in the head near the stadium.

"If one bullet goes off they cannot protect us," said Naeen Mills, a senior who plays tackle for the Banning Pilots and who, at 6 feet 4 inches and 290 pounds, is an imposing presence. "My mother saw the fight at last year's game and said I'm not going this year."

At Dorsey, nearly 20 miles away, there were hurt feelings and resentment. "They're making us seem like we're in a war zone, and we're not," said Rashida Randolph, a 17-year-old senior.

Many students at Dorsey said Banning had capitulated to the gangs. "They ain't doing nothing but letting all the gangsters win," said Malinda Williams, another senior.

The two schools are not far from the Hollywood glitter and Beverly Hills wealth that usually define the national perception of Los Angeles. But the two communities where they lie give a far more realistic picture of life in America's second-largest city.

A Diverse Ethnic Makeup

Banning is in the heart of the Wilmington section, a ***working-class*** neighborhood in the shadow of the gritty oil refineries near the Port of Los Angeles, about 20 miles south of downtown. It is a sprawl of small stucco and frame houses and shopping centers. The ethnic makeup of the school reflects the area: about 55 percent are Hispanic people and 30 percent are black; the rest are a sprinkling of Filipinos, Pacific Islanders, Indians and whites.

The school, a collection of low-slung brick buildings, is not without its gang problems, Charles Didinger, the assistant principal, conceded Friday as he kept a wary eye on the outdoor cafeteria at lunch. There are two Mexican-American gangs, one from the east side of Wilmington and the other from the west. Sometimes they fight, he said, but there have never been gun battles.

The Dorsey school, neat and well-kept, lies in the Crenshaw district, about six miles west of downtown, in a working- and middle-class black neighborhood, and the school is predominantly black. It is not close to the toughest gang-controlled neighborhoods of South Central Los Angeles, but gangs have a presence, as shown by the graffiti on walls in the industrial strip just north of the school.

An Emotional Meeting

The Banning Pilots are the pride and joy of Wilmington. The team has won 10 city championships since 1958 and seemed headed for another this year. But, with a mounting concern for safety, about 150 parents, players, boosters, administrators and the football coach, Joe Dominguez, attended an emotional meeting on Monday night at the school with top police officials and Warren Furutani, chairman of the Los Angeles Unified School District.

Nothing Mr. Furutani or the police could say assuaged the feelings, and on Tuesday the principal, Augustine Herrera Jr., decided to forfeit the game to the Dorsey Don's, the city's No. 2 team, with a 6-1 record that is now 7-1.

A handful of Banning students and parents wanted to play in an act of defiance against gang terrorism, said Diane Padilla, co-editor of the monthly student newspaper, The Portlight, for whose fledgling writers the incident has offered a powerful exercise in urban sociology. The paper is devoting several pages of its November issue to analyzing the matter.

Two Banning cheerleaders, Tami Robertson and Suzanne Vargas, both juniors, offered the prevailing student view. "How can we do our jobs if we are worried people are going to get shot?" Miss Robertson asked. Miss Vargas said, "My mom was not going to allow me to go."

"No way" was Donna Medina going to allow her son, Benjamin, to attend the game. "What's a football game?" she asked as she picked up her son at school on Friday afternoon. "It's not worth somebody's life."

On Thursday, Chief Daryl F. Gates of the Los Angeles police offered to patrol the game with 500 officers. "We kept the international terrorists from striking the Olympics in 1984," he said at a news conference. "Surely, the urban terrorists should not stop two very fine teams from playing."

But Banning was unmoved. It was willing to play at a neutral site, but the school district refused.

"We have an obligation to make schools and athletic events safe," said Richard L. Browning, athletic division administrator for the district. "Is it fair to kids in the inner city not to have a home football game because there is more crime there than in suburban areas?"

Campus Danger Disputed

Dorsey students disputed suggestions that their campus was especially dangerous. "You're taking your chance going to any neighborhood," said Chris Butler, a Dorsey basketball player. "They're acting like they're immune from it."

There were suggestions in some quarters that the affair stemmed from Coach Dominguez's animosity toward Dorsey and feelings that Dorsey had not been adequately punished for last year's brawl.

"The Banning coach is sending out a false message about Los Angeles that you can't even attend a football game without being afraid of losing your life," said City Councilman Nate Holden, who represents the Dorsey area.

Mr. Dominguez would not comment. But his players, suiting up for practice, were vocal. Sean Holifield, a 155-pound defensive back, who is black, said he was terrified at last year's game and did not trust the police security.

And Gabriel Sadi, a 205-pound tight end, said the team had every reason to play because it wanted to preserve its undefeated record. But, he added, "We forfeited for our safety."

**Graphic**

Photos: A handful of Banning students and parents wanted to play in an act of defiance against gang terrorism, said Diane Padilla, co-editor of the student newspaper; After a series of gang-related incidents involving gunfire at Susan Miller Dorsey High School in Los Angeles, players, parents and coach at Phineas Banning High School decided that their undefeated football team would not play against the Dorsey team. Players from Banning, seen at a practice, forfeited the game, marring a 7-0 record and jeopardizing their chances for a city championship. (Bart Bartholomew for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** November 3, 1991

**End of Document**



[***On the Trail of Brownstones in Brooklyn***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4J50-43X0-TW8F-G1R9-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 29, 2006 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2006 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 11; Column 1; Real Estate Desk; Pg. 9; LIVING IN/Sunset Park, Brooklyn

**Length:** 1600 words

**Byline:** By JEFF VANDAM

**Body**

AS real estate scavengers have discovered in recent years, the brownstones of Brooklyn do not end with what is traditionally known as Brownstone Brooklyn. They have begun to look beyond the pricey borders of Carroll Gardens and Park Slope for stately 19th-century architecture, and they have found it and more in Sunset Park, a neighborhood where $1 million for such houses is more likely to be a price ceiling, not a floor.

Stretching south of Park Slope down to Bay Ridge, the neighborhood represents a diverse land of plenty. More and more people are moving from within the borough, and from Manhattan, into Sunset Park's rows of brick, limestone and brownstone houses that descend toward New York Harbor.

''We got a much bigger space for not much more than we sold our condo for in Park Slope,'' said Joe Reister, an academic adviser who bought a three-story brownstone on 45th Street with his wife, Shannon Laughlin, a year and a half ago. ''We did some work -- don't get me wrong,'' he said. ''But the outside looks like something out of Sesame Street.''

The house cost $600,000, has a backyard and is a three-minute walk to the subway. And as the couple expect their first child very soon, the families they see everywhere give them confidence in the area. ''I see the neighborhood going nowhere but up,'' Mr. Reister said. ''And I'm comfortable in my neighborhood.''

Mayra Ortiz, a broker at the Corcoran Group who has lived in Sunset Park for more than 20 years, said the change in the neighborhood since her arrival there has been drastic. ''I've seen it turn around, let me tell you,'' she said. ''It was a neighborhood that was very depressed -- it wasn't safe. But it's really changed so much, and there are people of a lot of different backgrounds moving in.''

As construction of a large waterfront park on Piers 1 through 5 of the Bush Terminal is scheduled to begin this year and include recreational fields, bike paths and a scenic overlook, confidence in Sunset Park is higher than ever. And it is certainly welcoming -- groups of residents from China, Mexico, India and elsewhere have arrived, mixing a deep cultural soup.

''Our whole community is growing by the day,'' said Jeremy Laufer, district manager for Brooklyn's Community Board 7.

What You'll Find

Estimates of Sunset Park's northern boundary can differ from resident to resident, with some people suggesting that South Park Slope extends beyond the Prospect Expressway. But there is no denying that the centerpiece of the neighborhood is Sunset Park, a 24.5-acre bluff of land with perhaps the widest views in Brooklyn.

The park is surrounded by attractive pale-brick row houses, and the streets nearby, especially in the middle 40's between Fourth and Sixth Avenues, offer intact lines of early-20th- and late-19th-century housing stock.

''We're a block away from the park,'' said Elizabeth Norman, who bought a two-family limestone on 45th Street with her partner, Jane McAndrew, in April 2005 for $640,000. Ms. Norman, who works in city government, walks their dogs, Theo and Xerxes, up and down Fifth Avenue's shopping strip and feels more secure than she expected in an area in flux.

''Because it's very ***working class***, there are always people out,'' she said. ''I've been surprised at how safe it is.''

Sunset Park also includes the houses squeezed in between Green-Wood Cemetery and the Gowanus Expressway, known as Greenwood Heights. Forming a sort of residential panhandle, many houses there are clad in colorful if faded siding and are mixed in with commercial enterprises. Occasionally, lines of classic two-story row houses in tan brick can be found on such streets as 30th and 37th.

Elsewhere in the neighborhood, much of the housing east of Sixth and Seventh Avenues appears to have been built in the first half of the last century. Though most people consider the eastern boundary of the neighborhood to be Eighth Avenue, some locals insist that it stretches to Ninth, with a similar crop of turn-of-the-last-century houses.

Third Avenue, which runs below the noisy Gowanus Expressway, represents a residential cutoff of sorts -- it is lined with pornographic DVD stores and auto body shops, and on side streets to the west, commercial enterprises dominate.

What You'll Pay

If buyers are looking for homes under $1 million, ''the answer is yes for a three-story house,'' said Tim Betancourt, co-owner of Park Slope's Betancourt & Associates Realty. ''If you're talking about four stories, it depends on the location.''

In general, while some houses can still be found on the market in the $600,000 range, many now exceed that and the average falls more in the upper $700,000's and $800,000's. Well-preserved two- and three-family houses are in the $900,000's.

''There's still quite a lot of demand,'' said Anita Luo, an agent at Fillmore Real Estate who specializes in sales east of Sixth Avenue. ''We still have people doing quick deals.''

Two years ago, the first house Ms. Ortiz of Corcoran sold in the neighborhood closed for $470,000. The next house, a few months later, went for $500,000, and the next two were $640,000 and $650,000, respectively. Now the houses she has on the market are mostly in the $800,000 range and up. ''The sales prices have increased dramatically,'' she said.

In the Greenwood Heights area, sales are similarly strong, with most houses selling in the $850,000 to $950,000 range, according to Mr. Betancourt. ''They can be up to $1.1 million, depending on the quality of the house and the renovation,'' he said. His firm sold a renovated two-family frame house on 19th Street in September for $785,000.

Monthly rents are reasonable, though those prices, too, have jumped up a bit as more newcomers arrive. One-bedrooms can still be found for around $1,000, and two-bedrooms generally start at $1,400.

What to Do

Sunset Park has two thriving shopping strips -- one a vast Asian market, the other a Latin American smorgasbord.

Eighth Avenue is a heavily trafficked bazaar of noodle houses, fishmongers, fruit stands and butchers. Shoppers walk about hauling bright orange and yellow bags of produce as vendors of Vietnamese banh mi sandwiches sell their wares. On Fifth Avenue, the food extravaganza continues in the form of gorditas, tamales, tortas and tacos on practically every block. There are also a few grocery stores and the highly popular Costco wholesale market on Third Avenue.

For recreation, there is always Sunset Park itself, with its views, its large playground, plenty of ball courts and a large pool.

For shopping that does not involve food, Ms. Norman and Ms. McAndrew often take a bus to Park Slope or Bay Ridge, both short rides away.

The Schools

Sunset Park does not have a high school, though the community has tried to establish one several times, according to Mr. Laufer of Community Board 7. The nearest alternative is the High School of Telecommunication Arts and Technology in Bay Ridge, beyond Sunset Park's southernmost border. There, average SAT scores on verbal and mathematics portions are 446 and 470, respectively, compared with statewide averages of 497 and 511.

There are seven elementary schools in the neighborhood, including the Magnet School for Leadership in the 21st Century, in Public School 172, at 825 Fourth Avenue. There, percentages of students meeting standards in English Language Arts and mathematics are 71 and 82.4 percent, respectively, versus city averages of 48.1 and 55 percent. The school gives priority to applications from students within its zone, and also takes students from outside.

Few other schools in the area beat these test averages. Middle School 136, or Sunset Park Prep, is Sunset Park's middle school, where 40 percent of students in English Language Arts and 68.8 percent in math meet city and state standards, compared with 35.5 and 38.9 percent citywide. There is a parochial school, St. Agatha's School, which runs from prekindergarten through Grade 8, at 736 48th Street.

The History

Sunset Park has always been home to immigrants. Development began in the mid-19th century, when Irish settlers began to arrive, to be followed a few decades later by Poles, Italians and Scandinavians. So many of the latter group moved in that there were areas known as Finntown and Little Norway.

Many residents worked on waterfront docks and nearby factories, bolstered by the construction of Bush Terminal in 1890. The Gowanus Expressway, completed in 1941, coupled with the Great Depression, helped push the neighborhood into economic decline, and soon homes were abandoned, only to be repopulated from the 1960's to present day by immigrants from nearly everywhere.

The Commute

The neighborhood has two express subway stations: 36th Street, served by the D, M, N and R lines, and 59th Street, served by the N and R. According to New York City Transit, the rush-hour commute on the D to 34th Street in Manhattan from 36th Street takes 25 minutes; from 59th Street on the N to 57th Street in Manhattan, 36 minutes. The New York Water Taxi stops during rush hours at the Brooklyn Army Terminal, at 58th Street on the waterfront; a one-way trip is $6 and takes 15 minutes to Pier 11 at Wall Street.

What We Like

It is lovely to laze on Sunset Park's gently sloped lawn, taking in views of Manhattan, downtown Brooklyn, the Statue of Liberty and the water-tower-topped warehouses of Sunset Park itself.

What We'd Change

Parking is occasionally scarce, some residents say, unless they opt for spaces on Third Avenue, where rough-and-tumble businesses and street corners can be imposing.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: SOUTH OF SOUTH SLOPE -- Fifth Avenue along Sunset Park in Brooklyn, one of the two major shopping strips in the neighborhood, has a Latin American flavor. (Photographs by Ozier Muhammad/The New York Times)

On the Market: 443 45TH STREET -- A well-preserved 1899 brownstone with one two-bedroom and two one-bedroom apartments, and one bath in each, is listed at $875,000. (718) 923-8040.

368 60TH STREET -- A six-family town house of two-bedroom apartments with new kitchens and bathrooms is listed at $760,000. (718) 745-7595

210 30TH STREET -- This two-bedroom, two-bath town house has a driveway leading to the backyard, and is listed at $595,000. (718) 369-7900Map of Brooklyn highlighting Sunset Park.

**Load-Date:** January 29, 2006

**End of Document**



[***Bag Lady's Bequest Puts Lawmaker on the Spot***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-YC00-000D-G4RJ-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 16, 1991, Monday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1991 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** National Desk

**Section:** Section A;; Section A; Page 14; Column 5; National Desk; Column 5;

**Length:** 1178 words

**Byline:** By FOX BUTTERFIELD,

By FOX BUTTERFIELD,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** BOSTON, Sept. 15

**Body**

This is the story of the legislator and the bag lady.

Mary Guzelian was a familiar figure wandering the streets of the Back Bay section of Boston, wearing a heavy green coat, several pairs of woolen socks and a blue ski cap even in the summer heat. She always carried huge shopping bags, some of which, it turns out, were stuffed with cash.

Kevin Fitzgerald is a popular, liberal leader in the Massachusetts legislature, an advocate for the poor and the homeless who was often mentioned as a future mayor of Boston. In 1981, when Ms. Guzelian faced eviction from her apartment, she asked Mr. Fitzgerald for help, and he put her in touch with his chief aide, Patricia McDermott.

Now, six years after Ms. Guzelian was struck and killed by a taxi at the age of 68, Mr. Fitzgerald's promising political career is in jeopardy. He is being investigated by state and Federal official because he and Mrs. McDermott are the sole beneficiaries of Ms. Guzelian's $500,000 estate.

Bags of Cash Found

Ms. Guzelian named them in her will in 1981, eight days after Mrs. McDermott successfully petitioned a court to be made her conservator and not long after Mrs. McDermott found that Ms. Guzelian's garbage-strewn apartment was crammed with bags of cash and records of 21 bank accounts. The lawyer who drew up the stewardship agreement and then helped write Ms. Guzelian's will was Michael J. Muse, a lifelong friend of Mr. Fitzgerald.

None of the investigative authorities would confirm that they were investigating the Guzelian-Fitzgerald relationship. But lawyers and other law-enforcement officials said some of the possible points of inquiry into Mr. Fitzgerald's conduct could be whether fraud was involved in his being named a beneficiary of Ms. Guzelian's will, whether he used undue influence to persuade her to name him and whether he violated conflict-of-interest laws by accepting money for official services.

Mr. Fitzgerald, a Democrat and the majority whip of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, insists he did nothing improper or illegal and says the incident is being distorted by the press and his political enemies.

The story of the relationship, uncovered by one of Mr. Fitzgerald's political rivals, is cloaked in contradictions and unanswered questions, including how Ms. Guzelian acquired her fortune. Some of it was the result of Boston's real estate boom in the 1980's; Ms. Guzelian, unknown to most people, owned two houses. Some of her money may also have come from patrons of gay bars where she frequently begged, acquaintances say.

Friendship Is Recalled

Mr. Fitzgerald contends that he did not know he was a beneficiary in her will even though Mr. Muse, drew it up.

"Mary once mentioned she might leave me some money," he said in an interview on Wednesday. "I said, 'That's swell.' She didn't say how much money and I didn't ask her. There was nothing dramatic about it."

Mr. Fitzgerald, who is 41 years old and has been a member of the legislature since he was 24, stresses that he and Mrs. McDermott had developed a close friendship with Ms. Guzelian. Mrs. McDermott spent hundreds of hours helping her clean up her apartment, took her to visit doctors and talked with her frequently on the phone, Mr. Fitzgerald said. He often took her to lunch and let her accompany him to political events.

"We were there for her," Mr. Fitzgerald said. "She didn't have any other friends. I can't apologize for being named in her will."

Indeed, Mr. Fitzgerald said he had similar relationships with several other elderly women. "They might look different than other people, or smell different, but I try to help."

But Dan Huck, a former social worker who uncovered Mr. Fitzgerald's relationship with Ms. Guzelian in his unsuccessful campaign against him, said he believed that Mr. Fitzgerald manipulated her.

"People tell me this is just politics as usual in Boston, but to me it's really disgraceful," Mr. Huck said. "As a social worker I was taught that we cannot accept favors or money from anyone that we help, so to me it's a clear conflict of interest."

Law-enforcement officials say the State Attorney General and the United States Attorney here have begun preliminary investigations.

Mr. Fitzgerald confirmed Wednesday that he had met in the previous week with the State Ethics Commission, which oversees state officials.

Mr. Fitzgerald has given varying explanations of what he did with the $200,000. In the interview, he said he had used it to cover the costs of paying for medical care for his mother, who died of Lou Gehrig's disease. But he told The Boston Globe on Friday that it had helped him purchase three houses, including a half-interest in a home on Martha's Vineyard, as well as help pay private school tuition for two of his children.

A critical issue is Ms. Guzelian's mental competence. Mr. Fitzgerald said that on four occasions one or more doctors submitted reports to probate court here attesting that she was mentally stable. But none of the physicians will release any information on her medical history without Mr. Muse's permission. Mr. Muse did not return phone calls last week.

But in an interview on July 10, 1981, with WCVB-TV, the local ABC affiliate, Mr. Fitzgerald said Ms. Guzelian "obviously had some problems and she's most probably mentally ill." The interview was taped 14 days before Ms. Guzelian made out her will.

Mr. Fitzgerald noted that he had requested the interview after Mrs. McDermott stumbled onto Ms. Guzelian's cash and bank accounts. "I wanted everything to be aboveboard," he said.

Bizarre Behavior Recalled

Ms. Guzelian, the daughter of ***working-class*** Armenian immigrants, apparently has no living relatives. She was married briefly during World War II but soon divorced her husband. Later she lived with her mother in various Boston suburbs, where neighbors said her behavior became progressively more bizarre.

Nancy Derderian, who lived down the street from Ms. Guzelian and her mother in the 1950's and '60's in Belmont, said: "She certainly had some strange habits. She looked poverty stricken and disheveled and dressed eccentrically, like in the summer she wore a winter ski cap."

After Ms. Guzelian's mother died in 1974 her behavior deteriorated further. In 1976, The Boston Herald American reported that neighbors in Cambridge, where she was living, called the police and the city health department because of "an awful odor" coming from her house.

City officials found dead mice and rats in the house and took her to Cambridge City Hospital. But she was released after hospital officials decided that she was only "a little eccentric."

Mr. Fitzgerald said he met Ms. Guzelian in late 1980 or early 1981 when she approached him outside a gymnasium where he was coaching a boy's basketball team. "She said she needed help with a housing problem, and I gave her a slip of paper with my aide's name on it," he said.

In 1982 Ms. Guzelian was hit by a car at 2:45 one morning near several gay bars where she had been begging. She was struck again near the same spot by a taxi in 1985 and died 14 days later of a blood clot.

**Graphic**

Photos: Kevin Fitzgerald, a Massachusetts legislator who is a beneficiary of the $500,000 estate of an eccentric woman he befriended. (Garber Jensen/Boston Herald); Mary Guzelian

**Load-Date:** September 16, 1991

**End of Document**



[***With Vigor, Labor Surges in Politics***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-5D40-000P-N3JK-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 2, 1997, Tuesday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1997 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** National Desk

**Section:** Section A; ; Section A; Page 16; Column 4; National Desk ; Column 4;

**Length:** 1228 words

**Byline:** By RICHARD L. BERKE

By RICHARD L. BERKE

**Dateline:** WASHINGTON, Sept. 1

**Body**

For years, unions came to expect little more from politicians than the requisite appearances at Labor Day events. But now, labor's visibility in American politics is greater than it has been in years, and it will only intensify this autumn as union-related issues come to the forefront.

This prominence is not altogether beneficial because labor will be on the defensive on several matters, trying to thwart initiatives from the White House and from Republicans alike. Even so, the emergence of unions in the political calculations of both parties is largely a recognition of the growing vitality of the labor movement after decades of decline.

"You have to credit the labor community with doing a superb job of putting itself at the front and center of the political dialogue," said Alan Secrest, a Democratic pollster. "They've worked hard to carve out a place for themselves at the table."

The newfound attention -- and criticism -- comes in part because unions have tasted success. Today, for example, millions of workers benefited from a 40-cent increase in the Federal mininum wage, to $5.15 an hour. And unions are working with Democrats in Congress for further increases.

The $35 million drive in 1996 to defeat anti-union lawmakers did not achieve its goal of restoring a Democratic-controlled Congress, but it did raise the profile of unions. Labor has also been emboldened because during the recent strike at the United Parcel Service, the public sided with workers over management for the first time in years. In addition, with the Presidential primaries looming in 2000, Democrats are feeling pressure to keep faith with labor, a crucial Democratic constituency.

But labor's drive to assert itself has also led its foes to fight with new intensity. Speaker Newt Gingrich, Republican of Georgia, has vowed to take on the "union bosses" by pressing for legislation that would undo what he said was the successful campaign by labor to press Mr. Clinton into weakening the bill to overhaul welfare. Mr. Gingrich was specifically referring to the regulations issued by the Labor Department that require states to treat welfare recipients in community service jobs as regular employees, with protections and benefits like minimum wage.

One of President Clinton's central legislative proposals this fall is to expand the North American Free Trade Agreement to South American nations, a plan anathema to organized labor. And as both parties debate overhauling the campaign finance system, many Republicans insist that any reform must include restrictions on the major donations and get-out-the-vote drives by unions.

If that were not enough, labor in recent days has found itself thrust into the campaign finance inquiries on Capitol Hill: Federal officials are investigating accusations that the Democratic National Committee considered funneling donations to the International Brotherhood of Teamsters in return for union contributions to Democratic candidates.

John J. Sweeney, the president of the A.F.L.-C.I.O., who has been an important force in injecting new vigor to the labor movement, acknowledged in an interview that labor's greater visibility has subjected unions to more attacks.

"I'd rather be criticized for doing a lot more aggressive work on behalf of workers than be criticized for neglecting workers and their issues," Mr. Sweeney said. "I don't think there is a negative side as far as we're concerned. There's always been a strong anti-union attitude in certain elements of our society. They're just upset because we're being more successful."

The politics of organized labor is not as simple as in the old days, with Republicans on one side and Democrats on the other. In the past, unions were a more important organization force in the Democratic Party, but they were also more subordinate to the party. Now, unions are more independent, for example, having vowed all-out war with the Administration on fast track trade authority, but also saying they intend to work closely with the White House to preserve changes in the welfare bill.

And to the consternation of business leaders, some Republicans in Congress, fearful that unions will target them for defeat in the 1998 elections, have been reluctant recently to make aggressive responses to union advertisements that pressed lawmakers to repeal corporate tax breaks and spend more on education.

Even as some Republicans have intensified their bashing, the Administration's record has also been mixed. President Clinton has never been considered particularly close to labor. One of Vice President Al Gore's crowning moments came in 1993 when he trounced Ross Perot in a debate over Nafta on national television, an event that brought him new foes in the labor community.

But in the past year, Mr. Gore has begun to court unions far more assiduously as he gears up for running for the Democratic Presidential nomination in 2000. Mr. Gore's advisers said that he recognized that labor could play an important role in the primaries and that one of his likely rivals, Representative Richard Gephardt of Missouri, the minority leader, is particularly close to labor.

The relationship between the White House and labor will be awkward because the two sides are at odds over upcoming issues like expanding the trade agreements.

"You've got several issues where labor wants to find itself in opposition to the President, yet wants to be supportive of him because they have nowhere else to go," said Victor Kamber, a labor consultant who has worked for Democratic candidates.

Indeed, Mr. Sweeney insisted that the unions would not hold grudges when Mr. Clinton opposes them.

"When we do have a disagreement, we're going to be loud and clear about it," he said. "We believe that Nafta is a failure, and I don't think the votes are there for fast track. But, on the whole, the President's doing an excellent job."

Richard Michalski, political director of the International Association of Machinists and Aerospace Workers, said that despite Nafta, Mr. Clinton had greatly helped unions on a variety of other issues, like worker safety.

"If there's one thing that this guy does well," he said, "he is standing up for us in arenas that Ronald Reagan never had the guts to do and that George Bush never even thought about."

Several lawmakers and union officials said the best opportunity for labor to survive the upcoming legislative battles was to broaden the debate to the interests of ***working-class*** Americans.

"They have an opportunity to paint issues so that they're more than a concern to the labor movement," said Representative Sander M. Levin, a Michigan Democrat who has been an ally of unions. "The U.P.S. strike indicated that there is a concern in this country about job insecurity and income stagnation."

Mr. Gore continued his stroking of labor today at the 14th Annual Quad Cities Labor Day Parade in East Moline, Ill. From there, he addressed the Rock Island County Democratic Party's Labor Day picnic in Hampton, Ill.

"It's time for a new unionism," Mr. Gore said in a rousing speech in Hampton, where he appeared with Mr. Sweeney and Labor Secretary Alexis Herman.

In contrast to Mr. Gore, Mr. Gephardt passed up Labor Day events for the first time in years. His spokeswoman, Laura Nichols, insisted that it was an anomaly.

"It's his last weekend with his daughter before she gets married," Ms. Nichols said.

**Graphic**

Photo: Vice President Al Gore, cheering with U.P.S. workers and families yesterday during a Labor Day parade in East Moline, Ill. He was joined by Labor Secretary Alexis Herman, in the front row in a dark top and light slacks, and John J. Sweeney, the president of the A.F.L.-C.I.O., at far left. (Associated Press)

**Load-Date:** September 2, 1997

**End of Document**



[***FORTUNATELY FOR GISCARD, HE'S GOT OPPONENTS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-G6Y0-000B-Y38S-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

February 1, 1981, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1981 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 4; Page 5, Column 4; Week in Review Desk

**Length:** 1063 words

**Byline:** By RICHARD EDER

**Dateline:** PARIS

**Body**

The polls disagree: One puts President Valery Giscard d'Estaing slightly ahead of Francois Mitterrand, the Socialist; another puts him slightly behind and a third has them dead even for the April presidential elections.

Straws in the wind? Straws, certainly. The main point is that there is nothing like a wind this early in the electoral season, merely a number of fretful crosscurrents in a rising column of ever hotter air.

All the polls show, however, that the President's ratings began declining significantly around November. A number of things seem responsible. The economy is in uncomfortable, if hardly desperate shape, with inflation of around 13 percent and unemployment at more than 1.6 million.

French election polls disagree on rating of President Valery Giscard d'Estaing

France's tidy and Euclidean foreign policy, in which the acute angles of nearly every French position are neatly complemented by everyone else's obtuse angles, has grown scaly patches. The President's claim to possess an inside line about Soviet intentions in Afghanistan has been quietly dropped and the French elder-brother relationship with Francophone Africa has been under strain since Libya intervened in Chad. At best, the impression is of fumbling, even if, as French officials stress - thereby giving American officials a twinge of mean joy - it is the Higher Fumbling that goes with large responsibility.

Last week, President Giscard d'Estaing attempted to impart a sense of coherence to his foreign policy by discussing it on television with three French journalists. He proposed an international conference on Afghanistan, argued that France was obliged to move cautiously in Africa and laid out some notions for an eventual understanding between the West and the Soviet Union. His supporters rated his performance a success; the opposition and much of the press called it ''arrogant'' or ''wishy-washy'' or both.

Foreign policy has been pretty well neutralized as an electoral issue, though, ever since de Gaulle turned it into a listed national monument. Questions concerning Mr. Giscard d'Estaing's personal image have undoubtedly done more harm. Exposes of his friendship with the deposed Central African dictator Jean Bedel Bokassa, and the dinners and diamonds bestowed upon the President by the man later accused by his cook of cannibalism, made him look foolish, if not really wicked. Other scandals were reported and not effectively countered; a certain smugness and arrogance among the President's entourage undoubtedly hurt.

The President, a shrewd political operator but lacking a common touch or an uncommon charisma, has tried to mend his image troubles with symbolic acts, but has been noticeably awkward at it. After a lot of press talk about a revived Bourbon monarchy, he invited the Elysee firemen and switchboard operator to breakfast. Mr. and Mrs. Giscard d'Estaing and their guests appeared in pictures the next day holding up their croissants like banners.

His Rivals Are Also Flawed

What does all this add up to? If the President were running against himself he might well lose. But he is running against three principal candidates - and a host of smaller ones - who all have political liabilities of their own.

His principal rival is Francois Mitterrand. Up to the end of last year, Mr. Mitterrand's strategy was to delay his candidacy as long as possible. This allowed his main rival in the Socialist Party, Michel Rocard, to move forward and Mr. Mitterrand was obliged to declare himself. Having done so, he advanced notably in the polls, and last week he was formally nominated by the party's rival factions.

Mr. Mitterrand, the only major survivor from pre-de Gaulle days among the candidates, may not be exactly shopworn, but he may have trouble convincing voters that he is the man to lead them out of whatever plight he convinces them they are in. His main difficulty, however, is the numbers. In the last election, in 1974, he got within two percentage points of beating Mr. Giscard d'Estaing. At the time, though, the French left was united: The Communists, who were polling about 20 percent of the vote, supported him.

This time the Communist Party, led by Georges Marchais, is bitterly attacking the Socialists and everyone else. After a display of Eurocommunism, Mr. Marchais has swung to a hard pro-Soviet line which has hurt morale and brought defections among party intellectuals; it remains to be seen whether it will help attract ***working class*** votes. At the moment, polls and by-elections show the party slipping.

Mr. Marchais is running in the first round of the elections and has hinted strongly that he may not give his party's support to Mr. Mitterrand in the second round, when the two candidates with the most votes run against each other, unless the Socialists promise the Communists cabinet posts. It is a traditional dilemma for the French left. Mr. Mitterrand is highly unlikely to give any assurances to the Communists, particularly in their neo-Stalinist phase, lest he nudge moderates in his party - which, like all other French parties except the Communists, lacks cohesion - to vote for Mr. Giscard d'Estaing.On the other hand, he needs Communist votes unless the Gaullists should support him in the second round. This is being talked about a good deal these days, but without much conviction.

Ostensibly part of the coalition that supports the President, the Gaullists are openly critical. Jacques Chirac, their leader, is expected to run himself. However, he has two rivals who could split the Gaullist vote disastrously. Even if Mr. Chirac manages to run alone, the polls show him far behind Mr. Giscard d'Estaing. If, as is generally expected, the second round of the election pits Mr. Giscard d'Estaing against Mr. Mitterrand, some Gaullists will undoubtedly support the latter out of spite against the former. The minor candidates - the environmentalists, the extreme left, and Coluche, the stage comedian - will probably find most of their support shifting to the Socialists.

But France, as recent history and the polls show, is still a conservative country. And it is a paradox that the more successful the candidate of the left seems to be - even a moderate such as Mr. Mitterrand - the worse he tends to end up. The last-minute switch is a phenomenon of French politics, and it has almost invariably gone from left to right.

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photo of Francois Mitterrand

**End of Document**



[***Power Is Scarce, but Spirit Isn't Lacking - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4TGY-62R0-TW8F-G05B-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 21, 2008 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

**Correction Appended**



Copyright 2008 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Column 0; National Desk; Pg. 20

**Length:** 1726 words

**Byline:** By JAMES C. McKINLEY Jr. and THAYER EVANS

**Dateline:** HOUSTON

**Body**

Kimberly Sykes finally threw out the gumbo she made the night Hurricane Ike slammed this city. For a week, she and seven others in her family ate it by candlelight, trying to keep it cool during the day with what ice they could scrounge up.

But when a fetid smell arose from the stew on Thursday, she pitched it into the street, scrubbed the pot and braced herself for another day of foraging for an open grocery store, for ice, for bottled water.

''Every other day we have to find a store, because we have to re-up the food,'' Ms. Sykes said, as the three children in the household wandered aimlessly through the kitchen with bored expressions.

For almost everyone in Houston, last week was a lost one. With winds of 110 miles per hour and a high flood of seawater along the coast, the storm paralyzed the nation's fourth-largest city. Millions of people were without electricity, even a week after the hurricane hit. Sewers failed in scores of neighborhoods; a few communities lost running water as well.

Most people spent the days after the storm in a mad scramble to find ice, gasoline and food.

With schools closed, children have struggled to entertain themselves. The office towers that teem with oil company executives were shut down until midweek, and small businesses had difficulty reopening because their employees were busy patching up homes or caring for children.

In hard-hit neighborhoods, people banded together to barbecue what fresh meat they could find and to sit outside under the stars and talk. For some it was an eerie but welcome change from the glow of streetlights and the endless chatter of television sets.

''These storms have their pluses and their minuses,'' said John Frazier, a construction worker from the wrecked suburb of Seabrook, as he popped open a beer with neighbors sitting in plastic chairs outside his flooded house. ''The plus is it drew all the neighbors together.''

Like an accident victim coming out of a coma, the city has been returning to life. The downtown glitters with lights, despite boarded-up windows and doors. More and more gas stations and groceries are opening.

Some people have returned to work in office jobs and at refineries, even if their clothes are wrinkled and their homes dark.

Priscilla Deleon, an accountant with Universal Plant Services, said her office was operating on a generator, which meant that the workers there could not use coffee machines and that the computers kept flickering. ''Everyone there is a coffee drinker, and we cannot drink coffee,'' she groaned.

Others had no workplace to return to. The road in front of Noah's Ark, a popular restaurant in Baycliff, had washed away, and one waitress, Chris Riley, found herself wondering what the future would hold. ''I don't get paid if I don't work,'' she said. ''And I don't have no money.''

Employees at High Fashion Fabrics in downtown Houston returned to the shop on Thursday to find that leaks had ruined $80,000 worth of silk. Across the street, a sister store that sells home furnishings could not open because it still lacked power.

''It's stressful because you are used to a certain routine,'' said the manager of the fabric store, John Levan, 34. ''It's like someone throwing a wrench into the plans and things are all out of sorts.''

People with electricity took in family members and neighbors without. Jacquelyn Randle's home in a ***working-class*** subdivision in west Houston became a refuge for her son and daughter, a son-in-law and a grandchild, as well as friends.

''It's kind of like a family reunion,'' said Ms. Randle's son, Dalton Lewis, 44.

When Ms. Randle's weary guests arrived, they flocked to her bathroom to bathe and then trooped to the kitchen to fill their bellies with something hot. She fed them baked chicken, macaroni and cheese, mustard greens and lettuce-and-tomato salad.

''Something like this makes everybody come together,'' said Ms. Randle, 63. ''We've all had bad luck in the past. Now, I can help somebody else.''

In Pasadena, just east of Houston, the Soria family home was the only one in the neighborhood with a generator, and there seemed to be a party going on. The smell of carne asada rose from a barbecue.

The dining table was surrounded with members of the extended Soria clan -- more than 20 people -- many of whom had been sleeping on the floor of the house since the hurricane hit.

The festive atmosphere belied a frustrating week of coping with the hurricane's aftermath. Six days after the storm, the family still had no electricity and the ceiling in the living room had fallen in.

Every day has been a struggle to find an open grocery store and an operating gas station, said Armando Soria, 34, a technician in a radiology lab.

''It's hectic,'' Mr. Soria said. ''We have to manage with what we can. It's a hassle trying to get gas. We need milk for the kids, food.''

Some people, however, had no family to depend on when the storm hit. Janet F. Jackson, 80, lives alone in a single-story house. She had surgery to repair a heart valve last year.

When the storm roared into Houston early on Sept. 13, the wind was so loud she awoke and then stumbled from bed and huddled in a hallway. Then three large trees crashed into her roof, punching holes. Water poured in. The ceiling collapsed.

''I am still in shock,'' Ms. Jackson said. ''I'll tell you, I started stuttering a little. I forget things.''

Neighbors came to the rescue. The family next door fed her and helped clean the rubble out of her kitchen. A couple down the street, Joe and Margaret Riley, took her in. ''We couldn't find a hotel,'' Ms. Jackson said. ''I'm surviving through the kindness of friends.''

Some Texans responded with a skill bred in the bone here -- barbecue. Dewayne Loving transformed himself into the resident barbecue chef for his small apartment complex, which went without power for a week.

Mr. Loving cooked on his two barbecue pits from dawn until dusk, taking in donated meat from neighbors whose freezers were thawing. The food was distributed to people in the complex.

''From the time I get up, there's somebody at the door with some meat who don't want it to spoil,'' said Mr. Loving, 56, a retired Houston native, as he drank a beer. ''Everybody is bringing their meat to me.''

Mr. Loving was not the only one donating his time. Thousands of volunteers stepped in to hand out food, water and ice at distribution sites organized by the Federal Emergency Management Agency, after federal and state officials said they could not staff all 60 sites.

Others, like Reginald Dugas, 45, were what might be called incorrigible givers.

Mr. Dugas was handing out food every day to needy people in the parking lot of the University of Houston football stadium, after working an all-night shift as a clerk in the prosthetics department at a veterans hospital. He was only catching a few hours of sleep in the afternoon.

Mr. Dugas said eight people, mostly neighbors and family, were staying at his one-bedroom house, because he had electricity. His biggest problem, he said, was finding a working cash machine so he could buy gasoline.

''I am down to $8 with no gas,'' Mr. Dugas said cheerily as he handed people their rations. ''Right now I am down to empty, and my concern is how am I going to make it to a gas station and be able to wait long enough to get to the pump.''

Some shops went to extraordinary lengths to stay open. Several H.E.B. grocery stores opened on generator power the day after the storm passed.

Other shops escaped unscathed, like McCoy's Fine Cigars in downtown Houston, a local institution where on Wednesday the owner, Mike McCoy, and a friend, Richard Carper, enjoyed a smoke and talked about the hurricane.

Mr. McCoy, 54, said he moved to the nearby Rice Hotel the day of the storm when it became clear his house in Lake Conroe would be without electricity or running water for some time. Mr. Carper, 50, a supervisory clerk for the Harris County Criminal Court, lingered in the shop, slowly puffing a Dominican cigar, because he had no electricity at his house near the Houston Ship Channel.

''I'm in the dark for another week or so; we are living out of a cooler and wearing wrinkled clothes to work,'' Mr. Carper said. ''I just came by to smoke a cigar and get some light before I go home to the darkness.''

For others, the impact of the storm was much more profound.

Fishermen like Jose Centeno, 52, in San Leon, a community on Galveston Bay on the southern outskirts of Houston, not only lost their boats, but their houses and other belongings as well.

Mr. Centeno, a bearish man with viselike, calloused hands, wept as he surveyed his fishing boat, the Texas Express, tossed onto a dock like a toy, two pilings sticking up through the hull.

''Very difficult,'' he spluttered.

''Could be 15, 20 thousand to replace. I have been working here for 15 years,'' and his voice trailed off.

The Centeno family's home was flooded with four feet of water. Mr. Centeno; his wife, Maria; two daughters; and three grandchildren have piled their waterlogged belongings onto the lawn.

Mrs. Centeno said they were surviving on the military meals the National Guard was handing out and were sleeping at a friend's house. She tries to keep the children clean with mini-baths using bottled water. They are bored, with no school and no television. One carries around a tiny Chihuahua named Bully.

''We have to have lots of patience, especially with the children,'' she said. ''They don't understand what happened. They can get sick touching any little thing.''

Returning to Galveston

Galveston officials announced Saturday that residents would be allowed to return Wednesday starting at 6 a.m. Those whose property is behind the seawall will be allowed to assess the damage and determine if they wish to remain, said the city manager, Steve LeBlanc.

Those in areas not behind the seawall, including the city's battered west end, will be allowed to assess the damage and gather important belongings but must leave, Mr. LeBlanc said. Those areas do not have basic services like water, sewer, natural gas or electricity, he said.

Jamaica Beach, a town of 1,120 on the western side of Galveston Island, on Saturday started allowing residents to return temporarily to view their property, according to its Web site.

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

**Correction**

An article last Sunday about continuing power and sewage problems in Houston in the wake of Hurricane Ike misspelled the name of a nearby town where a popular restaurant, Noah's Ark, washed away in the storm. It is Bacliff, not Baycliff.

**Correction-Date:** September 28, 2008

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: The Soria home in Pasadena, near Houston, has a generator and has housed more than 20 family members since the storm hit.

Janet F. Jackson, 80, in the rubble of her home in Houston. ''I am still in shock,'' she said. Neighbors took her in. The JPMorgan Chase building's windows were boarded up last week. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHAEL STRAVATO FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES)(A20)

Jose Centeno, 52, was among those in San Leon, on Galveston Bay on the outskirts of Houston, who lost their fishing boats.(PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL STRAVATO FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES)(A28)

**Load-Date:** September 21, 2008

**End of Document**



[***ITALIAN COMMUNISTS NEVER HAVE A NICE DAY***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-G1Y0-000B-Y137-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 8, 1981, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1981 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 4; Page 3, Column 1; Week in Review Desk

**Length:** 1045 words

**Byline:** By HENRY TANNER

**Dateline:** ROME

**Body**

Rome has had two major transit strikes recently. One, ten days ago, was a wildcat called by a local action committee; it tied up traffic for a day as bus drivers and tramway conductors stayed home almost to a man. The second, last week, was called by the three national labor federations; it was observed by white collar workers but, except during the morning rush, many buses kept running.

The incident illustrated one of the most important aspects of the current political situation in Italy: The official labor unions, which for more than ten years have had such a hold on workers that they were able to dictate national economic policies, are increasingly being challenged by local committees. The development has ominous implications, not only for the Christian Democratic-led Government, which is trying to devise a cohesive national labor policy, but also for the Communist Party, which controls the largest of the three official national unions and is dependent on the ***working class*** for its political strength.

Current difficulties facing Communist Party for Italy discussed

The Communists' political difficulties, as well as the Government's, were further illustrated in Parliament a week ago. Defectors from Prime Minister Arnaldo Forlani's party and his coalition partners, the Socialists, had broken discipline and voted repeatedly against the Government's financial bill for 1981. In desperation and on the correct assumption that the defectors would vote against him only on secret ballots, he made every section of the bill subject to a roll call vote of confidence. The device worked a few times. But many felt it had turned Parliament into a farce.

Italians had just been watching with fascination newsreels of the failed takeover of the Spanish Parliament, and many were wondering whether the degeneration of Italian parliamentary life might lead to something similar here. ''I do not fear a military coup in Italy; what I fear is rampant decadence, a fatal pulmonary consumption, which could lead to the end of our parliamentary system,'' said Bettino Craxi, the Socialist leader who hopes to become the first non-Christian Democratic Prime Minister since the war.

Communists In a Bind

Under such pressure, Mr. Forlani reverted to normal voting procedures. He probably would have been defeated had not the opposition Communist Party assured passage of the bill - and the Government's survival - by announcing that it would not vote against him.

The incident showed how little leeway the Communists have in pursuit of their objective to ''prove'' that they are a responsible party with a right to be invited into the Government. Although party rhetoric has been calling for Mr. Forlani's ouster, the party has been losing at the polls and the last thing it wants now is a general election. The party also has been doing its utmost to prove its independence from Moscow; the party secretary, Enrico Berlinguer, declined to lead the delegation to the Soviet party's 26th congress. The Italian party has been sharply critical of the Soviet Union over Afghanistan and has warned that a Soviet invasion of Poland would cause an irrevocable break. When Giancarlo Pajetta, the Italian delegation leader in Moscow, refused to soften such criticism in his speech, Soviet leaders made him give it outside the Kremlin, in the Hall of Columns. At past Soviet party congresses, the Italians have been the first Western party to speak.

In Italy, Mr. Pajetta's tribulations were greeted with approval by editorialists of almost all political stripes. The incident was particularly welcome for the Communists who, in terms of party politics, are more isolated now than at any time in a decade. Their only potential ally, the Socialists, have entered the Government and are moving to the right.

The Christian Democrats also have hardened their attitude toward the Communists. The notion of the late Prime Minister Aldo Moro that Italy could be governed only in cooperation with the Communists, the second largest party, is no longer in vogue. Likeminded figures such as former Prime Minister Guilio Andreotti have been replaced by such leaders as party secretary Flaminio Piccoli who believe the party's future lies in an anti-Communist alliance with the Socialists. ''Andreotti is waiting for the Communist bus'' said a sarcastic headline in La Repubblica, the leftist Rome daily, when the bus drivers went on strike.

After the Christian Democrats abandoned the Moro concept of a ''historic compromise,'' Mr. Berlinguer announced a corresponding strategy shift. His party no longer wanted to join a Christian Democratic government but would work for a leftist government without them, he declared. The strategy's obvious weakness is that would require a Communist-Socialist alliance and the Socialists have already achieved coalition status by moving in the other direction.

Of all Mr. Berlinguer's problems, perhaps the most urgent is the grassroots challenge to the leadership, Communist and non-Communist, of the three labor federations -one predominantly Communist, the other Roman Catholic and the third made up mostly of Socialists, Social Democrats and Republicans. The unions' power has been declining for some time. This became glaringly obvious in Turin in October when the three federations had to call off a long and bitter strike against Fiat after more than 30,000 workers, mostly shop foremen, marched through the streets demanding to go back to work. It was the first back-to-work movement in a major labor conflict in Italy since the war. Although Mr. Berlinguer had emphatically supported the strike, the Communist Party had no choice but to accept a settlement generally favorable to the automobile maker.

To stem the erosion of union power, Mr. Berlinguer recently proposed a revision of 10-year-old rules under which the three national federations have had an equal weight in policy decisions. He suggested decision making be weighted to reflect the federations' relative strength,giving more power to the Communist union, which has more than 4.5 million members, as against about 3 million for the Catholic union and over 1 million for the third. His proposal was attacked immediately by the other two unions, which seemed to leave him worse off than before.

**Graphic**

Illustrations: Photo of Enrico Berlinguer

**End of Document**



[***52 Ways to Cool Off, And All of Them Free***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4P8Y-4KY0-TW8F-G554-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 27, 2007 Friday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2007 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section E; Column 0; Movies, Performing Arts/Weekend Desk; Pg. 27; MY CITY

**Length:** 1624 words

**Byline:** By COREY KILGANNON

**Body**

WITH her fluffy white bath towel, Brenda Gruskin -- taut copper skin, black designer swimsuit, awash in gold jewelry -- claimed a parcel of sun-warmed concrete on the deck of the John Jay Pool on the Upper East Side of Manhattan.

''When I tell people I use city pools, they can't believe it,'' she said, surveying the rectangular gulch of wobbling azure water one recent morning, beyond it the East River running swiftly south. ''They think the pools are dirty or rowdy. I tell them, 'The public pools are the best-kept secret in the city.' ''

That secret is getting out. Last year 1.5 million people visited city pools, and though the pools have long served less-privileged New Yorkers, they are now used by a more diverse population than ever: ethnically, socio-economically; backstrokers, breast-strokers.

The pools are luring families, the very young, the very old and also people who can afford more exclusive settings. The reasons: They are safer, and many have undergone renovations recently, including the installation of shade structures, ornamental plantings and spray showers in kiddie pools. Many now offer special lap-swim sessions in the early morning and evening, as well as swimming lessons. And they are free. The city has 1,080 lifeguards this summer, its highest number ever, said Adrian Benepe, the parks commissioner, who noted that city pools get just as crowded as they did pre-air-conditioning.

''City pools still serve a primary purpose as an escape for the ***working class*** who cannot afford to leave the city in the summer,'' he said. ''But they get a much broader user group and demographic today.''

The city's 52 outdoor pools are open daily through Labor Day, generally from 11 a.m. to 7 p.m. During heat waves they are often kept open until 8. Almost all city pools are about 3 to 4 feet deep throughout.

In a steamy city these urban oases offer a measure of cool, chlorinated bliss. They are great for people watching and a good way to introduce yourself to a new neighborhood. They are often hubs of neighborhood activity, attracting food vendors, street musicians, family barbecues and general commotion.

You can walk dripping wet out of Highbridge Pool, in Washington Heights, and within a single block browse a smorgasbord of Dominican food. There is a fruit stand selling containers of sliced mangos for $2; and if you're thirsty, a man with a machete will chop open a coconut and stick a straw in it. Nearby, a woman sells johnnycakes, fried, flat dough snacks, for $1 apiece from her shopping cart, along with the popular Dominican fruit shake known as morir sonando (''to die dreaming''), made from oranges, milk, sugar and chopped ice. Outside the bathhouse trucks parked at the curb sell chimichurri (meat sandwiches) and steaming plates of chicken, pork or beef with rice and beans.

Oh, right -- the swimming. Well, the entrance is at Amsterdam Avenue and West 173rd Street, and on hot days there are longish lines -- women to the left, men to the right -- cordoned with police barricades.

One recent sultry afternoon a parks enforcement officer with a megaphone barked at the teenagers in line to behave. The pool -- 220 feet by 162 feet -- was packed, and a dozen lifeguards and parks enforcement officers stood along the side, incessantly whistling young men out of the water for infractions. Outside, young men sized up female bathers for chats between the chain-links.

The city pools got a black eye some years back when there were headlines about incidents of unruly teenage boys surrounding girls and harassing and groping them. The city has since stepped up security, assigning police officers and parks enforcement officers to pool decks, as well as installing security cameras. The lifeguards are armed with whistles, the parks officers with summons books and nightsticks, and the police with 9-millimeter pistols.

A tour of a half-dozen pools over the last two weeks found clean water and pool decks, although the locker rooms and waiting areas can be less so and are often in disrepair. To enter a pool you must show an attendant that you have a conventional bathing suit -- park officials say they don't want the suit's colors running -- and that you have a padlock to secure your belongings in a locker. Only white T-shirts, towels, hats, sunglasses, sunblock, flip-flops and a book or magazine are allowed on the pool deck. Basically all else is banned, including electronics, food and newspapers.

Certain things seem senseless, like seeing half the pool closed to swimming with a huge line of eager bathers waiting outside, and the policy of closing the pool for an hour at 3 p.m., usually the hottest part of the day, necessitating a whole new lengthy entry process. (Parks officials say the hour closing is for cleaning the pool.)

A major reason the early pools were built is that hundreds of children were drowning each summer swimming in the city's waterways, Mr. Benepe said.

''These great outdoor pools would never be built today because it's no longer wise to invest in outdoor pools that are used two months of the year,'' he said. ''The ones we have were built to a palatial scale. The message is that working people can feel like royalty by passing through the portals of these edifices built like temples and Roman castles and French fortresses. You feel superhuman.''

Crotona Pool in the Bronx stretches between East 172nd and East 174th Streets on Fulton Avenue on the edge of Crotona Park. Its bathhouse is an Art Deco interpretation of a French castle, and the interior is a city landmark.

Last Saturday you could smell the barbecues set up in the park, mingling with sunblock and chlorine and hot asphalt and car exhaust. A loud radio beyond the fence blasted salsa music, and down the block a car alarm sounded for hours on end. The pool, 330 feet by 120 feet, has a shallow section for small children. It is secured by a tall, spiked iron fence topped with coils of razor wire. The pool edge is lined with blue, wooden police barricades to curtail running and jumping into the pool. But several barricades had been moved, and a dozen teenage boys were engaged in a testosterone-fueled romp, racing around the pool deck, wrestling and throwing one another, and any girls close to their age, into the water. As the pool emptied at closing time, four police cars had pulled up, and the officers sternly watched the crowd exit and slowly disperse.

Hamilton Fish Pool, on the Lower East Side at Houston and Pitt Streets, draws downtown hipsters, Chinatown residents and the largely Hispanic population living in the nearby housing projects. The pool, which is 165 by 98 feet, sits in the center of Hamilton Fish Park and is flanked by Beaux-Arts-style structures.

David Sanchez, 30, a construction worker, sat on the side of the pool one recent weekday, dangling his legs in the water.

''Most of these kids you see here are from the projects,'' said Mr. Sanchez, who lives in a project on Avenue D and enjoys the multicultural girl-watching at the pool. ''You think these kids ever seen a real beach? Myself, I've only been to Coney Island and Orchard Beach. It's just easier to come here.''

Astoria Pool in Queens is in Astoria Park overlooking the East River between the Hell Gate and Triborough Bridges. It is the largest of the city pools and one of the largest in the country. The main pool is 330 by 165 feet and was designed to accommodate 3,000 swimmers.

Its diving pool, with a 32-foot-high elevated platform, was closed in 1981 because of trespassing, and the mucky bottom now resembles a bog. (Mr. Benepe said he hoped to reopen at least one diving pool in each borough eventually.) Outside the Art Deco bathing pavilion there is a stand that sells bathing suits, caps, goggles and swimming diapers. A short block away on Ditmars Boulevard are several cafes with outdoor seating and good food.

One recent sweltering weekday more than 500 people waited to re-enter the pool at 4 p.m., forming a line that stretched up and out of the park. Along the outside of the bathhouse a thin pipe sprayed a cool mist onto the line. Those farther down the line drank from a temporary water fountain rigged to a sidewalk fire hydrant.

Brian Azcona, 16, and four friends waited. They had taken the train from Bushwick, Brooklyn.

''It's cleaner than the beach, that's for sure,'' Brian said.

Astoria, Crotona and Highbridge are among the 11 Olympic-size pools the city opened in the summer of 1936. Built by Robert Moses, the city's first parks commissioner, with financing from the federal Works Progress Administration, the pools were heralded as some of the most remarkable public recreational facilities ever built in the United States.

Then there are the smaller pools, like the Sheltering Arms Pool in Harlem, at Amsterdam Avenue and West 126th Street. There is a bus depot across the avenue, and pedestrians and bus riders are well within splashing range of bathers.

Back at John Jay Pool, Ms. Gruskin casually greeted friends milling about the end of the pool deck near East 78th Street at Franklin D. Roosevelt Drive. The pool, in John Jay Park, overlooks the East River and abuts the drive so closely that you could splash the passing cars. The London plane trees that rise from the deck offer a generous canopy of shade.

The pool, which has one of the city's two remaining diving boards, is favored by neighborhood families and a group of adults who all seemed to know one another. By early afternoon they give way to the crowds of excited adolescents.

''They take the train here from East Harlem or the Lower East Side, where I grew up,'' Ms. Gruskin said. ''City pools are for the people who can't afford to go out to a nice beach.''

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Left, 9-year-old Jakara New at the Highbridge Pool in Upper Manhattan

right, the Hamilton Fish Pool on the Lower East Side. (Photograph by Left, Michael Nagle for The New York Times

above, Damon Winter/The New York Times).

The John Jay Pool on the Upper East Side, bordering the F. D. R. Drive, has one of the city's two remaining diving boards. (Photograph by Damon Winter/The New York Times).

Sabrina Layetano, left, Joanna Baskett and Kareen Haskins at the Astoria Pool in Queens, the largest of the city's 52 public pools. (Photograph by Taylor Dunfee for The New York Times). Map showing the locations of the major pools in the metropolitan area.

**Load-Date:** July 27, 2007

**End of Document**



[***Congressman's Silence Tests District's Loyalty***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:43C3-2210-0109-T1D2-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 26, 2001 Tuesday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2001 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Column 1; National Desk; Pg. 12

**Length:** 1340 words

**Byline:**  By EVELYN NIEVES

**Dateline:** MODESTO, Calif., June 25

**Body**

The flier taped prominently in the window of Representative Gary A. Condit's district office here features a now-familiar photograph of a young woman with dark curly hair and a fetching smile. "MISSING," it blares.

But the flier seems to say something more, something beyond the young woman's name, Chandra Ann Levy, the circumstances of her disappearance and her vital statistics. These days, its very presence in the window appears to send an emphatic message that Mr. Condit has nothing to hide.

In this ***working-class*** Central Valley city, the heart of the fertile farmland the popular seven-term conservative Democratic congressman once called Condit Country, people really want to believe him.

They want to believe that the 53-year-old representative of the 18th Congressional District who has been married to his high school sweetheart since he was 19 and involved in politics here since he was 22 was just "good friends" with Ms. Levy. Ms. Levy, a 24-year-old intern, was on the verge of returning home to Modesto when she disappeared in Washington on April 30.

They hear about Ms. Levy's phone calls to the congressman, about her coy remarks to friends about a secret, older lover, about his calls to her, and they call it "media spin" and "opinion" and "conjecture." They hear the stories about her spending nights at Mr. Condit's Washington apartment and believe him when he says that that is a lie. They want to believe Mr. Condit has nothing to hide and nothing to say despite the looping video on the cable news channels that show him scurrying away from a horde of Washington reporters and photographers. They want to believe the mystery of Ms. Levy's disappearance will end happily for all concerned.

"They want to believe that he's innocent and that in the end he will be vindicated," said Jeff Benziger, editor of The Ceres Courier, the newspaper in Mr. Condit's hometown, about five miles south of Modesto. "They resent the story as a media attack. He's very popular around here, a lot of people know him."

For instance, Vickie McKenzie, who was having lunch yesterday in a downtown plaza with three co-workers from the county assessor's office, said, "I think the press is hyping it." Her co-workers quickly chimed in their agreement. And yet, the relentless flow of news stories, the tearful news conferences by Ms. Levy's parents, the newspaper editorials and columns demanding that the congressman speak up are finally taking their toll on Condit Country.

"Some people are starting to believe that maybe he's not handling this as well has he could be," Mr. Benziger said. "He doesn't look good running away from the press, and people feel that he should come out and defend himself."

Ed Endicott, 24, is one of those. "I think it's just a little suspicious," he said as he smoked a cigarette and sipped coffee outside a downtown Modesto Starbucks this afternoon. "I mean, she was a quote unquote friend?"

Mr. Endicott said his father went to high school with Mr. Condit and his grandmother proudly stakes Mr. Condit's name on her lawn come election season. But Mr. Endicott said his loyalties lie with the truth. "I mean," he said, "how many 53-year-old men are just good friends with a woman my age?"

But Mr. Endicott's friend, Jocelyn French, was less skeptical. After all, she said, she is closer to Mr. Condit's age. "Just imagine if she really was just a friend and all these rumors still ruin his career?" she said.

No one here really wants to believe anything untoward about a Condit. The Condit name is a reliable brand in these parts. After three decades, people have come to automatically seek the name out in the voting booth, the way they might reach for the same orange box of laundry detergent in the supermarket.

That Mr. Condit, who is boyish and dimpled, has been known to ride around the district in a Harley-Davidson has not exactly hurt his appeal. Nor has his stature as a longtime family man with two grown children, Chad and Cadee, both aides to Gov. Gray Davis.

"He's a good, honest, religious man," said Ted Smernes, owner of the Ceres Drug Store, and a family friend for 17 years. "He's done a lot for the community. What's going on now with the rumors, to me, it's all opinion."

Until becoming the reluctant star of the latest politician-intern scandal, Mr. Condit's career was mostly smooth sailing. He moved here from Oklahoma after high school with his wife, Carolyn, following his father, Adrian, a Baptist minister. He then worked his way through Stanislaus State College and joined the Ceres City Council after he graduated. At 26, he was mayor of Ceres, at 34, a state assemblyman. The one choppy exception to victories came in 1988, when he was one of the conservative-leaning assemblymen, known as the Gang of Five, who tried unsuccessfully to oust the liberal Assembly speaker, Willie Brown. But a year later, Mr. Condit's political career was redeemed when he easily won the 18th Congressional District seat in a 1989 special election.

In 1995, he became a founding member of the Blue Dog Democrats, a conservative House group willing to side with Republicans on key issues. He was one of only a few Democrats who joined President George W. Bush's tax-cut signing ceremony. In this booming but still rural swath of California, where conservative Democrats are nearly interchangeable with the preferred Republican Party, this was all good.

Mr. Condit rarely made the news until early May, when he issued a statement calling Ms. Levy a "good friend" and putting up $10,000 in campaign funds for a reward (now up to $25,000) for information that would help find her. Soon after, The Washington Post reported that Ms. Levy has spent the night at Mr. Condit's Washington apartment. The New York Post reported that Ms. Levy had called Mr. Condit's private answering service on the two days before her disappearance.

Mr. Condit has denied the reports, through lawyers, but the denials have become part of the story anyway, repeated day after day.

The Washington police maintain that Mr. Condit is not a suspect, and they say there is no evidence of a crime against Ms. Levy. She is officially a missing person.

Still, the nagging questions continue. On Saturday, two days after Ms. Levy's parents held a news conference in Washington and called on Mr. Condit to reveal all he knew about their daughter, he met with the police for the second time.

That fueled more speculation when Terrance Gainer, the executive assistant police chief for the Washington police department, while being interviewed on the NBC program "Today,", refused to characterize Mr. Condit's relationship with Ms. Levy.

Sarah Jacobs, 27, was still bothered hours after seeing the television interview with the police official. "Why in the world couldn't he just say that they were just friends, if that's what they were?" she said. Ms. Jacobs said all the "blind loyalty" she sees here for the congressman has started to bother her.

"Why don't people open their eyes," Ms. Jacobs said, "and see the guy looks guilty of something?"

But the Modesto mayor, Carmen Sabatini, said people here were just not obsessed with the story. "I don't think people here are taking this as seriously as the rest of the country," he said. "I have a restaurant here and it's not a topic of discussion with customers, or in the streets. It's not talked about."

To Mike Lynch, Mr. Condit's chief of staff, the discussion has gone on for too long already.

"We've gotten three to four hundred e-mails from the district in the last month," Mr. Lynch said, "and all but a dozen have said the media has gone too far."

Mr. Lynch, who works in Mr. Condit's district office, said the congressman would not be holding any news conferences or making any statements.

"We've been very clear," Mr. Lynch said. "He liked her. He misses her. He wishes she were back. Nothing happened romantically. There is no connection between him and her disappearance. The press has told the country there is a connection. We really think that's what should be examined -- the press."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Representative Gary A. Condit, in a 1997 photograph, has made few public comments in a missing intern case. (Debbie Noda/Modesto Bee, via Associated Press); Ed Endicott of Modesto, Calif., calls the turns in the Levy case "a little suspicious." Vickie McKenzie, also of Modesto, calls the stories "hype." (Photographs by Peter DaSilva for The New York Times) Map of California highlighting 18th Congressional District: Representative Gary A. Condit's district in the Central Valley.

**Load-Date:** June 26, 2001

**End of Document**



[***PULLING TOGETHER THE CASH FOR COLLEGE TUITION***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-G9B0-000B-Y3XN-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 17, 1981, Saturday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1981 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 1; Page 17, Column 2; Style Desk

**Length:** 1048 words

**Byline:** By GLENN COLLINS

**Body**

First, the bad news: College costs are rising rapidly, many parents feel they can't cope with the financial demands, and some students never even apply to college and vocational schools because they think they won't be able to afford them.

But the good news is that the money is there, in grants, scholarships and loans - for students of modest means, for those from middle-class families, and even for those who are not star scholars.

''You just have to know where to look and how to look,'' said Milton Heimlich, founder of Financial Aid for College and Technical Schools, or Facts, a nonprofit service that will help an estimated 15,000 New York City students to find money for college and vocational schools this year.

''Many parents and students are not aware that there is a lot of money available.'' he said. ''In fact, Facts can guarantee that any student in New York City can finance a college education if he or she wants to. Actually, getting kids to want to do it is sometimes harder than finding the money.''

Profile of Financial Aid for College and Technical Schools (Facts), focuses on non-profit organization helps students find college financial aidWhere the Money Comes From

Mr. Heimlich's guarantee rests in part on the money available from Federal and state grants, from academic scholarships, from workstudy programs, from labor unions, from religious and ethnic sources, and from Social Security and Veterans Administration benefits.

But the basis of his assurance is that both students and their parents are able to borrow up to $5,500 a year a child, regardless of need, at an interest rate of 9 percent, with the money to be paid back over a maximum of 15 years. The Federal loans apply to all college expenses. As of the 1981-82 academic year, a student and his parents will be able to borrow up to $27,500 for higher education over five years and $30,000 more over five years for graduate-school expenses.

''The loans are the insurance policy - even for middle-class families -that they'll have the college money they need,'' said Mr. Heimlich. ''Paying them back is not an onerous burden, given the rate of inflation, the time of repayment, and the fact that the Government is an easy lender.''

Currently, Facts is assisting 12th-and 11th-graders in 32 New York City high schools in the five boroughs, providing them with information about where and how to obtain financial aid for colleges, for vocational, technical and nursing schools, and for other training institutions.

Its staff members also help students and parents fill out the extraordinarily complex application forms. They keep track of filing deadlines, correct computer-processing errors, and even furnish students with stamped postal cards so they can apply for financial aid information.

Only Program of Its Kind

Facts is the first program of its kind in the nation, said Mr. Heimlich, ''and, unfortunately, it still is.'' The aides in the high schools work under the auspices of the schools' college advisers and guidance counselors, who because of budgetary cutbacks serve an average of 640 students each.

Mr. Heimlich, a retired New Rochelle businessman who has been involved in community work for 40 years, created the Facts program 11 years ago for students at New Rochelle High School and brought the concept to New York City in 1976. With the help of Harold Doughty, the head of undergraduate admissions at New York University, Facts began a trial run in four high schools in Manhattan and Brooklyn.

In August 1979, Facts became an official unit of the New York City Board of Education's Bureau of Educational and Vocational Guidance. The board pays the salaries of an administrator, an assistant and a secretary, and provides office space. Mr. Heimlich raised $30,000 last year from private sources to pay for materials and staffing needs.

Currently there are 53 Facts aides assigned to high schools. Fourteen are unpaid volunteers, many of them retired guidance counselors from the New York City School Volunteer Program, an official arm of the Board of Education since 1962.

The others are work-study college students from New York University, the City University of New York, Pace College, Iona College, Marymount Manhattan College and Columbia University. The students are paid $3.50 an hour, 80 percent of which is provided by the federally financed College Work-Study Program. Private fundraising by Facts supplies the rest.

Aim Is to Reach All

''Our aim is to expand the program to reach 50 of New York's 100 high schools by June, to 75 by next year, and to all of them by June of 1983,'' said Daisy K. Shaw, director of the Bureau of Educational and Vocational Guidance. She and Dr. Amelia Ashe, a member of the Board of Education and a former guidance counselor, were instrumental in making Facts an officially sponsored unit of the city school system. ''Since many of those in our student population feel that college is completely out of bounds for them, Facts is extremely important in giving them vital information about the numerous sources of financial aid,'' she said. ''It can change their lives.''

Selma Covitz, special assistant to Dr. Ashe, said: ''We are very enthusiastic about the success of the program. Facts makes every high school student realize that financial inability is not a stumbling block to further education, even if they don't have a penny behind them.''

The money-attracting efforts of Facts, whose aides are armed with Rolodex files of financial sources, accomplish prodigious feats. Last year, Sol Schwartz, coordinator of career and vocational education at Sheepshead Bay High School, obtained $3,569,896 in scholarships and grants for 382 of the school's graduating seniors. The Facts aide in Mr. Schwartz's office, 20-year-old Shirley Eng, a former student-government president at Sheepshead Bay High School, is in the workstudy program at Brooklyn College.

''It makes all the difference to them, to know the money is there,'' said Mr. Schwartz of the school's largely ***working-class*** students. ''And where was it our kids usually used to go, if they went to college? Brooklyn College. Now the door is opened so that even disadvantaged kids can be adventurous. They're attending schools all over the country - in Texas, California, Georgia, the Middle West.''

**Graphic**

Illustrations: Photo of students at Sheepshead High School

**End of Document**



[***All Questioning on the London Front: Theater Reflects War's Bleak Futility***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4BPV-TVV0-TW8F-G28T-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

February 16, 2004 Monday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2004 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section E; Column 1; The Arts/Cultural Desk; Pg. 1; CRITIC'S NOTEBOOK

**Length:** 1528 words

**Byline:** By BEN BRANTLEY

**Dateline:** LONDON

**Body**

It's still the waiting that gets to everyone, that and the unwanted thoughts that arrive in the silence. Give a soldier enough quiet time in a trench, and he'll start to question his cause, his identity, his very existence.

All the characters in ''Journey's End,'' R. C. Sherriff's 1928 drama set amid the front lines of World War I, wind up wondering why they are where they are and what they are doing there. The same cannot be said for theatergoers attending this epochal play's superb 75th-anniversary revival at the Comedy Theater here. ''Journey's End'' feels as fresh and forlorn as the evening news.

Directed with an open-eyed, steady gaze by David Grindley, and performed by a perfectly assembled band of actors, this fine production is cause for both rejoicing and despair. Like the National Theater's revival of Eugene O'Neill's ''Mourning Becomes Electra,'' it finds enduring life in a play you think would be irretrievably buried in dust.

Yet ''Journey's End'' suggests that, technology aside, Western civilization has been running, or limping in place for the last century. As another wartime play that has unsettled London theatergoers put it: ''There is no such thing as progress. Only the passion, and the lack thereof.''

Those lines, spoken by a marine on an assassination mission to an unspecified Arab country, come from Adriano Shaplin's ''Pugilist Specialist,'' performed recently at the Soho Theater by the Riot Group, an experimental troupe from San Francisco. Mr. Shapiro's technobaroque style of writing, with its flashy abstract language and souped-up Mametesque rhythms, is years away from Sherriff's slow, in-the-moment naturalism.

But the shows share a sharp, sad sense of indignation and futility about the nature and persistence of war. Neither is as much a play of protest as it is of appalled resignation. That tone has infused London theater since the American and British invasion of Iraq, from Nicholas Hytner's realpolitik interpretation of ''Henry V'' at the National last year to David Hare's current ''Permanent Way,'' which considers the dire human casualties of the privatization of British railroads.

There are of course political cabarets and spoofs that use the Bushes and Blairs of this world as target practice. The satirist Justin Butcher has followed up his popular revue of last season, ''The Madness of George Dubya,'' with a new work called -- inevitably -- ''A Weapons Inspector Calls.'' But the plays that truly get under your skin here are less obviously driven by agitprop.

Their surfaces promise a measured objectivity, but you're always aware of the anxious discontent percolating beneath. In a way their subtext might be the cry of Peter Finch's mad television prophet in the movie ''Network'': ''I'm mad as hell, and I'm not going to take it anymore.'' The difference is the grudging awareness that there may be no alternative to ''taking it.''

As ''Journey's End'' demonstrates, this attitude was not born yesterday. Watching Sherriff's intensely felt drama, based on his experience as a British Army captain, you think about how much of 20th-century consciousness -- its skepticism, its shivery sense of absurdity and meaninglessness -- had roots in World War I.

Listen to Stanhope, a troubled young officer who has been in the field long enough to believe that reality is unnervingly relative: ''D'you ever get a sudden feeling that everything's going farther and farther away -- till you're the only thing in the world -- and then the world begins going away -- until you're the only thing in -- in the universe. . . .''

A similar tone courses through the ruminations of Orin Mannon, a young soldier home from the Civil War in ''Mourning Becomes Electra,'' written around the same time as ''Journey's End.'' ''What are you?'' says Orin, standing above his father's casket. ''Just another corpse.'' He has learned from the battlefield that death is only ''a dirty joke that life plays on life.''

These stricken observations from military men are not so far from the wry, modernist bleakness of Samuel Beckett. And when, the night after I saw ''Journey's End,'' I attended Peter Hall's production of ''Happy Days,'' starring a brilliant Felicity Kendal as Beckett's chattering, immobile heroine, it seemed like a bizarrely natural segue.

Not that the current production of ''Journey's End'' ever steps outside itself for retrospective head shaking. Mr. Grindley's interpretation, designed with claustrophobic authenticity by Jonathan Fensom, is uncompromisingly set in its own time (March 1918) and place (a dugout in the British trenches near St.-Quentin in France).

The soldiers there are the originals of war-drama archetypes who have since been endlessly spoofed. There's the aristocratic young captain who drinks to forget, the anxious young soldier who has to be jolted out of his hysterics, the idealistic new recruit who has ''marked for death'' stamped on his forehead and the ever-cheerful ***working-class*** sergeant.

Yet the ghosts of parodies to come do not hover over this revival. The actors, led by Geoffrey Streatfield and David Haig, are so committed that a purity is restored to Sherriff's dialogue and the brimming quiet that surrounds it. (This production makes bold and splendid use of its silences.) It's a show that, like the National's ''Electra,'' reminds you that cliches were once brand new and finds the power in listening to familiar words with virgin ears.

Though clearly set in the 21st century, ''Pugilist Specialist,'' which took the top prizes at the Edinburgh Fringe Festival, doesn't have nearly the emotional immediacy of ''Journey's End.'' As it chronicles the internal politics of a four-member marine squad -- assigned to kill an Arab leader who sounds much like Saddam Hussein -- this starkly produced, lavishly wordy play maintains a cool analytical distance.

This is war in the age of spin and protective self-documentation. Everything that is said, we are told, is being recorded. Which may account for the soldiers' tendency to speak in unlikely epigrams. (The volunteer Army is ''a bunch of incentive-dependent video-game junkies with permanent erections.'' ''Longevity is the botched nose job of humanity.'')

London critics heralded ''Pugilist Specialist'' as refreshing evidence that Americans have a sense of irony. I found it all deeply earnest and self-conscious. But that is not necessarily bad when you're considering the atavistic urges behind war and the mythologies that come out of them. Riot Group has an inquiring mind and a gift for tense language-driven theater. Its members are just a bit blinded by their own youthful eloquence.

Mr. Hare, the master polemicist of the British stage, and the Out of Joint theater company apply a similar skepticism to the captains of industry in ''The Permanent Way,'' a bracing work of theatrical journalism at the National Theater. Directed by Max Stafford-Clark, nine ensemble members portray scores of contemporary Britons who are responsible for and victims of the privatization of the national rail service, focusing in particular on the causes and aftermath of three disastrous train crashes.

Assembled from interviews by Mr. Hare and by members of the company of everyone from government ministers and corporate executives to crash survivors, ''The Permanent Way'' is descended from the socially questioning school of drama embodied by Joan Littlewood's Theater Workshop in the 1950's and 60's. Yet it is by no means purely didactic. Even Americans unacquainted with British transportation problems should find it invigorating.

The play channels its characters' anger, bewilderment and frustration -- especially regarding those in charge -- into an ultimately very affecting portrait of a society that cannot find solutions to even its most practical problems. Nor does ''The Permanent Way'' have the hubris to suggest that it knows the answers.

[''The Permanent Way'' has become a subject of angry debate in the British papers, with several rail industry officials objecting that Mr. Hare made selective and distorting use of their comments to support a partisan case. In the meantime Mr. Hytner has announced that Mr. Hare is writing a play for the National about the war in Iraq, ''Stuff Happens.'' That title comes from a comment by Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld about looting in Iraq.]

Michael Frayn's acclaimed ''Democracy,'' a portrait of the political career of the former German chancellor Willy Brandt and a wonderful piece of speculative biography, has returned to repertory at the National before transferring to the West End in April. Toward the play's end Mr. Frayn (''Copenhagen'') has Brandt muse on the ebb and flow of governments.

''So many people, with so many different views and so many different voices,'' Brandt says. ''And inside each of us, so many more people still, struggling to be heard. For a moment one voice rises above the others, and everyone picks up the tune. And then the cacophony resumes.''

Much of the exceptional strength of this London theater season lies in its clear-eyed acceptance of this frustrating truth and in hearing the music within the cacophony.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Felicity Kendal as Winnie in Peter Hall's production of Samuel Beckett's ''Happy Days,'' at the Arts Theater in London. (Photo by Alastair Muir)(pg. E5)

From left, Geoffrey Streatfield, left, and David Haig in ''Journey's End''

the Riot Group in Adriano Shaplin's ''Pugilist Specialist''

and a scene from David Hare's ''Permanent Way.'' (Photographs by Alastair Muir)(pg. E1)

**Load-Date:** February 16, 2004

**End of Document**



[***STAGE: 'AMERICAN DAYS,' A BRITISH COMEDY***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-GCC0-000B-Y40T-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 2, 1981, Friday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1981 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section C; Page 3, Column 1; Weekend Desk; Review

**Length:** 1102 words

**Byline:** By FRANK RICH

**Body**

THE Manhattan Theater Club may have gotten off to a slow start earlier this season, but it is quickly making up for lost time. Last week, in its small Upstage theater, this company introduced New Yorkers to a fresh young playwright named Beth Henley, whose ''Crimes of the Heart'' is one of the funniest shows in town. Last night, Stephen Poliakoff's ''American Days'' arrived on the main stage, and it, too, is a provocative comedy that has been directed and acted to the hilt. As both these plays have limited runs, let me recommend that you take in a double bill at your earliest possible convenience.

Mr. Poliakoff, the young British author of ''Strawberry Fields'' and ''City Sugar,'' is no stranger to New York audiences. In his new play, he is once again looking both back and ahead in anger at the bleak moral landscape of contemporary England. It's an icy vision, and it's fully realized here. By dramatizing the audition of three would-be punk-rock stars before a record company executive, Mr. Poliakoff has created a play that is at once a nasty lampoon of contemporary show business, a broadside about the Americanization of English culture, and an aching portrait of proletarian kids who are so lost that they hardly exist.

Frank Rich reviews "American Days," presented by Manhattan Theater Club on 321 East 73d Street

''American Days'' unfolds in the the sterile London offices of an international entertainment conglomerate. As superbly designed and lit by Andrew Jackness and Dennis Parichy, this utterly impersonal setting immediately transports us into the playwright's desolate world. The furniture, carpets and walls all come in cool shades of gray and blue; the decorations include minimalist paintings, framed platinum records and a chrome refrigerator. When the three rock singers, all ***working-class*** refugees from England's boondocks, arrive in search of fame and fortune, even their neon-hued punk outfits are swallowed up by the antiseptic atmosphere of their corporate surroundings.

The evening's central character is the tycoon who will judge them. As played with extraordinary shading by John Shea, he is the very model of the hip young showbiz exective. When he first appears to meet his supplicants, he barks orders into a speakerphone, taking huge delight in his ability to ''terminate'' careers with the flick of a switch. He soon exercises his Godlike power over the auditioners by insulting their ambitions and looks, as well as forcing them to wear laminated identification cards so he won't have to remember their names.

Fluttering about the room in his fancy suit, the attractive but squinty-eyed Mr. Shea is a neurotic of the first rank. He's alternately smug, mercurial, cruel and charming. When he isn't either ignoring or ridiculing his guests, he launches into brittle, selfpitying laments about the loneliness of his privileged, jet-set life. The kids are baffled. Should they cower in the shadows or flatter the man or perform for him or fight back? They try each tactic, up to and including sexual enticement, only to realize that the man who controls their destinies is totally immune to any human contact.

It is Mr. Poliakoff's view that this record-world prince has reached the top by living a life that is as hermetically sealed as the place where he works. Though Mr. Shea may be a whirling bundle of personality traits, we eventually realize that he is in fact bereft of a personality. Everything about him, even his vulnerability, is a put-on. He has no strong likes or dislikes in rock music (his favorite record is ''My Fair Lady''); he has no politics; he has no home or friends outside of his company's empire of offices. His only Gods are the marketplace and the New York bosses who order him around on their speakerphones. But there is a logic to his bizarre audition: He will award a contract to that singer who, like him, is willing to prostitute his real identity to the disposable, lucrative fashions of America's record charts.

As the hungry singers realize what's required of them, they have no choice but to surrender to complete humiliation. It's a painful display that is powerfully realized by the cast. The dominant figure is the gangly John Snyder, playing a protest songsmith who wails about racial prejudice and ''Asian body counts.'' Wearing earrings, a ducktail, a studded black-leather jacket and jeans, he is at first a comical, swaggering wise guy; it is rending to watch his convictions and insolent pride disintegrate until finally he is a shrieking child throwing a tantrum on a recording studio's floor. Mr. Snyder also gets every laugh in Mr. Poliakoff's best monologue, in which the boy innocently imagines the promised land of New York as an Oz of ''all-night opticians, zoos and window-cleaning classes.''

His fellow auditioners, both women, are just as good. Anna Levine, wearing violet hair and a leopard skirt, has a tough punker's facade, but eventually devolves into a pathetic little provincial girl whose real, forlorn fantasies are of ''roller skating around Buckingham Palace.'' Pippa Pearthree is waiflike, then scary as the playwright's quintessential symbol of British bankruptcy - a fledgling pop artist who sings not for pleasure or to bring her audience a message, but simply to make the money that will get her out of England for good. There is also fine work by Alexander Spencer, as Mr. Shea's sycophantic assistant, and by David Blue, as a bloated, aging star who is the evening's eerie specter of rock careers past.

Jacques Levy, the director, matches the crackling energy of the text blow for blow. The only sag occurs late in Act II, when Mr. Poliakoff takes to repeating himself as he stumbles toward the resolution of his plot. It doesn't matter. By then ''American Days'' has amply rewarded us with a chilling journey through England's long dark night of the soul.

A Showbiz Story

AMERICAN DAYS, by Stephen Poliakoff; directed by Jacques Levy; set design, Andrew Jackness; costume design, Kenneth M. Yount; lighting design, Dennis Parichy; music by Urban Blight; production stage manager, Edward R. Fitzgerald; musical supervisor, Stanley Walden. Presented by the Manhattan Theater Club; Lynne Meadow, artistic director, and Barry Grove, managing director. At 321 East 73d Street Tallulah ..................................Anna Levine Gary ......................................John Snyder Ian .................................Alexander Spencer Lorraine ..............................Pippa Pearthree Don Sherman .................................John Shea Murray .....................................David Blue

**Graphic**

Illustrations: Photo of the Cast

**End of Document**



[***SON OF THE POOR IS ELECTED IN PERU OVER EX-PRESIDENT***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:436C-GNJ0-0109-T2R3-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 4, 2001 Monday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2001 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Column 6; Foreign Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1417 words

**Byline:**  By CLIFFORD KRAUSS

**Dateline:** LIMA, Peru, June 3

**Body**

Alejandro Toledo, the son of a poor Andean mountain sheep herder, won the presidency today over onetime President Alan Garcia after a campaign that left Peruvians deeply disillusioned even as both candidates promised to usher in a new era of democracy.

Mr. Toledo's run for the office was his second in 13 months, after he dropped out of a tainted runoff election last year against Peru's former president, Alberto K. Fujimori, who oversaw a decade of corrupt and authoritarian rule, then left the country politically adrift when he fled into exile in November.

With 75 percent of the vote counted, Mr. Toledo had won 51.99 percent of valid votes cast to Mr. Garcia's 48.01 percent.

"Together we share a dream that Peru be a more just country with more jobs, social justice and without corruption," Mr. Toledo told a crowd of tens of thousands of supporters from the roof of a downtown hotel. "I want to extend my hand to the unemployed, the peasants, the workers, the young students, the farmers, the incapacitated, the miners.

"I want to open my arms to all people of all bloods to construct a Peru for all."

Earlier, Mr. Garcia appeared on national television to concede the election, saying, "I'm here to give my support." He added: "How can I not be happy about the reception my ideas received. My political future depends on God."

After international observers had expressed concern that a close election could generate new instability in a country of 26 million whose political life has been turbulent, Mr. Garcia's speedy concession was viewed as especially magnanimous.

Even given his defeat, political observers noted that Mr. Garcia's strong race this year was an extraordinary reversal of fortune for a man who was forced into exile nine years ago after a failed presidency to escape corruption charges.

Mr. Toledo's supporters did not wait for their candidate to claim victory before they flooded into the streets of Lima this evening to celebrate, dancing, popping balloons and chanting "Pachacutec!" -- comparing the winner to the 15th century Inca emperor who conquered most of the Andean region before the arrival of the Spanish conquistadors.

The runoff vote today capped months of mudslinging between Mr. Toledo, 55, and Mr. Garcia, 52, who managed to edge out several weaker candidates in an equally tawdry campaign in the first round of balloting in April.

The content of the campaign revolved less around party platforms or the candidates' prescriptions for the future, which in any case did not differ markedly, and far more around their supposed public and private misdeeds in the past.

Mr. Toledo ran a series of graphic television commercials describing Mr. Garcia's term as president between 1985 and 1990 as a time of weekly terrorist bombings, army massacres, food rationing, hyperinflation and rampant corruption.

Mr. Garcia took Mr. Toledo to task for his personal life, repeatedly referring to news media reports alleging that his opponent had laundered campaign money, used cocaine, consorted with prostitutes and abandoned a young woman who says she is a daughter born out of wedlock.

Mr. Toledo was plagued by the coverage of his supposed peccadilloes, with opinion polls showing that a large percentage of voters did not believe his denials.

He has claimed that he was seen with prostitutes and tested positive for cocaine use at a hospital visit in 1998 because he had been kidnapped by intelligence agents seeking to embarrass him. He was also widely criticized for rejecting appeals that he take a DNA test to disprove the claims of the young woman who says he is her father.

Despite the disheartening campaign, nearly 15 million voters cast ballots with virtually no reports of violence or vote tampering.

"It looks very smooth," said former Secretary of State Madeleine K. Albright, a vote observer, of the balloting at midday.

The vote was a stark contrast to last year's election, which Mr. Fujimori won after it was roundly criticized by international observers for an assortment of abuses by his security forces and electoral officials.

Mr. Fujimori's victory was so tainted in fact that he could not withstand a series of scandals that forced him and his intelligence chief, Vladimiro Montesinos, to flee the country late last year. Mr. Montesinos remains a fugitive from justice and Mr. Fujimori lives in Tokyo.

"I already know the results of today's election: victory for Peruvian democracy," Mr. Toledo, a former World Bank official who leads the centrist Peru Posible party, said today after he had voted.

In the current election, both candidates promised to increase credits for impoverished peasant farmers, raise government spending for education and health care and create more jobs.

And each pledged to continue efforts by the interim government to extradite former President Fujimori from Japan to face corruption charges and to purge the military and courts of corrupt officials.

Mr. Toledo is the first presidential candidate with strongly Indian physical features elected since Gen. Luis M. Sanchez Cerro in 1931.

As a former shoeshine boy who earned a doctorate at Stanford and later worked for the World Bank, Mr. Toledo attempted to form a coalition between rural Indian voters and people like himself, whose families gradually gave up their traditional Andean customs and migrated to the cities in recent decades.

Despite running a campaign rich in Indian rituals, his effort largely failed as Mr. Garcia gradually increased his share among poor and lower class voters.

In fact, after weeks of campaign rallies in which he donned traditional Andean Indian hats, sashes and ponchos, Mr. Toledo traded in the Indian garb in his final days on the stump for dark suits in an effort to appear more presidential.

"Toledo tried to make race an issue but he failed," said Francisco Sagasti, director of Agenda: Peru, an independent social policy research center. "No candidate appealed to a specific ethnic or social group."

While Mr. Toledo was forced during the campaign to defend his personal life, Mr. Garcia was repeatedly placed on the defensive about his past time in office.

He apologized over and over again for the long food lines and hyperinflation that plagued his term, a time when Peru was racked by two guerrilla insurgencies, and he pledged a more centrist direction in his second administration.

In the last days of the campaign, however, Mr. Garcia displayed moments of his old populist fire in an attempt to close the gap against his opponent.

"We need to reject Fujimorista economics," Mr. Garcia told a rally in Trujillo, a stronghold of his socialist-leaning APRA party. "So many unemployed, so many children in the streets. We need a communal effort."

As the final opinion polls showed Mr. Garcia closing in on Mr. Toledo, nervous international and domestic investors sold Peruvian bonds and soles, forcing an increase in interest rates and a jolt to the value of Peruvian bonds and currency.

Aides to Mr. Garcia attempted to calm the markets by indicating that he would select Carlos Janada, a former Morgan Stanley vice president, as director of the Central Bank to guarantee its independence.

Attempting to display his new-found moderation on Saturday afternoon, Mr. Garcia promised to obey the will of the people in a meeting with Ms. Albright, before kissing her hand to say goodbye before the television cameras.

Opinion polls in the closing days of the campaign suggested that many voters were unhappy with their choice. Until three weeks ago, it appeared possible that the number of those casting blank ballots or spoiling their ballots could reach as many as a third of the electorate. But in the final stage of the campaign, many undecided voters drifted to one candidate or the other, but mostly to Mr. Garcia. And only about 10 percent of voters spoiled their ballots as a protest.

Still, the level of disenchantment was palpable today at a voting station in the ***working class*** Lima barrio of Surquillo, where it was difficult to find a single voter who was enthusiastic about either candidate.

"I don't believe in either candidate but I voted to avoid the fine," said Oriela Camacho, a 48-year-old dressmaker who left her ballot blank. "Politicians are always promising and disappointing."

Victor Vera, a 61-year-old retired government housing worker, refused to say whom he voted for. "Actually, I don't like either of them," he said. "The quality of the campaign was terrible, a dirty war in which we all are the losers."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: In victory, Alejandro Toledo spoke of "a Peru for all." (Associated Press)(pg. A1); Former President Alan Garcia conceded the election last night to Alejandro Toledo, former World Bank official and son of a sheep herder. (Associated Press); During fireworks, Mr. Toledo told a crowd, "Together we share a dream that Peru be a more just country." (Associated Press)(pg. A6)

**Load-Date:** June 4, 2001

**End of Document**



[***REAGAN INAUGURAL SIGNALS A CONTINENTAL***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-G920-000B-Y3D0-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 18, 1981, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1981 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 4; Page 4, Column 3; Week in Review Desk

**Length:** 1062 words

**Body**

TILT

By JOHN HERBERS

Organizers of Ronald Reagan's inauguration as President this Tuesday seem determined to make the event a fitting symbol for what is promised in his elevation to power - a watershed in American government. Not only is the ceremony expected to formally usher out the Democratic liberalism that has dominated Washington for the past half-century, even when Republicans sat in the White House. It is to usher in the Western conservatism that has been trying to break through for two decades, and mark the shift in population and wealth from the North.

Inauguration Day, then, signifies a continental tilt of a magnitude that had not been fully apparent until Election Day and the 1980 Census results. For the occasion, the most lavish inaugural celebration anyone can remember has been ordered up. Not until after the balls are over will the nation begin to know whether what was said in the campaign has meaning for the direction of government.

Ronald Reagan's inauguration signals shift from Democratic liberalism to Western conservatism

''There is in fact the potential for a major sea change in the political process, a realignment, like 1932,'' said William J. Baroody Jr., president of the American Enterprise Institute, ''or, perhaps, a flash in the pan.''

But for the day, there could be the ring of success for a political movement long in the wilderness. In one sense, the election of Governor Reagan and scores of other conservatives in November was vindication for Senator Barry Goldwater, who carried the G.O.P. banner to humiliating defeat in 1964. It was the Arizonan who pioneered the brand of conservatism that the Californian won on 16 years later -opposition to Government interference; to taxation for domestic social programs; a tough military posture in foreign affairs; suspicion of the Eastern establishment's influence on the money supply and foreign trade, and an honoring of individualism and the traditional social values.

Mr. Reagan's elevation to power will be vindication, too, for ***working-class*** whites and white ethnic groups. In their frustrations with taxes and busing they cheered George Wallace with his descriptions of ''pointy-headed, briefcase-toting bureaucrats,'' and later turned their support to Mr. Reagan, who lost no ground to the Alabama Governor in denouncing welfare cheats and Government excesses.

Not that these blue-collar former Democrats are expected in numbers for the inauguration. Modern inaugurations, especially this one, are for the well-to-do, who can spend extravagantly for the entertainment, souvenirs and parade seats.

In Washington, at least, the celebrations seemed appropriate for the free-spirited entrepreneurs who made up Mr. Reagan's California circle and whose displeasure with Government restraints seem personified in James G. Watt, the choice for Interior Secretary who aroused environmentalist opposition but promised to achieve ''balance'' between development and the environment.

There could be no doubt that many Reagan celebrants were coming to bury Administrations of the past. For the staunch conservatives who gave rise to the Reagan candidacy, recent Republicans have been almost as much of a disappointment as Democrats. The Nixon and Ford Presidencies, rather than scaling back the Great Society, ushered in more regulation - from environmental protection to product safety - than did the previous eight years, in part because Democrats controlled Congress but also because both Ford and Nixon tended to be centrists in most domestic policies.

By 1982, with Congressional seats reassigned under the 1980 Census, even more conservatives promise to come out of exile. The Northeast and Middle West will have lost 17 seats to the South and West, as a result of the migrations of the 1970's. Now that Jimmy Carter has had his run as a Southerner in the White House, the South can be expected to align increasingly with the Republican West. Meanwhile, the urban vote that had been so essential to Democratic victories has been diminished by the growing move to the suburbs and beyond.

Compromise and Continuity

But even before the inauguration, Mr. Reagan has seemed to be moving to the kind of compromises of all modern Presidents, including Mr. Nixon and Mr. Ford. His Cabinet choices went beyond the Goldwater legacy to the establishment, East and West. Even the Trilateral Commission, the foreign policy study group established by David Rockefeller and hated by the New Right, was represented on the transition team. Secretary of State-designate Alexander M. Haig Jr. laid out for the Senate a foreign policy that would retain continuity with many of the Carter initiatives.

Nevertheless, the direction and intent of the emerging Administration has been clear. The danger, from its point of view, and in the words of Richard S. Schweiker, designated as Secretary of Health and Human Services, ''is in being nibbled to death by Lilliputians.'' His reference was to the bureaucracy and special interests that have gained such control over the Government. President Carter warned of their influence in his farewell speech.

Perhaps the Goldwater legacy that Mr. Reagan brings to Washington will turn out to be more style than substance. It is difficult to translate discontent into Government policy. Yet, the celebration by the haves might call for a tempering of the mood by Mr. Reagan, who has promised to be President of all the people whatever the antecedents of his candidacy.

Not all of America sees cause to celebrate. Vernon E. Jordan Jr., president of the National Urban League, noted that there are moves among Reagan supporters in Washington to repeal the Voting Rights Act and cut back public service jobs and social service programs and said, ''the national mood is turning mean.'' He referred to a revival of the Ku Klux Klan, racial attacks in many cities and other violence, coupled with the prospect of greater hardships for the poor. The board of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People last week tentatively decided to ask Mr. Reagan for a conference to take up the economic woes of minorities.

As Government activism gave rise to discontent among conservatives in recent years, so the new conservative sweep has given rise to unhappiness among the have nots. It is this dichotomy that awaits the new President when the celebrations are over.

**Graphic**

Illustrations: drawing graph of states with population gains map of U.S.

**End of Document**



[***FILM VIEW;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-YJH0-000D-G4DB-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Class Not Dismissed: Screenplays With an Attitude***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-YJH0-000D-G4DB-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 11, 1991, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1991 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Arts & Leisure Desk

**Section:** Section 2;; Section 2; Page 18; Column 1; Arts & Leisure Desk; Column 1;

**Length:** 1112 words

**Byline:** By Caryn James

By Caryn James

**Body**

"Regarding Henry" is an upper-crust snob. "The Doctor" is a middle-class professional. And "Dying Young" is blue-collar, glad-to-be-here folks. These identities have nothing to do with the movies' fictional characters, who range from petty thieves to tycoons. The films themselves exude class attitudes and personalities that ooze out from each director's stance and their scripts' tone.

Imagine these movies as people on Fifth Avenue. "Dying Young" is buying socks from a street vendor. "The Doctor" is shopping at Saks. "Regarding Henry" steps out of his limo and tosses a quarter toward a homeless person while heading to his penthouse with a view of Central Park. Whom would you most like to drop by and visit?

Mainstream movies are often considered a democratic art form, but as in any democracy, class and money lurk in the background. This is conspicuous in the summer's spate of near-death movies, rife with doctors and lawyers. What professions say "class" more emphatically? And as with American democracy -- where theoretically anyone can be President, but just try to do it without money -- the ostensible message of these films is not always in sync with the underlying reality.

Look at the way "Regarding Henry" condescends to viewers and cows them with its pretensions and its pedigree. Directed by Mike Nichols, the film comes with built-in elan and assumes the pose of art. But

the story is a shallow soap opera. Henry, the unscrupulous lawyer played by Harrison Ford, gets shot in the head, loses his memory and is a better man for it. This is simple-minded enough. (Jeffrey Abrams's script might have been written by Henry in a childish phase.)

What is worse, the film's snobbish subliminal attitude undermines its egalitarian message. The hero rejects his wealthy, socially prominent past. But the film never abandons its narrow class assumptions, even when it tries to criticize Henry's WASP-y world.

Henry can afford an expensive rehabilitation hospital; can't everyone? When his wife worries about finances, she simply trades in their palatial apartment for a town house. The film says money isn't everything, then lets the hero keep most of his money.

"Regarding Henry" aims for a basic view of life, but the "basic" people who help Henry find the noble, unsophisticated man inside himself are his young daughter and his black physical therapist, Bradley (Bill Nunn). Surely, the film doesn't mean to look down its nose at the black character any more than it means to find its humor at the expense of the brain-damaged, but those are its unfortunate effects.

The black man is not a doctor but a therapist, and already below Henry professionally. When Henry says "Ritz," Bradley thinks he means the cracker instead of the hotel; isn't that quaint? And some humor comes from Henry picking up Bradley's streetwise jargon. "I gotta get me some of that," Bradley says about a pretty nurse, and the film's idea of a joke is for Henry to say later, in his stiff, childlike way, "You've got to get you some of that." If the film's hidden personality could talk, it would say, "Imagine, our Henry talking like a black man!"

After Henry returns home, his wife asks Bradley to come and give the patient a pep talk. The men sit at the kitchen table over a couple of beers -- very expensive beers, Bradley notes -- as Henry gets good advice from his simpler-but-wiser social inferior.

The film tries to be politically correct. Bradley has gone to college. And Mr. Nunn's performance is as strong and as colorblind as the script allows. But guess who's not coming to dinner? A Latino maid *serves* the family dinner and says she likes Henry better this way -- now that he has lost his overeducated mind, presumably. The film has no idea it is sending such condescending messages.

"The Doctor" is more believable and less offensive, in part because Randa Haines, the director, and Robert Caswell, the writer, accept the hero's upper-middle-class life with utter self-assurance and no condescension. The film doesn't apologize for the fact that William Hurt's character, a doctor-turned-patient named Jack McKee, is a successful surgeon. In fact, "The Doctor" gains its strength from the realistic way McKee clings to his old assumptions and from Mr. Hurt's tough-minded, unsentimental performance.

When McKee becomes ill, he is irate at the way he is treated. Why does he have to fill out hospital forms, spend hours in a waiting room and put up with medical arrogance when he is a doctor? The film's least convincing idea is that he couldn't have pulled rank better than that. Still, his indignation and reluctance to change provide a dramatic edge.

And when he learns how the other half lives and realizes how callously he has treated his own patients, the film doesn't condescend to that other half. They happen to be middle class, but they deserve respect because they are human, not because the movie has some misplaced idea about noble savages. Though it has its sappy moments, "The Doctor" is infused with a fundamental human decency.

"Dying Young" is apparently about similar life-and-death issues, but in fact it is about trying to wring tears from viewers' eyes and money from their pockets. Oddly, that lack of pretension is to the credit of the film and its director, Joel Schumacher. The story seems to engage class values, with the ***working-class*** heroine (Julia Roberts) falling in love with a rich, dying man. But between the lines the film says, "I'm a flat-out commercial soap opera. So what?" The movie puts on no artistic airs, just as Ms. Roberts's character puts on no social airs. ("No more art history lessons," she pleads with her lover.) But she doesn't put herself down, either. Like "Dying Young" and "The Doctor," the character simply is what she is, without regrets or excuses.

When movies seem genuinely classless, they are often innocuous, like this summer's supposedly socially aware comedies. "Doc Hollywood" might have been a comic "Regarding Henry," with an ambitious plastic surgeon discovering that people are warmer and life is better in Grady, S. C., the Squash Capital of the South. Fortunately, it avoids condescending to its small-town heroes and so is congenial if thoroughly predictable.

And Mel Brooks's "Life Stinks," in which a billionaire lives among the homeless for a month, makes little of those extremes of class. The rich man played by Mr. Brooks seems instantly comfortable among the poor and so wipes away social distinctions in a flash. The film's attitude is not defined by class but by its huge, unexpected sentimental streak.

Having a class attitude can give a film bite, even if it sometimes makes viewers want to bite back.

**Graphic**

Photo: Harrison Ford and Bill Nunn in "Regarding Henry"--The movie's snobbish attitude undermines its egalitarian message. (Francois Duhamel/Paramount)

**Load-Date:** August 11, 1991

**End of Document**



[***Carolina Raid Finds Exploited Deaf Mexicans***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-65C0-000P-N0DD-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 26, 1997, Saturday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1997 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk

**Section:** Section 1; ; Section 1; Page 1; Column 1; Metropolitan Desk ; Column 1;

**Length:** 1216 words

**Byline:** By RICK BRAGG

By RICK BRAGG

**Dateline:** SANFORD, N.C., July 25

**Body**

Federal agents raided two houses in this small, blue-collar city today and found more than a dozen illegal Mexican immigrants, most of them deaf, who the agents believe were "held in bondage" by bosses who exploited their deafness for profit.

Describing what people here had thought of as a distant, big-city problem, Federal agents said the immigrants were lured with a promise of a better life, then coerced by "bosses" into peddling trinkets at shopping centers and mills for just scraps of the profits.

Officials with the Immigration and Naturalization Service said they had raided the houses after receiving information from the Mexican Government. The agents said they believed the deaf Mexicans had been smuggled into the United States, then held as virtual captives by threats from the two people who ran the houses.

The United States Attorney in Greensboro, N.C., said prosecutors were exploring whether the operation in Sanford was linked to the people charged last week in New York City with holding dozens of deaf Mexican peddlers in virtual slavery. A law enforcement official in New York said investigators believed there was a connection, but the official would not elaborate on what the link was or whether any of the New York suspects had a hand in the North Carolina operation.

Investigators in North Carolina were still conducting interviews tonight, and no one had been charged yet.

Meanwhile, Federal prosecutors in New York arrested another man today in connection with the smuggling ring in Queens. The prosecutors charged the man, Frank Coenen, a deaf 35-year-old son of a retired New York City police detective, with conspiracy, saying that he had helped bring the illegal immigrants to New York and had aided the trinket selling. Mr. Coenen is the former husband of Adriana Paoletti Lemus, a 29-year-old Mexican woman whose family, prosecutors say, organized the New York operation.

Investigators in New York said they were pursuing leads to determine whether similar operations, directly or loosely tied to the people arrested in Queens, were being run in other cities in addition to Sanford.

In Chicago, I.N.S. officials were interviewing seven deaf Mexican peddlers today in a neighborhood in the north part of the city. Curtis Aljets, acting district director of the I.N.S. in Chicago, said that there was a "connection" between the people in Chicago and those New York, and that his office was providing information to prosecutors in New York.

But he said that the peddlers in Chicago did not appear to be subject to the sort of coercion that prosecutors have described in the New York case.

In North Carolina, agents raided the two brick houses shortly after sunrise in a ***working-class*** section of Sanford, about 40 miles southwest of Raleigh. In all, 17 people -- 9 men, 5 women, 2 children and an infant -- were taken to immigration offices in Charlotte, N.C, and then to a local hotel. Thomas Fischer, a senior I.N.S. agent who conducted the raids, identified Marcos Moises and his wife, Guadalupe, as the "bosses" who oversaw the peddlers.

"They were not threatened with weapons, but were manipulated with threats and other coercion," said Mr. Fischer, who said investigators believed other houses in Sanford could be raided in the coming days. "These people were exploited. They were held in bondage."

Patricia Arce Barcenas, a mother in Mexico City, said today that she believed her son, Mauricio Portillo Arce, was among those discovered in Sanford. She said that her 16-year-old deaf son had disappeared last March after leaving for his job at a ceramics factory, and that a month later she had been telephoned by a woman in North Carolina who told her the boy was "fine" and selling key rings. The caller identified herself as Teresa Norato Palencia and said that she was calling on behalf of her deaf mother, Guadalupe Moises, according to Ms. Arce.

Last June, Ms. Arce said in an interview, she received a packet of correspondence -- two letters, one in her son's hand, another in a stranger's, $50 and a photograph of her son by a road sign saying, "Welcome to Virginia."

Mexican officials said today that a 26-year-old woman, whom they identified as Gloria Hipolito Hernandez, had come into the Mexican consulate in Detroit on Tuesday and told officials of the situation in Sanford.

In Mexico today, the woman's sister, Gabriela Hipolito Hernandez, said Gloria Hipolito Hernandez had left home last March with Guadalupe Moises. She said her sister, who was deaf and could barely write or communicate through sign language, had been lured by the idea of making money selling trinkets in the United States.

Gloria Hipolito Hernandez's family said Ms. Moises had talked convincingly of how she would work, make money, split the proceeds and see another part of the world. "It was irresistible," said Pedro Hernandez, her brother. But the family members said that they had not heard from her since then -- no letter, no telephone call, no money.

They said they believe she might have been in Detroit visiting an aunt when she went to the consulate on Tuesday.

Federal agents in North Carolina said that the workers appeared to have been ordered out to surrounding malls and other nearby cities, such as Greensboro and Raleigh, to sell the trinkets, many of them attached to small American flags. They received only $5 a day, the agents said.

The deaf Mexicans did not appear to have been physically abused, the officials said, but they believed they had no choice but to work and turn over the proceeds.

Sanford, the seat of Lee County, is a city of roughly 20,000 people. The county's Hispanic population has grown over the last decade, with as many as 7,000 Mexicans among the roughly 50,000 residents. Indeed, the two top employers in Sanford, Golden Poultry, a chicken processing plant, and Tyson Foods, which makes taco shells and chips, are dominated by Mexican workers. Many other immigrants, legal and not, pick tobacco and vegetables.

The presence of Mexicans on Woodland Avenue, then, was not in itself surprising. Neighbors said the deaf Mexicans had lived in the two-bedroom and three-bedroom houses for about two years. They said that four vans were used to transport the workers throughout the day, and that United Parcel Service trucks made regular dropoffs of the boxes of trinkets.

"People were coming and going seven days a week, all hours of the day and night," said Kevin Buie, a 22-year-old man who lived next door.

Aleqandro Arroyo, who runs the Mexican restaurant La Cabana, said the deaf peddlers would occasionally eat there, but "we never knew" that the people were being used in the way that Federal agents described. If it is true, he said, it is heartbreaking. Like the other laborers in the city's Hispanic community, "they travel here looking for nice lives," he said. "Then they are forced to work for so little."

It seemed more like something he would see on his satellite dish -- it gets channels from all over the country and Mexico -- from a big city like New York.

And some residents said they wished that the scheme described by the Federal agents had remained a big-city thing.

People, held in bondage, exploited for their labor, is part of this region's distant past. "It struck me very badly," said Angela Madison, a hairdresser in Sanford.

**Graphic**

Photo: Two houses in Sanford, N.C., where more than a dozen illegal Mexican immigrants, most of them deaf, were "held in bondage," officials said. (Jenny Warburg for The New York Times)(pg. 24)

Map of North Carolina showing location of Sanford: Sanford, N.C., the seat of Lee County, is home to 20,000 people. (pg. 24)

**Load-Date:** July 26, 1997

**End of Document**



[***MCENROE OUSTS LENDL IN 4 SETS, WILL MEET CONNORS IN SEMIFINAL***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-D0S0-000B-Y1FF-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 5, 1980, Friday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1980 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section D; Page 13, Column 4; Sports Desk

**Length:** 978 words

**Byline:** By NEIL AMDUR

**Body**

John McEnroe and Jimmy Connors, who set off Independence Day fireworks, at Wimbledon this summer, will meet again tomorrow in the semifinals of the United States Open tennis championships.

The American left-handers survived four-set matches in yesterday's quarterfinal round. McEnroe, seeded No. 2 and the defending champion, recovered after a shaky first set last night and defeated Ivan Lendl of Czechoslovakia, 4-6, 6-3, 6-2, 7-5. Earlier in the day, Connors, seeded third, used an effective lob to score a 6-1, 3-6, 6-3, 6-0 victory over Eliot Teltscher.

AN-A

Bjorn Borg and Johan Kriek of South Africa will meet in the other men's semifinal. McEnroe won the Wimbledon encounter with Connors in four sets, a stormy semifinal in which the players shouted at each other on center court.

Lively Rematch

It could be a demanding final few days for McEnroe, at a time when he could use some rest for a tender right ankle. While Connors has the day off today, McEnroe and his doubles partner, Peter Fleming, will play Bob Lutz and Stan Smith in the men's doubles final after the women's singles semifinals.

McEnroe's 2-hour-47-minute victory over Lendl was his strongest performance of the tournament. Anything less might not have been good enough to defeat his 20-year-old rival, who gained the quarterfinals by flattening Harold Solomon, 6-1, 6-0, 6-0, with firm ground strokes.

With McEnroe making only 48 percent of his first serves, Lendl took the first set by controlling the tempo of their baseline rallies. But as McEnroe's first-service percentage improved, his serve-andvolley game became dominant.

Even when Lendl had a break point for 3-all in the third set and had 15-40 with McEnroe serving at 3-4 in the fourth, McEnroe held service. In the last three sets, McEnroe made good on 68 percent of his first serves, with nine aces and 15 more service winners.

McEnroe Satisfied

''I wouldn't be disappointed if I could pick up my game from the last two sets,'' said McEnroe, the Douglaston, Queens, native, looking ahead to the Connors match.

Today's women's semifinals will open with the 13th meeting between Tracy Austin and Chris Evert Lloyd; Miss Austin leads in the series, 7-5, and has won the last five matches.

The second semifinal will have Hana Mandlikova against Andrea Jaeger, who at 15 years 3 months became the youngest semifinalist in Open history. She defeated Ivanna Madruga of Argentina, 6-1, 6-3, last night at the National Tennis Center before 18,606 spectators, the largest paying crowd to attend an Open match.

While newsmen continued to debate the correct pronunciation of her name, the 18-year-old Miss Mandlikova (pronounced both man-lee-KO-va and mand-LEEK-ova) again left no doubt that she remains a solid challenger for the $46,000 women's singles prize. Barbara Hallquist, a 23-year-old Californian, was Miss Mandlikova's victim in yesterday's quarterfinals, 6-2, 6-2.

Miss Hallquist Appears Uneasy

Miss Hallquist, a graduate of the University of Southern California who turned professional last June, was the last player accepted directly into the women's draw here. She earned $5,800, her best effort as a pro, but could not handle Miss Mandlikova's serve, and appeared uneasy in her first appearance in the stadium before a daytime crowd of 16,668.

By contrast, Miss Mandlikova seems to sparkle under center-court scrutiny. Her blue eyes were as alive as her angled volleys, and she appears confident she can win her first major championship.

''She's such a natural athlete,'' said Miss Hallquist. ''So smooth. Everything is so effortless.'' Not so with Connors or Teltscher. They are ***working-class*** pros who expend grunts and grimaces with their groundstrokes like street laborers wielding jackhammers.

Connors intimidated Teltscher in the opening set with the same allcourt force that characterized three earlier straight-set routs of the 21-year-old Californian.

Old Problem Surfaces

Teltscher broke Connors three consecutive times in the second set, winning baseline rallies as Connors began to drive short forehands and backhands into the net. It is an old problem that flares when Connors stubbornly tries for too much on too little.

The last two sets brought out the best in Connors, particularly his two-handed backhand lob that not only neutralized Teltscher's net game but also added disguise and effectiveness to Connors's passing shots.

After having broken Teltscher for the 3-1 lead in the third set, Connors opened his service game with a lob that Teltscher netted on a high backhand volley, perhaps the most difficult technical shot in the game. Teltscher held break point at 30-40, but Connors ripped a forehand crosscourt passing shot and escaped from deuce with one of several netcords that fell in his favor.

For the rest of the match, Connors combined the lob with passing shots and attacking volleys.

Miss Jaeger Presses On

In outdueling Miss Madruga from the baseline last night, after winning a 20-point opening game that took almost 17 minutes, the eighth-seeded Miss Jaeger continued her amazing summer since reaching the quarterfinals at Wimbledon.

''I think she has a big chance,'' the 19-year-old Miss Madruga said, of Miss Jaeger's chances in the remaining rounds of the tournament. ''Mandlikova is hard to beat. If Andrea plays hard, and not nervous, she can beat Mandlikova.''

The Open has produced its share of youthful treasures. Mrs. Lloyd reached the semifinals in 1971 at 16, Pam Shriver was a runner-up at 16 two summers ago, and Miss Austin became the youngest Open champion at 16 last year.

Miss Jaeger has shown a capacity to handle pressure, particularly the mental phase, which often inhibits players faced with large crowds in late rounds. Seven of the 16 games against Miss Madruga went to deuce last night, and Miss Jaeger won five, including the final game, which she took with a forehand winner down the line.

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photo of Andrea Jaeger photo of Jimmy Connors (page D18)

**End of Document**



[***A Look at Korea's Culture From the Bathhouse***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5BGD-1CX1-DXY4-X4MX-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

February 9, 2014 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2014 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section TR; Column 0; Travel Desk; Pg. 6

**Length:** 3165 words

**Byline:** By JODI KANTOR

Jodi Kantor is a correspondent for The New York Times.

**Body**

My friend Arcadia Kim has three children and a Harvard business degree, but when she tried to negotiate on our behalf with the lady in charge of exfoliation at the Dragonhill Spa in Seoul, she did not stand a chance.

We were standing in the heart of the jimjilbang, or Korean bathhouse, in a steaming, all-female bathing room where scrubs are administered (as they are across the land) by strict middle-aged women, more than a few of them with potbellies, who wear nothing but sexy black lace bras and underwear. Arcadia had whispered to me that the women were ajummas, which means ''aunties'' and connotes matronly, ***working-class*** women known for no-nonsense warmth and authority.

Our ajumma insisted we needed full-body scrubdowns. We only had so much time, Arcadia protested. The woman shook her head, unyielding. A moment later, we were lying on the slippery plastic tables, being subjected to what felt less like a spa treatment than some sort of primal tough-love routine. Our ajummas scoured us with rough yellow washcloths, walked on top of us, pummeled and slapped us, the popping noises bouncing off the wet tiles. At one point my ajumma shook me to open my eyes and pointed with apparent pride to gray lumps, bigger than rice grains, clinging to my arms. I wondered if they were one of the cutting-edge Korean skin care products I had heard so much about. No, they were clusters of my own dead skin cells. She finished by covering me in hot towels, leaving me feeling like a baby: I was completely and passively in the care of an older woman, my skin was soft and new, and I was surrounded by a world I was only beginning to understand.

Most American spas are cocoons, intended to seal off the outside world, and many travel spa experiences offer only tenuous, forced connections to the local culture. (Just how Mexican is the $263 Mayan Sanctuary Ritual massage at the Ritz-Carlton in Cancún?) But as I discovered during a trip late last year, spas, bathhouses, saunas and cosmetics stores can be some of the best places to truly see South Korea, a country that is still figuring out how to share itself with foreigners.

If you walk the streets of Seoul, you may see little more than unremarkable gray buildings, as more than a few disappointed American tourists have noted. But if you visit South Korea's jimjilbangs and epic lip gloss emporiums, you will see the country far more deeply: its culture of ceaseless self-improvement and corresponding quest for relaxation; its ingenuity and love of the new, twinned with stubborn conformity and oppressively narrow standards; the commercial instincts that have made Seoul the center of Asian pop culture and propelled brands like Samsung and LG around the world; and gender and family dynamics that can seem traditional except when they're not (couples go for skin care appointments together, and if you want entertaining visual evidence of how seriously some men attend to their appearance, Google ''Korean male perm.'')

Memo to lady travelers: A few days in Seoul will also give you a chance to girl-out on a scale, and at a cost, that most of us never could in the United States. At home, I barely pause over the creams and treatments in women's magazines: Who has the money or the earnest belief in their supposed magic? But in Korea, I happily gave myself over to the ubiquitous, high-quality, low-cost beauty culture. You can buy hand cream that warms your skin when you apply it, little adhesive heating pads to ease menstrual cramps, ''air cushion'' compacts that apply foundation in the thinnest possible layers and face masks that contain ingredients from snake venom to ground-up bits of animal placenta. At the start of the trip, I missed my husband and daughter, but after a few days, I realized I needed my girlfriends from home instead.

Luckily I had Arcadia. As the ajummas released us, one offered us a swig from her own thermos of iced coffee; somehow we had earned her approval. We declined the coffee but bought slow-baked eggs, a traditional jimjilbang snack, and Arcadia produced two of the foil-sealed face masks Korean women are crazy about.

We had not seen each other since we graduated from the same exurban New Jersey high school, and we lay in our spa-issued cotton uniforms, toggling between gossip about our old classmates and Arcadia's explanation of Korean spa and beauty practices. The details she provided from her own life were intriguing. Her 4-year-old daughter and some of her friends had perms. When her family took a portrait together, the photographer had used Photoshop to slim Arcadia's arms without asking first. For a few weeks after her third child was born, she had checked into one of Seoul's newly popular postnatal spa-hotels, which offers daily massages, lactation help, 24-hour infant care and luxurious, quiet rooms.

But Arcadia, the most confident person I knew in high school, had never been to a jimjilbang before, in part because even she had been intimidated by the prospect of silent judgment. ''This is where mothers take their daughters-in-law to check out the marital packages,'' she said, only half-joking.

Last year on a family trip to Japan, my husband, daughter and I visited Hoshinoya Karuizawa, a resort in the mountains northwest of Tokyo that turns bathing into an experience of minimalist splendor. We soaked for hours each day, moving silently through pools devoted to meditation, immersing ourselves in wooden baths filled with kumquats, and watching Japanese families relax in outdoor pools that mimicked mountain streams. The Hoshino chain, with its contemporary versions of traditional Japanese ryokans, or inns, is an example of Japan's genius for preserving its culture while marketing it to outsiders -- a skill that Korea, for all of its energy and success, still largely lacks. In Tokyo, we also visited more modest bathhouses, neighborhood joints with vending machines and large-screen TVs in the lobbies. But even those places carried a glow of cleanliness and serenity: the bath as Shinto-Buddhist ritual.

Korean jimjilbangs are their cousins, newer versions of the public bathhouses that became popular during Japanese rule, and some of the facilities look the same in the two countries, down to the little stations where you rinse yourself before immersing in hot medicinal pools. But going to a jimjilbang in South Korea can be like having a shvitz and a bath at a mall -- in some cases, a mall that is on a cruise ship. The most elaborate jimjilbangs are multistory, self-contained universes with magic shows, Korean barbecue restaurants and corporate team retreats. (According to one Korean expression, you're not really friends with someone until you've bathed together naked in a jimjilbang.) A popular TV variety show even has a regular segment set in a jimjilbang called, ''Don't Laugh in the Sauna.'' The host asks celebrity guests nosy questions in a funny accent, and if they laugh, they are doused with water.

Based on my visits to bathhouses in three cities -- just a few of the thousands of facilities spread across the country -- this is what you'll find: admission to a jimjilbang is almost always cheap, less than $10 for a locker, as much soaking and sauna-going as you can manage, and a cotton uniform that imposes Confucian conformity, in some cases making everyone look like a character on ''Orange Is the New Black.'' Little is in English, so wandering around is bewildering fun: You are likely to see saunas inspired by Egyptian pyramids; little heating coils, the kind you see in toasters, built into the floor; and salt rock rooms said to draw toxins out of the body. The facilities are generally clean but rarely posh, and often filled with passed-out bodies -- living, snoring symbols of a country so overworked that it switched from a six- to a five-day workweek only a decade ago. Couples intertwine on the heated floors, seeking the kind of privacy in public space that they can't have at home, where living spaces are small and many young people live with their parents longer than in the United States.

Jimjilbangs around the country vary in their exact amenities: Dragonhill Spa in Seoul, where Arcadia and I were scrubbed, is kitschy and a little dingy but popular, especially with those who pass out there overnight after an evening of heavy drinking. In Busan, South Korea's second-largest city, the Shinsegae department store has a far sleeker jimjilbang, with gleaming wood surfaces and a ''wave dream'' room that simulates the feeling of being in deep water. Near Suncheon, also in the south, I visited a jimjilbang in a bamboo forest with a ''groundhog sauna'' that gently warms your body while leaving your head exposed to the winter sunshine and mountain mist.

One morning in Daejeon, an unremarkable-looking city in the center of the country, I ducked into a drab office building housing a jimjilbang that seemed like a hidden water world. Before entering the baths, you're supposed to shower, but not in the American sense. A Korean shower is a top-to-bottom exercise involving cascades of suds, dental floss and sustained scrubbing. Several women in their 20s and 30s were gently washing their mothers, vigorously but with a tenderness that conveyed generational respect. I moved from one pool to another, glancing back at them: 20 minutes later, they were still scrubbing, the older women's skin now bright pink. As I dried off and left, the daughters were still at work. The place wasn't anything special, which is why it seemed so special indeed.

Ask a young Korean woman what beauty routine she follows and she will probably tell you that she is a bad person to ask, that she doesn't buy into the national quest for self-beautification. O.K., she sometimes goes for a treatment in which her face is kneaded and pinched, supposedly making it tighter and slimmer. She gets her eyeliner tattooed on every few months, she will admit. To lose weight and tighten up, she buys 10-packs of sessions in which her lower body is pummeled in ways that are supposed to make it firmer. She uses BB cream (a supercharged tinted moisturizer), three kinds of cleanser on her skin and another moisturizer made with snail mucus for its healing and anti-aging properties. Her scalp dries out in winter, so she goes for treatments with aestheticians who track its moisture level with magnified images, like X-rays at the dentist. But really, she will tell you, that's nothing compared with what her girlfriends do.

In the American ideal, beauty is supposed to look effortless, a sun-kissed woman without a hint of makeup glowing on a California beach. But in Korea, like so much else in a country that lifted itself from poverty to prosperity in a few exhausting decades, beauty is associated with hard work. When the beauty magnate Helena Rubenstein decreed that ''there are no ugly women, only lazy ones,'' she could have been peddling stem-cell cream at one of Korea's massive department stores. One morning in Seoul, I showed up for a manicure at a nail place in Gangnam, the flush neighborhood made famous by the Psy song, lined with luxury cars and ritzy salons. The proprietor took one look at my nails, which were nowhere near a personal low, and gasped in apparent horror.

Before my trip, I had heard about the sheer fun of shopping in Korea, and once I started browsing the beauty stores, I understood what everyone had meant. The beautifully packaged products could keep you busy for weeks fixing problems you never knew you had: ''shiny foot super peeling liquid'' for dry patches, face masks in flavors from chestnut shell to charcoal, milk packs, mung packs, nose packs and body-firming patches in flavors like ''mountain zone.'' I bought a liquid eyeliner brush for $3.50 that worked better than the ones that cost four times as much at home and cunning little razors that trim eyebrows with less pain than tweezing.

My favorite store was Etude House, a pink fever dream filled with inventive products in playful packaging, geared to teenagers and 20-somethings but owned by the Korean beauty powerhouse Amore Pacific. The idea at Etude House is that makeup is a form of play, and so every store is designed to look like a life-size doll house, filled with toylike cosmetics: hand cream in dispensers shaped like cute animals and face masks with tongue-in-cheek promises to make you look like a black-and-white film star.

One evening, I dropped into a salon for eyelash extensions, drifting off to sleep as a woman with gentle, precise hands glued lashes on top of my own. The same service was available in New York, but it was far cheaper in Korea, and being there had gotten me into the spirit. I woke up endowed with a gift nature had never given me, amazed at what a little money and time could do.

Since I had only one girlfriend in the entire country, I borrowed two others: Yaeri Song, the founder of the website Seoulist, and Violet Haeun Kim, a freelance writer. Both had spent their lives zigzagging between Korea and the United States, and over dinner in Hongdae, Seoul's pulsing student neighborhood, we talked about how living in Korea has changed the way they look at themselves and others.

''When I lived in New York, I had one lotion,'' Yaeri said, laughing. Now, when she meets New Yorkers in their late 20s, she tends to think at first that they are a decade older. In Seoul, ''everyone just looks younger,'' she said.

As they talked, I realized tourists have an advantage over Koreans when it comes to their beauty culture: We can enjoy a few adventures and purchases and then fly home, away from the punishing standards that Korean women have to live with. Even though Yaeri is married, she still sometimes flinches at the scrutiny. ''Korea is the first place I've ever been told by a guy that my pores are really big,'' Yaeri said.

I had passed too many plastic surgery clinics to count in Seoul, including some with revealing names (''Second Coming''). Subway entrances are covered in before-and-after ads for the procedures; one shows a wedding ring in the ''after'' picture. Some women ''just get plastic surgery, so they don't have to deal with the treatments,'' Violet said.

Looks are expected to be so homogeneous in Korea that many women's clothes have no sizes, explained Charlotte Cho, founder of Soko Glam, which sells Korean beauty products to American women. The same silhouettes are expected to fit everyone. Comedians and grade-schoolers get laughs for making fun of anyone who looks different, with darker skin or unusual facial features. There is no cute disheveled look in Seoul: ''Korean people want perfection,'' Ms. Cho said. Women with small faces are often told that they should be celebrities, because that feature is so prized.

All of this brings up questions for American travelers, likely to raise their eyebrows at the Korean beauty products that offer ''whitening'' effects, as if that was something that every woman would want or need. I asked my dinner companions a hypothetical question I had posed to others during my trip. My closest Korean-American friend back in Brooklyn is married to my husband's college roommate, who is African-American. Would my friends feel entirely comfortable in Seoul, with its jokes about anyone who doesn't conform?

The women chose their words carefully. Korea was becoming less close-minded, they said. But they could not promise that my friends would not be subject to stares, especially outside Seoul; the country was still learning to tolerate and appreciate difference. ''I would hesitate to invite a friend who is overweight to visit Korea,'' Yaeri said.

On my final day, I reunited with Arcadia for a trip to my favorite jimjilbang of the journey: Spa Lei, a women's-only facility with pretty robes instead of uniforms and even a little clothing shop, attended by a young woman who was taking selfies every time we passed, utterly lost in the way she looked. Signs offered herbal steam baths for women's private parts; we stuck to the jet baths. That afternoon, a colleague took me to the Dongdaemun market, where I spent a happy hour and an absurdly small amount of money on Korean costume jewelry, as cheap and appealing as the beauty products.

My backpack was heavy with creams and potions for friends back home, most of them just for laughs. I had already been using the snail cream, which felt like a stickier version of regular face cream, and my skin really did seem softer and less battered by winter. I bought one last ridiculous-sounding product at the airport -- a bottle of skin-balancing water -- and boarded a Korean Air jet, looking with new eyes at the flight attendants' neat black buns and pale, dewy faces.

NEAR YOU

Like bulgogi (grilled beef) and hotteok (brown sugar pancakes), Korean spa and beauty experiences are generally better over there. But they're increasingly popular in the United States, so if you don't have a business trip or layovers in Seoul anytime soon, you can find some of the same experiences and products stateside.

Jimjilbangs

Practically every major American city has its own jimjilbang now, from Crystal Spa and Wi Spa in Los Angeles to Spa World in Centreville, Va., to King Spa, with locations in Chicago and Dallas. On a recent visit, Spa Castle in Queens was more expensive ($50) and less clean than its counterparts in Korea. That said, if you can go in a snowstorm, snowball fights in the steaming outdoor pools are highly recommended.

Cosmetics

Nothing in the United States can quite replicate the giddy feeling of wandering aisle by aisle through Seoul's beauty emporiums. But skin care products by Amore Pacific, Innisfree, Iope, Hanskin, Missha and Sulwhasoo and makeup by Etude House, Tony Moly and Too Cool for School are all available online. The website Sokoglam.com specializes in importing and explaining Korean beauty products for the American market, and Amazon.com carries many Korean brands as well. After I returned from Korea, I regretted not buying multiple bottles of Innisfree Wine Peeling Jelly Softener; the wacky-sounding product, which removes dead skin cells, had eliminated what felt like a whole layer of winter grime from my face. But I looked on Amazon and, presto, it was available for Prime delivery.

A few products of note

Snail cream is made with snail mucus, or mucin, known for its healing properties. Make all the faces you want -- Korean women swear by it, and the same ingredient is now found in creams at Sephora.

BB creams and their cousins, CC creams, are like moisturizers, foundation and healing ointments all rolled into one. They have grown so popular that Western brands are making them too, but my new Korean friends insisted the originals are best.

Air cushion compacts have only begun to arrive in the United States, and good luck finding one for darker skin tones. But they distribute ultralight, moisturizing layers of foundation and feel pleasantly cool on your skin. Look for compacts by Amore Pacific and one of its less expensive lines, Iope.

[*http://www.nytimes.com/2014/02/09/travel/a-look-at-koreas-culture-from-the-bathhouse.html*](http://www.nytimes.com/2014/02/09/travel/a-look-at-koreas-culture-from-the-bathhouse.html)

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: Left, from top, inside the sauna at Dragonhill Spa in Seoul, South Korea

sauna-goers' heads are exposed to the winter sunshine in Gwangyang

at Spa Land in Shinsegae department store in Busan

a couple at Dragonhill Spa

and shoppers outside Etude House, a cosmetics store geared to teenagers and 20-somethings.

Right, from top, a magic show is staged for customers at Dragonhill Spa

center, trying out makeup at Etude House

and a sauna at Spa Land in Busan.

Left, Cimer Ocean Spa and Sauna at Paradise Hotel on Haeundae Beach in Busan. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHANG W. LEE/THE NEW YORK TIMES) (TR6-TR7)

**Load-Date:** February 10, 2014

**End of Document**



[***Unholy Orders***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4BJ6-24G0-01KN-244H-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 25, 2004 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2004 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 7; Column 1; Book Review Desk; Pg. 8

**Length:** 1558 words

**Byline:**  By Mary Gordon; Mary Gordon's most recent book is "Seeing Through Places: Reflections on Geography and Identity."

**Body**

OUR FATHERS

The Secret Life of the Catholic Church in an Age of Scandal.

By David France.

656 pp. New York:

Broadway Books. $26.95.

WHAT is there still to be said about priestly pedophilia? The amount of ink, the number of television hours devoted to the issue might be expected to have induced a kind of atrocity fatigue in the American public, Catholic and non-Catholic alike. There are, of course, the die-hard supporters of the church who interpret all the media attention as a left-wing conspiracy against the Word of God, but for most people it was a situation as black and white as the traditional priestly suit and Roman collar. There were the victims and the perpetrators: the victims were innocent and therefore worthy of sympathy; the perpetrators, shielded by an institution claiming to be devoted to love and justice, were betrayers or criminals -- depending on your worldview.

David France, who covered the pedophilia scandal for Newsweek, has set himself the daunting task of making sense of a whirligig. His method in "Our Fathers" is a mixture of oral history and omniscient narration. This method by its very nature understands that, as in conversation, all beginnings are arbitrary. France's choice of a first scene for "Our Fathers" is masterly. We think we are reading about a real event, and then learn that it is a description of Hitchcock's "I Confess," the 1953 film about a priest who faces execution rather than break the seal of confession. It could hardly be more appropriate: the romance of priestly honor, priestly self-sacrifice, starring the glamorous, tormented Montgomery Clift, directed by Hitchcock, a Roman Catholic and our Virgil in the underworld of dark psychosexual terror.

Its method is both the strength and the weakness of this book. It introduces a wide cast of characters: victims and their lawyers, reporters, priests, bishops, cardinals, even the pope. And it allows France to refrain from too easy judgments: his job is not to offer the reader a final interpretation, but to present an array of stories -- shocking, compelling, heartbreaking, rage-inducing, strange. There are, however, two problems connected with France's method. The book is very long -- more than 600 pages -- and the sheer parade of narrative detail can seem overwhelming and undigested. In addition, I have some difficulties with the kind of material he puts in quotes. As a punctuation puritan, I am troubled by putting quotation marks around words uttered by one man alone in a room, or by Cardinal Bernard Law and the pope, without, one imagines, benefit of a tape recorder.

That being said, "Our Fathers" has a kind of compulsive readability that paradoxically accompanies the feeling of being overwhelmed. It is best read, I think, in pieces -- perhaps because the moral outrage it causes requires a break from time to time, to read Turgenev, say, or Chekhov, or one of the 18th-century optimists who suggest the goodness of humankind. France is adept at making his characters real, breathing human beings, and his very lack of final judgment allows him a delicacy of tone that neutralizes the blood-in-the-water instinct that has been too closely associated with the pedophile scandal. His method allows us to put a face to what had been a series of names, and to make important distinctions among the priests and their victims.

Among the priests, there are some from whom we can only withhold sympathy: undistinguished pastors whose specialty was fatherless boys or boys from troubled families. The priests would insinuate themselves into the boys' families, often encouraged by grateful mothers, thrilled that "Father" was taking an interest in their sons. The Rev. Joseph Birmingham, who sexually violated hundreds of young boys with no sense of remorse, was such a character, as was the Rev. John Geoghan, a small, almost elfin man with an eerie giggle.

Others among the priest violators are less simple villains. One of the most publicized cases in the Boston scandal was that of the Rev. Paul Shanley. Shanley was handsome, charismatic and, during the 60's and 70's, a kind of counterculture hero. His ministry was the down-and-outs of the Boston streets, hookers and drug addicts, whom he rescued from violent death and disease. It is undeniable that he helped many young people, but his therapy techniques included initiating boys into sex as a way of helping them with their problems and encouraging them to love themselves.

Shanley is a tragic and fascinating case of self-delusion and dissociation; a character in the chronicle of the 60's as bad acid trip. His defenders, among them a devoted niece, claim that he did not assault minors. This distinction insists that there is a difference between pedophiles, who are attracted to children, and ephebophiles, who like post-pubescent teenage boys. The latter have a romantic history -- think "Death in Venice" -- while the former can only provoke a shudder. In the case of priests, however, the distinction blurs another problem: a priest is in a position of enormous emotional and spiritual power in relation to those he ministers to. A young boy can think he is submitting not only to an older authority but to someone acting in the name of God himself. The idea of free consent becomes almost impossible.

Having committed an enormity, how does the priest go on with the rest of his life? The Rev. Neil Conway, a handsome, well-born Cleveland priest, idealistic and committed, says he approached teenage boys in a kind of trance, and then experienced a blackout that rendered him, in some important way, absent for the entire encounter. His realization of the horror of what he had done created in him an impulse of atonement that played itself out in an ancient Catholic mode: he repented, asked forgiveness of his victims and turned himself into a hermit, living alone in filth and squalor in the woods.

The case of the Rev. Dominic George Spagnolia underscores the sexual unhealth bred by the pressures of priestly celibacy. Spagnolia, known as Spags, was a priest committed to the service of the poor; he spoke out early against Cardinal Law and his cover-ups, only to be accused himself of molesting a boy. Spagnolia made a dramatic public denial, asserting his celibacy. The wide television coverage of his assertions, however, inspired a former (male) lover of his to come forward and challenge Spagnolia's claim. Spagnolia explained his "forgetting" about the affair (which was consensual, between adults and romantically disappointing) by saying that a lifelong habit of sexual cover-up had caused him to psychically erase the experience. He insists that he didn't deliberately lie, but that the habit of lying, enforced by the church's demands for celibacy and its homophobia, was so automatic he didn't even realize he was doing it. And he insists that his case raises an important point: a gay priest and a pedophile are not synonymous. The Vatican's response to the pedophile crisis, which is to assert that the problem stems from allowing homosexual men into the priesthood and to encourage greater scrutiny in the area of "disordered" sexual orientation, only exacerbates this confusion and merely changes the tone of the culture of secrecy, replacing Nixon's White House with McCarthy's witch hunt.

France succeeds marvelously in granting the victims a fullness that rescues them from the position of amorphous, pathetic losers. Most are ***working-class***, most (but not all) are living lives of psychological disarray, but their responses to their histories are far from uniform. There are the unforgiving witnesses who refuse any compromise, who plant themselves in front of churches shouting "house of rape." Then there are the two victims of Joseph Birmingham, a house painter and a carpenter, who, through sheer persistence, finally broke through Cardinal Law's impenetrable shield and created a relationship with him, almost forcing him to a humane posture in their effort to save the church. The book ends with them on a plane to Rome, accompanied by the aged father of one of them, who was also molested by a priest in his childhood, aflame in their heartbreaking delusion that they will get to see the pope, and that, hearing them, he will understand and take their side.

"Our Fathers" insists that we see both the priests and their victims clearly, however difficult the enterprise. Seeing more, we understand the complexity and tragedy of the priests, who undoubtedly did damage but can be thought of as victims themselves. But France cannot in any way exculpate the church hierarchy, which knowingly relocated predators to parishes where they could continue to harm children, and refused to turn them over to the police and civil authorities, to this day maintaining that this is a problem not for the courts but for the church. The princes of the church were and continue to be more concerned with preserving their kingdoms -- including, importantly, its exchequer -- than with shielding or healing the sheep of their flock. This is, I suppose, not news. But perhaps it is not news that we need, but the kind of complex understanding David France offers in helping us make sense of a scandal that has rocked the bark of Holy Mother Church more violently than any storm since the one that began brewing when Martin Luther blew into Wittenberg.

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

**Graphic**

Drawing (Drawing by Christopher Serra)

**Load-Date:** January 25, 2004

**End of Document**



[***AS THE UNIONS RAISE THE STAKES, EVEN SUPPORTERS BEGIN TO WORRY***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-CJF0-000B-Y0K0-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 30, 1980, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1980 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 4; Page 1, Column 1; Week in Review Desk

**Length:** 1079 words

**Byline:** By JOHN DARNTON

**Dateline:** WARSAW

**Body**

For Poland it was another week of drift and danger, of new worker demands, strikes, threats and frenzied negotiations. By Friday, the latest dispute was settled, but the overall issue was not resolved, and the perception was unavoidable that the country had moved one step closer to the edge of an awful precipice.

This time the trouble came in Warsaw. There were strikes and sitins elsewhere - among railwaymen in Wroclaw and miners in Katowice - but these were localized quarrels over pay and other specific grievances on which the Government, after a decent interval to maintain a semblance of self-respect, could give way. In Warsaw, the dispute was over a matter that lies at the bedrock of control by the Communist Party. So it spiraled quickly into another national showdown between the beleaguered, divided and spiritless party - which tomorrow holds a much-delayed Central Committee meeting - and the seemingly invincible independent trade union, Solidarity.

Review of latest labor developments in Poland notes fears of Soviet intervention are growing

The issue was law enforcement, or rather the abuse of it, as exemplified by actions of the prosecutor's office and the ubiquitous secret police. In Poland, the S.B., or security police, operate with a restraint seen almost nowhere else in the Eastern bloc. But that does not mean that persons who speak publicly against the system are immune from retaliation. Careers can be frozen, writing stopped, jail terms meted out under dubious criminal charges or for the crime of ''slandering the state.'' Political dissidents are harassed. Their telephones are bugged, their meetings broken up and, during times of tension, they are rounded up and held under a notorious system of revolving-door, 48-hour detentions.

Solidarity's first probe into this netherworld of police control came about inadvertently. On Nov. 20, a rather nervous deputy prosecutor and a detachment of plainclothesmen entered the busy photocopying room of Solidarity's Warsaw office and quickly found what they were looking for, a 13-page document stolen from the prosecutor's office that contianed instructions for a campaign against dissidents. The following day, Jan Narozniak, who was involved in duplicating the document, was called in for questioning. He did not reappear. A Solidarity delegation went to inquire and learned that he and another man, an employee in the prosecutor 's office who presumably leaked the document, ha d been formally charged with betraying state secrets.

The campaign to ''Free Jan Narozniak'' quickly turned into a broad-based assault on the criminal justice establishment. Wit hdrawing i nto the protective surroundings of the Ursus tractor factory, the Warsaw Solidarity leaders drew up a list of demands the likes of whic h have never been seen in the Communist world.

They wanted four political dissidents freed, a probe of the operations of the prosecutor and the secret police, budget cutbacks for the Ministry of the Interior and an investigation to fix responsibilty for the repression of previous workers' revolts. Pressing an argument that seemed to leap straight out of the annals of freedom-of-the-press disputes in the West, they insisted that the public's right to know took precedence over the crime of revealing documents ''classified'' primarily to conceal official wrongdoing.

The Warsaw chapter declared an effective general strike in the capital and secured the national union's backing. At the 11th hour, the crisis was defused when moderates in both the party and the national union leadership prevailed. Mr. Narozniak and his alleged accomplice were released on a form of personal recognizance and the Government agreed to hold talks on the other demands. Lech Walesa, the working man's hero, was flown to Warsaw to convince the workers that this was victory enough.

Walesa and Kuron Calm the Workers

In a lengthy and rousing display of oratory, Mr. Walesa and the country's foremost political dissident, Jacek Kuron, appealed for calm and reason, raising the specter of armed intervention. ''Let us not forget that tanks and rockets could also be the reply,'' Mr. Walesa warned. ''We must realize our geographical and historical position and prevent intervention by our friends,'' argued Mr. Kuron.

The Warsaw episode pointed out new tendencies in the ***working class*** movement toward further democracy and creation of some kind of selfdetermination within the Soviet orbit. It showed that the militancy of the rank and file, and in this case of an entire local chapter, could outstrip that of the national Solidarity leadership.

Solidarity is not a cohesive, hierarchical organization, any more than the Communist Party seems to be these days. This has been indicated by the number of wildcat strikes recently, and it raises questions about Mr. Walesa's ultimate ability to control and channel the workers' fury. ''I have little room for maneuver,'' he reportedly told Stanislaw Kania, the party leader, at their meeting two weeks ago.

The events in Warsaw last week showed that the movement will not shy away from battle over a distinctly political issue. Signficantly, the Warsaw chapter's adoption of the cause of the four jailed dissidents - men who have had little to do with the union movement and are simply opponents of the Socialist system - was a qualitative change in Solidarity's role and perilously close to oppositional politics. In the final analysis, Communist authority in Poland rests on three pillars: control of employment, manipulation of information and propaganda and the security services. The first had eroded greatly with the weakening of the old trade unions. The second has receded somewhat already and will presumably recede further under a forthcoming law to limit censorship. The third, the method of control of last resort, will not be ceded without a struggle.

That is why, in a week when East Germany and Czechoslovakia raised ominous warnings about Poland and hard-line elements within the Polish party seemed to stiffen at the thought of granting further concessions, even some of Solidarity's supporters began to worry that the union had pushed too far this time. Its advocates argued privately that if a modicum of democracy and freedom was to be realized, then all Poland's dishonored institutions - especially the secret police - must be resisted and ultimately, somehow, transformed. It was a debate, one suspects, that will be answered by history very soon.

**Graphic**

Illustrations: Drawing

**End of Document**



[***TELEVISION;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-6720-000P-N222-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Two Tales of Once-Great Expectations***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-6720-000P-N222-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 20, 1997, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1997 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Arts and Leisure Desk

**Section:** Section 2; ; Section 2; Page 24; Column 1; Arts and Leisure Desk ; Column 1; ; Review

**Length:** 1183 words

**Byline:** By SAMUEL G. FREEDMAN;

Samuel G. Freedman is the author of "The Inheritance: How Three Families and America Moved From Roosevelt to Reagan and Beyond."

By SAMUEL G. FREEDMAN;  Samuel G. Freedman is the author of "The Inheritance: How Three Families and America Moved From Roosevelt to Reagan and Beyond."

**Body**

THE LAST TIME PUBLIC TELEVISION broadcast a documentary addressing black-Jewish relations, it offered a story of rescue and redemption that proved, quite literally, too good to be true. That 1992 film, "The Liberators: Fighting on Two Fronts in World War II," purported to show how an all-black tank battalion freed Jews from the Nazi death camps at Dachau and Buchenwald. Several months after a celebrated premiere, the film was unmasked as fallacious, and in an ironic way became a monument to the desperation in some quarters for a myth of common cause between blacks and Jews to displace the reality of bitter division.

Now, almost five years later, PBS will present a documentary that brings not merely accuracy but astringency to the subject. "Blacks and Jews" -- a film by Deborah Kaufman, Bari Scott and Alan Snitow -- traces the recent tensions between liberalism's former partners, from the Crown Heights riots in 1991 to the 1995 Million Man March to the Oakland, Calif., high school whose students laughed during a screening of "Schindler's List." The film will be shown on Tuesday, July 29 on PBS's "P.O.V.," a series specializing in independent nonfiction films that begins its 10th season this year.

"Blacks and Jews" does not lack for uplifting moments, which range from a black journalist's protection of a Hasidic father and son during the racial unrest in Crown Heights to a Chicago rabbi's involvement in the battle against racial blockbusting. But those moments come as counterpoint to what the documentary terms in its opening footage a "relationship that is defined by a public ritual of mutual blame."

"The film is definitely not about affirmation," said Mr. Snitow. "There can be a tendency in films and other works that deal with ethnicity and race to have a Pollyana-ish 'we're all the same under the skin' quality. That was the Scylla we avoided. And Charybdis was this affirmation of 'Everything is O.K. inside our community. It's just their problem.' We wanted to do something that would present unresolved problems and leave the audience somewhat agitated and disoriented so that they could no longer stay with their preconceptions."

Such rigor brought no pleasure to the filmmakers. To varying extents, all three venerated the collaboration of blacks and Jews during the civil rights movement and continue to long for a black-Jewish alliance to coalesce on issues of social justice.

Mr. Snitow, who is 49, remembered his mother marching in Selma, Ala., as head of the women's division of the American Jewish Congress. Ms. Kaufman, seven years younger, grew up on the lore of such efforts by Jews. And Ms. Scott had the most thorough immersion of all in black-Jewish comity.

In her racially polarized hometown, Marshall, Tex., she recalled, blacks felt "a sense of connection to Jews, a sense they weren't totally accepted as whites, by whites, they had an understanding of oppression."

"Even the understanding that they could have curly hair and dark skin gave them almost a physical connection," Ms. Scott continued.

Her years at the University of Texas only confirmed these feelings. When Ms. Scott became one of the first blacks to integrate her dormitory, she found herself instantly accepted by several Jewish women across the hall. When they went on a hunger strike to protest the cafeteria's reliance on pork, Ms. Scott fasted in solidarity.

By the time, a quarter century later, that Ms. Scott, Mr. Snitow and Ms. Kaufman embarked on a radio series about blacks and Jews for the Pacifica network, such instances of collaboration had largely been consigned to history. The "P.O.V." film that evolved from that radio project suggests some of the reasons as it examines how two groups, rather than being bound by their tragic histories, have fought over the very vocabulary of suffering.

One black calls the makeshift shrine to Gavin Cato -- the 7-year-old struck and killed by a car driven by a Hasidic driver in the incident that ignited the Crown Heights unrest -- "a Wailing Wall." Many Jews, the film notes, viewed the violence and in particular the murder of a Hasidic scholar, Yankel Rosenbaum, as a pogrom, in effect equating blacks with past persecutors like the Cossacks.

THE TUG-OF-WAR OVER HISTORY AND language becomes even more evident in the film's segment on the controversy that swirled around Castlemont High School in Oakland in 1994. A group of its black and Hispanic students, attending "Schindler's List" as a field trip on Martin Luther King Day, were evicted for hooting at scenes of Nazis executing Jews. The resulting outcry by the news media and politicians led the film's director, Steven Spielberg, and California's Governor, Pete Wilson, to visit the school. Far from engendering understanding, however, their appearance filled many students with resentment.

"I felt like our history was being pushed out of the way for the Jewish Holocaust," said a student, Cicily Hall. "I have nothing against the Jewish Holocaust. But I think we should understand our own pain before we can understand somebody else's pain."

Such exceptionalism, Ms. Kaufman said, "is a trap we wanted to point out."

Mr. Snitow added: "What happens when you get victimization as your master story is that the reigning slogan becomes 'No one's going to help us.' And you can see that operating in both communities. No one can really be trusted as an ally. No one can really be trusted except one of your own."

Not even the documentary's one segment on the heyday of black-Jewish coalition affords easy succor. That has much to do with geography, for the passage looks not at the struggle against de jure segregation in the South but de facto segregation in the North, specifically in Lawndale, the Chicago neighborhood that the Rev. Martin Luther King Jr. made his focus in the mid-1960's. Lawndale at that time was rapidly turning from Jewish to black, largely through the panic selling and unscrupulous lending practices of real estate speculators and complicit bankers. The campaign against them brought a rabbi, Robert Marx, into alliance with black home-buyers and civil rights activists.

But it also, as Mr. Marx explains in "Blacks and Jews," set him against many fellow Jews who were profiting on the blockbusting. The rabbi recalls having been sued, harassed and denied financing for the social-justice group he led. The neighborhood he sought to preserve as an integrated settlement for the ***working class*** is now a black slum of national notoriety. The documentary does not flinch from the sight of failure.

Ms. Scott describes herself and her fellow producers as "tough-minded people" whose idealism was tested in making the film. "On one level, I still have the romanticized view," she said. "On the other, I've seen how even among friends, African-American and Jewish friends, events that have nothing to do with us can impact our friendships."

"In America, African-Americans have been the principal movers and shakers of social improvement and in the white community it's been the Jews," she added. "So if those people can't find common ground, then the society is lost."

**Graphic**

Photos: Combatants The Cure, above, a black-Jewish rap group in Crown Heights, in a scene from the documentary "Blacks and Jews," which traces tensions between the two groups, and, left, participants in a black-Jewish dialogue group shown in the film. (Photographs by Snitow/Kaufman Productions); Chroniclers Deborah Kaufman, left, Bari Scott and Alan Snitow, the makers of "Blacks and Jews." (Andre Partos)

**Load-Date:** July 20, 1997

**End of Document**



[***Battered Seaside Haven Recalls Its Trial by Fire***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:57BP-YJH1-JBG3-62T7-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 25, 2012 Tuesday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2012 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Column 0; Metropolitan Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 2563 words

**Byline:** By N. R. KLEINFIELD

**Body**

They expected the sea to come, though not like this. Tim Dufficy, 26, one of the volunteer firefighters, had relocated his two cars to the rooftop lot of a Brooklyn mall so they would be up high. Of potential risks, fire did not rouse much concern. They began the evening contemplating turkey.

On the night Hurricane Sandy hit, two dozen members of the Point Breeze Volunteer Fire Department congregated in their snug firehouse in Breezy Point, Queens, not far from Jamaica Bay. It is a compact colony of 2,837 homes that undulates along the western tip of the Rockaway Peninsula, cradled between the bay and the Atlantic Ocean.

About 6:30 p.m., two turkeys beckoned on the table. The crew members barely savored a swallow when water lashed at their knees. Forsaking dinner, they scattered to the Clubhouse, a humble community center behind the firehouse that was several feet higher. A few residents had found sanctuary there. Homes were flooding and being hacked apart. The Sugar Bowl, a favorite bar, disappeared. Before long, water infiltrated the Clubhouse.

Through the windows, the firefighters glimpsed the orange glow of a fire in the dark maw of the night. There was little rain. The water was four feet deep, bearing waves and wicked currents. ''It was like the ocean was outside,'' said Kevin Hernandez, 21, another volunteer firefighter. ''The wind was 80 miles an hour.''

It was impossible to reach the fire. They stared at the very menace they were committed to conquering, watching it strengthen, and could do nothing. On a night not meant for humankind, they could not help but wonder if they stood on death's doorstep.

It was about then that they began praying.

Among the many cruelties delivered by Hurricane Sandy, the Breezy Point fire has inscribed itself as one of the storm's hellish signatures. Ranking with the worst residential fires in New York City's history, it burned down 126 homes and damaged 22 more, leaving a conspicuous hole in the heart of this genial shore community. The storm hit Oct. 29 and about two months later, the neighborhood remains a cindery reminder of what it had once been.

In all, the New York City Fire Department counted 94 fires related to the storm. Nothing, though, approached the monster that visited Breezy Point. The Fire Department has not yet finished its investigation into the blaze. However, Robert Byrnes, the chief fire marshal, said that it had concluded that floodwaters caused something electrical, like a socket or breaker panel, to short and ignite inside the unoccupied house at 173 Ocean Avenue, random as the spin of a wheel.

Breezy Point's residents know grief, 30 people connected to the community having perished in the Sept. 11 attacks. Yet the miracle of the torrid fire is that no one died or was seriously injured. The fire chose property and spared life.

A Threatening Light

The man unnervingly close to its origin, who saw it all, had been sleeping. Glenn Serafin, 62, is a media broker who lives in Tampa, Fla. But an 80th birthday party for his aunt in Totowa, N.J., on the Saturday before the storm, brought him north. After the party he and his wife, Josephine, drove to the two-story clapboard house they have owned for nine years in Breezy Point.

It stood on Atlantic Walk in the area known as the Wedge, implying its tapered shape, where houses practically overlap. Streets do not exist in the Wedge, only sidewalks and sand alleys for sanitation trucks and emergency vehicles. Those who live there leave their cars in common parking lots and transport their belongings in little wagons.

Long nicknamed the Irish Riviera, even as its population has become more ethnically diverse, Breezy Point is predominantly middle class and ***working class***, home to numerous firefighters and police officers. Houses, some newer ones that stand with a certain hauteur and older ones dating back 70 or 80 years, are often passed down generations. It is a gated community, with its own security force, and residents belong to a cooperative association that owns the land. Originally the neighborhood was a summer retreat, but now its full-time population has swelled to over 60 percent. Not everyone holds flood insurance.

Ms. Serafin, a flight attendant, left Sunday morning to work a flight to Dallas. Phone messages from the cooperative association sputtered in telling Mr. Serafin to evacuate. Like many others, he discounted the storm's power and moved through the day with a certain insouciance.

At 6:30 p.m., he took a nap. He was jostled awake about 8 p.m. by the sound of rushing water. The basement was flooded. Sockets were hissing. Then he shut off the electricity.

He noticed a glow from a house three doors down on the next street, Ocean Avenue -- Gerard Jordan's summer bungalow, two houses away from the Stehn Promenade and the ocean. Mr. Jordan, 88, a retired food broker, was in a hospital in New Jersey recuperating from heart surgery. His son, Father Brian Jordan, a Roman Catholic priest, had been at the bungalow two days earlier to move deck furniture inside.

In his house just north of the Wedge, an off-duty New York firefighter, Joe Adinolfi, also saw the glow. He tried calling 911 and was peeved that he could not get through. He phoned his Brooklyn firehouse and told them. The Fire Department said it heard of the fire at 8:38.

A bridge and a single road wind into Breezy Point, and in the fury of the storm no city fire truck could get there. Department experts warned that trucks would stall in water deeper than 24 inches. At 6 p.m., equipment on the Rockaway Peninsula had been moved to Brooklyn and Far Rockaway, where it was stifled for hours after the flood surge. The department said that it could not dispatch trucks until after 11 p.m., and that a number of trucks stalled trying to reach the fire.

Mr. Adinolfi went out and managed to rescue stranded residents, some dogs and a chatty parrot, herding them into his two-story cottage.

Outside his front door, Mr. Serafin saw deepening water. Behind him was fire. ''I was kind of resigned to being where I was,'' he said, ''unless I wanted to make an escape through five feet of water.''

The only promising news was that the wind blew from the southeast, steering the fire away from his house.

The bigger house next to the Jordan bungalow caught fire next. It belonged to United States Representative Bob Turner, who, along with his wife, had fled as the storm began.

The flames swept north and west, adjacent homes its nutrients. Screams cut the air. A woman and her daughter scrabbled out the window of their burning home. Ray Wasson, 45, dove off his deck wearing an old Army helmet, his children's glow sticks tied to it, and swam to the Clubhouse.

Mary Lepera, 31, who lives with her mother and sister, held out until 10 p.m., with the fire nearly licking at their door, then they waded down the street, helped by Mr. Adinolfi. In a few hours, their house would not exist.

Faith Amid Fear

They said three prayers, the first at some time after 8 p.m.

The nervous, rescued residents had been shooed onto the Clubhouse's elevated stage, three feet high and just barely dry. The firefighters stood on the floor in the chilly water.

Marty Ingram, 62, Point Breeze's volunteer fire chief and a retired Air Force rescue helicopter pilot, asked everyone to clasp hands and recite the Lord's Prayer.

Mr. Ingram, a Catholic, believes in the potency of prayer. ''I applied for some outside help,'' he said later.

No one objected. ''I don't know what the people on the stage thought,'' he said. ''Here was water rising in the Clubhouse and the fire chief is saying an Our Father.''

Many were pricked with fear. Chris Hyland, 53, a business manager who lives opposite the firehouse and plays Santa at its Christmas party, silently apologized to his family for not evacuating, as they had. Like others, he sensed death circling near.

But Mr. Ingram felt the prayers were heard: motorboats arrived.

Two small motorboats containing five members of the Rockaway Point Volunteer Fire Department chugged up to the Clubhouse. Rockaway's flooded firehouse was down the road, their two trucks crippled. They had taken out their boats to rescue a trapped homeowner, but they could not reach him in the fierceness of the storm. James Morton, 24, one of the Rockaway volunteers, said the water was so deep that cars drifted beneath the boats. They reached the Clubhouse and clambered into the building through a window.

Inside, spirits rose. ''You're here to rescue us?'' those gathered asked. Sorry, but no, the Rockaway crew members explained: they were seeking safety themselves. Yet Mr. Ingram felt the arrival of the boats provided a new weapon against the storm.

At great risk to themselves, the young Rockaway men repeatedly took a boat out and fetched dozens of residents from a nearby store and from homes. Eventually the Clubhouse's population grew to 40, including parents of some of the firefighters, and 10 cats and dogs. ''We were Noah's ark,'' Mr. Ingram said.

All the while, firefighters inside the Clubhouse assessed the water's depth by studying the stop sign outside. Inconceivably, the water climbed to just beneath the letters, over six feet.

If it kept rising, how would they get out?

The currents had worsened -- too much even for the boats. Here came an idea. Party lights were strung up across the ceiling. Tie the light cord around the waist of Mike Scotko, 23, a Point Breeze volunteer and former lifeguard. Have him swim the 30 yards to a two-story home and fasten the cord. Have the others cling to it and swim over.

Yes? No?

Discarded. Too perilous.

Mr. Ingram led a second Our Father.

Again, it seemed, the prayer was answered: the water began to recede.

And then the smoke came.

The wind blew toward the Clubhouse; smoke started seeping in. As it thickened, people had trouble breathing. Windows were opened. Nothing helped.

Two terrible choices confronted them. Leave and they would probably drown. Stay and they would probably die of smoke inhalation.

''Were we scared?'' Mr. Hernandez, one of the firefighters, said. ''Yeah, we were scared.''

Mr. Dufficy, another firefighter, sent his mother a text message, avowing his love.

One volunteer lost his grip. He rocked back and forth in a chair, clutching a life vest, mumbling.

Outside, embers the size of fists streaked through the air, thunking loudly against the Clubhouse. Its roof was wood.

''There was no rain,'' Mr. Hernandez said. ''But it was raining fire. I had never seen anything like it, not even in the movies.''

It was after 10 p.m. Mr. Ingram told everyone they had to evacuate. A third prayer was said, this one a Hail Mary.

The chief dispatched some of his men through three-foot-deep water to check the two fire trucks. ''For the life of me,'' he said, ''I didn't expect them to start.''

The trucks, named Big Jack and Sand Flea IV, and the chief's S.U.V. had marinated for hours in saltwater.

The S.U.V. was indeed dead.

The fire trucks started right up.

Down the road was St. Thomas More Church, away from the fire zone. The firefighters began moving the people there in the trucks, scooping up others along the way.

As Sand Flea IV left with its final load, with Mr. Dufficy driving and Mr. Ingram aboard, a call came about a man trapped northwest of the fire. Mr. Dufficy headed there. On the way, they saw a burning house, most likely ignited by a flying ember. They put it out. Had they not found it, a second fire zone would have erupted.

Over on Atlantic Avenue, Mr. Serafin's plastic-framed rear storm windows were melting. He used his neighbor's hose to wet his windows. The water pressure was feeble, the heat baking him. He filled a lemonade pitcher and wet the insides of the windows. ''Had my windows imploded,'' he said, ''I would have been toast.''

For three hours, until about 12:30 in the morning, he soaked his windows. By then the fire had forged farther away. Upstairs, he watched a soul-crushing sight -- house after house disintegrating, including those of his brother-in-law and his brother-in-law's son.

In his anguish, he also saw hope. Water was on the fire.

It was Wild Thing.

The 45-Hour Fire

The Roxbury Volunteer Fire Department, the third volunteer force in the area, managed to leave its flooded fire house around 11 p.m. and get its single truck, Wild Thing, near the northeastern edge of the fire. Two trucks from the New York Fire Department were also pulling in. Point Breeze and Rockaway volunteers were arriving. They faced a fire on the loose, with 60, 70 houses already ablaze. The embers pelted the firefighters, who could barely see through the smoke.

Car tires and gas tanks exploded. Telephone poles vaporized. Sinkholes opened up. Hydrants had little pressure. Water mains had broken.

''It was a nightmare,'' recalled Richard Colleran, the Roxbury chief and a retired sanitation worker.

Roxbury had a suction hose that it used to ''draft'' saltwater from the street. With help from the other volunteers, they muscled a hose about 300 feet through four-foot-deep water to reach the blaze.

About 11:30 p.m., the first water gushed onto the fire. For as much as four hours, it had burned unimpeded.

The New York Fire Department began thundering in in force.

Assistant Chief Joseph Pfeifer, chief of counterterrorism and emergency preparedness, was summoned from his home in Middle Village, Queens, to direct the scene. He knew Breezy Point well. He has a summer home there, as do his parents, though they were outside the fire zone.

He crossed the bridge to the Rockaways and had to abandon his S.U.V., the water was too deep. He hitched a ride on a fire truck, which splashed its way in, engine smoking. He got to Breezy Point a bit after midnight.

''It was like a wild animal that you can hear coming,'' he said. ''And the heat was like the breath of an animal.''

His men found a few barely working hydrants that soon expired. Like Roxbury, they began drafting the water they stood in. The ocean was putting out the fire.

Sand Flea IV, smaller than the city trucks, made it to the Promenade, south of the fire, and found decent hydrant pressure. Later, Big Jack joined it, the only trucks to reach there and save houses on that perimeter.

As the fire raged, Chief Pfeifer heard of a man pushing his mother between the houses in her wheelchair. Firefighters went to find them.

The Roxbury truck battled the fire until 2 a.m., when its pump broke. Some three dozen department trucks reached the neighborhood, and when the wind shifted, some set up on the fire's western perimeter to halt it there. Ladder buckets containing firefighters were draped above rooftops. Across the hours, under savage, debilitating conditions, more than 200 city firefighters fought the fire to its capitulation.

At 2:30 a.m. Mr. Serafin went to sleep, the Wedge still ablaze. He awoke at 7:30. He had slept five hours beside an inferno.

The Fire Department declared the fire contained by 6:30 Tuesday morning and ''concluded'' at 3:34 p.m. Wednesday. It had lived for 45 hours, leaving behind a charred battlefield.

When Chief Pfeifer learned there were no deaths or serious injuries, his reaction was, ''Impossible.''

Some Point Breeze firefighters did not leave the fire until 6 on Tuesday morning. They slept at the Catholic Club. Mr. Ingram woke them three hours later, to their displeasure. A fire had been reported down the road. Heavy-lidded, they headed over. It was a false alarm.

[*http://www.nytimes.com/2012/12/25/nyregion/breezy-point-battered-seaside-haven-recalls-its-trial-by-fire.html*](http://www.nytimes.com/2012/12/25/nyregion/breezy-point-battered-seaside-haven-recalls-its-trial-by-fire.html)

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: In Breezy Point, Queens, someone brought a touch of Christmas to a shoreline area destroyed by fires related to Hurricane Sandy. (PHOTOGRAPH BY RUTH FREMSON/THE NEW YORK TIMES) (A1)

DESTROYED: Breezy Point, Queens, on Oct. 30, one day after Hurricane Sandy caused extensive damage and flooding in New York City and throughout the region. More than 100 homes were lost. (PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT STOLARIK FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES)

A NIGHTMARE: The New York City Fire Department said that floodwaters caused something electrical to short and ignite inside an unoccupied house. (PHOTOGRAPH BY TODD MAISEL/NEW YORK DAILY NEWS) (A20)

MUCH TO DO: Parts of the walls in the Point Breeze Volunteer Fire Department's firehouse that were inundated during Hurricane Sandy were removed.

OFFERING AID: Marty Ingram, left, Point Breeze's volunteer fire chief, led his firefighters and rescued residents in prayer throughout the night. John Fahy, 29, a volunteer firefighter, found his firefighter badge, right, singed in his car. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUTH FREMSON/THE NEW YORK TIMES) (A21) MAPS: Fire and Flooding in Breezy Point (MAPS BY FORD FESSENDEN, JOE BURGESS/THE NEW YORK TIMES) (A20)

**Load-Date:** December 26, 2012

**End of Document**



[***FILM;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-YV50-000D-G4R2-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***'Dying Young' Survives a Case of Serious Rumors***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-YV50-000D-G4R2-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 16, 1991, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1991 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Arts & Leisure Desk

**Section:** Section 2;; Section 2; Page 18; Column 1; Arts & Leisure Desk; Column 1;

**Length:** 1128 words

**Byline:** By JULIE LEW;

Julie Lew writes on culture for McCall's and other publications.

By JULIE LEW;  Julie Lew writes on culture for McCall's and other publications.

**Body**

If rumors could edit movies, much of "Dying Young," the Joel Schumacher film starring Julia Roberts and Campbell Scott, might still be in revision. All spring there have been stories about changes and second thoughts. For starters, when would the movie open? Originally scheduled for summer, there were reports that it might be held until later in the year (the movie opens Friday). Then there was the title. The studio, 20th Century Fox, thought "Dying Young" might be too negative, especially when juxtaposed with the fresh, exuberant Ms. Roberts, indisputably the hottest actress in Hollywood today.

Finally, there was the film's ending. Marti Leimbach's novel, on which the movie is based, ends with a suicide, as did an early treatment of the film. Tales circulated about test audiences finding suicide too hard to take and that ending had been changed.

Now the film reaches the screen with its title and summer opening intact and, it appears, with the ending the director always wanted.

All of the publicity, of course, revolves around Ms. Roberts, who in the blockbuster "Pretty Woman" and the more recent "Sleeping With the Enemy" has established herself as the sort of star audiences not only find attractive but also care about. "There are movies where they change and reshoot everything and no one says a thing," Mr. Schumacher said recently. "Because Julia is in this movie, there's so much attention paid to it."

It is the audience's fondness for Ms. Roberts, Mr. Schumacher added, that raised the studio's concern about death, both in the title and as a subject. Ms. Roberts has already died once on screen, in "Steel Magnolias" (1989), and death was the topic in "Flatliners" (1990), another Roberts movie directed by Mr. Schumacher. "Because she did die in 'Steel Magnolias,' people just naturally think Julia Roberts is 'dying young' in this movie," Mr. Schumacher said. So why wasn't at least the title changed? "Changing a title is great as long as you have another title to change it to," Mr. Schumacher added. Fox tried to come up with one, he said, but nothing seemed to work.

In "Dying Young," Ms. Roberts plays Hilary O'Neil, a ***working-class*** woman who takes a job as caretaker for Victor Geddes (Mr. Scott), a young man from a wealthy family who is afflicted with leukemia. Victor hires Hilary to help him through the side effects of his chemotherapy treatments, and the two begin to form a bond. Eventually he tells Hilary that he has completed his treatment, and the couple goes off to live in the seaside hamlet of Mendocino, Calif. There they begin a love relationship, the resolution of which, along with the progression of Victor's illness, becomes the spine of the movie.

In Mendocino the crew built a 7,000-square-foot house on a bluff overlooking the ocean. Other scenes take place at neighboring sites like the Stag's Leap Winery, a secluded estate with a century-old stone house and winding garden paths. One chilly evening before the shooting of a party scene at the winery,Ms. Roberts, wearing an oversized jacket, baggy jeans and cowboy boots, spoke briefly about her role.

A film crew in earmuffs and down jackets laid down fake snow, set out poinsettias and arranged strings of Christmas lights, but Ms. Roberts wasn't in a festive mood. At this point in the film, Hilary and Victor have temporarily parted and he is returning to San Francisco to resume his treatments.

"Yesterday I shot a scene with Campbell that was very sad, and I didn't anticipate it to be that sad," Ms. Roberts said. "That's the hardest part of doing things like this; you don't anticipate how much will really happen."

Mr. Schumacher, whose credits also include "St. Elmo's Fire" and "The Lost Boys," said that he too was surprised by the film as it developed. Both "St. Elmo's Fire," a story about students leaving school, and "Flatliners" dealt with groups of people. "I had always done ensemble movies, using six or seven points of view to tell a story," Mr. Schumacher said. "Making a movie is like building a 747 while you're flying it. You invent as you go along, and it never is what you think it is. I didn't realize the relationship between Julia and Campbell would lessen the need for other elements. We didn't realize on paper how strong the two of them were going to be."

As the focus of the film tightened on the two characters, Mr. Schumacher said, supporting parts were scaled back and de-emphasized. Among these is Colleen Dewhurst's role as the winery owner and the part of a young construction worker (Vincent D'Onofrio) who befriends the couple. In the book a serious triangle develops, but Mr. Schumacher said he felt that a subplot would detract from the thrust of the film, which is the illness and the relationship between Victor and Hilary. In the movie, the construction worker is kept at arm's length.

Sally Field, who starred with Ms. Roberts in "Steel Magnolias," co-produced "Dying Young" with Kevin McCormick. According to Ms. Field, the movie was developed with Ms. Roberts in mind well before she became a star. Ms. Field and Mr. McCormick proposed the project to Fox in 1988 before "Steel Magnolias" was released. That year Ms. Roberts appeared in "Mystic Pizza," her first major feature. "Julia was almost unknown in a way," Ms. Field said. "I told them I had this girl who would be wonderful." Fox, she added, was receptive to the film but wanted someone better known for the Roberts role. Then "Steel Magnolias" was released and "Pretty Woman" also followed in 1990.

"By then we had a script," Ms. Field said. "I went to Fox and said, 'I repeat. There's this girl I know who would be wonderful for this part.' The good thing was I didn't have to say, 'You don't know her yet.' "

According to Mr. Schumacher, questions about release date, title and ending arose earlier this year when the film was being put together. "It was assumed that if the studio liked the picture, it would be a summer movie," he said. "But when the studio saw the dailies, there was discussion about whether it wouldn't be better placed in the fall or at Christmas when the serious pictures come out. Later when Fox saw the movie all put together, they said, 'This is a love story. It should come out as soon as possible.' "

The director said that he had insisted there be no suicide when he took the picture. He first saw the script of "Dying Young" when he was in Florida helping to care for a terminally ill friend. "My first instinct was, 'Oh, no, you can't do this,' but once you start making a movie about these issues, it's hard to think of just doing a movie. This is really a story about life, dealing with issues and feelings we all deal with." "There's no point in telling a story about illness or death unless it's also a story about life."

**Graphic**

Photo: Julia Roberts and Campbell Scott in Joel Schumacher's "Dying Young"--a love story cleared for immediate release (Christine Loss/20th Century Fox)

**Load-Date:** June 16, 1991

**End of Document**



[***Peso Crisis Bites Into Mexico's Long-Ruling Party***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-6KY0-000P-N2TF-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 4, 1997, Friday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1997 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Foreign Desk

**Section:** Section A; ; Section A; Page 3; Column 1; Foreign Desk ; Column 1;

**Length:** 1172 words

**Byline:** By SAM DILLON

By SAM DILLON

**Dateline:** CUERNAVACA, Mexico

**Body**

Teresa Lasso, who owns a beauty parlor and is married to a veterinarian, intends to vote for a leftist candidate when Mexico elects a new Congress on July 6. To explain why, she grabs a pencil to scribble the disturbing arithmetic of their $79,000 bank loan.

When Mrs. Lasso and her husband, Guillermo, took out their variable-rate loan in pesos six years ago to build a house, they and Mexico were prospering, and for four years they made monthly payments, in pesos, that were equivalent to about $660. But after President Ernesto Zedillo's Government devalued the peso in 1994, interest rates soared and Mr. Lasso's veterinary practice collapsed.

"People were just letting their dogs and cats die," Mr. Lasso said. Their loan payments completely overwhelmed their monthly income. Today their combined earnings are the equivalent of about $1,250 a month, but the payments on their loan -- if they were making them -- would amount to more than $2,125. They owe the bank $113,000.

"We think the economy is in crisis," Mrs. Lasso said, setting down her pencil. "President Zedillo says no, but nobody can pay their debts."

Like the Lassos, millions of Mexicans are preparing to vote against the governing Institutional Revolutionary Party, or PRI, perhaps more than at any time since the party was formed in 1929. They cite many motives, among them a simple desire for new leadership after decades of single-party rule. But the biggest reason is that they continue to nurse wounds from an economic crisis the Government insists has long since passed.

Before the crisis began two and a half years ago, the Mexican peso was worth about 29 American cents. In the course of a year, the peso's value eroded to about 13 cents -- and with it the savings of millions of Mexican families. Prices on basic items like electricity, gasoline and even tortillas surged. About a million Mexicans lost their jobs, bringing the number officially out of work to about two million; unofficial estimates put the figure at three times that. The economy contracted by 6.2 percent in 1995.

Partly with the help of a $12.5 billion American bailout loan, the Zedillo Government has succeeded in nursing the economy's figures back into recovery, and today, the PRI is in trouble despite an economy that looks robust -- on paper. Last year it grew by 5.1 percent, official unemployment and inflation are dropping and the stock market is booming. The problem is that many Mexicans don't yet feel the recovery.

"Our challenge is to convince the people that the economy is as good as the numbers say," said a senior adviser to Mr. Zedillo.

Up for election on July 6 are all 500 seats in the Chamber of Deputies, 32 Senate seats, six state governorships, and for the first time, Mexico City's Mayor, who has previously been appointed by the President. Support for the PRI has eroded more completely in Mexico City than anywhere else, so the dominance of the mayoral race by Cuauhtemoc Cardenas, of the leftist Party of the Democratic Revolution, or P.R.D., was not totally unexpected.

But the PRI has run into trouble in many parts of Mexico where it has previously faced little competition, including Cuernavaca. A city of 320,000 residents an hour's drive south of Mexico City, Cuernavaca has never in modern times elected an opposition congressman. But this year voters have grown ornery, and the candidates from the P.R.D. and from the conservative National Action Party, or P.A.N., both have a chance to wrest Cuernavaca's congressional seat from the PRI.

Under Mexico's seat-allotment system for the Chamber, 300 deputies are elected directly from districts while 200 others are distributed to parties according to their percentage of the national vote. A party must win at least 167 seats directly and earn more than 42 percent of the vote to gain a majority; polls suggest that no party will.

In a national survey published on Friday by the newspaper Reforma, 37 percent of those polled preferred the PRI, 30 percent preferred the P.A.N. and 26 percent the P.R.D.

"Life in Mexico will change dramatically if the PRI loses its congressional majority," said Scott Morgenstern, a political scientist studying the Mexican Congress.

Lacking the votes to impose their will, the PRI and President Zedillo would have to negotiate the national budget, and opposition lawmakers for the first time could set up committees with the power to investigate corruption.

The governing party's support has eroded partly because Mr. Zedillo's economists have stabilized Mexico's economy but have failed to raise real wages, which according to a recent report by HSBC James Capel, a securities company, continue a 30-month decline. Mexico's minimum daily wage is worth about $3, and the number of workers earning less than that is growing.

The Lassos' gripe is that the Government works to bail out the bankers, while seeming to do little to help small-time debtors, and thousands of other Mexicans agree. A debtor's group that has joined forces with the P.R.D. asserts it has 600,000 members and estimates that some 12 million other Mexicans are up to their ears in debt.

If the Lassos plan to vote for the left, many others in financial trouble are turning to the conservatives.

Consuelo Martinez Gonzalez, 77 years old, and her daughter, Hilda, 46, have pasted a campaign poster for the P.A.N. into the window of their cement-floor home here, where Hilda earns a meager living by selling little black clay figurines of flowers and animals.

Both women were once PRI voters. But they turned against the party when Hilda's ceramics business all but collapsed in 1995, in the weeks after former President Carlos Salinas de Gortari left office, the peso devalued, and Mr. Salinas's older brother was charged with corruption and murder.

"Salinas did a job on all of us," Hilda said, slapping her cheek to demonstrate how the crisis felt to her.

"We went hungry, and the PRI showed us no mercy," her mother said.

The two women like the conservatives' image of honesty and efficiency, and in municipal elections in March, they voted for the P.A.N. candidate who became Cuernavaca's first non-PRI mayor, and they have become enthusiastic volunteers for the P.A.N.'s congressional candidate.

Some PRI stalwarts remain, like Alfredo Castaneda, the governing party's representative in Tetela del Monte, a ***working class*** Cuernavaca community that sprawls across a rocky hillside.

"Whatever you think of the PRI Government, its certainly helped us," he said. "We had nothing, but now Tetela has sewer lines, paved streets, running water. Its all come from the PRI Government."

Mr. Castaneda's role has been to channel public works to Tetela, and to deliver neighbors' votes to the PRI in exchange for the right to hand out patronage jobs. But since the PRI lost Cuernavaca's City Hall to the opposition in March, he no longer has jobs to give.

So prospects for the July 6 balloting are uncertain, he said.

"Before, we could tell people who to vote for," Mr. Castaneda said. "But now people vote for whomever they want."

**Graphic**

Photos: Consuelo Martinez Gonzalez, left, and her daughter, Hilda, turned against the PRI when Hilda's ceramics business almost failed in 1995. Teresa Lasso, a beauty parlor owner, plans to vote for a leftist candidate. Since devaluation of the peso, her loan payments far exceed her income. Alfredo Castaneda is a PRI stalwart in Tetela del Monte. "Whatever you think of the PRI Government, it's certainly helped us," he said. (Photographs by Phillippe Diederich for The New York Times)

Map of Mexico showing the location of Cuernavaca.

**Load-Date:** July 4, 1997

**End of Document**



[***The Last Resort***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:431P-K180-0109-T3WN-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 13, 2001 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2001 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 7; Column 1; Book Review Desk; Pg. 11

**Length:** 1450 words

**Byline:**  By Sven Birkerts; Sven Birkerts teaches creative writing at Mount Holyoke College and is the author of five books of essays. His memoir will be published next year.

**Body**

HOTEL HONOLULU

By Paul Theroux.

424 pp. Boston:

Houghton Mifflin Company. $26.

BORN and bred in, and very likely bored by, the ***working-class*** town of Medford, Mass. -- not five miles from where I write this review -- Paul Theroux made an early flight into an apparent exoticism. But if there's a paradox at the heart of his impressively prolific career (24 works of fiction and 13 of nonfiction in three and a half decades), it's that, deep down, his vision succeeds in shredding away the bright plumage of locale and custom to reveal a human nature almost frighteningly familiar in its rapacious self-seeking. A writer wouldn't have to leave Medford to discover this, but Theroux did -- and it has made all the difference.

Theroux's first stop, in the early 1960's, was Africa. He went to Malawi with the Peace Corps and later taught English in Uganda, where he struck up

a hugely formative friendship with V. S. Naipaul, that most dyspeptic of outsiders, a relationship Theroux chronicled with scathing frankness in his recent memoir, "Sir Vidia's Shadow."

Out of this African experience came three early novels -- Waldo" was the first -- setting a pattern in which travels and displacements were followed by literary echoes. Theroux's subsequent moves -- to Singapore, to England -- yielded novels like "Saint Jack," "The Black House" and "The Family Arsenal." His vivid trail of letters grew, embracing not just fiction but, after the immense success of his 1975 travelogue, "The Great Railway Bazaar," all manner of documentaries of place.

Now entering his 60's, Theroux seems protean, inventing himself anew from book to book, trying on situations and approaches with an inventive ease that seems surprisingly free of the narrowing warps of obsession. If he is not quite as well known as his output would seem to warrant, that may be owing to this same penchant for shape-shifting. Readers have not known just where to put him.

One emergent tendency, however, might provide some insight into the enterprise. In his 1989 novel, "My Secret History," Theroux first tried on the Rothian strategy of the "counterlife" narration, creating a protagonist who could be seen to live a life almost adjacent to the author's own: Theroux's life as experienced by someone else, or something similar. "My Other Life," his brilliant hybrid, published in 1996, used the same scheme -- and, arguably, the same life -- to create a high and satisfying tension. Following its first-person narrator from Africa to Singapore to England and on, it steered right down the dotted line that separates literal fact from literary reimagining, verifiable from psychological truth.

"Hotel Honolulu," Theroux's new novel, deals with the theme of the near other in a different way. Inhabiting an alter ego with suspiciously familiar biographical markings, Theroux pulls certain of his previous procedures inside out. Instead of stalking the boards front and center, he all but absents himself, becoming a watchful background presence, gathering the stories of others. Where formerly he might have projected himself outward at the turbulent variety of things, now he remains very still. He sits, unblinking, while the world swims slowly past his gaze.

Theroux's unnamed narrator is a writer in retreat -- from writing and from life. After a trajectory in many ways mapping the author's own, the man has landed in Honolulu, where he takes a job managing the Hotel Honolulu, a midlist establishment catering to a rather extraordinary diversity of visitors. He is 49. "I needed a rest from everything imaginary," he says, "and I felt that in settling in Hawaii, and not writing, I was returning to the world."

The narrator's boss, an outsize profligate named Buddy Hamstra, gives him the free rein he needs and offers privileged glimpses into the myriad stories that unfold behind the doors on either side of the corridors. "Hotel Honolulu" is part "Decameron," part "Ship of Fools" and perhaps also part "Satyricon." For as the stories stream our way, twisted into arresting shapes by our all-but-concealed guide, we come to believe in a world ruled by the great lawless god Id. Whether large-scale or small, all is appetite and compulsion, passion and retribution, sorrow and compensation.

The novel has no single overarching plot. It is, rather, an unscrolling human panorama in which we encounter characters like Eddie Alfanta, who celebrates special occasions with his wife by buying lovers for her. Or Benno Nevermann, the son of a local gossip columnist called Madam Ma, who finds his satisfaction in tracking down the formerly popular kids from his high school: "One of the most accomplished was also an alcoholic. One of the wealthiest, George Kunkle, had lost his fortune gambling. The pretty girls in high school had become plain and middle-aged. Nevermann charted their rise and fall. He collected pictures. In albums he created little histories. The detail in his work gave it depth, and it resembled natural history, as though Nevermann were describing the life cycle of a new species."

But these are tame instances. As the novel progresses, we get more and more immersed in tragic passion and sexual fixation as well as more morbid pursuits. There is the story of Sister Anthony, raped as a girl by her father, who then coaches her to be strong in the face of her despair. "Be like a rat," he tells her. "A rat will do anything to stay alive." She is sent to a convent, where she mortifies her own flesh while secretly feeding a rat she keeps in a box under her bed. "But there was no end to a rat's hunger, and when it wanted more Sister Anthony extended her knuckles and let the rat gnaw them until they were raw. Then she folded her skinny bleeding hands and prayed."

Theroux strings together dozens of these dark parables with practiced care. But while most of them are compelling (or hair-raising) on their own, their accumulation renders the novel increasingly amorphous. Variegated and complex ("like one of those beautiful broken bowls of koa wood: you could admire the beauty in the separate pieces"), Hawaii moves in and out of focus. Possibly as a corrective, Theroux begins to thrust the character of Buddy forward, immersing us in his travails.

Buddy's face is his character: "It was puffy and piratical, too big from food, lopsided with booze, blotchy with broken veins and grog blossoms, leathery from too much sun. . . . He was old at 60, when I first met him. 'I'm not going to last forever,' he said, meaning he felt he had only a few more good years left."

But Buddy intends to live out those years in the style to which he has accustomed himself. After his beloved wife, Stella, dies, after her memorial celebration (during which he puts her cremated ashes in a pepper mill and asks his guests to take a taste), he finds Pinky, a video-order bride from the Philippines. Young, slight and rambunctious, she will prove to be Buddy's match. But he won't know what he has taken on until Pinky cajoles him into letting some of her "relations" come to live at the hotel.

HERE and there along the way, the narrator pops up in front of the projection screen of narrative, as if to counter the tale-spinning momentum with a bit of tonic verisimilitude. At one point, for instance, he strikes up a conversation with a distinguished older gentleman who turns out to be the noted critic and Henry James biographer Leon Edel, who really did live out his later years in Hawaii. Edel knows of the narrator and his work, and the two men's literary recognition is a strange, almost ethereal handclasp in the midst of so much shifting and shuddering "life." As in so many of Theroux's more recent books, we feel the uneasy but stimulating coexistence of realities thought to be mutually exclusive.

The novel draws to its close when Buddy's much-assaulted health begins to fail. He is unbowed through most of his long decline, but eventually the end arrives. "The risk taker," our stricken narrator observes, "madly signaling for attention, is always preparing you for his death, and as time passes, this interminable anticlimax is more maddening than morbid. When death finally comes you just feel angry and want to blame the sadistic son of a bitch."

Still, when Buddy dies an era ends, and his widow, upon taking over the hotel, immediately discloses her gold digger's soul. The narrator knows he must move on and does, repairing to a quiet bungalow and beginning to wrestle with the question of whether or not he can make his way back to writing. We sense that he will -- and that he'll write a book just like this one, weaving something vast and various from the exotically ordinary world he has been immersed in for so long.

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

**Graphic**

Drawing (Boris Kulikov)

**Load-Date:** May 13, 2001

**End of Document**



[***Hong Kong's Ruler Says Farewell to All That - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-6PB0-000P-N0G5-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

**Correction Appended**



Copyright 1997 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Foreign Desk

**Section:** Section A; ; Section A; Page 3; Column 1; Foreign Desk ; Column 1; ; Series

**Length:** 1164 words

**Byline:** By EDWARD A. GARGAN

By EDWARD A. GARGAN

**Series:** WAITING FOR CHINA: The Last Governor

**Dateline:** HONG KONG, June 25

**Body**

The crucifix that was above his desk was gone today, as was the Chinese rosewood furniture he collected during his time in Asia. His files were packed, the books gone, and there were just a few suitcases waiting to be taken away.

But Hong Kong's last colonial Governor, Christopher Patten, was momentarily unmovable as he basked in the glow of his last public opinion poll. With only six days remaining before he was to surrender his post and Hong Kong was to revert to Chinese rule, it was a time for reflection on his sometimes troubled tenure, and a little boasting.

"In five years," he ruminated, sinking deep into an armchair in his now barren office, "there've been no ugly strikes. There have been no violent demos, there have been no big student demos, no riots, and crime has fallen. Growth has increased by over 30 percent in real terms. Institutions like the civil service and the police have held together remarkably well.

"So in 1997, what do I think about Hong Kong? I think it's a great city in great shape, and I hope the Chinese leadership recognize that."

Certainly the people here do. A poll released on Tuesday found that 79 percent of those surveyed among Hong Kong's 6.3 million citizens approve of the job Mr. Patten has done as the territory's 28th Governor.

By contrast, only 57 percent support Tung Chee-hwa, the shipping tycoon chosen by Beijing to run Hong Kong beginning next Tuesday.

Fei Pang, or Fat Pang, as the 53-year-old former politician in Britain's Conservative Party is familiarly known around here, has done much in his half-decade here to win the hearts and minds of Hong Kong.

Abandoning the Gilbert and Sullivan regalia worn by his predecessors, including a plumed hat that Mr. Patten invariably likened to a dead chicken, the Governor plunged into the streets and housing projects, the schools and restaurants -- particularly the restaurants -- of Hong Kong with the frenzy of a candidate on his first campaign.

Still, his time here has not always been easy. Britain and China were often at loggerheads in their negotiations over Hong Kong's future. Invariably, the Governor was the public face of what Beijing deemed British stubbornness.

But it was Mr. Patten's decision to baptize Hong Kong in the sea of democratic politics, to grant Hong Kong's people the right to elect members of their local legislature, that infuriated Beijing and permanently soured relations with Britain.

While at the time virtually the whole of Hong Kong's business and political establishment celebrated his push for elections, "thunder from the north," as Mr. Patten referred to Beijing's displeasure, soon silenced the business community.

Next Tuesday, China will abolish the elected legislature and replace it with an appointed council. The future of electoral politics here remains clouded, but Mr. Patten is unrepentant of his challenge to Beijing.

"Why should it be thought in Hong Kong's interest for us to put our chop, when we're sovereign, on arrangements that suit China's concern about political control in Hong Kong?" asked the Governor, straightening himself perceptibly in his chair. "From 1984 we promised Hong Kong that before we left we would put in place a solidly based democratic administration."

He pursed his lips slightly and stopped for a moment. "You can dismantle institutions," he said, "but you can't dismantle benchmarks. People now know what a fair election is like, and they'll sure as hell know what an unfair election is like if one takes place."

Much of the affection that Mr. Patten has won here was evident last week as he made the last of what he calls his "walkabouts," in the ***working-class*** neighborhood of Tsuen Wan. In the schoolyard of Tsuen Wan Our Lady Catholic School, children waved green and orange and pink pompoms as a long black Daimler purred to a stop.

Mr. Patten was out the door in a flash, diving into the crowd of parents who had come to watch, some to gawk, at the last glimmer of a colonial personage. Across the street, at the Tin Lee Analgesic Traditional Medicine Shop, Stella Lee watched the commotion, arms folded, her eye occasionally glancing back at an elderly patient. "I like the Governor," she offered. "He's very straight."

For his efforts, China, through the newspapers it owns here, has showered Mr. Patten with invective.

"A sinner for a thousand generations" was an early and frequent epithet. Now, in the hollowness of his office, Mr. Patten savored some of his favorites among the insults hurled by Beijing.

"I enjoyed 'tango dancer,' after I said it took two to tango," an apparent insult delivered after Mr. Patten chided Beijing for sluggish behavior on the dance floor of negotiations. He called references to him as a prostitute "rather vulgar."

"But otherwise," Mr. Patten went on, "I support without reservation all the New China News Agency" -- the Chinese Communist Party's official presence here -- "has done to give me what American politicians call international name recognition. They have turned this humble, failed British politician into a knight on a white charger."

He harbors less admiration for Hong Kong's tycoons, a group that has in recent years almost entirely embraced Beijing's plans for Hong Kong, particularly the scuttling of Mr. Patten's democratic reforms and the curtailment of civil liberties that will come into force on July 1.

"They are the sort of people whose alleged advocacy of Hong Kong's cause does so much damage to Hong Kong in the United States -- all that stuff about no one in Hong Kong caring about rights and civil liberties," he said. "What a ridiculous thing to say.

"I just think they are completely out of touch, although I notice that some of them can't hate civil liberties and human rights all that much, because they have American passports." Indeed, of a group of Hong Kong's 20 richest magnates who have formed a lobbying group to defend Beijing here, nearly all hold foreign passports.

Next Monday, when Mr. Patten leaves his mid-19th-century colonial home for the last time, his successor, Mr. Tung, will not be moving in. The feng shui, or the building's alignment with nature as determined by ancient geomantic principles, is inauspicious, Mr. Tung insisted.

Not so for the departing Governor.

"Without going into details of geomancy," the Governor said, "I can only say that for my family and the last gov, this has been an extremely happy home for five years."

Although he will be unemployed next Tuesday, Mr. Patten will not be unoccupied. He intends, he said, to spend time at his house in southern France writing a book not so much about Hong Kong, but about Asia in general.

His wife, Lavender, will join him, as will the couple's two Norfolk terriers, Whiskey and Soda, who are to leave for France by air on Thursday.

The Pattens' three daughters will enroll in school in England next year.

"We've had a terrific time, and we will leave at 4:30 next Monday afternoon with lumps in our throat," Mr. Patten said. "And we've been told not to blub."

**Correction**

An article yesterday about Christopher Patten, Governor of Hong Kong, misstated the size of his family in some editions. He has three daughters, not two.

**Correction-Date:** June 27, 1997, Friday

**Graphic**

Photo: On the last of his "walkabouts" through Hong Kong, the Governor, Christopher Patten, was greeted at Tsuen Wan Our Lady Catholic School. (John Giannini for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** June 26, 1997

**End of Document**



[***More Open Space, More Affordable Housing***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4HY0-B940-TW8F-G285-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 1, 2006 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2006 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 14LI; Column 1; Long Island Weekly Desk; Pg. 3

**Length:** 1691 words

**Byline:** By JULIA C. MEAD

**Dateline:** EAST HAMPTON

**Body**

WHEN three Democrats swept the town board election here last month, they did so on a platform that simultaneously called for preserving more open space and building more affordable housing. That strategy was not a new one but has over the past two decades helped many town candidates, Democrats and Republicans, win support from two significant blocs of voters.

Curtailing development through the public acquisition of vacant land appeals to the wealthy owners of second homes and recent refugees from New York City; they want to maintain the high property values and rural characteristics that drew them in the first place. Building more publicly subsidized housing appeals to year-round ***working-class*** residents; as the median house price has soared beyond $825,000, they have watched affordable rentals all but disappear.

Government officials in East Hampton, like those all over Long Island, have long viewed the two programs as unrelated, with distinct financing sources and goals that position them on parallel paths. So have nonprofit organizations working in related fields. Except during election campaigns, rarely are the two programs discussed simultaneously.

''I don't really see them as being connected,'' said William McGintee, who was elected here in November to a second term as town supervisor.

''No, they're not related at all,'' agreed Steve Levy, the county executive.

But, as Suffolk and its easternmost towns, including East Hampton, buy up and preserve thousands of acres of woodland and wetlands each year and the building boom continues, the pool of available land on which anyone -- a developer, a nonprofit agency or government -- can build houses is being greatly reduced.

And that means the paths of the two programs are converging to the point where they could collide.

''Government competing with the development industry drives prices up for everybody,'' said Lee E. Koppelman, the chairman of the Long Island Regional Planning Board and the director of Stony Brook University's Center for Regional Policy Studies. ''But, more to the point, every acre that government preserves leaves one less acre for housing. And I can't say that there's plenty of land left for everyone.''

He noted that Suffolk County voters typically support open-space preservation by overwhelming margins in referendums. In 2004, a $100-million bond act in the Town of Brookhaven was approved by more than 70 percent of the votes cast. ''I thought that would scare the voters, but it sailed through like they were giving out gold bricks,'' Dr. Koppelman said.

Suffolk has an estimated 65,000 buildable acres left, most of it privately owned and nearly all in the county's eastern half, said Thomas Isles, the county planning director. ''Over all, Suffolk has the ability to grow by no more than another 15 to 20 percent of population,'' he said. ''More than half of the county is built out.''

Mr. Isles said that means Suffolk is maturing into fully developed suburbia where the only way left to create more housing would be to redevelop commercial or industrial sites. ''That offers established communities a second bite of the apple -- and maybe a chance to do it better the second time around,'' he said.

Of the vacant land left, Dr. Koppelman said that the eastern towns had been gradually decreasing the allowable density. Riverhead recently up-zoned parcels to one house for every two acres and East Hampton rezoned to one house for every five acres. ''And the market is such that it's a good bet most of that will be developed as luxury housing,'' he said.

Of its 583,000 acres, Suffolk County already has 50,000 permanently preserved, not including federal, state and locally owned parkland, and the county has targeted another 9,000 acres for acquisition, Mr. Isles said.

The competition for land between developers and government has helped to drive prices so high that ''affordable housing'' on the Island threatens to become an oxymoron. And, in perhaps 5 to 10 years, land worth preserving for environmental reasons will already have been preserved.

That is a major reason that those responsible for creating affordable housing have so tightly embraced the notion of smart growth, which combines higher-density development in residential areas with remodeling blighted commercial sites into rental housing. A project by the Long Island Housing Partnership, for example, replaced two overcrowded boarding houses in the Sunnybrook Court section of Bay Shore with 10 low-cost town houses.

''In areas that are already developed, we have to ask for increased density to make it work,'' said Peter Elkowitz, the partnership's president. ''But if I'm competing for land with a private developer or for open-space use, it's just not going to happen.''

Mr. Levy said that with proper planning, land preservation and affordable housing need not be mutually exclusive. He has charged the county's Workforce Housing Commission with developing ways to create housing and has also suggested using county land in Yaphank to build employer-subsidized apartments.

''Even 1,000 units would be just a drop in the bucket in terms of the size of the problem,'' Dr. Koppelman said.

The Workforce Housing Commission observed in a report issued in late December, as did Dr. Koppelman and others, that the reasons for high housing prices and the scarcity of land are complex, driven partly by demand, partly by supply, partly by shifting government priorities.

Still, the commission called Suffolk's thirst for land preservation a major contributor. The report urged the county to pursue high-density residential development in abandoned commercial areas, to put permits for such projects on a fast track and to encourage towns and villages to do the same.

Nassau County has already reached the point known in planning circles as build-out. Across Nassau, only 5,000 undeveloped acres remain. With lots there starting at $750,000, the price is too high and the competition from developers too fierce for government to consider building more low-cost houses, Dr. Koppelman said.

Instead, the recent emphasis has been on expanding or renovating the subsidized rental units that exist, packing more tenants into already densely developed neighborhoods.

Suffolk's four westernmost towns -- Babylon, Smithtown, Huntington and Islip -- are nearing build-out, Dr. Koppelman said. Yet Brookhaven has $100 million to spend on open-space preservation, Suffolk County has $75 million, and all five East End towns -- East Hampton, Riverhead, Shelter Island, Southold and Southampton -- have a 2-percent tax on mortgage transfers to pay for land. East Hampton's tax alone generated $20 million this year.

''Put it all together and it's an enormous amount of money that will dramatically diminish the availability of land,'' Dr. Koppelman said. ''That's inescapable.''

Consider East Hampton. This year's winning town board candidates -- Mr. McGintee, the incumbent Councilwoman Pat Mansir and their running mate, Brad Loewen -- were not making empty campaign promises. The town board agenda for early 2006 shows signs of continuing an already aggressive open-space preservation program by targeting thousands of acres for acquisition.

That agenda also includes steps to jump-start a stagnant affordable-housing program, by building up to 50 subsidized homes by the end of 2006 and loosening zoning restrictions to allow more small apartments in houses and above stores.

But Mr. Isles, the county planning director, asked what would have happened to East Hampton if the town had not bought up more than a third of its land? Its bucolic views have helped to rein in development and contribute to the vigorous demand for second homes, he said.

''I don't believe you would reduce the demand or market prices by increasing the supply of land,'' he said. ''The demand factors far outweigh the supply considerations, and we'd still have the problem of too little affordable housing.''

The money for town acquisitions comes from the town's Community Preservation Fund, where revenue from the mortgage transfer tax is deposited.

''With an endless stream of revenue, there's no reason why we shouldn't make these acquisitions,'' said Mr. McGintee, adding that there remains strong support in East Hampton to buy development rights on farmland and to acquire the deeds to wetlands and woodlands.

He said that the town's share of publicly subsidized housing, typically built by partnerships of government and nonprofit groups or private developers, comes directly from taxpayers. ''We will invest as much in affordable housing as the taxpayers can bear, because the need here is enormous,'' he said.

In other words, the board will give the voters what they want.

Nearly 15,200 acres, or about 35 percent of East Hampton's 43,752 acres, were in the public domain by 2004, an increase of 18 percentage points from 1984. During the same span, development spread to cover 51 percent of the town, while the population grew an estimated 31 percent between 1990 and 2004. In 1997, the median sale price of a house was $200,000; it has more than quadrupled.

According to the town's 2005 comprehensive plan, only 4,768 vacant acres remain, and the town board has hired its first preservation czar to make sure none of the targeted properties fall through bureaucratic cracks.

Predicting that low taxes -- East Hampton has the second-lowest rate in Suffolk -- and the lure of living near beaches and working farms would continue to draw new homeowners in droves, Mr. McGintee said he could not foresee a drop-off in demand for either new houses or services like police, roads and schools.

''Real estate values have always increased in relation to the demand to live out here, and that demand remains strong,'' he said.

The only options for East Hampton, Mr. McGintee said, are to continue to rein in development by preserving larger, environmentally sensitive parcels, imposing limits on smaller ones with zoning restrictions, and finding places in commercial developments to fit the odd apartment or two.

''It's a constant balancing act,'' he said.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: East Hampton plans to add up to 50 subsidized homes, like this one, by the end of 2006.

William McGintee, left, East Hampton town supervisor, hopes to add affordable housing, above, and continue open-space preservation. (Photographs by Gordon M. Grant for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** January 1, 2006

**End of Document**



[***The Lost Island***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5K6G-4CF1-DXY4-X4SN-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 10, 2016 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2016 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section MM; Column 0; Magazine Desk; Pg. 42; FEATURE

**Length:** 6071 words

**Byline:** By JON GERTNER

Jon Gertner is at work on a book about the past, present and future of Greenland. He last wrote for the magazine about scientists studying the melting polar ice sheets.

**Body**

It was a few minutes before noon on Tangier Island in Virginia, just about high tide, when David Schulte pushed the toe of his red sneaker into Marilyn Pruitt's soggy backyard. Schulte, a marine biologist with the United States Army Corps of Engineers, frowned, withdrew his foot, found another spot nearby and pressed his toe down again. His sneaker sank into the ground, and water pooled around it. ''It's like that all the time,'' Pruitt called out from her back porch. ''It doesn't dry out anymore.''

Schulte looked up at Pruitt, then crouched down to look closer. There were small holes in the ground, spaced about six inches apart, filled with clear water. ''Fiddler crabs,'' he said. He stood up, turned and walked to the periphery of Pruitt's property, where the yard was rimmed by a thicket of wild, knee-high spartina grasses, matted by wind and salt spray. As I followed Schulte, it felt as if we were walking on a sponge. Every step squished and slurped. ''This isn't even a yard anymore,'' Schulte told me. ''I mean, it's technically more like a marsh, a wetland.''

From where we stood, a few hundred feet from the shoreline, the view was postcard-perfect. White fishing boats dotted the Chesapeake Bay under a hazy March sky; the eastern shore of Maryland formed a dark, distant stripe on the horizon some 14 miles away. ''Sometimes I think we were crazy to build a house out here,'' Pruitt told me earlier. ''But I guess there are worse places to get stuck.'' The real estate market was stalled, she meant, and her family had been unable to sell the property. But it was also the case that she built the house in a place where the bay was steadily advancing on her backyard every year, usually by about a dozen feet. In bad times -- when a nor'easter stormed through, say -- great chunks of Tangier were torn off. But even in calmer conditions, the losses were steady and seemingly unstoppable. Week by week, wave by wave, grain by grain, Tangier was washing away.

Schulte first visited the island in 2002, when the corps asked him to look into the restoration of some nearby oyster beds. ''My first impression was just how low everything on Tangier was,'' he recalled. Most of the island, which consists of several long sandy ridges connected by footbridges and amounts to a little over a square mile, is about four or five feet above sea level. The low elevations and the quiet, bird-filled wetlands and tidal creeks produce a sense of living with the water, rather than beside it. Schulte has returned to Tangier several times over the past decade to track its health. Last year, when some money became available at the corps to research the impact of climate change on coastal areas, he and a couple of colleagues began a study on Tangier, believing that this tiny island might also yield insights into the vulnerability of cities and towns all along the Eastern Seaboard. They concluded that Tangier had lost two-thirds of its landmass since 1850. To scientists who study the Chesapeake, this was not surprising: Over the past four centuries, Schulte estimates, more than 500 islands have disappeared from the bay, about 40 of them once inhabited. The most striking aspect of the Tangier research, however, was how bleak the island's future looked.

Some of its troubles are the result of the same forces behind sea-level rises everywhere. Warmer global temperatures make oceans bigger -- a process known as thermal expansion -- and thus increase sea levels; at the same time, land-based glaciers around the world, along with the ice caps on Greenland and Antarctica, are melting into the ocean. ''But they've got it worse here,'' Schulte said. Tangier's location in the center of the bay, along with its friable turf of sand and silt, leaves it dangerously exposed and fragile. What's more, the land in and around the Chesapeake is sinking, because of lingering effects from geological events dating back 20,000 years. ''They're just in a very untenable position,'' Schulte said. ''And they don't have any options right now other than something big to turn them around.'' A very big construction project, in short.

Schulte's study of Tangier, published online in the journal Nature last year, concluded that the island might have 50 years left and that its residents were likely to become some of the first climate-change refugees in the continental United States. Tangier was not necessarily a lost cause: Schulte outlined a rough engineering plan, costing around $30 million, that involved break­waters, pumped-in sand and new vegetation that could preserve the island. What his paper couldn't possibly resolve, though, were the immense economic and political obstacles involved in saving an obscure place from oblivion precisely when big East Coast cities were seeking hundreds of millions of federal dollars for storm-surge protection. Indeed, as seas rise and scientists fine-tune their projections for an era of floods -- large parts of Miami Beach, according to some predictions, may be uninhabitable by around 2050 -- Tangier's situation represents an early glimpse of a problem so enormously complex, so ''wicked,'' in the argot of social scientists, it seems to defy resolution.

There will be dozens of Miamis and thousands of Tangiers. ''The Outer Banks, the Delmarva Peninsula, Long Island, the Jersey Shore -- they're in the same boat,'' Schulte said. ''It's going to just take a little longer for them to get to where Tangier is now.'' An excruciating question is how we will decide which coastal communities to rescue and which to relinquish to the sea. But a number of other difficulties attend those decisions. How do we re-engineer the land, roads and neighborhoods of the places deemed worthy of salvation? How do we relocate residents whose homes can't (or won't) be saved? Also, there's the money problem. A recent study, commissioned by the Risky Business Project, an initiative led by Henry Paulson, Michael Bloomberg and the hedge-fund billionaire and philanthropist Tom Steyer, concluded that as much as a half-trillion dollars' worth of coastal property in the United States could be under water by the end of the century. And that figure doesn't include the cost of further encroachments by flooding. As Skip Stiles, the head of Wetlands Watch, a Virginia nonprofit that focuses on coastal preservation and sea-level rise, puts it, ''Is there even enough money in the world to buy out -- to make whole -- everybody's investment that's going to get soggy?''

After we left Marilyn Pruitt's yard, Schulte and I walked through town together. We dodged resi­dents driving golf carts on the narrow roadways -- there are very few automobiles on Tangier -- and hopped over a number of large puddles. We made our way to Lorraine's, the only restaurant open in the colder months. ''I'm thinking, from what I see today, that 50 years may be optimistic,'' Schulte said. At this rate, he wondered if Tangier had even 25.

Renee Tyler, Tangier's town manager, works in an office next to the airport, in a prefabricated building topped with solar panels. The first thing Tyler said to Schulte when we visited her was: ''I wish we could just stick something under the island and just pump it up. You know, inflate it.'' She and Schulte discussed how the Army Corps was planning to build a small jetty on the northwestern side of the island in 2018. But it's a modest project, she told me, and the jetty is not likely to mitigate the worsening floods. So something far more involved, something resembling Schulte's plan, is needed. The problem is that the island is too poor to fund the work on its own. Tangier -- population 470 -- is steadfastly ***working class***, with a median household income of about $40,000. ''I started a campaign on generosity.com for donations,'' Tyler, a blunt 51-year-old former Marine, said. ''We don't have any billionaires here.''

I asked her if the town could borrow money to pay for sea walls or breakers. ''There's no way we'd be able to pay that back,'' she said. ''Not in our lifetime or our kids' lifetime.'' What about a one-time tax assessment? Tyler shook her head. ''Nope. Not here. We're starting from nothing.''

That appears to leave the island at the mercy of the state and federal governments -- and in particular, the Army Corps of Engineers, which would probably shoulder the burden of any large-scale construction effort. But understanding the process by which the corps gets involved with places like Tangier also helps explain why the island probably faces some rough years ahead. Schulte works out of the corps's district office in Norfolk, in a squat modern building where I visited him a few weeks before we met on Tangier. He and a number of his superiors made a convincing case to me that the corps is increasingly focused on climate change; the devastation caused by Hurricane Sandy, for instance, recently led the agency to make a thorough assessment of risks to the United States' North Atlantic coast and to identify potential new flood-control projects. The district commander, Col. Jason Kelly, told me that some of the reflexive tendencies of the corps to build big dams and dikes -- the old rallying cry, as he put it, of ''Let's get the concrete going!'' -- are now enhanced by holistic (and, often, cheaper) ways of managing floodwaters, by installing natural defenses like marshlands and dunes, say.

The corps employs roughly 32,000 civilians and about 700 military personnel; the list of projects it oversees around the country runs to nearly 200 pages. Yet by the standards of federal agencies, the corps's civil-works budget -- the money used for the construction, operations and maintenance of domestic, nonmilitary engineering projects -- is not large, topping off at just under $5 billion last year. Most of that funding goes to maintain navigable waterways, marine ecosystems and dams; only a fraction is directed to coastal flood work. Robert Bea, an engineering professor at the University of California, Berkeley, and a longtime observer of the agency, told me the corps was ''always working on a pretty thin shoestring. And they're always in this tension between what can be done and what should be done.''

The corps does not have complete control over its agenda. Rather, it responds to requests from towns and cities and to the instructions of fed­eral lawmakers. Essentially, there are two routes a community can take to initiate the corps's partici­pation, and each takes time. The first is to seek help for smaller projects, under about $10 million each, that are judged important by the corps leader­ship and can be funded out of the corps's annual budget, provided that costs will be shared by a state, county or township. A good example is the small jetty for Tangier, which is meant to preserve a navigation channel and will be paid for by the corps and the state of Virginia. But amid so many other competing state and federal projects, that money has taken decades to secure: The jetty was first proposed in the mid-1990s.

Bigger projects are even more complicated. The week before we met, Kelly said, the corps agreed to conduct a major flood-management study on behalf of Norfolk, which is already suffering so many floods that some of the city's arterial roads are routinely shut down after storms. Unlike Schulte's brief scientific assessment on Tangier, major studies like the one for Norfolk need to be authorized by Congress, typically through something known as a Water Resources Development Act bill. After authorization, the study process takes several years and millions of dollars, but it is the crucial step that precedes any large Army Corps construction project. In Norfolk's case, the eventual work -- funded jointly by the city and federal governments -- might take a decade or more and might involve building sea walls, breakwaters, marshlands and pumps. Judging by other big flood-management projects, it might also cost hundreds of millions of dollars. Still, that could prove a bargain for Norfolk if the results significantly reduce the city's risk of flooding. Compared with the cost of fed­eral emergency assistance, along with the potential harm done to the city's tax revenue, hundreds of millions for storm-surge protection isn't so much.

Politics seems to play an outsize role in shaping the corps's priorities. Every few years, a small number of Washington legislators privately debate a large number of potential Army Corps projects for a new WRDA bill -- and a powerful member of Congress can often push a pet project to the top of the list. ''Everybody jostles and gets in line,'' J. David Rogers, a geological engineer at the Missouri University of Science and Technology, told me. ''So if you come out on the top of the WRDA cake, your work gets done. And if it doesn't, your work doesn't get done.'' Michael Oppenheimer, a professor at Princeton who studies the intersection of climate change and policy, told me that Beltway deals are only part of the problem. The corps exists within a larger government system that focuses more on storm repairs than on preparation and adaptation, and there seems to be no immediate prospect for creating a national organization that can proactively address the coastal problems caused by climate change. ''This is all patchwork,'' he says. And our safety web of policies and agencies -- the corps was founded in 1779 -- predates an age when rising sea levels posed existential threats.

To act quickly, wealthy cities like New York have begun to largely self-fund their waterfront defenses. But the United States has more than 88,000 miles of shoreline; roughly five million people and 2.6 million homes are situated less than four feet above high tide. Considering that the corps already strains under its present workload, it's hard to know who or what will come to the aid of less affluent towns when sea levels are three or four feet higher than today. Tangier's prospects seemed to dim even as I listened to Kelly explain his protocol and heard how many cities compete for the corps's limited funds.

''We know Tangier has to compete with other projects,'' Tyler said. ''But we feel -- I don't know, is 'inconsequential' the right word? We feel that we're not a priority, that we're too small to make a difference.'' Tyler said she hadn't given up, but she was worried. ''We really have not thought of Plan B,'' she told me. ''Or it may be that Plan B scares me.''

Repeatedly she told me, ''Time is running out.'' And all around Tangier, I had the sense that unlike most seaside towns, where the pace of life tends toward the languorous, clocks were ticking faster than everywhere else. When I walked about the island with Schulte, he was buttonholed by one resident after another and asked a variation of ''When are you going to start building a sea wall?'' Knowing how tricky the funding proc­ess can be, he would respond that the soonest anything could happen -- ''at best'' -- might be a few years. He sometimes looked pained as he said it. Later he told me: ''I grew up in a steel-mill town outside of Pittsburgh. And I remember that feeling when all the steel mills started shutting down, that feeling that there was no viable future. It must be the same here, but on Tangier it's the land itself that's the problem.''

For any large-scale project, the corps needs to identify what Kelly calls a ''legitimate national interest.'' The national interest can sometimes be framed in economic and military terms -- in Norfolk, preserving the city's shipping port, which also hosts the country's largest naval base. In other places, crucial ecosystem restoration or, in rarer instances, historical preservation, may justify the corps's involvement. Schulte's arguments for saving Tangier are a mix of these. ''It's the last offshore fishing community in Virginia, literally the last one standing,'' he told me over dinner one evening. ''We lose parts of America when we lose places like this.'' The island was placed on the National Register of Historic Places in 2014. Tangier's community has been there for hundreds of years, Schulte notes -- the island was mainly settled by several families from Cornwall and Devon, England, in the 1700s and 1800s, and their heritage is still discernible in the residents' unusual accent, a Colonial-era Cornwall patois wrapped inside a Virginia twang that has long drawn the attention of linguists and anthropologists. That accent would disappear if the island were lost. Schulte made the economic case too. Tangier's sea grass (known as subaqueous vegetation beds) and wetlands have significant ecological worth. The subaqueous vegetation beds are where blue crabs reach maturity, and migrating birds rest on the wetlands. The vegetation cleanses the water and air. He has calculated the ''ecosystem value'' of Tangier to be millions of dollars annually.

The descendants of the island's early English settlers continue to work on crab and oyster boats. When the town was founded, its fishermen, known here as watermen, had no idea that ecological disaster would threaten the island. ''It's not like someone who builds in a floodplain intentionally, knowing that there's this chance,'' Schulte said. ''So I feel that these people should get some help.'' He added that the problem was not just a few houses: ''It's the whole town.'' Re-establishing them on the mainland would be expensive. ''Let's say we do nothing and let the island go away, and then move everybody. How do we deal with that? It's not going to be a cheap undertaking, and it's going to be well beyond what the people there can pay.'' His bottom line was that bringing the island back to health could be cost-effective as well as virtuous.

Schulte did not take the challenges of fixing Tangier lightly, though. He brought up the example of Poplar Island, a spot in the Chesapeake some 60 miles north of Tangier, to explain why. Within the small community of engineers and scientists who spend their days thinking about how to save entire islands or coastal cities from vanishing during this century, Poplar looms greatly. In the late 1800s, it was home to Valliant, a small village with a post office, a school and 100 residents. Unfortunately, Valliant also had a sawmill. In cutting down the island's trees for lumber, the islanders destroyed the root system holding their soil together. By around 1920, Valliant was abandoned. And by the 1990s, Poplar Island shrank from about 1,200 acres to five acres and was on the cusp of extinction.

I went to Poplar, which is about two miles from Maryland's eastern shore, in late March, accompanied by Justin Callahan, a project manager for the corps's Baltimore division. He first traveled to Poplar in 1993, when it was just a tiny sandbar. ''We're at 1,140 acres now,'' he told me during the boat ride over, ''and ultimately we'll be expanding it to a total of 1,715 acres.'' The island is being resurrected, and what you find on Poplar now is a public-works project on a biblical scale, rising out of the Chesapeake. In 2003, the corps began building a boomerang-shaped dike as the island's new perimeter. This ''hard'' boundary was composed of sand piles covered with a strong textile material and topped with crushed stone and huge, 2,000-pound boulders. Since then, the corps has been filling the pools inside the perimeter wall with silt dredged from the channels leading into Baltimore Harbor and carted here by scow 24 hours a day during active periods of construction. The dredging of the channels would have occurred anyway -- it's necessary to keep the port deep enough for large cargo ships -- but ordinarily the silt would be dumped out in the ocean. By depositing it here, the state of Maryland, which owns Poplar, gets a better harbor and a new island. When it's finished, in 2040 or so, Poplar will be a wildlife sanctuary devoid of residents.

''A lot of what you usually see with the corps is known as 'pump and dump,' '' Callahan said once we reached the island. He was dressed in jeans and work boots, and he quickly borrowed a truck to give me a tour. We drove past a long line of trailers that serve as offices for the roughly 25 workers who come here daily -- no one stays overnight -- before turning onto a main dirt road that runs along the spine of the new island. '' 'Pump and dump' means you dredge it, deposit it and walk away,'' he continued. ''But this is different. A tremendous amount of engineering went into this.'' Half the island is being sculpted into wetlands, Callahan said, pointing to low-lying areas to my right, which had already been planted with spartina grass and were starting to flourish. The other half of the island will be dry ''uplands.'' These were on Callahan's left. Some of the upland hills have already been built to about 17 feet above sea level, on the way to about 25 feet, according to Callahan, a height that should fortify the island. In time, the uplands will be planted with pine trees. The corps will in effect undo the error that the residents of Poplar made 100 years ago.

As we drove along, Callahan pointed out a pipe three feet in diameter running alongside the road. It carried dredged material pumped from Poplar's bulkhead, where ships arrived with the silt carried from Baltimore channels, to the places being ''infilled'' on Poplar. Callahan parked at the end of the pipe so we could see the silt pour out into a roadside pool. It was black and viscous. Over the next few weeks, as the dark soup pooled higher and higher, water would drain out, the sediment would dry and settle and the process would then be repeated until the area reached the desired elevation. Surrounded by the dust and the noise of machinery, it was hard to picture the green idyll of the future. The whole place smelled like mud.

Poplar will ultimately cost about $1.4 billion -- or roughly $800,000 per acre. Earlier, Tan­gier's town manager, Renee Tyler, told me: ''What baffles me the most is that no one lives on Poplar. And they spent all this money on it. We have people who live here, as well as sea life and birds.'' Yet there are a number of reasons, some of them bureaucratic and obscure, that get in the way of using Baltimore harbor's silt to build up Tangier. This is Maryland's mud, not Virginia's, and Poplar (unlike Tangier) has the good fortune to lie within Maryland's waters. Another factor that works in Poplar's favor: the project has a defensible, cost-benefit appeal. ''If you want to do ecosystem restoration on a large scale,'' Callahan told me on the boat ride back, ''it's expensive, so it has to have a big economic driver.'' Here, the economic driver involves the effort to preserve the port of Baltimore, ''which is just a huge regional economic engine.'' That's what makes it difficult for Tangier, he added. No one would dispute that Tangier had a unique fishing culture and history, he remarked.

''It has no harbor project, though,'' Callahan said. Then he added, rhetorically, ''What is the economic driver for Tangier?''

One afternoon on Tangier, I stopped by the fire station to visit Anna Pruitt-Parks, a member of the Town Council and also Tangier's paramedic. Pruitt-Parks grew up on the island, and as a teenager she thought about leaving. ''But when you get Tangier mud between the toes,'' she told me, ''it's hard to go.'' She lives with her husband and children in her grandparents' house. For more than 40 years, she said, the house never flooded, but several recent storms brought water in. ''We've since had it elevated so it doesn't flood, and we had our land graded,'' she explained. But she sees the land all around Tangier sinking and eroding. Her 12-year-old son told her that he wants to be a waterman. ''I don't know if that will be possible,'' she told me, ''but that's what he wants.'' When I asked if she thought Tangier could provide a future for her children, she said: ''If all of the wheels turn that need to turn, I do believe that we can be saved, and even built back up -- not necessarily to the size we were 200 years ago. But if you look at projects like Poplar Island, it is possible.''

What is vexing for Tangierians is that their local challenges, as difficult as they seem, may pale next to their broader, long-term problems. ''It will take two things to save the island,'' David Schulte says. ''One is to engineer and repair it now. The other is to make sure that the worst-case scenario of climate change doesn't happen, because I've seen what that looks like in the computer modeling, and we don't want to go there. A lot of Norfolk is under water. Miami is under water.'' Tangier, too. For the moment, the world is on course for the worst-case impacts of sea-level rise -- perhaps up to six feet by 2100, a result of carbon dioxide pushing up temperatures and the polar ice sheets pouring meltwater into the oceans. At the same time, the forces that make the Chesapeake area so vulnerable (the region currently experiences about five millimeters of relative sea-level rise annually, significantly more than the global annual average of three millimeters) will not be getting any better. ''The land is likely to be sinking for many thousands of years,'' says Paul Bierman, a scientist at the University of Vermont who has studied the area's geology.

The Gulf Stream presents another problem. At present, this circulation of warm water in the Atlantic Ocean produces variations in sea level. The surface of the Atlantic is about 60 centimeters lower off the coast of New Jersey than it is off Bermuda, according to Robert Kopp, a professor at Rutgers. If the Gulf Stream weakens, Kopp says, as it is expected to do in a warmer climate, then the differences in sea level will equalize. Oceans will be even higher in the Mid-Atlantic region. This portends trouble not only for the Chesapeake, but also for Long Island and the Jersey Shore. And water will meanwhile be seeping into other urban centers. A recent study by the Union of Concerned Scientists concluded that several dozen American cities -- including Boston, New Haven and Savannah, Ga. -- could suffer more than 50 floods per year by about 2045 if they don't take serious measures to mitigate the rising tides; at least a dozen other places, including Philadelphia and Wilmington, N.C., may flood more than 150 times a year. If federal lawmakers find that hard to believe, they will see proof out the window: Parts of Washington could be inundated 388 times a year.

To Chris Moore, a senior scientist at the Chesapeake Bay Foundation, ''we're not anywhere near the point where we need to write off an entire community.'' Still, the science suggests that it may soon be time to consider which towns, islands and cities can (or cannot) be saved. This, in turn, prompts some hard thinking about which criteria -- economic wealth, population density, natural appeal, historical value -- should weigh most heavily in those decisions. ''It's just a sad fact that we can't spend an infinite amount of money defending the coast,'' Michael Oppenheimer, the Princeton professor, says. ''And the concept of retreat, which is sort of un-American, has to be normalized. It has to become part of the culture. Because there are some places where we're really going to have to retreat.''

I asked Skip Stiles, of Wetlands Watch, if there were reasons to spend vast sums on flood defenses even when long-term outcomes looked bleak. He surprised me by saying that some kind of investment could be an essential part of a regional or national strategy. Short-term fixes, even expensive ones, could allow residents and governments to make choices about how to help or resettle people; a sudden annihilation of hope, on the other hand, could destroy a town's real estate values and tax base. You'd have a rapid exodus, another Poplar Island. Ben Strauss of Climate Central, a research organization based in Princeton, N.J., seems to agree. ''A coastal community can understand that its life can be limited by future sea-level rises,'' he told me, ''but that shouldn't stop it from having a vital presence today.'' He also thinks it's conceivable that if the country's most threatened communities can address their potential demise as fairly as possible, they could serve as exemplars. ''That's a huge gift to other communities,'' he says, ''because this is going to be a widely shared problem.''

For the moment, though, the notion of managed decline is mostly just an idea. When Schulte's research on Tangier came out, some of the islanders came up with the idea of distributing T-shirts that read ''I refuse to become a climate-change refugee.'' When Schulte and I went downtown one afternoon to meet with Carol Moore-Pruitt, a native of Tangier who helped create the shirts, she told him: ''I don't know anything about climate change. But if calling me a climate-change refugee gets me a sea wall, then go ahead, call me a climate-change refugee.''

If the residents of Tangier want to look for insights into how their world might end, they can go to the northern edge of their island, to an area known as Uppards. Though it was connected to the rest of Tangier a century ago, Uppards is now a water-soaked parcel of land separated from the inhabited, southern part of the island by a broad navigation channel used by watermen. One day on Tangier, Schulte accepted an invitation from a visitor named Ron Kesner to see Tangier and Uppards by air, in Kesner's single-engine Cessna, and I tagged along. Kesner is a resident of the Virginia mainland who has been visiting Tangier regularly for several years with his wife, Jodi Jones Smith, a coastal scientist, to study the island's erosion. On a crisp afternoon with breathtaking visibility, we took off from Tangier's small airport, climbed to a thousand feet and began to circle the island.

From above, it looked like the remains of an island -- a dun-colored triangle with so many small ponds and streams it seemed like a large perforated leaf floating on a glassy green sea. If you looked closely, you could also see sandbars in the shallow waters surrounding it; as recently as 50 years ago, some of these were above sea level, and home to houses and beaches. They were now under five or 10 feet of water.

''It's really been cut to shreds, hasn't it?'' Kesner said.

''And we're a couple hours past high tide, too,'' Schulte replied. He hadn't seen the island from the air for a decade, he remarked, and the ''ponding'' all over worried him. It suggested that water was not only leaching in from the shorelines but was bubbling up from underneath Tangier too. ''Wow,'' he said, his face nearly pressed to the window. ''They are on the edge.''

As we circled the Uppards area just north of Tangier, Schulte asked me: ''Do you see that line running along the center?'' That was once a road, he said. It had connected a small village known as Canaan, at the northern tip of Uppards, to Tangier village.

Canaan is gone. It was abandoned around 1920, when the villagers, roughly 120 of them, left. Rather than physical deterioration, it seems to have been social erosion -- not enough churchgoers and students, according to a report by the National Park Service -- that hastened the town's end. Many of the 35 houses on Uppards were moved to Tangier's village, where some still remain. A few, however, were left behind to be taken by the sea. Only one photograph of Canaan exists, from a 1910 magazine article. Instead there are recollections, passed down to Tangier residents like Anna Pruitt-Parks, whose great-grandmother lived in Canaan.

A few hours after I saw Uppards from the air, I visited the area by boat with Schulte and Carol Moore-Pruitt, who also traces her roots to Canaan. Over the past few years, she has come to be regarded as its unofficial historian, the keeper not only of shards of information about the inhabitants -- ''It used to be beautiful green grass, chickens, roses, fig trees,'' she told me -- but also of physical fragments that wash up where the town once stood. She told me that 10 years ago she found an English whiskey bottle from the 1600s. One lingering problem with Uppards is that the remnants of the Canaan cemetery, now half underwater, have proved difficult to collect and move. Though some bodies have been relocated, bones and parts of coffins continue to wash into the tide regularly. Pruitt-Parks told me that once she was waiting for a ferry on Tangier's dock and saw a femur on a nearby bank.

Canaan -- and Uppards Island -- matter to the people of Tangier for two reasons. The first is that even in its tattered state, it protects the rest of Tangier from the erosive northern currents of the Chesapeake. As our boat drew nearer, Schulte told me he thinks Uppards is now losing about 10 feet of shoreline a year. And, he said, ''If you lose Uppards, you lose the town of Tangier, because then the town would be unsheltered.''

The second reason residents care about Uppards is that it represents a possible future. ''I'm not a pessimist,'' Moore-Pruitt told me. ''But I see what's happening. Without a sea wall on the east side, or a sea wall on the west side, Tangier will just be in the history books. It will be like this place, like Uppards.'' We had come ashore from her small boat. She looked around and spread her arms and said, ''But isn't it beautiful?''

It was indeed -- but also windswept, lonesome, strange. She began leading us past tidal pools and along the beach, a mix of silt and peat held together by the thin roots of marsh grasses. The lapping of the Chesapeake was ripping away the peat at the water's edge. As Moore-Pruitt narrated, we walked by piles of oyster shells -- middens, most likely, dating back to Native American settlers -- and soon came upon a large scattering of red bricks, smoothed and made porous by time and weather, that had probably served as the foundation of Canaan's homes. Not far away was a large iron ring, sunk into the mud, which marked the top of an old freshwater well. All around us were old bottles and dead bushes and gnarled stumps, including the skeleton of a large fig tree. ''That died three years ago,'' Moore-Pruitt said, blaming the intrusion of saltwater, which made survival for most plants difficult. Beyond the fig tree were a number of weathered marble headstones from the old Canaan graveyard, lying flat on the beach. Schulte began turning them over to read the inscriptions. The familiar Tangier names -- the old families that had come here from Cornwall hundreds of years ago -- still echoed: Margaret Pruitt, Polly Parks.

Moore-Pruitt led us farther eastward. Over the next few weeks, I thought of her many times -- this woman who takes her small boat to Uppards almost every day, weather permitting, to walk the beach, stepping gingerly over fallen headstones while searching for bottles and buttons or taking a moment to appreciate the blooms of a dying rosebush planted by someone (an ancestor?) more than a century ago. Sometimes, she told me, especially in summer, she brings along her grandchildren to help her gather things exposed by the tide, even though, as she put it, ''the sun is so hot you can barely stand it.'' She had found toy marbles and old coins and coffin handles; she had also discovered arrowheads and a Native American ax head of smoothed stone that must have preceded the settlement of Canaan by many centuries. But every week, she said, there was a bit less land and brush. And every visit was an effort to gather the final, sodden artifacts of a place that would vanish, almost completely, within a few years.

We walked for a while more. Eventually, we reached an area beyond the remains of Canaan where the empty beach stretched through mud, marsh grass and scattered oyster shells. Schulte said he wanted to keep going farther, along the eastern shore of Uppards, and Moore-Pruitt agreed to return later in her boat to pick him up. Schulte said that he thought he might have seen a living pine tree during the flight on the Cessna. ''I want to go see if I can find it.''

Standing on the beach, Moore-Pruitt said, ''Sometimes it's so hard to imagine this was a town.''

''It's like no one ever lived here,'' Schulte replied. Then he turned and began walking to find the last tree.

Sign up for our newsletter to get the best of The New York Times Magazine delivered to your inbox every week.

[*http://www.nytimes.com/2016/07/10/magazine/should-the-united-states-save-tangier-island-from-oblivion.html*](http://www.nytimes.com/2016/07/10/magazine/should-the-united-states-save-tangier-island-from-oblivion.html)

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: PHOTO (MM42-MM43)

AN EMPTY LOT ON TANGIER ISLAND, IN THE MIDDLE OF CHESAPEAKE BAY, SHOWS JUST HOW HIGH THE LOCAL WATER TABLE HAS RISEN. (MM44-MM45)

DAVID SCHULTE, FROM THE ARMY CORPS OF ENGINEERS, ON THE BEACH IN WHAT'S LEFT OF THE TANGIER REGION CALLED UPPARDS. (MM46-MM47)

POPLAR ISLAND, NEAR BALTIMORE, IS BEING REBUILT FROM ALMOST NOTHING USING DREDGED HARBOR MUD. BUT TANGIER'S RESCUE IS NOT SO S IMPLE. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANDREW MOORE FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (MM48-MM49)

**Load-Date:** July 10, 2016

**End of Document**



[***THE NATION;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-CWG0-000B-Y41C-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***MONDALE, BUSH AND LUCEY RUN SECOND, HOPING TO FINISH FIRST***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-CWG0-000B-Y41C-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 28, 1980, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1980 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 4; Page 4, Column 1; Week in Review Desk

**Length:** 1045 words

**Body**

By STEVEN R. WEISMAN

WASHINGTON - To the entourages of the candidates for Vice President, theirs are the ''stealth'' campaigns. Vice President Mondale, George Bush and Patrick J. Lucey are traveling the country, shaking hands, attacking the opposition and shoring up their running mates' constituencies. But they move in a shroud of near invisibility. Last week, anan event that might have given Messrs. Mondale, Bush and Lucey considerably higher profiles - a debate in Louisville this week - was been scrapped because the Presidential candidates can't agree on terms for debates of their own.

Still, the running mates profess complete happiness that they are making few splashes. The reason is that they are not trying to make ''news,'' but to hammer away repeatedly at long-tested and muchrepeated campaign themes. The publicity they receive is strictly of the local variety -television interviews, articles about speeches, features on their families, the kind of thing that may strengthen the ticket's chances in a specific region or area.

AN-A

''It couldn't concern me less that we're not on the national news each night,'' Mr. Bush, the Republican Vice Presidential nominee, said the other day. ''That's not what we're trying to do. In fact, there's a certain relaxation of the pressure that we faced during the primary campaign to try to make news all the time.''

That morning, Mr. Bush, a former Ambassador and director of Central Intelligence, was up before dawn in Houston. By the end of a grueling 16-hour day had spoken before ethnic groups, businessmen and Republican partisans in Cleveland and Columbus, Ohio. By turns he was breezy, indignant, folksy and statesmanlike. He assailed President Carter for making ''sinister, mean, ugly little comments'' about Ronald Reagan, and he tried out a series of jokes.

''I saw a poll recently showing that beer was more popular than Billy Carter,'' Mr. Bush told the Republicans. ''The American people much prefer something with a head on it.''

Mr. Mondale also spends much of his time with his party's natural constituents, trying to rouse them out of the indifference so many Democrats have toward Mr. Carter this year. The Vice President Mondale is on the road two or three days a week, attacking Mr. Reagan's record with gusto.

Speaking to a Hispanic group, for example, he lashed out at Mr. Reagan's past opposition to food stamps, legal services for the poor and bilingual education. During the preconvention season, Mr. Mondale was criticized by many of his fellow Democrats for the harshness of his attacks on Senator Edward M. Kennedy. In truth, his aides say, he didn't much enjoy attacking Mr. Kennedy. ''He strongly prefers fighting Republicans,'' one assistant said recently.

subhede goes here

Mr. Lucey, former Democratic Governor of Wisconsin and, earlier this year, supporter of Mr. Kennedy, is out campaigning virtually every day on behalf of Representative John B. Anderson, the independent candidate. He repeatedly dismisses Mr. Reagan as ''irrelevant'' and then invokes Mr. Kennedy's name before Democratic groups on campuses and at worksites, using the economic and ''social'' issues to try to persuade them that a vote for Mr. Carter is no better than one for Mr. Reagan. He also attacks increased defense spending and such weaponry as the MX mobile missile.

In years past, there have been many notable Vice Presidential candidates who, because of the zest with which they went on the attack, transformed themselves into issues. In 1968, Spiro T. Agnew got into trouble for saying that Vice President Hubert H. Humphrey was ''squishy soft'' on Communism. In 1976, the stridency of Senator Bob Dole's Vice Presidential campaign contributed to the defeat of President Gerald R. Ford.

Mr. Bush seems to be mindful of those lessons. ''We recognize that the only way we're going to make national news is if we make a big mistake,'' said Peter Teeley, Mr. Bush's press secretary. ''This is not a time to stake out new positions on issues.''

Mr. Bush travels on a chartered Boeing 727 with a handful of people - his wife, Barbara; Mr. Teeley; Dean Burch, a political adviser and former chairman of the Federal Communications Commission; Vic Gold, his speechwriter, and Annalise Anderson, the issues director. Mr. Bush's airborne headquarters is always in touch with the Reagan operation, and his comments seem synchronized with Mr. Reagan's. He never denies that he disagrees with Mr. Reagan on some issues, such as opposition to the Equal Rights Amendment, but the matter comes up only occasionally.

Mr. Mondale campaigns with the knowledge that he has built a record of substantive influence on White House policy. Mr. Carter's program of limited spending to stimulate the economy is a direct product of the Vice President's prodding for something to show to those worried that too little is being done to create jobs.

By contrast, Mr. Lucey did not come aboard the Anderson campaign until the Illinois Representative'sprogram had been all worked out. But Mr. Lucey says he feels completely comfortable with it.

Oddly, all three Vice Presidential candidates were chosen to appeal to roughly the same constituencies. They all claim to be doing an effective job of it. Mr. Bush, whose electoral victories in the primaries were in the Northeast and Middle West, is concentrating his campaigning there and in Texas, the state he once represented in Congress. Mr. Mondale is courting the traditional Democratic ethnic, ***working class*** and campus communities in the same regions in the North. Mr. Lucey is focusing almost entirely on the eight most populous states outside the South.

The candidates for Vice President almost never attack each other (although Mr. Bush sometimes cracks that Mr. Mondale is running ''a campaign so low that he's using a snorkel''), reserving their criticisms for the Presidential nominees. And all three Vice Presidential contenders maintain firmly that their campaigns are positive, but that the reporting of what they say tends to play up the negative aspects. ''I was taken to task for being negative,'' Mr. Lucey said, ''And so we decided to continuously emphasize our platform wherever we go. And you know, we get almost no coverage of the platform. What gets publicity is our attacks.''

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photo of Mondale photo of Bush photo of Lucey

**End of Document**



[***DEMOCRATS IN JERSEY FEAR LOSS OF BLUE-COLLAR VOTE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-CWT0-000B-Y4PB-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 26, 1980, Friday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1980 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Page 18, Column 1; National Desk

**Length:** 1074 words

**Byline:** By HEDRICK SMITH

**Dateline:** HACKENSACK, N.J., Sept. 25

**Body**

At Syracuse University, Vince Rigolosi was an intercollegiate boxing champion. Now, talking politics in his shirtsleeves at his law office, he wears a less athletic, comfortably rumpled look and a few extra pounds at the midriff. But at 48 he still enjoys a scrap.

One lies just ahead, for he faces an uphill battle in trying to cut the Republican margin against President Carter in Bergen County. As the Democratic Party chairman for the sprawl of suburbs from wealthy Ho-Ho-Kus in the north to blue-collar towns like Lodi in the south, he is especially troubled by the inroads of Ronald Reagan into the ethnic ***working-class*** communities.

AN-A

A few years ago he was Mayor of Garfield, where the Democrats could usually count on a solid majority from the union members with Polish, Italian and Slavic backgrounds. But there is Reagan talk in these neighborhoods now.

''These are people who became Democrats in Roosevelt years, people who were helped through the Depression by the Democratic Party,'' said Mr. Rigolosi.''These were people who treated their political affiliation like a religion.''

'All They Have in Jeopardy'

''Now, they see all they have in jeopardy,'' he continued. ''They see inflation and feel uncertainty about their jobs. They read about the Mahwah Ford plant closing and they get concerned. You combine that with their trips to the supermarket, where they discover that their money buys less than six months ago, and who do they blame? They blame the man on the throne, no matter whether he's to blame or not.''

Mr. Reagan's reported inroads into the blue-collar vote around Newark, Jersey City, Camden and Hacksensack, added to the interest of affluent liberals and Jews in John B. Anderson and the state's typical Republican tilt in Presidential elections, combines to make New Jersey the Republican Presidential candidate's most promising target for victory in a big Northeastern state.

At the moment, Mr. Reagan is given a lead of two or three percentage points over President Carter, with Mr. Anderson well behind in most private polls and political estimates, although the race appears to have narrowed markedly since August.

New Jersey has never been favorable ground for Mr. Carter. He lost not only the l976 and l980 Democratic primaries but also the 1976 general election. Most politicians believe Mr. Carter will have a hard time bettering his 1976 results.

Fear of Anderson Vote

But Mr. Reagan, too, is having his problems. Like the President, the former Governor of California faces defections to Mr. Anderson, for whom New Jersey, as a largely suburban state, is ideal terrain.

Some Carter and Reagan strategists say that Mr. Anderson draws three votes from Mr. Carter for every two from Mr. Reagan, but neutral observers, including Anderson organizers, believe that by the time the election takes place, the independent candidate will be drawing equally from both or perhaps more heavily from Mr. Reagan. At present, polls put him at 20 percent support.

Ray Donovan, the hard-driving businessman who heads the Reagan campaign in the state, concedes problems of ''Republican lethargy.'' Democrats like Richard Coffey, the state Democratic chairman, interpret this as traditional reluctance by the large body of New Jersey's moderate Republican and independent voters to go strongly for ''Reagan-style conservatives.''

'' We have to set our Republican base on fire,'' Mr. Donovan said. ''We plan to do that with as many visits to the state by President Ford and George Bush as we can get because both of them are very popular in the state.''

Mr. Reagan's appearances have been designed to pull the crossover vote of conservative blue-collar Democrats. Last June, he appeared at the Ukrainian festival in Freehold, in Monmouth County, and he opened his fall campaign with a speech at Jersey City against the backdrop of the Statue of Liberty before a multiethnic audience. He made a point of being photographed with the father of Lech Walesa, the hero of the Polish strikes.

Plans to Woo Blue-Collar Vote

Early next month he will intensify his efforts in Paterson and Camden. At each rally, his organizers plan to make a show of presenting public endorsements from Democratic Party officeholders and local leaders with strong blue-collar links.

Last Friday, Nancy Reagan drew a number of dissident Democratic officeholders from the Hudson County organization to a Reagan rally in Jersey City. Among them were Sheriff John Gillen, former Mayor William Meehan of Union City, Michael Barrett, the Jersey City human resources director;, Gerland McCann, Jersey City councilman, and two of the city's four ward leaders.

Democratic politicians, noting that most of the dissidents had been beaten in a power struggle by the organization led by Walter Sheil, the county chairman, minimized the likely impact on Mr. Carter,though Mr. Donovan talked hopefully of carrying the county.

But Democratic Party leaders in nearby Essex County reported that Mr. Reagan seemed to be winning sympathy in Newark's North and East Wards, even in the tough Ironbound district around the port of Newark with its workers of Italian, Spanish and Portuguese descent.

The Carter effort could be hurt in the Newark area, too, by a lack of closely contested local races tohelp bring out a large black and Hispanic-American vote.

'Quietest Election in Years'

''There's nothing going on in the county this year,'' commented Peter Shapiro, the County Executive. ''It's the quietest election in years.''

The Carter forces have geared up more slowly than the Republicans but, acknowledging strong support in the state for Senator Edward M. Kennedy of Massachusetts, the Carter strategists shrewdly chose Jerry Dougherty, a long-time Kennedy partisan and organizer, to coordinate their New Jersey campaign.

In the past two weeks,, Mr. Dougherty has concentrated on organizational meetings with black, labor, party and women's leaders to be capped Saturday at Princeton by a meeting that will draw together the Carter and Kennedy delegates to the Democratic National Convention, the 21 county chairmen, and a number of state legislative leaders and aides of Gov. Brendan Byrne.

Mr. Coffey, the state party chairman, contended that Democrats are more unified and better based to pull together the Presidential campaign than they were four years ago and provide a good turnout..

''The secret in New Jersey to win a statewide election is voter turnout,'' Mr. Coffey said.

**End of Document**



[***The Beast in the Bathhouse; Crystal Meth Use by Gay Men Threatens to Reignite an Epidemic***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4BFC-SMF0-01KN-22TV-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 12, 2004 Monday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2004 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section B; Column 2; Metropolitan Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1371 words

**Byline:**  By ANDREW JACOBS

**Body**

Bob looked haggard but was feeling fabulous. Chewing gum at a manic clip, circling the labyrinthine halls of the West Side Club on a recent Sunday afternoon, he had been awake since Friday, thanks to a glassine pouch of crystalline powder he had tucked beneath the mattress of a room he rented in this Chelsea bathhouse.

The powder, known as methamphetamine, or crystal meth, had helped Bob conquer a half-dozen sex partners during a 35-hour binge. Like many of the men cruising the two-level club lined with closet-size cubicles, Bob, a 37-year-old advertising copywriter, was "tweaking," high on a wildly addictive stimulant that has been sweeping through Manhattan's gay ghettos.

"The stuff is a wonder," he said, taking a pause from his prowling, his scrawny frame wrapped in a white towel. Asked about condoms and the niceties of safe sex, Bob shrugged. "Whatever," he said, turning away.

At the club, there were plenty of condoms for the taking, courtesy of the management, but in conversations with a dozen patrons who acknowledged using crystal, only two men said they were following the rules of engagement in the age of AIDS. "Some guys just throw you out of the room if you pull one out," said one of the men, James, who, like everyone else, would not give his full name. "To them, rubbers are a killjoy."

Health officials say a sharp increase in the number of syphilis cases in the city indicates an increase in unsafe sex, which they fear may lead to a resurgence in H.I.V. transmission.

For now, researchers say, crystal meth use in the city is largely confined to gay white men in Manhattan, although they fear its eventual spread to the wider gay population and beyond.

There are no numbers, however, to show what health care workers say is the growing role that crystal meth is playing in transmitting H.I.V. Although the evidence is anecdotal, health officials say that crystal, which erases inhibitions and spurs sex marathons with multiple partners, is helping to spread the virus.

According to the city's largest private clinic for lesbians and gay men, Callen-Lorde Community Health Center, two-thirds of those testing positive for H.I.V. since June acknowledged that crystal meth was a factor in their infection.

Dr. Howard Grossman, one of the city's best-known AIDS specialists, said more than half the men who test positive in his private practice blamed methamphetamine. "This drug is destroying our community," he said. "It just seems to be getting worse and worse, and no one is doing anything about it."

Although the city Department of Health does not track crystal meth use among the newly infected, the city's poison control center received four dozen reports of crystal meth overdoses in 2002 and 2003. In the previous two years, there were none, said the city's health commissioner, Thomas R. Frieden. In another survey, the agency found that H.I.V.-positive men were twice as likely as uninfected men to use methamphetamine; those who use the drug were also less likely than other men to wear condoms during anal intercourse. "We're seeing a general increase in risky sexual behavior, and we're concerned," Dr. Frieden said.

Sometimes called crank, ice or tina, crystal meth is not new. For years, it has been cutting a destructive path through ***working-class*** communities in the Midwest and among gay men in San Francisco and Los Angeles. The drug found a toehold in New York dance clubs in the late 1990's and quickly spread among gay men who troll the Web for sex. Most start off snorting crystal, progress to smoking and later inject the drug when tolerance mounts. Even a small amount, about a quarter gram for $60, can propel a user through a weekend devoid of sleep, food and self-preservation.

During his eight-year addiction, Devin, a 38-year-old magazine writer, ended up in the emergency room six times from the effects of dehydration or a perilously rapid heartbeat. He lost five jobs, and four teeth began to rot from neglect and speed-induced jaw grinding. "Food, sleep and H.I.V. medication go out the window," he said. "Crystal takes over your life entirely. You don't really care about anything except the next high."

One figure might reveal how entrenched crystal meth has become in New York: Nearly two dozen 12-step meetings are held each week around the city for those trying to shake the drug. In 2002, there were four Crystal Meth Anonymous meetings each week. In 1999, there were none.

"Just a few years ago, we were worrying about the arrival of crystal meth," said Perry N. Halkitis, a psychologist at New York University. "Well, it's finally here."

He and others say that if past drug trends are any indication, crystal will migrate beyond the province of gay men, just as it has in the heartland, where the drug has become symptomatic of rural decline. "It's just a matter of time," Dr. Halkitis said.

It didn't take long for Jim, a 34-year-old freelance editor, to become acquainted with crystal and AIDS. He believes he was infected during his first encounter with the drug in 1999, at the home of someone he met over the Internet. "The guy offered me some. I didn't really know much about crystal and I did it. I got so high, I was essentially having nonconsensual sex."

A veteran AIDS activist, Jim knows he should have known better. "Once I was diagnosed, I was so embarrassed and ashamed, it fueled my addiction," he said. "I became the beast that eats its own tail."

For four years, Jim handed his life over to meth. What began as a weekend habit quickly became a daily dependence. Old friends were pushed away, jobs went by the wayside, and his credit card debt reached $40,000. He contracted syphilis twice. And coming down was excruciating. "When you're crashing, all you want to do is get high again," he said. "It's single-minded and ugly."

As addiction deepens, crystal meth wreaks havoc on the brain. In advanced cases of addiction, users can become psychotic with effects that mimic schizophrenia, says Dr. Antonio Urbina, a researcher at St. Vincent Catholic Medical Center who studies the drug's impact on neurological function. He says the drug can also compromise immune function and interfere with AIDS medications. "If you're H.I.V. positive, crystal is a disaster," Dr. Urbina said.

Despite what experts describe as an emerging crisis, neither public health officials nor private gay organizations in New York have done much to quell crystal meth's spread. San Francisco, by contrast, will spend $425,000 for education and treatment.

Dismayed by the lack of public attention to the problem, one recovering addict has decided to demonize the drug on his own. Peter Staley, a driving force behind the AIDS activist group Act Up, has spent $6,000 of his own money to place provocative ads on phone booths along Eighth Avenue in Chelsea. He said it took two months to persuade Verizon to accept the posters, which shout "Huge Sale, Buy Crystal, Get HIV Free!"

The ads, which began appearing last Wednesday, will remain up until early February. "My goal is to get the drug the reputation it deserves," said Mr. Staley, who has been sober for 13 months. "My fear is that young gay men think it's the latest party drug. I want crystal to get the stigma that heroin has. It is not glamorous, it is not alluring."

Like many other crystal neophytes, Mr. Staley began using the drug to keep him going at all-night dance clubs. "I've tried every drug in the book and never got addicted, but this one grabbed me by the throat the first time I did it," said Mr. Staley, 43, who has been H.I.V. positive since 1985. "I'm a control freak. I mean, I couldn't get addicted to cigarettes, but I couldn't give crystal up."

Drug experts say there is no methadone, no silver bullet, to treat methamphetamine addicts. For this reason, substance abuse counselors are preaching to "just say no" to crystal. It is a message that many gay men do not want to hear.

"When it comes to crystal, there is no moderation," said Dawn Harbatkin, themedical director at Callen-Lorde, which is conducting a pilot study on ways to treat crystal meth addiction. "I don't have any great treatment options right now. This drug really terrifies me, and I think what we're seeing is the tip of the iceberg."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Methamphetamine, or crystal meth, can be smoked, snorted or injected. (Photo by Associated Press); Peter Staley, an AIDS activist and recovering crystal meth addict, beside an ad warning against using the drug. Mr. Staley spent $6,000 of his own money to place the ads on public phones in Chelsea. "My goal is to get the drug the reputation it deserves," he said. (Photo by Lucian Read for The New York Times) Graph: "Syphilis on the Rise"The number of reported syphilis cases in New York City has increased sharply. Health officials associate use of crystal meth with unsafe sex. Graph tracks primary and secondary syphilis infections since 1996.(Source by New York City Department of Health and Mental Hygiene)

**Load-Date:** January 12, 2004

**End of Document**



[***STRIKERS IN POLAND GET HARSH WARNING AS WALKOUTS GROW***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-D1H0-000B-Y38H-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 29, 1980, Friday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1980 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Page 1, Column 3; Foreign Desk

**Length:** 1031 words

**Byline:** By JOHN DARNTON, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** WARSAW, Aug. 28

**Body**

In the most direct warning so far to the Baltic coast strikers, who have paralyzed much of Poland's economy, the Government's chief spokesman issued a statement today saying: ''This situation cannot go on much longer.''

Miroslaw Wojciechowski, head of Interpress, the official Government information service, said: ''The situation in Poland is very difficult, with the number of strikes rising every day like an avalanche.'' He said that factories were closing down for lack of materials, that the economy was being seriously disrupted and that ''no decisive progress is in sight'' on negotiations.

In the harshest language used since the strikes began in Gdansk on Aug. 14, he said that ''certain antisocial elements and extremists who are escalating their activities are threatening workers who don't want to join the strike.'' He added: ''In some places this threat is directed against entire factories.''

AN-ANo Questions Answered

''The situation is very, very serious,'' he continued. ''It can provoke an abnormal situation in our country.'' The spokesman, who issued the statement at a 10 P.M. meeting to which foreign correspondents had been summoned, would answer no questions and abruptly left the room.

Earlier the leader of the Gdansk strikers issued an appeal to workers in the rest of Poland to refrain from further walkouts. His action was apparently designed to give the Government time to settle the crisis,

Lech Walesa, head of the Interfactory Strike Committee, told several thousand workers at the gates of the Lenin Shipyard that ''it is not good to have Poland terrorized.'' But he said that if talks with the Government did not bring results in three to four days ''then let the strikes spread.''

Text of Appeal Prepared

Mr. Walesa then prepared the text of an appeal that asked Polish workers not to start new strikes because this ''might push the country to the verge of collapse.''

The appeal was handed over to the state authorities, who were left to decide whether to make it public. Such a move would make Mr. Walesa, a 37-year-old electrician who is a hero to the Gdansk workers, into a fully recognized national figure. So far it has not been published.

The national crisis continues to cast doubt on the ability of the Communist Party leader, Edward Gierek, to survive. Rumors that he is about to resign as First Secretary have circulated persistently in the capital for the past 24 hours.

Some of the rumors have originated in the Foreign Ministry, where minor officials have told journalists in private that the party leader is on his way out. They indicated that a possible replacement was Stefan Olszowski, a former Foreign Minister who was returned to the ruling Politburo in a major shake-up on Sunday.

Mr. Olszowski is a proponent of drastic economic changes in an attempt to solve the country's problems, but he also has a reputation as a political hard-liner. As a party secretary he was once received in Moscow by Leonid I. Brezhnev, the Soviet leader. The meeting was considered a political ''blessing'' by Polish sources since Mr. Brezhnev had made it a practice of seeing no one but Mr. Gierek in his dealings with Polish leaders.

Interpress denied to reporters today that Mr. Gierek's position was in jeopardy.

No Movement on Main Demand

The shift in the tactics of the strike leadership, which has up to now been encouraging protests in other parts of the country to strengthen its position, came as negotiators for the two sides got nowhere on the strikers' central demand for a new trade union independent of the Government and Communist Party. Talks scheduled for 5 P.M. today were postponed.

Beyond the Baltic coast, where a total shutdown has choked off Poland's vital maritime commerce, the strikes became wider and more organized in such major cities as Wroclaw and Lodz. They also spread to smaller towns like Bydgoszcz, Slupask and Swidnik.

In another development the Roman Catholic Church in Poland issued a statement complaining about the extensive and unprecedented coverage in the Government-controlled media of a speech two days ago by the Primate of Poland, Stefan Cardinal Wyszynski.

In his homily the Cardinal showed sympathy for the strikers' cause but counseled moderation and said not all their 21 demands could be satisfied at once. His words gave the impression that the church, a powerful organization in Poland, was siding more with the Government than the strikers out of concern for possible intervention by the Soviet Union.

More Moderate Tone

The church said that only parts of the address had been covered, suggesting that portions more favorable to the strikers were deleted, and that permission had not been given for it to be published or broadcast on television.

A second church statement that was issued today after an emergency conference of bishops last night, struck a more moderate tone. It congratulated the strikers and the authorities on keeping public order and called for ''an honest dialogue'' and a rapid return to normalcy.

The church, in the two statements, appeared to be trying to regain its position as a moral arbitrator acting on the sidelines. It also seemed to be seeking to avoid appearing as a partner in the Government's campaign to mobilize public opinion against the strikers.

That campaign continued today with an editorial in Trybuna Ludu, the party newspaper, that lashed out at the concept of a ''free'' trade union as something that would split the unity of the ***working class*** and bring anarchy to public life. It referred to the strike's leaders as ''enemies of socialism,'' resuming harsh language that had not been used in the past two days.

Mr. Walesa's appeal for restraint came during his daily address to the throng of workers and their families gathered at the Lenin Shipyard gates. It brought only a smattering of applause, in contrast to the thunderous ovation he usually receives. He said he had offered to make the appeal nationwide in a radio and television broadcast.

For several hours he bickered with Government negotiators over the idea of issuing a joint appeal. Finally he decided not to do so, perhaps judging that this could undercut his support among the more militant workers.

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photo of striking worker and his family

**End of Document**



[***For the House, From New York***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-CR90-000B-Y2VB-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 27, 1980, Monday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1980 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Page 22, Column 1; Editorial Desk; EDITORIAL

**Length:** 1119 words

**Body**

Though Americans proclaim a dislike of politicians, their contempt is not bred by familiarity. In New York City and adjacent counties, no House member failed to win renomination in 1980 and most of them will be easily re-elected. Our recommendations to the voter, therefore, focus on a dozen more notable contests, including two to replace retiring incumbents.

Manhattan

The East Side's 18th Congressional District must choose between two like-named but contrary-minded contenders: Bill Green, the incumbent Republican, and Mark Green, the Democratic-Liberal challenger. Mark Green has made a fine career in the consumer and environmental movements. A former director of the Naderite Congress Watch, he has an intelligent approach to public issues.

AN-A

Bill Green, however, has proved himself in Congress as a man of outstanding character and intelligence. He has been crucial in winning Republican support for aid to New York. He has shaped legislation in housing, his specialty. And he has shown rare skill and independence.

We would like to see Mark Green in Congress, but losing Bill Green would be too high a price. The Republican has earned re-election.

Manhattan-Staten Island

Three of five candidacies are realistic in Staten Island's 17th District, also covering part of lower Manhattan. The incumbent Democrat, John Murphy, won the primary despite an indictment for Abscam bribery that still hangs over him unresolved. But there are other good reasons to oppose Mr. Murphy, whose views are weighted with special-interest concerns. His Republican opponent, Guy Molinari, has been an Assemblyman devoted to air quality and natural resources. The Liberal challenger, City Council member Mary Codd, was one of the losers in the Democratic primary. She combines an attachment to Staten Island with a conscientious concern for city and nation. We urge the defeat of Mr. Murphy with a vote for Mrs. Codd.

Brooklyn

Democrat Leo Zeferetti is running for a fourth term in the 15th District against Paul Atanasio, a Republican with Conservative and Right-to-Life endorsements. Mr. Zeferetti stands with the conservative wing of the Democratic Party. But he has also stood firmly with the New York delegation in seeking Federal help to relieve poverty and has been most useful in directing attention to problems of criminal justice and corrections. Mr. Atanasio, a lawyer and former Marine Corps pilot, is an attractive candidate with clearcut views on defense and military waste. But Mr. Zeferetti deserves to keep his seat.

In the 16th District, Elizabeth Holtzman's departure left a contest between former Assemblyman Charles Schumer, a Democrat and Liberal, and Councilman Theodore Silverman, one of the Democratic primary losers now running as a Republican and Conservative. Mr. Schumer is a bright, articulate, impatient man who has skillfully detected and publicized areas of gross deficiency in state and local government. Mr. Silverman is an effective politician with a good grasp of many issues. We endorse Mr. Schumer, perceiving in him a greater capacity for growth.

Queens

In the 9th District, the second-term bid of Geraldine Ferraro, a Democrat, is challenged by Vito Battista, a former Assemblyman with Republican, Conservative and Right-to-Life endorsements. Mr. Battista is an architect, planner and self-styled friend of the Little

People. He has consistently opposed income-transfer programs as a threat to middle-class neighborhoods. He is intelligent, but also flamboyant, even bombastic. Mrs. Ferraro also understands the fears and hopes of ***working-class*** families and represents them on many issues. Yet she has learned to carry their support for some social measures that grate on the district's customary at titudes. An unusually able legislator, Mrs. Ferraro has our enthusiastic support.

Nassau

The 4th District is represented by a popular but conventional Republican, Norman Lent, who is seeking re-election with Conservative and Right-to-Life endorsements. He has not made much of a mark in Congress. His challenger, Charles Brennan, a professor of law at C.W. Post College, would bring the district a fresh perspective from the center of the Democratic and Liberal Parties. We support Mr. Brennan.

The withdrawal of John Wydler in the 5th District has produced a lively contest between Raymond McGrath, a Republican with Conservative and Right-to-Life backing, and Karen Burstein, Democrat and Liberal. Mr. McGrath, articulate and effective, has a special interest in health finance and regulation. Miss Burstein is interestingly all over the lot. A former State Senator and Public Service Commissioner, she seems determined to prove the power of government to contribute to human happiness. Strident, impatient and frequently impractical, she nonetheless deserves support in the hope that her ability and character, leavened with a dash of humility, can lead to a distinguished legislative career.

Nassau-Suffolk

Long Island's 3d District has been represented for three terms by Jerome Ambro Jr., a Democrat with Right-to-Life support. A cheerful and practical legislator, he has quietly mastered such unglamorous issues as public works and water resources. He is opposed by the Town Supervisor of Oyster Bay, Gregory Carman, a Republican and Conservative. Mr. Carman has Washington experience to match his knowledge of local affairs. But he gives no persuasive reasons for unseating Mr. Ambro, who has our support.

Westchester

Peter Peyser, the energetic Democratic representative of the 23d District (including a piece of the Bronx), moves easily from the problems of commuter transport to the issues of national defense. His re-election bid is challenged by Andrew Albanese, Republican and Conservative. We support Mr. Peyser.

In the 24th District, Richard Ottinger, the incumbent Democrat, is opposed by Joseph Christiana, Republican, Conservative and Right-to-Life. For his vigorous interest in energy and environmental matters alone, Mr. Ottinger deserves to remain in the House.

Most other House members from this region are headed for easy reelection. Many of them nonetheless deserve a warming cheer. Had they been seriously challenged, we would have rushed with special concern to the side of Benjamin Rosenthal in Queens' 8th District; Shirley Chisholm and Frederick Richmond in Brooklyn's 12th and 14th; Charles Rangel in Manhattan's 19th; Theodore Weiss in the 20th of Manhattan and the Bronx, and Robert Garcia and Jonathan Bingham in the Bronx's 21st and 22d. These accolades, like our endorsements, are bestowed not because we always agree with their votes and positions, but because they have served New Yorkers faithfully and played a constructive role in shaping the nation's laws.

**End of Document**



[***POLITICAL MEMO;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-YX00-000D-G3D4-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***An Early Test on Race as a Campaign Issue in '92***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-YX00-000D-G3D4-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 3, 1991, Monday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1991 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** National Desk

**Section:** Section A;; Section A; Page 14; Column 1; National Desk; Column 1;

**Length:** 1060 words

**Byline:** By ADAM CLYMER,

By ADAM CLYMER,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** WASHINGTON, June 2

**Body**

When the House votes this week on civil rights, more is at issue than this one bill. It is an early test of the continuing resonance of race as a political issue, a leading indicator of the tone of the 1992 campaign.

The bill, after all, will still have to make its way through the Senate, and a House-Senate conference committee. Then it will confront a threatened Presidential veto, and if that happens, there will be votes on overriding the veto. So the decision on whether Federal law will be changed to make it easier for victims of job discrimination to sue and collect damages is some time off.

The debate on Tuesday will highlight some of the real differences among three proposals: the Democratic leadership bill, President Bush's proposal and a "pure" bill sponsored by the Congressional Black Caucus that rejects the compromises that Democratic leaders have made to try to win votes. On issues from the standard of proof needed in job discrimination cases to the rights of women to sue for damages to the finality of court orders, the bills differ widely.

But the debate will also tread along the latest fissure in the racial fault line in American politics that opened when President Lyndon B. Johnson won passage of the Civil Rights Act of 1964 bill and the 1965 Voting Rights Act.

Johnson knew then he was risking the Democratic Party's base among Southern whites, and in the North, among ***working-class*** whites in particular. In 1990, a New York Times/CBS News Poll of voters showed, only 31 percent of Southern whites and 34 percent of Northern blue-collar white workers called themselves Democrats.

Today's fissure is the issue of employment quotas, limits on hiring and promotion based race, sex, religion or national origin. Republicans used the issue a little in 1990, and are ready to use it a lot in 1992. But the Democrats have put themselves in a position to do more than say, "No, you don't understand," their traditional defense, and, instead, to raise the issue for their own purposes.

President Bush called the Democratic bill a "quota bill" on Saturday at the commencement exercises at the United States Military Academy. Attorney General Dick Thornburgh charged today on the ABC News program "This Week" that the bill made the risks of lawsuits so onerous that it would lead employers to try to stay out court by "hiring by the numbers."

Mr. Bush raised the quota issue last year, when he vetoed a similar bill. The Democrats have responded both legislatively and rhetorically.

Legislatively, they added a section declaring the use of quotas "an unlawful employment practice." Under the bill, someone who was denied a job because of a quota could sue for damages. Rhetorically, they accused Mr. Bush of playing racial politics, recalling how his 1988 campaign benefited from television advertisements about Willie Horton, a black murderer who while on furlough from prison raped a woman and stabbed a man.

Representative Richard A. Gephardt of Missouri, the House majority leader, said today on the NBC News program "Meet the Press" that Mr. Bush "wants to hold on to this issue" and was more interested in having "30-second spots" on television than in trying to resolve the quota question. "The President doesn't want any bill," he said.

A Possible Boast

Politically, though, the anti-quota language may be a better weapon than accusing Mr. Bush of divisiveness. A Democrat will be able to boast of his support for an anti-quota bill, or say that his Republican opponent voted against it.

That provision, of course, has been attacked by Mr. Bush and Mr. Thornburgh as too narrow to be effective or meaningful. But in the world of 30-second advertisements, that is an awfully complicated argument. As Mr. Gephardt acknowledged in an interview today, a political commercial could say " 'This bill outlawed quotas and that bill didn't,' and I think that takes care of it for a spot."

And, of course, the Republicans may renew the electronic attacks that Senator Jesse Helms of North Carolina made so effectively last year, an ad whose message was that a deserving white worker lost a job because of a quota while Mr. Helms's Democratic opponent, Harvey Gantt, backed a "quota bill."

So next year's elections -- or even this fall's, if Mr. Thornburgh runs for the Senate in Pennsylvania -- may well have both parties filling the airwaves with attack messages on race. In speeches not guaranteed for television coverage, they will doubtless deplore the level and tone of the campaign.

So far this year, the Administration has not been a player in seeking common ground. But Senate Republicans, far more interested in having a bill than their House counterparts, might bring it into the action. Before that might occur, the bill has to be a serious issue in the Senate. And for that to happen, the bill has to come out of the House with momentum.

Prospects for an Override

Momentum means a two-thirds vote, or very close to it. In the view of most supporters, their only chance of getting the White House in a compromising mood is to be able to scare it with the prospect of overriding a veto, which takes a two-thirds vote.

Last year the bill got 273 votes. Changes in the makeup of the House, plus two supporters who did not vote last year, add up to a gain of 10 or 11 votes, not counting new members who insist they are on the fence.

Mr. Gephardt said in the interview that he believed about three of the 14 Democrats who voted "no" last year and are still in the House would vote "yes" this time. If so, that two-thirds majority is a serious possibility.

The Administration is behaving as if it is worried that the two-thirds majority might happen. Along with the two public attacks each from Mr. Bush and Mr. Thornburgh over the last four days, private Administration efforts have carried the message of concern even more bluntly.

On Friday, top White House officials met with 30 business lobbyists for a pep talk against the bill. According to several participants in the meeting, John H. Sununu, the White House chief of staff, and C. Boyden Gray, the President's counsel, expressed concern that the Democratic bill would pass with close to or more than a two-thirds majority.

"Sununu asked if any of us had a good count on what the final numbers would be," said one participant who spoke on condition of anonymity. "The reply was 'damned close.' "

**Graphic**

Photos: Attorney General Dick Thornburgh, who charged that the Democratic bill would lead employers to try to stay out of court by "hiring by the numbers." (Associated Press); Representative Richard A. Gephardt, who said President Bush was more interested in having "30-second spots" than in resolving the quota question. (Paul Conklin)

**Load-Date:** June 3, 1991

**End of Document**



[***CHARACTERS IN RETREAT***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-CVN0-000B-Y1SM-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 5, 1980, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1980 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 7; Page 14, Column 1; Book Review Desk; review

**Length:** 978 words

**Byline:** ByJOHN CASEY; John Casey is author of the novel ''An American Romance'' and ''Testimony & Demeanor,'' stories.

**Body**

TOWARD THE END By Elizabeth Savage. 237 pp. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $10.95.

SUMMER LIGHT By Herbert Mason. 148 pp. New York: Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $9.95.

FOUR DAYS By Paddy Kitchen. 152 pp. New York: Harper & Row. $9.95.

ALL three of these novels are good and afford various considerable pleasures, but they are about characters who are in short periods of retreat from their own lives and in even further retreat from society. I think it is for that reason that two of them, ''Toward the End'' and ''Summer Light'' (coincidentally, both set in Maine), have the weight and density of elaborated short stories. ''Four Days'' is the shortest period of retreat, but it breaks out of its restricted time and place most largely.

Elizabeth Savage's ''Toward the End'' is set for the most part in a Maine township that is usually inhabited only during the summer. One year, a number of the summer people winter over. Their wishes and disappointments in the place, in themselves and in one another are described nicely and often wittily. The sketches of a stalwart, sensitive woman recently divorced, of an academic couple recently retired, of a painter recently outcast, of a soap-opera novelist recently rich are deft and neat. The author knows them well, and can sum up their sensibilities with occasional epigrams or allusions to Romantic poetry. Indeed, one of the pleasures of reading ''Toward the End'' is reading a well-read author. It is like having a carefully composed commonplace book entwined with the several short stories of the characters' seasons of retreat.

The gravest theme of the book is the most clearly seen and best. It deals with the divorcee's feelings for the Pratts, an old couple she has known all the summers of her life. It has become clear that Charles Pratt is very sick. The divorcee stays with the wife at a hotel near the local hospital.

''While Mrs. Charley dressed, Jessie kept her back turned. She who had never been embarrassed by nakedness in her life, found that age hurt her. She thought too much of Mrs. Charley to witness her thin legs, the loose flesh falling underneath her arms, or even her shining scalp before the harsh curls were pinned in place. She had thought of the Charleys' many years in terms of wit and wisdom, and did not wish to see in partial plate the intimations of mortality.'' That paragraph is typical of the author's clear diction, good eye and echoing fondness for the reverent language of Romantic poetry.

\* Herbert Mason's ''Summer Light'' is also a love letter to the state of Maine, but the scope of attention is narrower yet. A professor in his 50's goes to a cabin on a small island for a solitary spell of writing. An attractive woman in her 20's sails (literally) into his life. They comfort each other for a short time.

While ''Toward the End'' gives the pleasures of a letter about a nest of well-known types from a skillful, witty observer of comings and goings, ''Summer Light'' is like a letter from an intelligent, earnest friend -a little fussy and held-in, but attractive in its gravity and the sweetness with which he bares his soul. He is smitten by summer light and by a magical offering of intimacy at a time when he's been feeling the passage of time, the fading of feeling, the decay of the body. Peter Taylor once said of a poet's fiction that was ardently detailed, mythically replete and intelligent, ''Now all he needs is a little low vaudeville cunning.'' ''Summer Light'' is a generous and sensitive offering, but a little low vaudeville cunning would help.

\* Paddy Kitchen's ''Four Days'' starts from as simple a premise as that of ''Summer Light.'' A man and a woman, he 48, she 42, meet at an education conference. After one night together, they are driving back toward their families when they suddenly offer each other four days in a bleary, ***working-class*** district of North London. From the description Paddy Kitchen gives it sounds like four days in Somerville, Mass. I say that without sneer; some people can make something of Somerville and some can't. The couple in ''Four Days'' make something of where they land and of themselves in their rented room.

The writing is, in places, awkward in ways that Mrs. Savage would not be. In other places it is explicitly sexual in ways that are sometimes successful and sometimes not. It is a grittier book than either ''Toward the End'' or ''Summer Light,'' but by no means seamy. The situation may be reminiscent of ''Last Tango in Paris,'' but what Paddy Kitchen is after is not so willingly forlorn and lavishly existentialist.

The man and the woman have more socially rooted lives; he is a poor lad from Cornwall who has become a school principal, she a proper girl from gentle poverty. Both characters pull their lives up through them during the four days, and they are both fair-minded enough to make those left behind as whole as themselves. A wife, and ex-wife, a son, two daughters; a husband, a son, an ex-lover. Through the man and the woman and all the lives they bring with them, lives which have involved social encounter and movement, we get a sense of what the whole society is like.

''Four Days'' is a good novel, although it is not an entirely successful one. The ending is strained, and that strain puts further strain on some of the earlier parts. But the good parts carry the day. There is a wonderful passage on the man's growing fatigue and numbness during a criminal proceeding against his teen-age son. He watches with furious, pent-up disapproval as his son first swaggers, then becomes aloof, but the worst is to come: The man realizes that his son has some right to have contempt for those proceedings, but it is a right that will do the son no good.

At its best, ''Four Days'' gives a clear sense of the muddle of even strong and buoyant lives, and how powerfully people keep pushing through that muddle.

**End of Document**



[***Anyone Up for Stickball? In a PlayStation World, Maybe Not***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4P3D-81S0-TW8F-G1YP-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 1, 2007 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2007 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Column 0; Metropolitan Desk; Pg. 25

**Length:** 1672 words

**Byline:** By TIMOTHY WILLIAMS and CASSI FELDMAN

**Body**

On a few dirty squares of sidewalk in Crown Heights, Brooklyn, is a chalk drawing as mysterious to the uninitiated as hieroglyphics. Someone had, with great care, marked off a series of squares and given each a numerical value, although there did not seem to be any obvious pattern.

The drawing is a skelly board, for a game once so popular on the streets of New York that on some blocks adults had to walk in the street to avoid interrupting any of several games under way.

In a time before video games, trans fat or car alarms, in a city that seemed like a smaller version of present-day New York, screaming children ruled the streets. There was the whack of stickball on the asphalt, the singsong rhymes of double-dutch jump-rope on the sidewalk, the smack of curb ball in the gutter, the pained yelps arising out of a game called ''booty's up,'' and the frantic counting of hide-and-seek in unexpected corners.

With joyous abandon, kids roller-skated, played ring-a-levio and steal the bacon, used sticks to roll discarded tires down the street, built go-carts and forts out of debris and wrenched open fire hydrants, drenching whoever dared go past.

Today, such loosely organized street play, outside of skateboarding and basketball, is on its last gasp in the city, a vestige of a simpler age for which a fast-paced world has little time.

''Parents drive children at a very young age to get them on the right track for success, so every waking moment is programmed, which doesn't leave lots of time for play,'' said Steven Zeitlin, executive director of City Lore, a nonprofit group on the Lower East Side of Manhattan that studies the nation's cultural heritage. ''A lot is being lost as these old forms of play die out.''

From the 1920s (and perhaps earlier) to the 1980s, the block in front of an apartment building in many neighborhoods was not just a child's backyard, but an extension of the living room and the classroom -- a place where children learned to play by the rules, the simpler the better.

If, like Stephen Swid, a kid was lucky enough to live a few blocks from Yankee Stadium in the 1950s, players like Mickey Mantle or Tony Kubek might stop by to take a turn at stickball. Sometimes, it got even better.

Mr. Swid, 66, former chief executive officer of Knoll International Holdings and Spin magazine, said he remembered a day when Mantle hit a ball over a six-story building on Sheridan Avenue. Another day, a rival stickball team showed up wearing uniforms -- an unusual touch for a ***working-class*** neighborhood. Later, Mr. Swid learned the black and gold uniforms had been designed by one of the team's adolescent players, Ralph Lifshitz, now known as Ralph Lauren.

The fun stopped, or moved inside, depending upon whom you ask, thanks to (pick two or three): television; two-income families; air-conditioning; digital technology; organized sports, crime; smaller families and roomier apartments; too much homework and other responsibilities; diverse, less cohesive neighborhoods; and perhaps most significantly, steady traffic, even on side streets.

Additionally, parents have not passed the games on to children, and newer immigrants have chosen to play soccer, cricket and badminton -- sports not necessarily conducive to being played on the street.

While the games have largely faded away from city streets-- and any sort of play beyond basketball, bicycle riding, handball or skateboarding has become unusual -- some of the old games have held on, albeit with updated rules.

Brandon Santos, an 11-year-old with a crew cut who lives in the East Village, said his favorite is ''off-the-ledge baseball,'' which years ago would have been called curb ball. A player throws a rubber ball against the curb, sending it airborne over the street. If a member of the opposing team fails to catch it, the thrower gets to run the bases, although in Brandon's version there is no running. Instead, the bases are accumulated in one's head.

''It's imaginary,'' he explained. ''We don't run. We're kind of lazy.'' He and his friend Taylon Wilson, also 11, are part of a group of neighborhood kids that ebbs and swells as friends pass by on their way home, or appear from around a corner. The two, who had been playing handball, rattled off their favorite street games: fishies, fishies, cross my ocean; off-the-ledge baseball; booty's up; manhunt; taps.

Just off Avenue C, Brandon showed where he and friends had spray-painted a skelly board on the concrete -- a task that in years past had been done with chalk.

They play their share of video games as well, said Taylon, who speaks in excited bursts, but the boys sometimes prefer to play on the street.

''It's kind of more fun,'' he said. ''You get to make it like your own. You get to design your game and make the rules.''

And besides, Taylon said about video games: ''After a while, they kind of make your eyes water up. You start to drool.'' He pretended to drool. ''You get bored of them.''

As the boys came and went, Raynard Rembert, a 46-year-old security guard who grew up in the nearby Jacob Riis Houses, walked over after overhearing snippets of the conversation. His nickname, he said, is Radar.

One of Mr. Rembert's favorite childhood games was ''Johnny-on-the-pony.'' The game, which had been among the most popular street games, involves two teams. One crouches into a single-file line, each person holding the waist of the person ahead of them. There are variations, but generally, members of the second team try one by one to hop atop the ''pony'' and to stay on for a certain amount of time before they are shaken off. Other versions involve jumping onto the pony, trying to make everyone fall to the ground.

Mr. Rembert said he had also played booty's up, though he and his friends called it ''bunky's up'' because they were not allowed to use the word ''booty.''

That game involved throwing a hard rubber Spaldeen ball at someone's backside from close range. Few people seem to remember the precise rules, and doubt there were many anyhow.

The old games, Mr. Rembert said fondly, are ''physical and they're challenging. They take coordination and balance and focus.''

Perhaps allowing the sepia-tinged haze of his memories to forget the many welts raised by a round of booty's up and the noses bloodied during Johnny-on-the-pony, Mr. Rembert added, ''It's good to pass down sports where the kids are competing but aren't trying to hurt each other.''

For several years, a diverse collection of people have sought to revive street play in the city, not only with an eye on their own nostalgic views of childhood, but also with the belief that such games contribute to social cohesion and to healthier children.

''It was expected that you would go out after school, roam the neighborhood and play these games, and then come home for dinner,'' said Nick Green, a 53-year-old social worker who lives in South Jamaica, Queens, and operates a Web site, Streetplay.com, that celebrates the old games. ''We didn't realize it at the time, but that was probably the golden age for children.''

Last summer, Anthony Gigante, 48, of Brooklyn, organized a league to play what may be the most resilient of the traditional games -- stickball -- although its slow demise has been lamented for years.

The game is still played by a few adult leagues in the city, including the Major Stick-Ball League, which plays on schoolyard playgrounds, but Mr. Gigante wanted to teach the game to children after he learned that many could not afford the cost of participating inyouth baseball leagues.

He got permission from the city to close Bay 22nd Street near Bath Avenue in Bensonhurst on Sunday mornings from 9 to noon. Every week, about 40 children, ages 5 to 11, showed up.

''We played ball every Sunday,'' he said. ''We played stickball, box ball, Johnny-on-the-pony. You don't see kids playing on the street anymore because there's so many cars. It's a different culture.''

The old games were rarely complicated, although their rules and names would often vary from block to block.

Skelly, for instance, is also known as skully, skilsies, skelsies, bottle caps and dead box. The game calls for players to use pieces, typically bottle caps, to navigate a board drawn on the pavement. The object is for a player to navigate through the board's 13 squares and back again. That player then has the right to roam the board, harassing other players, including ''blasting'' a rival's piece off the board.

Last year in Boerum Hill, Brooklyn, 58-year-old Delores Hadden Smith organized a street festival at the Gowanus Houses and had adults teach children games with candy-coated names that sounded like the made-up concoctions they were.

There was red devil; box ball; bluebird, bluebird through my window; hot peas and butter; a variation of ring-a-levio called cocolevio; steal the bacon; look who's here punch-a-nella; knockout; and duck duck goose.

''The older people said, 'No, that's not going to work, these children are too bad,' '' Ms. Hadden Smith, a public school teacher, said triumphantly. ''In the end, we had more than 300 people register, and we went all day without a single curse word.''

Actually, Ms. Hadden Smith didn't last until the end of the day. She went to bed about 11 p.m. The games continued past midnight.

''We laughed and we hollered and we cried,'' she said. ''We had the time of our lives.''

It didn't matter that none of the children had known how to play the games, including performing simple tasks like turning a jump-rope, she said.

''Who's going to teach them?'' she asked. ''You don't see a lot of people jumping rope, do you?''

This summer, Ms. Hadden Smith expects an even larger turnout.

''The children were children like when we were children,'' she said. ''They weren't little fidgety adults or little thugs or thugettes. Every single weekend since then, I can't go out to the corner store without them coming up to me saying, 'I'm ready! I'm ready! When are we going to do that again?' ''

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

**Graphic**

Stickball is often played with tennis balls with the fabric burned off. Spaldeens can also be used.

Jeffrey Pettway, 19, and Asa Roberts, 10, play skelly on Van Buren Street in Brooklyn. Such informal outdoor games have become a rare sight on New York streets. (Photographs by Michelle V. Agins/The New York Times)(pg. A25)

Anthony Gigante organized a stickball league last summer in Bensonhurst, Brooklyn. Every week, about 40 children, ages 5 to 11, showed up. (Photograph by Michelle V. Agins/The New York Times)(pg. A26)

**Load-Date:** July 1, 2007

**End of Document**



[***Love Food? Think Twice Before Jumping In***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4T9K-35M0-TW8F-G0D6-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 27, 2008 Wednesday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2008 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section F; Column 0; Dining In, Dining Out / Style Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1817 words

**Byline:** By MICHELINE MAYNARD

**Body**

WHEN Linda Lipsky taught a course called ''So You Want to Open a Restaurant'' at Temple University in Philadelphia, she deliberately made the business sound like a minefield. She warned her students that it is possible to lose their homes, their life savings, and even the rights to their own names. Her goal, she said, was ''to get two-thirds of them to quit.''

In fact, two of every three new restaurants, delis and food shops close within three years of opening, according to federal government statistics, the same failure rate for small businesses in general. ''It's very easy to fail if you know what you're doing, and even easier if you don't,'' said Ms. Lipsky, president of Linda Lipsky Restaurant Consultants, a firm based outside Philadelphia that has advised restaurant owners and chains for 20 years.

While restaurants have long been a dream for the hospitality-minded, the industry has never had such a high profile, thanks to the Food Network and celebrity chefs whose restaurants have become launching pads to marketing empires.

The allure is easy to understand, said Peter Rainsford, the vice president for academic affairs at the Culinary Institute of America and co-author of ''The Restaurant Startup Guide.''

''So many people love to cook, they like food, and they think, boy, I'll have a job where I'll do what I love,'' Mr. Rainsford said. ''They don't realize how hard a job it is, both financially and physically.''

Charlita Anderson learned, but it was a painful and expensive education. Ms. Anderson, 47, went to law school at Cleveland State University, and has worked in the legal field for 20 years, most recently as a judicial magistrate in suburban Cleveland, hearing cases involving juvenile crimes and traffic violations. But she always longed to run a restaurant that would feature her mother's recipe for gumbo, a family favorite.

So in 2002, she opened Pepper Red's Blues Cafe in Lorain, Ohio, a Cajun restaurant and nightclub. She did everything at the cafe, from making gumbo to scrubbing the floors and singing torch songs, while still putting in a full day as a magistrate.

Today her restaurant is no longer in business and she is back to her previous career, where she has paid off the debt she incurred during her 15-month foray into the hospitality business.

Ms. Lipsky has repeatedly seen restaurant novices make the same costly mistake: vastly underestimating the money it will take just to break even. She counsels them to have enough money to cover every aspect of a business for the first six months, including food, salaries, benefits, kitchen equipment, rent and utilities.

Indeed, Barry Sorkin and his four partners were well aware that the odds were tough for Smoque, a Texas-style barbecue joint they opened a year and a half ago on the northwest side of Chicago. But they were determined to beat those odds, with both research and financing.

The partners -- Mr. Sorkin; two former co-workers at a technology firm; his uncle, who works in the building materials business; and a lawyer -- were all barbecue fanatics who frequently met to grill in each others' backyards. They spent more than a year analyzing the business.

Mr. Sorkin quit his job in 2005, and visited restaurants all over the country, including North Carolina and Memphis. (His wife supported the family while he traveled, before the restaurant opened and he started taking a modest salary.)

After tasting samples, the partners settled on Texas barbecue, known as ''low and slow'' because it is cooked at a lower temperature for a longer period than other styles. It was a variation they felt had been overlooked by Chicago's numerous rib spots.

Mr. Sorkin, who has a degree in journalism, wrote a detailed business plan that ran for more than 40 pages, comparing his concept to the menus of his potential competitors. It featured a heartfelt essay, ''Our View on 'Q,'' that set out the group's philosophy on barbecue; a version of it is posted at the restaurant's Web site, www.smoquebbq.com.

Along with a simple menu of ribs, brisket, chicken and side dishes like macaroni and cheese and twice-cooked fries, the plan also included an extensive analysis of the expenses the restaurant expected in its first three years.

Determining that the North Side of Chicago lacked sufficient rib outlets, the group zeroed in on a storefront on North Pulaski Road, about 15 minutes north of the Loop and 10 minutes from Mr. Sorkin's house.

Two members of the group pledged their homes to secure a $440,000 Small Business Administration loan to get the restaurant off the ground.

In the months just before and after Smoque opened, Mr. Sorkin and one of the partners spent 120 to 130 hours a week tying up loose ends. ''I seriously thought we were going to die of exhaustion,'' he said.

Since Smoque opened, Mr. Sorkin has scaled back to a relatively relaxed 90 hours a week. Now, he is at work by 7 a.m., for a day that starts with stocking wood in a smoker, accepting an order from a meat deliveryman, checking the previous night's receipts and supervising as kitchen assistants chop peppers and prepare peach cobbler. He is on his feet all day, and rarely gets home to see his two toddlers before their bedtime. He can only occasionally catch a beer in a bar near his house.

But he is not complaining, because Smoque has served many more customers -- thousands more -- than the business plan forecast.

''My old job was challenging, even interesting at times, but I never got the same buzz from knowing that someone got their e-mail fixed,'' Mr. Sorkin said. ''I love barbecue. I love to feed people barbecue, and I love to watch them enjoy it.''

Ms. Anderson began in a far less ambitious way, relying on her family's encouragement far more than on financial planning, a step that Ms. Lipsky said often proves fatal.

Her suburban Cleveland cafe was named after her late uncle, whose nickname was Pepper, and her father, dubbed Red. The cafe was the culmination of her lifelong dream to gain more exposure for her mother's gumbo, a recipe handed down from generations of cooks in Louisiana and Mississippi.

''People who have tasted that gumbo say it's the best this side of New Orleans,'' she said. ''It's a big deal in our family.''

Still working as a magistrate, she began to shop for a location in downtown Lorain, a ***working-class*** town, in 2002. Ms. Anderson chose a former Woolworth's store about 40 miles from Cleveland on the shores of Lake Erie, on the hope that long-rumored casino hotels would soon be built.

Ms. Anderson also felt that local residents, who had few options to hear live music, would patronize a club in their collective backyard rather than drive into the city.

Even an economic slowdown that gripped the area after Sept. 11, 2001, did not deter her, because, she figured, ''people have to eat, they want to be entertained.''

She had a truly secret recipe in her mother's gumbo. Her mother, Claudia Anderson, who had never shared her methods with her daughter growing up, required that she learn the gumbo recipe by heart and make two batches from scratch, without help, before she would agree to let her offer it on the menu, which also featured Southern classics like red beans and rice, cornbread and crawfish.

Meanwhile, family members, including her husband, son and a flock of relatives, volunteered to work there, meaning she had to hire only one employee, a waitress.

But before the cafe opened, unexpected costs appeared. To pass inspection, the restaurant needed doors that pushed outward so customers could easily exit. The two doors each cost $1,000. Toilets for the restrooms arrived with no seats.

''The tiny little things you don't even expect, they're going to pop up at any time,'' Ms. Anderson said. She was responsible for every detail. ''I went from a highfalutin position to scrubbing the floors,'' Ms. Anderson said.

The summer after the restaurant opened in May 2002 was promising. Acting as the hostess, Ms. Anderson rushed every evening from the courtroom to the cafe, where she tied a custom-designed apron over her business clothes to seat the guests.

Ms. Anderson, who is not a trained musician, learned to sing blues songs and regularly took a turn on the bandstand. ''It was the most fun I ever had, notwithstanding the stress,'' she said.

But the joy did not last long. The hotels did not open, and by fall, the crowds that she anticipated would fill the restaurant every night had thinned. The friends she expected would be her regulars were often missing. ''People will encourage you,'' she said, ''but they won't show up every night.''

Ms. Anderson, who had borrowed $17,000 in a small business loan, fell deeper into debt.

Despite a bump during the 2002 holiday season, her business dried up over the first winter and did not rebound to her first-year level the following summer. Ms. Anderson did not have enough money coming in to cover the rent, $1,000 a month, and she could no longer afford to keep on her employee. In September 2003 she decided to close, a move that left her depressed and embarrassed.

''How could someone with a law degree and as smart as you blow it this big?'' Ms. Anderson said she asked herself. But she ultimately decided that it was better to be realistic. ''You have to appreciate that this might not work,'' she said. ''If it doesn't, get out.''

Ms. Anderson's experience is far more typical than Mr. Sorkin's, said Mr. Rainsford. He should know. For five years, when he was a professor at Cornell University's hospitality school, Mr. Rainsford ran a restaurant called O'Malley's on a lake just outside Ithaca, N.Y.

Mr. Rainsford and his wife soon discovered that the restaurant was not a sideline to his job, but a full-time undertaking for the entire family, especially during the summer. Eventually tiring of the disruption to their routine, and with their children losing interest, the Rainsfords sold O'Malley's to a young couple for a small profit.

The experience has helped him give advice to students at the culinary institute, where about half are traditional undergraduates and the rest are older students, many of whom have changed careers or want to enhance skills they have picked up on the fly.

Many of those students have a romantic vision of life in the food business, he said, fed by the success stories of people like Ina Garten, known as the Barefoot Contessa, who was a White House budget analyst before buying the shop in the Hamptons that started her food career.

Back in Ohio, former customers still rave about Ms. Anderson's gumbo. She often passes the cafe, now reopened under new ownership and with a new name, on her way home from court.

Each time she passes, she said, she is tempted to give the restaurant business another try. ''But then I just keep driving, and I say to myself, don't look, don't look, don't look.''

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

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: HE DID IT ...: Barry Sorkin's barbecue restaurant in Chicago, Smoque, has attracted more customers than his 40-page business plan projected.

... SHE DIDN'T: Charlita Anderson had to close Pepper Red's, her Cajun restaurant and nightclub in Lorain, Ohio, after she fell into debt. ''People will encourage you,'' she said, ''but they won't show up every night.''(PHOTOGRAPH BY ABOVE, SALLY RYAN FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES

BELOW, DAVID AHNTHOLZ FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES)(pg. F5)

**Load-Date:** August 27, 2008

**End of Document**



[***SPARE TIMES;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3TF9-HKN0-007F-G223-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***ATTRACTIONS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3TF9-HKN0-007F-G223-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 21, 1998, Friday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1998 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Leisure/Weekend Desk

**Section:** Section E;; Section E; Part 2; Page 42; Column 4; Leisure/Weekend Desk; Part 2;; Column 4;; Schedule

**Length:** 2918 words

**Body**

Museums and Sites

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park West at 79th Street. The Hall of Biodiversity focuses on the variety and interdependence of earth's living things. "Spirits in Steel: The Art of the Kalabari Masquerade" features 13 steel sculptures by Sokari Douglas Camp, drawing on themes from her homeland in Nigeria, and 25 Nigerian masks from the museum's collection. "Cave of the Warrior" exhibits rare funerary objects from an intact burial site about 6,000 years old in the Judean desert near Jericho. On view through Dec. 6, "Rare Beauty: America's Endangered Plants," large-format photographs of endangered plants in bloom by Maryl Levine. Through Oct. 4. "The Nature of Diamonds" explores the diamond, from its geologic origins to its uses in technology and research. Through Aug. 30. Admission is by timed ticket only. The Imax films are "Cosmic Voyage" and "Amazon." In the Imax Theater on Friday and Saturday nights at 9, "U2 in 3-D" and at 10, "Pink Floyd's 'Dark Side of the Moon' " in 3-D. Tickets: $9. Museum hours: Sundays through Thursdays, 10 A.M. to 5:45 P.M.; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 A.M. to 8:45 P.M. Suggested admission: $8; students and the elderly, $6; children 12 and under, $4.50; under 2, free. A combination ticket including museum admission and one film: $12; students and the elderly, $8.50; children 12 and under, $6.50; under 2, free. Information: (212) 769-5100; to buy tickets by phone: (212) 769-5200.

AMERICAN NUMISMATIC SOCIETY, Audubon Terrace, Broadway at 155th Street, Washington Heights. The society has the most extensive coin collection in North America; its library is open to the public. On permanent display is "American Numismatic Design, 1892-1922," which includes all coins issued during this period. Also on view is "The World of Coins," a history since 600 B.C. Free. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9 A.M. to 4:30 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 4 P.M. Information: (212) 234-3130.

HISTORIC RICHMONDTOWN, Staten Island Historical Society, 441 Clarke Avenue, Richmondtown. More than 25 buildings from the late 17th to the 19th century, restored and furnished. This village and outdoor museum depict the history of Staten Island and the surrounding region. Through Sept. 6, costumed villagers demonstrate historical trades like tinsmithing and dollmaking. The exhibition "Toys!" will run through the end of the year. Hours: Wednesdays through Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M. Regular admission: $4; the elderly and those 6 to 18, $2.50; 5 and under, free. Information: (718) 351-1611.

MUSEUM OF JEWISH HERITAGE: A LIVING MEMORIAL TO THE HOLOCAUST, 18 First Place, at West Street and Battery Place, Battery Park City. Artifacts, documents, photographs, videos and film clips are included in exhibitions on the Holocaust and on Jewish life before and after World War II. "Israel at 50 Years: Diverse Views by Magnum Photographers" features 36 images. Through Labor Day. Other exhibitions include "Jewish Life a Century Ago," with memorabilia from Jewish rituals and celebrations in Europe in the early 1900's; "War Against the Jews," detailing events from 1933 to 1945, and "Jewish Renewal," focusing on life after the Holocaust. Hours: Sundays through Wednesdays and Fridays, 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Thursdays, 9 A.M. to 8 P.M.; eves of Jewish holidays, 9 A.M. to 2 P.M.; closed Saturdays. Admission: $7; students and the elderly, $5; 5 and under, free. Some same-day tickets are available at the museum; because of heavy attendance, tickets may be purchased in advance through Ticketmaster: (212) 307-4007. Information: (212) 968-1800.

MUSEUM OF TELEVISION AND RADIO, 25 West 52d Street, Manhattan. A collection of taped radio and television broadcasts as well as exhibitions of other media, including drawings, posters and photographs. "A Television Diary: 45 Years of TV Guide Covers." Through Aug. 31. "The Complete and Utter History of Monty Python's Flying Circus." Through Sept. 24. Screenings of "How Not to Be Seen" (1970) and other episodes and interviews with Monty Python cast members; today at 1 and 6 P.M.; tomorrow and Sunday at 1 P.M. "Spam" and other episodes and interviews with cast members; today at 2:30 and 7:30 P.M.; tomorrow and Sunday at 2:30 P.M. "Movie of the Month," screenings of Sam O'Steen's television movie "Queen of the Stardust Ballroom" (1975), starring Maureen Stapleton and Charles Durning. Tuesdays through Sundays at 2 and 4 P.M.; additional showings Thursdays and Fridays at 6 P.M. Through Aug. 30. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, noon to 6 P.M.; Thursdays, noon to 8 P.M. On Fridays, the theater is open until 9 P.M.; closed Mondays and holidays. Admission: $6; students and the elderly, $4; 12 and under, $3. Information: (212) 621-6800.

NEW YORK CITY FIRE MUSEUM, 278 Spring Street, SoHo. In a renovated 1904 firehouse, a collection of fire-related art and artifacts from the 18th century to the present, including a fire truck, hose wagons, hats, toys, paintings, memorabilia and hand-drawn pumpers. Also, an exhibition, "Fire Marks: Emblems of Insurance," features 18th- and 19th-century British and American fire marks from the museum's collection. Insurance agencies would give bonuses to firefighters when they saved the premises of a policyholder. The decorative emblems were used to distinguish policyholders from the uninsured. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 10 A.M. to 4 P.M. Suggested admission: $4 for adults; $2 for students and the elderly; $1 for children under 12. Information: (212) 691-1303.

SOUTH STREET SEAPORT MUSEUM AND MARKETPLACE, South and Fulton Streets, lower Manhattan. The 19th-century port district has restaurants, shops and bars. The museum has three gallery spaces, a children's crafts center and a boat-building center. Sunday at 2 P.M. in the Wavertree captain's saloon, a reading from Captain George Speirs's log describing what happened aboard the square-rigger Wavertree 100 years ago. Exhibitions include "By Appointment to the King: Beken of Cowes, Marine Photographers," yachting images. Through Aug. 31. "The Famine Ships of Rodney Charman," 20 paintings by the British marine artist depicting the ships that carried Irish famine victims to America in the mid-19th century. Through Oct. 30. Watercolors by Naima Rauam. Through August. "Murray Cukier: Models and Imagination," ship models made from unconventional materials. Through December. Also, the continuing exhibition "Traveling in Style: 20th-Century Ocean Liners." Museum hours: daily, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Thursdays until 8 P.M.; stores in the marketplace: Mondays through Saturdays, 10 A.M. to 7 P.M.; Sundays, 11 A.M. to 6 P.M. Admission to museum: $6; the elderly, $5; students, $4; children 12 and under, $3, (212) 748-8600; the marketplace, (212) 732-7678.

ON THE STREET

PAKISTANI DAY PARADE, Madison Avenue, from 41st to 24th Streets, Manhattan. Sunday, 11 A.M.

UNIVERSITY PLACE FESTIVAL, between Eighth and 13th Streets, Greenwich Village. Tomorrow, 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.

BATTERY PARK FESTIVAL OF FAMILIES, State and Water Streets, lower Manhattan. Tomorrow, 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.

AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS FESTIVAL, 15th to 23d Streets, Manhattan. Sunday, 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.

TUDOR CITY FESTIVAL, Second Avenue, from 43d to 53d Streets, Manhattan. Sunday, 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.

RIDGEWOOD SPORTS INTERNATIONAL SUMMERFEST, Metropolitan Oval, off Metropolitan and Forest Avenues, Maspeth, Queens. Today, 6 to 11 P.M.; tomorrow, noon to 11 P.M.; Sunday, noon to 10 P.M. Admission, $4 each day.

RECREATION

CITYWIDE BEACH VOLLEYBALL TOURNAMENT, various city parks. Preliminary competitions tomorrow, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., at Orchard Beach, the Bronx; Coney Island, Brooklyn; Central and Riverside Parks, Manhattan; Rockaway Beach, Queens; South Beach, Staten Island. Free. Finals on Sunday from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M. at Coney Island. Sponsored by the New York City Department of Parks and Recreation. Information: (212) 360-8222.

WALKING TOURS

"WORLD OF FINANCE," lower Manhattan. The financial center, inside and out, with stops at the New York Stock Exchange and Trinity Church, a burial place of notable financial figures. Every Friday at 9:30 A.M. year-round, leaving from Broadway and Wall Street. Fee: $15; $10 for students and the elderly. Reservations: (888) 487-2457, extension 207.

"THE GRAND TOUR," an architectural and historical tour of East 42d Street in Manhattan that covers the Chrysler, Chanin and Mobil buildings as well as the Bowery Savings Bank and Pershing Square. Meets Fridays at 12:30 P.M. at the Whitney Museum at Philip Morris, Park Avenue at 42d Street. Free. Sponsored by the Grand Central Partnership. Information: (212) 883-2468.

"BIZARRE AND ECCENTRIC TOUR OF THE EAST VILLAGE" includes stops at stores offering tattoos, body piercing and magic potions. Meets today at 7 P.M. at the cube at Astor Place, off St. Marks Place and Eighth and Lafayette Streets. Led by Michael Kabac. Fee: $10, plus $5 for snacks. Information: (212) 370-4214.

"GREENWICH VILLAGE LITERARY PUB CRAWL," combines readings of works by noted writers with a look at the bars many of them frequented, including the White Horse Tavern, the Cornelia Street Cafe and the Cedar Tavern. Among the writers represented are John Steinbeck, Norman Mailer, Upton Sinclair, Lillian Hellman, Jack Kerouac and Edward Albee. Meets Saturdays at 2 P.M. through Oct. 31 at the White Horse Tavern, 567 Hudson Street, at 11th Street, West Village. Sponsored by the New Ensemble Theater Company. Fee: $12; students and the elderly, $9. Reservations recommended: (212) 613-5796.

TOURS OF CENTRAL PARK, sponsored by the Central Park Conservancy. Three tours from different locations occur Saturdays at 1 P.M. through the summer. The starting points are the Charles A. Dana Discovery Center, 110th Street, near Fifth Avenue, (212) 860-1370; Belvedere Castle, midpark at 79th Street, (212) 772-0210, and the Dairy, midpark at 65th Street, (212) 794-6564.

CITYQUEST TOUR, Greenwich Village. A self-guided tour using rental CD's and CD players, featuring commentary by James Earl Jones, Harvey Fierstein, Kurt Vonnegut, Joan Rivers and others; equipment can be picked up and dropped off at a kiosk in Washington Square Park in the Village. Fee: $10; a deposit of $200 for use of the CD player is also necessary. Sponsored by CityQuest; a portion of the proceeds benefits New York Cares, a charitable organization. Information: (888) 432-7692.

"BROOKLYN BRIDGE TALK AND WALK," a discussion about the building of the Brooklyn Bridge, followed by a walk across and back. Meets tomorrow at 2 P.M. inside 110 Church Farms, 110 Church Street, at Murray Street, lower Manhattan. Fee: $10. Sponsored by Dr. Phil: New York Talks and Walks. Information: (888) 377-4455.

"GREENWICH VILLAGE: NEW YORK'S LEFT BANK," includes streets that were home to writers and artists like Eugene O'Neill, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Edgar Allan Poe and Edward Hopper. Meets tomorrow and Sunday at noon at the Washington Arch, Washington Square, near Fifth Avenue and Waverly Place. Sponsored by Mainly Manhattan Tours. Fee: $10. Information: (212) 755-6199.

CENTENNIAL CITIES WALKING TOUR, commemorating the 100th anniversary of the consolidation of Greater New York, with walks in downtown Manhattan and the Borough Hall area of Brooklyn (connected by a subway ride between the two). Sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Meets tomorrow at 1 P.M. at the Nathan Hale statue, Broadway and Murray Streets, Manhattan. Fee: $15; $13 for students and the elderly. Information: (212) 534-1672.

"HIDDEN TREASURES OF CHINATOWN," touches on the early singing careers of Al Jolson and Irving Berlin and visits an 18th-century mansion. Meets tomorrow at 10:30 A.M. at the northwest corner of the Bowery and Canal Street. Sponsored by Dr. Phil: New York Talks and Walks. Fee: $10. Information: (888) 377-4455.

CHELSEA. Covers restaurants and art galleries in this neighborhood. Meets tomorrow at 11 A.M. at the Chelsea Hotel, 222 West 23d Street, Manhattan. Sponsored by the Municipal Art Society. Fee: $10; $8 for students, the elderly and members of the society. Information: (212) 935-3960.

"EAST VILLAGE TALES AND TAVERNS." Stops at four historic taverns. Meets tomorrow at 6 P.M. at the Astor Place subway kiosk. Sponsored by Street Smarts N.Y. Fee: $10 (does not include cost of refreshments). Information: (212) 969-8262.

"GHOSTS ON BROADWAY" passes some "haunted" spots in Times Square, including hotels and theaters. Meets tomorrow at 2 P.M. in front of the Belasco Theater, 44th Street, off Avenue of the Americas, Manhattan. Fee: $10. Sponsored by Street Smarts N.Y. Information: (212) 969-8262.

"FOODS OF NEW YORK: A WALKING AND TASTING TOUR" stops at a variety of restaurants in Greenwich Village and SoHo. Tours given Saturdays at noon and Sundays at 11 A.M. and 2:30 P.M., with different restaurants every week. Sponsored by Foods of New York. Fee: $20 (includes tastings). Information: (732) 636-4650.

"HIKE NEW YORK CITY," a six- to eight-mile hike of Manhattan, midtown and downtown, with commentary on its history and folklore. Meets tomorrow at 10 A.M. at the visitor's entrance to the United Nations, First Avenue and 47th Street. Fee: $25 plus refreshments. Given by Michael Kaback. Information: (212) 370-4214.

"GREENWICH VILLAGE: ITS NAUTICAL FACE" covers the far western reaches of the neighborhood that once contained an Indian trading post and a state penitentiary and was the center of various industries, including shipping. Meets tomorrow at 1 P.M. at the northwest corner of Christopher and West Streets. Fee: $12. Sponsored by Joyce Gold History Tours of New York. Information: (212) 242-5762.

"ROBBER BARONS OF WALL STREET" focuses on such financial wizards as Morgan, Rockefeller, Gould and Harriman. Meets tomorrow at 1 P.M. at the Museum of American Financial History, 28 Broadway, at Bowling Green, lower Manhattan. Sponsored by the museum. Fee: $10. Reservations: (212) 908-4519.

"HAUNTED GREENWICH VILLAGE" includes stops at the Hanging Elm and the Jefferson Market Courthouse Library. Tomorrow at 3:30 P.M. Fee: $5. Sponsored by Adventure on a Shoestring. Meeting place and reservations: (212) 265-2663.

"EAST VILLAGE" combines the history of German, Ukrainian and Jewish immigrants with that of labor activism. Stops include the Fillmore East, Labor Lyceum and sites associated with Peter Stuyvesant and Margaret Sanger. Meets Sunday at 1 P.M. at the cube sculpture at Astor Place. Sponsored by Big Onion Walking Tours. Fee: $10; $8 for students and the elderly. Information: (212) 439-1090.

"CENTRAL PARK: TREES, GRASS AND THE ***WORKING CLASS***," Sites in the park associated with John Lennon, the gay rights and antiwar movements and the early history of the park. Meets Sunday at 1 P.M. in front of the U.S.S. Maine monument at the Columbus Circle entrance to the park. Fee: $10. Sponsored by Radical Walking Tours. Information: (718) 492-0069.

"BROOKLYN HEIGHTS" explores one of the city's earliest landmark districts. Meets Sunday at 2 P.M. outside the Clark Street subway station, between Hicks and Henry Streets. Sponsored by Street Smarts N.Y. Fee: $10. Information: (212) 969-8262.

"HELL'S KITCHEN HIKE" through the west side of midtown, now known as Clinton, with stops at the Worldwide Plaza, St. Malachy's Church, the Actors Studio and a "haunted" town house. Sunday at 2:30 P.M. Fee: $5. Sponsored by Adventure on a Shoestring. Meeting place and reservations: (212) 265-2663.

CHINATOWN sites including stores and museums. Meets Sunday at 1 P.M. at the southwest corner of Canal and Lafayette Streets. Fee: $10; students and the elderly, $8. Sponsored by Big Onion Walking Tours. Information: (212) 439-1090.

"GLORIOUS GRAMERCY PARK." Stops include the birthplace of President Theodore Roosevelt, the Brotherhood Synagogue and the residence of the writer O. Henry. Former homes of the actors Edwin Booth, John Garfield and of Margaret Hamilton, who played the Wicked Witch of the West in "The Wizard of Oz." Sunday at 2 P.M. Sponsored by Street Smarts N.Y. Fee: $10. Meets in front of the Gramercy Park Hotel, 52 Gramercy Park North at Lexington Avenue, Manhattan. Information and reservations: (212) 969-8262.

"SOHO AND LITTLE ITALY WALKING TOUR" includes New York City and national landmarks. Meets Sunday at 2 P.M. at the northeast corner of Broadway and Houston Street. Sponsored by New York City Cultural Walking Tours. Fee: $10. Information: (212) 979-2388.

"A CROSS SECTION OF GREENWICH VILLAGE: A FREE WALKING TOUR" includes sites associated with Edward Hopper, Andy Warhol, Jack Kerouac and Abraham Lincoln. Meets Sunday at 11:30 A.M. at the northwest corner of Second Avenue and St. Marks Place, East Village. Led by Arthur Marks and sponsored by the Village Alliance. Information: (212) 777-2173.

"JEWISH EAST VILLAGE" AND "JEWISH LOWER EAST SIDE," two tours of areas central to Jewish culture in the United States. The first begins on Sunday at 10:30 A.M. inside the Second Avenue Deli, 156 Second Avenue, at 10th Street. The second, which includes a kosher wine sampling, begins on Sunday at 2 P.M. inside Schapiro's Wine Cellars, 126 Rivington Street. Fee for each: $10. Sponsored by Dr. Phil: New York Talks and Walks. Information: (888) 377-4455.

"TERRIFIC TURTLE BAY," a neighborhood stroll in the East 40's of Manhattan, passing through the United Nations headquarters, the Tudor City Historic District and Turtle Bay Gardens. Sunday at 4:30 P.M. Fee: $5. Sponsored by Adventure on a Shoestring. Information: (212) 265-2663.

**Graphic**

Photo: WALKING TOURS The John Lennon memorial in Central Park is part of a Sunday tour, "Trees, Grass and the ***Working Class***."(Associated Press)

**Load-Date:** August 21, 1998

**End of Document**



[***In Rockland Suburb, Deep Racial Change Melts Into the Everyday***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4300-KB30-0109-T0WG-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 5, 2001 Saturday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2001 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section B; Column 4; Metropolitan Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1379 words

**Byline:**  By DAVID W. CHEN

**Series:** THE CENSUS -- New York

**Dateline:** HILLCREST, N.Y., May 4

**Body**

In the 1960s, this unassuming bedroom community in Rockland County attracted secular Jews from Brooklyn and the Bronx. They liked the affordable starter homes, the suburban hush and the bearable commute. In the 1990s, Hillcrest attracted immigrants from Asia and the Caribbean, often by way of Brooklyn or the Bronx. They liked the affordable starter homes, the suburban hush and the bearable commute.

The changes in Hillcrest and in the composition of the Rockland County communities nearby reflect the increasing heterogeneity of suburban areas once assumed to be overwhelmingly white. But the shifts also show how racial change, particularly in sprawling suburbs, can occur not just relatively amicably but sometimes without attracting much notice.

Hillcrest lost a greater percentage of whites in the 1990s than any other place in New York, and since 1980 it has gone from almost all white to only one-fifth white. Hillcrest now has Rockland's highest percentage of African-Americans and Asians, plus a growing number of Hispanic residents, making it one of the state's most diverse communities.

The change is news to many of the people living here, though.

"No -- no, the census is lying, the census is lying," insisted Winston Dyke, 68, a Jamaican immigrant and retired businessman who moved to the area 33 years ago. "I thought Hillcrest was predominantly white."

To be sure, some of the whites who left Hillcrest were fleeing nonwhites, some residents say. But other residents say those who left were a hard-working group of pioneers who either died, retired to Florida or sought roomier expanses. And residents credit local institutions with embracing, not resisting, diversity in a place that lost 52 percent of its white population in the 1990s.

"I think it happened nonchalantly," said Ryan S. Karben, the Democratic majority leader of the Rockland County Legislature who grew up in Hillcrest and now lives in nearby New Hempstead. "I don't know that there's a way to identify some specific explanation other than the people who were moving into the community shared the same fundamental values of the people already living there."

Perhaps one of the reasons Hillcrest has managed to evolve so significantly yet anonymously is that it is not a city, or a town, or even a village. Instead, it is an unincorporated hamlet of 1.3 square miles and 7,106 people in the Town of Ramapo, almost entirely lacking an institutional structure of its own.

Even within Ramapo, Hillcrest is often overlooked. To the south is Spring Valley, a diverse hub grappling with overcrowded housing, drugs and economic redevelopment, while to the southwest and northeast, respectively, are the Orthodox and Hasidic enclaves of Monsey and New Square.

The Hillcrest Fire Company on Route 45, the main drag here, is one of the area's most notable institutions. Across the highway, the businesses in the Hillcrest Plaza shopping center have labels instead of names, with signs like "Nail Salon" and "Bagels." Most of the mail bound for Hillcrest, N.Y., 10977, is addressed to Spring Valley, one of five places with the same zip code.

Hillcrest first attracted attention in the early 1900s as a summer retreat accessible by train for ***working-class*** families from New York City, about 30 miles away. The Tappan Zee Bridge was built in 1955, increasing traffic and easing access to New York City. Hillcrest added hundreds of single-family houses, mostly inexpensive Cape Cods or split-levels on small lots. Many secular Jews were among that wave of settlers, said Craig H. Long, Ramapo's official historian.

In 1980, 84 percent of Hillcrest's population was white, while blacks accounted for only 7 percent. Since then, the proportion of whites has dropped to 21 percent, while the number of black residents jumped ninefold, to 49 percent of the total. The number of Asians, meanwhile, has grown by more than 260 percent and Hispanics by 366 percent.

According to real estate agents and residents, no single factor or event contributed to this demographic change. Many people moved because their children grew up and left, or because they wanted to pay lower taxes for more land. But some also did not like the racial diversity, said Simone Desvarieux, a broker with All Century Realty.

"They didn't say it, but you could feel it," said Ms. Desvarieux, a Haitian immigrant.

Fifteen years ago, about 15 percent of Ms. Desvarieux's clients were immigrants; now, about 80 percent are immigrants, mostly from Haiti, Jamaica, India, the Philippines or Latin America.

Many newcomers have moved from New York City, lured by $225,000 houses that would probably sell for $300,000 elsewhere in the county. Many are first-time homeowners eager to keep their neighborhoods tidy and who hold jobs as teachers, taxi drivers, subway conductors and store managers in New York City, New Jersey, Westchester or Rockland.

Ramon Gonzalez, 48, is Puerto Rican, works as a mechanic and lives on a block of East Hickory Street that epitomizes Hillcrest's transformation. In 1990, he left the Bronx so that he could buy his first house. Back then, most of his neighbors were longtime homesteaders or Jews who had moved in after the 1960s; now, they are mostly Haitians, Filipinos and Indians.

"Everybody, we get along," Mr. Gonzalez said. "We all do our spring cleaning. It's like a chain reaction."

Thelma DeGuzman, 39, immigrated directly from the Philippines 10 years ago, joining relatives already in the area. She saw immediately that Hillcrest differed from her expectations of an American suburb.

"I thought there were only tall white people, because of what I see in the movies," said Ms. DeGuzman, a nursing aide. "But then I said, 'Oh, my God! This is like the Philippines! So many Filipinos!' "

Some Roman Catholics, including Mr. Gonzalez and Ms. DeGuzman, belong to the ever-expanding St. Joseph's Church in Spring Valley, which now offers 13 masses in five languages, said the Rev. Rudolph Gonzalez, the church's pastor.

Local businesses sell Haitian, Chinese and Filipino newspapers. Two Indian-owned groceries on Eckerson Road rent out hundreds of videotapes from India. At Soun Sun Nhem's Asian Food Market, customers can buy phone cards for the Philippines, Thailand, Cambodia, Indonesia, Haiti, Mexico and Guatemala. The kosher deli is gone now, but Hillcrest still has more than the usual suburban fare of pizza and Chinese takeout -- residents can also eat at Vietnamese, Salvadoran or Colombian restaurants.

The town government has celebrated its diversity, which is something that cannot be said for many suburbs, said John Brunson, an African-American businessman who moved here from the Bronx in 1995 and is now president of the new Hillcrest Neighborhood Preservation Association.

Three years ago, Ramapo began organizing a series of celebrations, called Heritage Nights, to honor its residents' native cultures. For 10 years, the town has supported student exchange programs with towns in Ireland, Italy, Israel, the Philippines, India and Ghana and has printed brochures in different languages.

"If you put a mirror up in Town Hall, it'll reflect our community," said Christopher St. Lawrence, the Ramapo town supervisor.

Yet, the diversity has presented its share of challenges, too. In the East Ramapo Central School District, ethnic minorities make up 82 percent of the student body. More than 50 nationalities are represented in the schools. As a result, it is a constant challenge to educate new immigrants and minimize cultural clashes, said the superintendent, Jason P. Friedman.

At a youth counseling center here, most teenagers seeking help in the 1980s were white and battling drugs or alcohol problems. Now many are immigrants torn by cultural differences over issues such as parental supervision and corporal punishment, said the Rev. George R. Doering Jr., the center's director.

Still, most residents seem genuinely surprised and grateful that Hillcrest has changed so much with so little fuss -- so far.

"Isn't that something? I thought there were more whites," said Julius Graifman, 74, who is white and who moved to Hillcrest 38 years ago from the Bronx. "But that's O.K., we celebrate our diversity here. And besides, the people who moved in wound up being better neighbors than the ones who left."

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

**Graphic**

Photo: The faces on Hillcrest's playgrounds reflect dramatic diversification since 1980. (Edward Keating/The New York Times)(pg. B1); John Brunson, president of the Hillcrest Neighborhood Preservation Association, leading a meeting at the Hillcrest Fire Department. Mr. Brunson says that Hillcrest's government takes pride in its diversity. (G. Paul Burnett/The New York Times)(pg. B5) Chart: "DEMOGRAPHICS -- The Changing Face of Hillcrest"Racial and ethnic makeup. 1980White: 84.2%Black: 6.6%Other: 6.1%Hispanic\*: 3.1% 1990White: 47.9%Black: 31.1%Asian: 12.3%Other: 0.5%Hispanic\*: 8.1% 2000White: 21.4%Black: 49.4%Asian: 15.0%Other: 2.7%Hispanic\*: 11.5% \*Hispanic may be of any race.(Source: Census Bureau)(pg. B5)

**Load-Date:** May 5, 2001

**End of Document**



[***FILM***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-YXR0-000D-G46J-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 2, 1991, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1991 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Cultural Desk - SummerTimes Supplement

**Section:** Section 13;; Section 13; Page 18; Column 3; Cultural Desk - SummerTimes Supplement; Column 3;; Schedule; List

**Length:** 1200 words

**Body**

Here are some of the most tempting summer movies, compiled by Lawrence Van Gelder. A warning to consumers: opening dates are subject to change. (In some cases, studios have decided only on the month -- or season -- a film will open.)

June

"DON'T TELL MOM THE BABY SITTER'S DEAD," opening Friday: Christina Applegate, the teen-age co-star of "Married . . . With Children," is left home alone with five raucous children and no money when their no-nonsense baby sitter drops dead while Mom is on a two-month Australian vacation.

"JUNGLE FEVER," opening Friday: The provocative Spike Lee takes on American attitudes toward interracial relationships, with Wesley Snipes as a successful black architect who has an affair with his white Italian-American secretary, played by Annabella Sciorra.

"ROBIN HOOD: PRINCE OF THIEVES," opening June 14: In his first film since his Academy Award-winning "Dances With Wolves," Kevin Costner stars as the legendary hero of Sherwood Forest in a retelling of the story that teams him with a wise Saracen friend (Morgan Freeman) in the evergreen battle against the depraved Sheriff of Nottingham (Alan Rickman).

"CITY SLICKERS," opening June 21: Billy Crystal leads the way into the New West in this comedy about three buddies (the others are played by Bruno Kirby and Daniel Stern) whose idea of getting away from their troubles is to sign up as cowboys on a weeklong cattle drive. From a screenplay by Lowell Ganz and Babaloo Mandel, whose credits include "Splash."

"DYING YOUNG," opening June 21: Julia Roberts stars in a love story about a ***working-class*** woman whose job as companion to a wealthy, acerbic man suffering from leukemia leads to deep love and eventually to a beau geste that propels her in a new relationship with the robust young man who has befriended them. Directed by Joel Schumacher ("Flatliners.")

"MIRACLE," opening June 21: Neil Jordan, who directed "Mona Lisa," weaves a tale set in an Irish seaside town during an idyllic summer when an imaginative teen-age boy falls in love with a seductive, mysterious actress (Beverly D'Angelo) and stumbles into a dramatic adventure.

"MY FATHER'S GLORY," opening June 21: Fans of "Jean de Florette" and "Manon of the Spring" may find this right up their allee. It's the first of two linked films by Yves Robert drawn from Marcel Pagnol's autobiographical recollections of his boyhood in Provence in the halcyon days before World War I. The second, "MY MOTHER'S CASTLE," opens July 19.

"THE ROCKETEER," opening June 21: Disney's big summer movie is set in the Los Angeles of 1938, where a daring pilot (Bill Campbell) finds an experimental rocket pack that enables him to fly. He likes it. So does an evil would-be dictator. Directed by Joe Johnston ("Honey, I Shrunk the Kids").

"THE NAKED GUN 2 1/2: THE SMELL OF FEAR," opening June 28: Leslie Nielsen, Priscilla Presley, George Kennedy and O. J. Simpson are back in a sequel to the hit 1988 crime-and-punishment comedy "The Naked Gun," under the direction of David Zucker, who made the original.

July

"TERMINATOR 2: JUDGMENT DAY," opening July 3: Arnold Schwarzenegger moves out of kindergarten and into action again in a sequel to the 1984 hit. As the seemingly unstoppable cyborg from the future, the star is sent back in time to kill the child who would one day lead human resistance against the robots.

"BOYZ N THE HOOD," opening July 12: John Singleton, 22 years old, wrote and directed this drama of coming of age in black urban America -- the story of three friends in a Los Angeles neighborhood and of street life where friendship, danger, pain and love combine. With Larry Fishburne, Ice Cube and Cuba Gooding Jr.

"POINT BREAK," opening July 12: with Patrick Swayze, Keanu Reeves, Gary Busey and Lori Petty. The stylish director Kathryn Bigelow directs a thriller about a young F.B.I. agent whose investigation of a string of near-perfect bank robberies takes him undercover among the maverick surfers of southern California.

"REGARDING HENRY," opening July 12: Harrison Ford and Annette Bening star in the story of a wealthy, successful lawyer with a beautiful wife, adorable daughter and no heart. His life is changed by an incident that provides an opportunity to start again. Directed by Mike Nichols.

"MOBSTERS," opening July 19: Organized crime on the rise in the years from 1917 to 1930, with Christian Slater as Lucky Luciano, Patrick Dempsey as Meyer Lansky and Richard Grieco as Bugsy Siegel.

"RADIO FLYER," opening July 19: After their mother remarries and moves them to a new town, two boys find solace in a magical world in which animals possess the power of speech, monsters lurk in the bedroom closet and a little red wagon can fly. With Lorraine Bracco and John Heard; directed by Richard Donner ("Superman").

"DOC HOLLYWOOD," opening July 26 or Aug. 3: Michael J. Fox stars as Benjamin Stone, M.D., a young doctor who is on the fast track toward a glamorous career as a cosmetic surgeon in Beverly Hills until his car breaks down in a quaint town in South Carolina where the residents are in a dire need of a doctor for a local clinic.

"LAME DUCKS," opening July 26: Sort of Marx Brothers redux. John Turturro, Mel Smith and Bob Nelson star in a comedy about an oddball threesome involved with a wealthy dowager trying to realize her late husband's dream of founding a great ballet company.

"THE BIG MAN," opening in July: Liam Neeson in the role of an unemployed miner who fights in a bare-knuckle boxing match to earn money and self-respect but soon discovers he has unwittingly become involved with a ruthless gangster determined to settle a personal score. Based on an acclaimed novel by William McIlvanney, and directed by David Leland ("Wish You Were Here").

"HOT SHOTS," opening in July: Another spoof from Jim Abrahams, one of the three directors of "Airplane!" This time his target is "Top Gun" as Charlie Sheen, Cary Elwes and Lloyd Bridges star in the story of a misfit band of Navy pilots being trained for a special mission.

"LIFE STINKS," opening in July: The director Mel Brooks has cast Mel Brooks as his star in a comedy about a greedy, arrogant billionaire who bets a rival he can survive for 30 days in a Los Angeles slum without his money, connections or identity.

"A TALE OF SPRINGTIME," opening in July: The inimitable Eric Rohmer is back with a comedy about the friendship between a reserved, contemplative philosopher and a fresh, impulsive piano student who wears her heart on her sleeve.

August

"V. I. WARSHAWSKI," opening Aug. 2: Kathleen Turner stars as the private eye V. I. Warshawski in a murder mystery based on the popular Sara Paretsky novels.

"RETURN TO THE BLUE LAGOON," opening Aug. 2: This sequel follows the adventures of the 2-year-old son of the couple from the original. The boy is cast ashore with an infant girl on an uncharted tropical island, where they eventually reach adolescence and confront their sexuality.

"THE DOCTOR," opening Aug. 2: William Hurt, Christine Lahti, Mandy Patinkin and Elizabeth Perkins are the principals in a drama about a surgeon who finds out what it is like to become the patient. Directed by Randa Haynes ("Children of a Lesser God").

**Load-Date:** July 23, 1991

**End of Document**



[***Campaigns Shift As McCain Choice Alters the Race***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4TBF-T6C0-TW8F-G0FM-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 31, 2008 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2008 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Column 0; National Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1826 words

**Byline:** By ADAM NAGOURNEY, JIM RUTENBERG and JEFF ZELENY; David D. Kirkpatrick contributed reporting from Washington, and Patrick Healy from St. Paul.

**Body**

DENVER -- Senators John McCain and Barack Obama have begun recalibrating their strategies for the presidential campaign -- and reconsidering some of their basic assumptions about which states and voters are in play -- in a contest recast by Mr. McCain's unexpected selection of Gov. Sarah Palin of Alaska as his running mate.

A day after Mr. McCain announced his decision, catching almost everyone but his inner circle by surprise, both sides were trying to gauge the risks and opportunities of having a young, relatively inexperienced, socially conservative woman on the Republican ticket.

The Obama campaign and the Democratic Party had prepared advertisements and lines of attack directed at the two men who had been most prominently mentioned as vice-presidential possibilities for Mr. McCain -- former Gov. Mitt Romney of Massachusetts and Gov. Tim Pawlenty of Minnesota -- but had not considered Ms. Palin a likely enough choice to do the same for her. A new advertisement linking President Bush to Mr. McCain was quickly put together, but it contained only a fleeting mention of Ms. Palin.

That tentativeness reflected what Mr. Obama's advisers said was their struggle to figure out how to challenge the credentials and the ideology of a woman whose candidacy could be embraced by many women as a historic milestone. Once formally nominated at the Republican convention in Minneapolis-St. Paul this week, Ms. Palin, who was elected governor two years ago, will be the second woman chosen by a major party as a vice-presidential candidate.

Mr. Obama's campaign does not plan to go directly after Ms. Palin in the days ahead. Instead, it is planning to increase its attacks on Mr. McCain for his opposition to pay equity legislation and abortion rights -- two issues of paramount concern to many women -- as it tries to head off his effort to use Ms. Palin to draw Democratic and independent women who had supported Senator Hillary Rodham Clinton.

Mr. McCain's advisers said that rallying wavering women would be one of Ms. Palin's main jobs in the weeks ahead. They said her campaign schedule would take her to areas in swing states like Ohio and Pennsylvania where there were pockets of women who had supported Mrs. Clinton in the primaries.

At the same time, they suggested, Ms. Palin would also be given the task of appealing to evangelical voters, who have long been unenthusiastic about Mr. McCain. In many ways, the choice of Ms. Palin may prove to have been as much an effort to drive up turnout among the Republican base as it was a move to compete for women.

''We had a solid Republican and evangelical base,'' said Charlie Black, a senior adviser to Mr. McCain. ''But now it's going to be very intense.''

James C. Dobson, the influential conservative Christian leader who said in the primaries that he could never vote for Mr. McCain, said the selection of Ms. Palin had won him over. If he went into the voting booth today, Mr. Dobson told the talk radio host Dennis Prager on Friday, ''I would pull that lever.''

If Ms. Palin motivates evangelicals to rally behind the Republican ticket as they did for Mr. Bush in 2004, it could prove significant in states like Iowa and Ohio, where Republicans won by slim margins in 2004. It could also have an effect in North Carolina, a solidly Republican state that Mr. Obama is trying to win by appealing to black voters and new residents.

Republican leaders in North Carolina, who had been increasingly anxious over Mr. Obama's intensive efforts there, said they were heartened by the selection of Ms. Palin.

''Our people are excited,'' said Linda Daves, the chairwoman of the North Carolina Republican Party. ''The social conservatives are one area where she is going to resonate.''

Mr. McCain's choice of a running mate comes at a pivotal time in the campaign. It follows what even Republicans said was a successful convention here by Mr. Obama. And it comes on the eve of Mr. McCain's convention, with Republicans nervously watching Hurricane Gustav as it heads into the Gulf of Mexico, an unwelcome reminder of how the Bush White House's halting response to Hurricane Katrina in 2005 hurt the president and his party politically.

Mr. McCain, in an interview taped for ''Fox News Sunday,'' said the convention program might be reduced or suspended for a day or two if the storm turned out to be destructive.

Aides to Mr. McCain, who has frequently criticized Mr. Bush's slow response to Hurricane Katrina, said Saturday he would go to Mississippi on Sunday for an inspection of storm preparations.

With both presidential candidates having filled out their tickets -- Mr. Obama traveled Saturday across Ohio with his running mate, Senator Joseph R. Biden Jr. of Delaware -- their campaigns have now shifted into high gear.

Mr. Obama's aides said that they were confident of holding on to all the states Senator John Kerry won against Mr. Bush in 2004 and that they were already well positioned to pick up Iowa and New Mexico, both of which narrowly went to Mr. Bush. The Obama campaign is investing heavily to compete on more challenging terrain for Democrats, including Florida and Virginia.

But Mr. McCain is focusing heavily on taking two big states away from the Democrats: Michigan and Pennsylvania. Both have blocs of white, ***working-class*** voters who are anxious about the economy, a group that has given Mr. Obama difficulty and could be receptive to Ms. Palin's support for gun rights and the portrayal of her as a churchgoing mother of five who shares their values.

Mr. Obama intends to campaign throughout the Republican convention, visiting Indiana, Pennsylvania and Wisconsin.

At a stop on Friday in western Pennsylvania, one of Mr. Obama's biggest applause lines was reprised from his Denver speech, mocking Mr. McCain for pledging to follow Osama bin Laden to the ''gates of hell'' but not, in the view of Democrats, supporting sufficient military force in Afghanistan to capture him.

Mr. Obama this weekend began running the advertisement invoking Ms. Palin and linking Mr. McCain and Mr. Bush. In the advertisement, as images of Mr. McCain with Ms. Palin and then with Mr. Bush are shown, an announcer says, ''While this may be his running mate, America knows this is John McCain's agenda.''

But the campaign is about to turn to state-specific commercials tailored to local issues, possibly including one on a proposed national relief fund for hurricane insurance that is popular in Florida, said David Plouffe, Mr. Obama's campaign manager.

Mr. Obama's advisers said that compared with the mountains of data they had gathered on Mr. Pawlenty and Mr. Romney, they had far less information on Ms. Palin. Their dossier consisted of a thin document based mainly on her run for governor and newspaper clips.

Aides said the party staff members and allies in Alaska would sort through public documents relating to Ms. Palin's time in the governor's mansion, her two terms as mayor of Wasilla, Alaska, and her two terms as a member of the Wasilla City Council.

Democrats were not the only regrouping. Republican officials said that though they had time to collect surface-level material on Ms. Palin and her husband, they had done no examination of the rest of her family.

Beyond that, Republican organizers said the convention aides in charge of reviewing every speech delivered from the lectern are now on the watch for blunt attacks on Mr. Obama's readiness to lead, and reviewing how much to emphasize what had been the convention theme: ''Not Ready '08.'' They are aware that such criticism in a high-profile setting would provide an opportunity for Democrats to make the same charge against Ms. Palin, who has almost no foreign policy experience and has been governor for just 20 months.

Several Republican delegates said they too were shocked by the selection of Ms. Palin and, while they wished her well, were deeply concerned that she did not have the experience in foreign policy or national security to be commander in chief.

''We've been told for the last few months that experience is what matters most in the next White House,'' said John Scates, a delegate from St. Louis. ''But McCain is picking someone whose experience is little to nothing or, at best, unknown.''

In the days ahead, Mr. Obama's advisers said they would not just seek to define Ms. Palin as extremely conservative on issues like abortion and raise questions about her credentials as part of a larger effort to challenge Mr. McCain's judgment. They will also argue that Mr. McCain's decision would prove to be a mistake in terms of appealing to women and that it would hurt him in important battlegrounds like the Philadelphia suburbs.

''In terms of the classic suburbs, it's a bomb,'' said Marcel L. Groen, the chairman of the Democratic Party of Montgomery County, outside Philadelphia. ''So far as suburban woman go, this will not help McCain at all: they're pro-choice and anti-gun.''

It is complicated terrain, aides to Mr. Obama and Mr. McCain acknowledged. Any perception that Mr. Obama or his supporters were trying to tear down Ms. Palin could renew anger among supporters of Mrs. Clinton.

''I can't imagine the Obama team will spend their time on Palin; they'll spend their time with their negative ads attacking McCain and Bush,'' said Mandy Grunwald, Mrs. Clinton's chief advertising strategist. ''You always have to be careful not to rally people to her side by attacking too much.''

Republicans said Ms. Palin would provide an outlet for women angered at what they said was the poor treatment of Mrs. Clinton by the Obama campaign, the Democratic Party leadership and the news media. Nicolle Wallace, a senior adviser to Mr. McCain, said: ''I think the public pretty much accepts the fact that they played pretty dirty and that sexism played a role in the primary.''

Mr. Obama's campaign has moved on a variety of fronts to increase his appeal to women. Leading women in battleground states are being mobilized, and a disproportionate number of female surrogates are being sent to argue for him on television. They are being asked to focus on abortion rights and pay equity, aides said, and to steer clear of criticizing Ms. Palin as having limited experience in elected politics and government.

And Mrs. Clinton is likely to play an even more active role on behalf of Mr. Obama in the fall campaign, her aides said, because of Ms. Palin. She is expected to participate in television appearances, fund-raisers and conference calls with reporters to rebut efforts by the McCain campaign to court her supporters.

Mr. Obama's campaign said there were now about 18 states in play, including Alaska. In interviews, campaign officials said they would compete there, despite the fact that the name of its very popular governor will appear on the ballot.

Mr. McCain's advisers laughed at that. ''We're scared to death about Alaska,'' Mr. Black said.

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

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: Senator John McCain and Gov. Sarah Palin visited Washington, Pa., a state where Ms. Palin is expected to spend more time. (PHOTOGRAPH BY STEPHEN CROWLEY/THE NEW YORK TIMES)

Senator Barack Obama stopped to buy corn at a farm stand on Saturday in Marengo, Ohio. To his right is Gov. Ted Strickland. (PHOTOGRAPH BY OZIER MUHAMMAD/THE NEW YORK TIMES) (pg.A26) CHART: KEY STATES: States in play in the coming national election(Sources: Polls conducted this month before the Democratic convention from Quinnipiac University (Pa., Ohio, Colo., Fla.), EPIC/MRA (Mich.), Research 2000 (Nev.), Mason-Dixon (N.M.)

2004 vote from Dave Leip's Atlas of U.S. Presidential Elections) (pg.A26)

**Load-Date:** August 31, 2008

**End of Document**



[***A Matched Pair***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4B8P-N820-01KN-23VJ-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 21, 2003 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2003 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 7; Column 1; Book Review Desk; Pg. 8

**Length:** 1499 words

**Byline:**  By Daphne Merkin; Daphne Merkin is the author of "Dreaming of Hitler," an essay collection, and a novel, "Enchantment." She is working on a memoir about depression.

**Body**

HER HUSBAND

Hughes and Plath -- A Marriage.

By Diane Middlebrook.

Illustrated. 361 pp. New York:

Viking. $25.95.

Them again. Just when you thought there was no more to be said, the ransacked remains of Ted Hughes and Sylvia Plath float to the surface once more. The occasion this time is Diane Middlebrook's "Her Husband," which offers up yet another look at this much-prodded-at, larger-than-life marriage. Middlebrook, whose most recent book was a biography of the cross-dressing musician Billy Tipton, has also written an excellent biography of Anne Sexton, so she knows from self-destructing poets. And as with the Sexton book, which ignited controversy at the time of its publication because it drew upon confidential psychiatric records that were made available to Middlebrook by Sexton's daughter, she has again benefited from access to previously off-limits material, including letters and manuscripts by Ted Hughes. Still, one would be tempted to groan at this latest exhumation -- if only it weren't so transfixing a tale.

He was the "black marauder," as Plath called him, a gorgeous hunk from a ***working-class*** Yorkshire background, who dressed in raggedy black and wanted to wrench modern British poetry from its fuddy-duddy moorings. She was the genteelly raised girl from New England, a bottle blonde with long legs and a sterling "bobby-sox" education, as Hughes would later describe it in "Birthday Letters," the collection of poems about Plath that he published shortly before his death in 1998.

When they met at a Cambridge literary party, he already had a rep as a magnetic womanizer, and she already had a hair-raising psychiatric history. Their first kiss drew blood, and for the next six years they combusted their way through love, marriage and the birth of two children. For a while they appeared to have it all, starting with great sex -- in bed they behaved, as Plath modestly put it, "like giants" -- which seems to have been stoked by their mutually aggressive erotic styles. She brokered his poetry -- Plath typed and submitted the manuscript of "The Hawk in the Rain," Hughes's first, prize-winning collection -- and perfected her culinary skills. (She packed "The Joy of Cooking," which she once described herself poring over "like a rare novel," in her honeymoon luggage, along with her Olivetti portable.) But she was also determined to become a famous writer in her own right. "It is sad," she observed in her journals, "only to be able to mouth other poets; I want someone to mouth me." Hughes cheered her on through her despairs -- the "blank hell in back of my eyes," as she called it -- and despite his complaints to his friends that she never sewed on buttons, divvied up the domestic chores so that each could get a fair share of unencumbered writing hours.

At the time of Plath's suicide, however, there was no contest as to which of the two geniuses (if they agreed completely upon anything it was that each of them was married to a genius) had triumphed. Hughes was a heralded poet, surrounded by bohemian buddies and infatuated women, including the stunning femme fatale Assia Wevill, whom he had dumped his wife for. Plath, by contrast, had been left to fend for herself and their two young children during a brutal London winter -- the coldest in half a century, as we have repeatedly been told. Nearly friendless, she was further isolated by the toxic atmosphere of gossipmongering that surrounded the dissolution of her marriage. Plath was also relatively unknown as a writer -- she had published one slim, unearthshaking book of verse, and her novel, "The Bell Jar," had come out a month earlier, under a pseudonym, to little notice -- except to a few, like the critic A. Alvarez, who sniffed her bonfire talent. The last person to see her alive was the grouchy downstairs neighbor, who reluctantly entered into conversation and sold her stamps so she could mail a final letter to her mother. At a small gathering after the funeral, Hughes blurted, "Everybody hated her."

The trouble with the foregoing, however, is that it is but one cobbled-together narrative among many possible narratives, all of them jockeying for centrality. There are Plath's own accounts, of course; whether in the form of poetry, fiction or journals, they are imbued with a kind of feverish authority, as much because of the power of their witnessing as the vividness of the prose. Then there is the chirpy, bright-eyed plotline relayed by the dutiful "Sivvy" of "Letters Home," who sounds, with her incessant busywork and her annoyance at her mother-in-law's "sloppy cupboards," like a gushing precursor of Martha Stewart. There has also been a trove of Plath biographies, including Anne Stevenson's much-plagued "Bitter Fame" and Ronald Hayman's empathetic and considered "Death and Life of Sylvia Plath." The poet Elaine Feinstein weighed in with a judicious biography of Hughes two years ago, and his own moving but also shrewdly self-exculpating version of the story is presented in "Birthday Letters," where he is featured as a long-suffering husband who was helpless against a doom foretold before he ever arrived on the scene. There are, as well, a growing pile of competing memoirs (the latest of which, "Giving Up," is by Jillian Becker, the woman whose house Plath retreated to on the weekend before she died); a novel about Plath's last days, called "Wintering"; psychoanalytic studies, such as Jacqueline Rose's "Haunting of Sylvia Plath"; and Janet Malcolm's cool-eyed telescopic take in "The Silent Woman."

Given that there is so little agreement on the details -- whether, for instance, the headband Plath wore on the night they met was red, as she had it, or blue, as Hughes recalled -- it is all the more surprising that Middlebrook's overarching interpretation of the marriage as a partial triumph, rather than a wholesale tragedy, makes as persuasive a case as it does. Instead of ascribing blame or censure, she focuses on the ways in which the union of these two gifted and complicated people was, for a sustained period, a singular creative partnership -- a "productive collusion" -- that led to an almost magical symbiosis. "They were a matched pair," Middlebrook writes, "as country people used to say of horses. . . . Each was the other's best critic of their writing." Despite vastly different upbringings and influences, she suggests, Plath and Hughes connected at the deepest level from the moment they met, recognizing in each other a force -- half demonic and half angelic -- to be harnessed and reckoned with. "The sense of being bonded to each other through their instincts was one element in their compatibility, not only as lovers but as artists." No matter that he was essentially undomesticatable, and that she was scarred by a furious negativity that had its roots in pathology as much as it had its flowering in her late poems. ("The one factor that nobody but close friends can comprehend," Hughes wrote his brother, "is Sylvia's particular death-ray quality.") To Middlebrook, what's fascinating is not that the relationship failed but that their "dynamic of agreement and differentiation" lasted as long as it did. In much the same fashion, Hughes's continuing dialogue with Plath, either directly in his work or indirectly, via the statements and letters he wrote over the three and a half decades he and his sister, Olwyn, hawkishly presided over her literary estate, is a tribute both to the hold Plath had over his imagination and to his wish to break free of its entanglements.

"It is only a story. / Your story. My story," Hughes wrote in "Visit," one of the poems in "Birthday Letters." Umpteen books later, we have tried to make it our story, a paradigmatic instance of the relations between men and women, art and madness, passion and pain. By giving us a more mediated sense of the two poets' life together than the victim/victimizer model, "Her Husband" enables us to move beyond the stagnant issues of how hopelessly nuts she was or how badly he behaved. (There's no doubt that Plath was high-maintenance, while Hughes seems to have tried to make a go of the marriage, given that he was not built along the lines of the self-sacrificing Leonard Woolf.) Middlebrook casts a skeptical eye on most of the heartening post-mortem conjectures that have been broached over the years; she doubts that Hughes was really planning to come back to Plath or that she believed she'd be found before she was dead. But I feel certain that her attentive and cleareyed account won't be the last. The saga of Ted and Sylvia is like a ballad that goes on and on, stanza after stanza, with no end in sight. Still, even Middlebrook's inspiringslant can't obscure the chill at the heart of this story. The blood-jet was poetry, and at some point it began leaking all over the place. "And everything holds up its arms weeping," Hughes wrote in "Fate Playing." Or, as John Berryman, another poet-suicide, put it, "All the bells say: too late."

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

**Graphic**

Drawing (Drawing by Andre Carrilho)

**Load-Date:** December 21, 2003

**End of Document**



[***In French Race, Economy Will Sour the Victor's Future***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-7540-000P-N3PG-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 1, 1997, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1997 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Foreign Desk

**Section:** Section 1; ; Section 1; Page 14; Column 1; Foreign Desk ; Column 1;

**Length:** 1231 words

**Byline:** By CRAIG R. WHITNEY

By CRAIG R. WHITNEY

**Dateline:** PARIS, May 31

**Body**

Francois Barbey, unemployed like 12.8 percent of the rest of the French working-age population, plans to vote for President Jacques Chirac's conservatives Sunday in the decisive round of the French parliamentary elections. But he says he fears that social and economic turbulence will lie ahead no matter who wins.

"The only way France will ever get going again is by joining the global economy," Mr. Barbey said, "with a common European currency that will enable our economies to stand up to the dollar and compete effectively with big American companies."

"But we have been spoiled for so long by the welfare state that no party is capable of getting people to make the sacrifices required for this," added Mr. Barbey, 55, who lives in the ***working-class*** Paris suburb Fontenay-sous-Bois. "It may take a civil war to get people to face reality. Things will have to blow up."

On the eve of the vote, polls showed the opposition Socialist Party, which has been out of power since 1993, within reach of a dramatic comeback that could put its leader, Lionel Jospin, in the Prime Minister's office next week.

That is not what Mr. Chirac had in mind when, seeking a mandate for the deficit-cutting required to get France into the common European currency in 1999, he called this election a year before the end of the legislative term.

The conservatives could still salvage a victory from their disastrous showing of less than 30 percent in last Sunday's first round, a result that forced Prime Minister Alain Juppe to say he would step down. But even if they do, the possibility of economic and political deadlock over the next five years has increased dramatically, with far-reaching implications for Europe as well.

Mr. Chirac now appears condemned to a result that will make it more difficult to pursue the austerity policies on which Germany and the European Union bureaucracy have been insisting to get the currency off to a strong start.

But Germany is having as much trouble as France in getting its budget deficit down to the required limit. And bankers and money market speculators are saying that the currency project might be delayed, or the currency itself watered down, unless things change.

Even without the goad of the euro, as the common currency is called, Mr. Chirac has said repeatedly that reductions in the deficit and lower taxes are necessary to get the economy into the 21st century.

But all the likely candidates to replace Mr. Juppe, including the conservatives, having heard the message that fed-up voters sent last Sunday, are now united in promising to make jobs a bigger priority.

Mr. Juppe, the personification of the impersonal European technocrat to many French voters, tried to cut back the welfare system and trim budget deficits to qualify France for membership in the currency plan. But he had to back off from his boldest step after a five-week national transportation strike at the end of 1995. He had sought to make engineers in the state rail system work past the age of 50 before retiring at nearly full pay.

As Serge Dassault, the French aviation magnate, put it, "The drama in France, and in the end the drama for the right, is that liberalism has never been tried here." He was referring to the kind of market capitalism that the United States and Britain are familiar with but that France has always resisted, with state intervention.

"Bureaucratic, labor-union, tax and financial constraints weigh too heavily on business executives," Mr. Dassault told the daily Le Figaro. "Anyone who hires people is paralyzed later if he can't let them go. So it's simple -- he prefers not to hire."

Philippe Seguin is campaigning as if he had Mr. Chirac's blessing to become Prime Minister if the conservatives win on Sunday. He took with him, wherever he went this week, France's leading free-marketeer, Alain Madelin, whom Mr. Juppe dismissed as Finance Minister after only three months in 1995. Mr. Madelin had wanted to make big cuts in pay and benefit plans for millions of French state employees whose jobs are guaranteed for life.

Mr. Jospin's Socialist platform makes no promises about cutting Government spending or trying to cap welfare payments to get France's deficit down to the limit of 3 percent of gross domestic product by the end of this year, as required by the Treaty on European Union in 1992.

"We are on the verge of an event that is going to astound Europe and raise magnificent hopes in Europe," Mr. Jospin said this week, meaning that a Socialist victory would breathe new hope into the left all over the Continent.

But the French Socialists and Communists also say they want the European currency criteria loosened so they can create 700,000 new jobs, half of them in the private sector, and get both Italy and Spain into the project from the outset. French textile manufacturers and agricultural producers fear that a strong European currency with France in and Italy and Spain out would enable those countries to undersell France on world markets.

An opinion poll taken three days before the election and published in the Swiss daily Tribune de Geneve predicted that the Socialists could win 283 votes in the 577-seat legislature on Sunday, nearly enough to govern by themselves. They would have a majority if the Communists won the 32 votes predicted by the poll, which forecast 260 seats for the conservatives.

But the Communists differ with the Socialists on several important issues. For example, they insist that the workweek be reduced immediately, with no cut in salaries, to 35 hours from 39, where Mr. Jospin has proposed to introduce the reduction over five years.

For the conservatives, Mr. Seguin says he wants to create jobs by lifting the burdens that France's state-run health and retirement pension systems place on employers, who pay about two-thirds of the cost of those programs in payroll taxes while employees pay the other third. But he does not say he will cut any of the benefits -- only that he will somehow find other ways of paying for them.

On the euro, he said the other night, "I will never go back on what France has put its signature to," even though he opposed the common currency plan in a closely fought referendum in 1992.

"All our obligations will be scrupulously fulfilled," he said, "but we will say clearly what's on our minds -- that is, to give the European central bank system the primordial assignment of favoring economic growth and jobs instead of monetary stability alone."

There is nothing in the European Union treaty to prevent Mr. Chirac, Chancellor Helmut Kohl of Germany and other European leaders from being flexible when they meet next spring to decide which countries are close to meeting the budget deficit criteria, laid down by central bankers led by the Germans.

But German leaders have not yet convinced voters in their country that the euro would be as sound as the mark, which most Germans believe brought them prosperity after it was established in 1948. And they have steadfastly resisted all attempts by the French or anybody else to let the new currency be more malleable, for example by allowing it to cost less in dollars than the Germans would like it to.

Opposition politicians both left and right have suggested that if the left wins on Sunday, Mr. Chirac should draw the consequences and retire, as his political mentor, de Gaulle, did after a similar fiasco in a referendum in 1969.

**Graphic**

Photo: Jacques Chirac, or at least his effigy, was forced to view a protest yesterday in Paris, as people rallied around a banner denouncing the common currency to show their disapproval of the Treaty on European Union. (Associated Press)

**Load-Date:** June 1, 1997

**End of Document**



[***Home Video***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-YWN0-000D-G2PJ-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 6, 1991, Thursday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1991 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Cultural Desk

**Section:** Section C;; Section C; Page 18; Column 3; Cultural Desk; Column 3;; Review

**Length:** 1167 words

**Byline:** By Peter M. Nichols

By Peter M. Nichols

**Body**

Material for Children

"Video is a nifty resource for parents who know how to use it," said Peggy Charren, the president of Action for Children's Television of Cambridge, Mass. "The problem is that when children get in a video store, they go straight to the tapes of what they see on television. Parents should bring home what the kids don't see on TV. That's what video is so terrific at providing."

Ms. Charren noted that there's a good supply of material in well-stocked video stores, particularly for children under the age of 7. Last month Action for Children's Television honored five such videos at its annual awards ceremony in Washington. The winners were "Look What I Made! Paper Playthings and Gifts," from Pacific Arts of Los Angeles; "Owl, Moon and Other Stories," from CC Studios of Westport, Conn.; "Shalom Sesame: Chanuka," from the Children's Television Workshop of New York; "The Falcon," a Russian folk tale from Palmer/Fenster of Seattle, and "The Songhai Princess," a story set in ancient Africa from New Dawn in Philadelphia.

But while videos like these may be plentiful for the very young, Ms. Charren said, there is not a lot of material specifically for older children. "There's this point when kids stop stuffing the VCR with peanut butter sandwiches and start putting in tapes," she said. "But once you're past the picture-book stage, you have to be an adult to start using video again. Children between the ages of 7 and 12 are the most underserved group, whether it's television or video."

As possible alternatives for this age group, Ms. Charren recommends old movies. Titles like "Singin' in the Rain," "Mary Poppins" or "The Yearling" are appropriate, she said, as would be any number of older films. "Kids are fascinated with old movies," she said. Parents, she added, might consider putting together children's film festivals of old titles to run on Saturday mornings. Silent movies -- Buster Keaton's, say, or Charlie Chaplin's -- might make a good festival. "Parents can use tapes to do away with Saturday morning on television," she said.

5,300 Laser Titles

The 280-page spring issue of Laser Video File lists some 5,300 movies as well as music and special interest titles in 27 categories. Each entry includes a description of the title along with a dozen details, from rating and running time to distributor and catalogue number, information about sound and cx encoding, number of sides and suggested retail price. There are also lists of hardware and software manufacturers and an index of titles. Laser Video File is published by New Visions Inc. twice a year and is available by subscription. The price is $9.95 a year. Information: P.O. Box 828, Westwood, N.J. 07675, or (201) 712-9500.

New Home Video Releases

New Video Releases

The Grifters

1990. HBO. $92.99. 1:54. Closed captioned. R.

Stephen Frears's tough, taut film pits three hustlers -- Lily (Anjelica Huston), Roy (John Cusack) and Myra (Annette Bening) -- against one another in a hardboiled melodrama that is a "smashing variation on the sort of movie that people mean when they ask why Hollywood doesn't make movies the way they used to" (Vincent Canby).

Kindergarten Cop

1990. MCA/Universal. $91.95. LD, $34.95. 1:51. CC. PG-13.

His efforts to locate and protect a woman and child hiding from a drug dealer take John Kimble (Arnold Schwarzenegger) to woodsy Astoria, Ore., where he goes under cover as a teacher in a class that might include the youngster. There, the muscular detective remains a good-natured instructor until a gun battle erupts in the school's lavatory. Mr. Schwarzenegger is so congenial "even his detractors are likely to be happily surprised" (Caryn James).

Postcards From the Edge

1990. RCA/Columbia. $91.95. Laser disk, $34.95. 1:41. CC. R.

Doris Mann (Shirley MacLaine) and Suzanne Vale (Meryl Streep) are mother and daughter, the elder a famous and dominating movie star and the younger a bright, moderately successful actress struggling with drug and emotional problems. Pairing Ms. Streep with Ms. MacLaine in a mother-daughter relationship is a casting coup and the goings-on at any one moment are so rich that nobody is going to worry what will happen next. Based on the novel by Carrie Fisher, Mike Nichols's "helium-light comedy is a vehicle, but it's a custom-built Rolls" (Canby).

The Bitter Tears of Petra Von Kant

1973. New Yorker. $79.95. 1:59. German with English subtitles. No rating.

Used to treating her lovers as slaves, an imperious lesbian fashion designer is jilted by a sultry model and takes it out on her subservient assistant. This is one of the stronger, more difficult works of the late German director Rainer Werner Fassbinder. In an article shortly after the director's death in 1982, Vincent Canby put the film in the "Quintessental Fassbinder" category, "a key work but not an easy one to grab on to."

Killer's Kiss

1955. Warner. 1:07. $19.98. No rating.

A boxer courts a ***working-class*** young woman whose boss commits murder in this early and not altogether memorable film by Stanley Kubrick. The title is slipped among six other Kubrick films, all of them digitally remastered, reissued by Warner and MGM/UA this week: "A Clockwork Orange," "Barry Lyndon," "Full Metal Jacket," "Lolita," "The Shining" and "2001: A Space Odyssey," which has been rereleased in the letterbox format. All are $19.98, except the two-cassette "Barry Lyndon," which is $29.98.

Noir and Nasty

Film noir, that dark, gritty style of the late 40's and 50's, occasionally re-emerges in new films like "The Grifters." Then and now, film noir plays nasty, with characters bent on betrayal and steeped in corruption. Here are some of the best:

THE MALTESE FALCON -- As a flinty Sam Spade, Humphrey Bogart tracks down the the little bird, no thanks to Mary Astor, Sydney Greenstreet and Peter Lorre. 1941. MGM/UA. 1:40. No rating.

THIS GUN FOR HIRE -- Alan Ladd is a killer done in by a Nazi double agent and chased by the police through a desolate cityscape. 1942. MCA/Universal. 1:21. No rating.

OUT OF THE PAST -- A former private eye (Robert Mitchum) is hounded by his ex-lover (Jane Greer) and her gangster boyfriend (Kirk Douglas), who entangle him in a murder. The film was remade in 1984 as "Against All Odds," with Ms. Greer as the mother of her original character. 1947. Turner. 1:37. No Raing.

DOUBLE INDEMNITY -- A housewife (Barbara Stanwyck) plots the murder of her husband with the aid of an insurance agent (Fred MacMurray). Billy Wilder directed. 1944. MCA/Universal. 1:47. No rating.

THE POSTMAN ALWAYS RINGS TWICE -- As capstone to their torrid affair, a drifter (John Garfield) and a woman (Lana Turner) plot to murder her husband. 1946. MGM/UA. 1:53. No rating.

THE BIG HEAT -- Fritz Lang's film stars Glenn Ford as a cop after the crime ring that murdered his wife. 1953. RCA/Columbia. 1:29. No rating.

CHINATOWN -- Jack Nicholson is the private detective Jake Gittes in Roman Polanski's film about corruption in Los Angeles of the 30's. 1974. Paramount. 2:11. R.

**Graphic**

Photos: Anjelica Huston in a scene from "The Grifters." (Miramax); Photo: Dick Van Dyke and Julie Andrews in the 1964 film "Mary Poppins." (Buena Vista)

**Load-Date:** June 6, 1991

**End of Document**



[***PHOTOGRAPHY VIEW REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-D5D0-000B-Y2MM-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 27, 1980, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1980 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 2; Page 25, Column 1; Arts and Leisure Desk; Review

**Length:** 1118 words

**Byline:** By Gene Thornton

**Body**

Everyone knows about Bastille Day, the Fourteenth of July, in Paris. Dancing in the streets, singing the Marseillaise, parades, band concerts, food, et tout ,ca, et tout ,ca. But there is something strange in Lucien Aigner's photographs of the Fourteenth of July on exhibition at the French Cultural Services, 972 Fifth Avenue at 79th Street, through Aug. 15, and it is apparent from the start.

The photographs are grouped in sections, according to the activities they depict. First the parades, then the lunches, then the various entertainments - band concerts, puppet shows, dancing in the streets - and finally the departure for home, for many of the celebrators are not Parisians but out-of-towners in Paris for the holiday. The parades are certainly grand, often photographed from waist level or lower which gives the marchers an impressive monumentality against the sky, and often with the imposing bulk of the Arc de Triomphe in the background. But in these photographs many of France's troops are clearly not European but North African - elegant desert horsemen swathed in flowing robes, swarthy Zouaves in exotic Arab jackets. Do the French armed services still include such troops?

AN-A

The sense of strangeness grows at the sight of celebrators having lunch at sidewalk cafes, hundreds and thousands of people jamming tables that stretch down long boulevards as far as the eye can see. Of course, there are still sidewalk cafes in Paris, and people still have lunch in them. But in Aigner's photographs the quite ordinary lower-middle-class and ***working-class*** families are dressed in quaint, old-fashioned clothes: stiff suits and ties for the men, cloche hats and long, severe dresses and coats on the women. There are also, in Aigner's Paris, far fewer cars on the streets than there are today, and they are all of an antique design. Suddenly the viewer understands: this is not Bastille Day as it is in Paris today, but Bastille Day as it was many years ago, between the two World Wars.

The viewer is slow to grasp this obvious fact because the photographs, though taken in 1934 and 1938, are stylistically very up-to-date. They are street photographs taken with a small hand-held camera in which the dominant stylistic characteristics are tilted horizons, blurred moving figures, seemingly arbitrary framing that cuts off figures at the edges in unexpected ways, and extreme contrasts of sharp and blurry focus. They are the naive originals on which sophisticated contemporary ''snapshot esthetic'' photographers, Garry Winogrand and his followers, base their style.

Lucien Aigner is best known for his candid camera portraits of celebrities of the 1930's. He was one of the pioneers of the modern photo-journalism, and during the 30's he stalked the corridors of power photographing such winners and losers of world politics, arts and learning as Haile Selassie looking grave and noble, Benito Mussolini squeezing his nose, Albert Einstein rumpled and quizzical, and Lorin Maazel, then about 6 years old, looking the very image of a child prodigy. This kind of photographic portrait, which caught the subject ''off guard,'' was new in the 30's, and people felt that it gave a more truthful picture of people in public life than the posed and retouched formal likenesses of the portrait studios. In fact, the likelihood of getting ''truth'' through the chance encounter of sensitized paper and light from a moving object was not much greater than the likelihood of a typewriting monkey composing a Shakespearian sonnet. But certainly some striking images were obtained, which, in the context of newspaper and magazine presentation, confirmed the popular preconceptions of the day.

While snapping celebrities, however, Aigner, like his contemporaries Andre Kertesz, Brassai and Henri Cartier-Bresson, was also out in the street photographing the life of ordinary people, and the current show at the French Cultural Services is drawn from this lesser-known part of his work. It certainly deserves to be better known. Aigner was not, perhaps, the master of abstract design that Cartier-Bresson was, or the poet that both Kertesz and Brassai were. But he was a crack reporter, and the passage of time, which has dated his celebrity portraits and made them look a little naive, has made his street photography look even more modern and up-to-date than the similar works of his better-known contemporaries.

The best single photograph in the show is one that even today newspaper and magazine editors would hesitate to print except perhaps in a special section devoted to ''art'' photography. It is an enchanting picture of a young girl turning to smile at the photographer as she runs a race - at the photographer, one feels sure, not at the camera, because such a wonderful smile could not proceed primarily from vanity. But the girl's face and figure are blurred, and the background even more so; the girl was running so fast and so close to the photographer that he had to ''pan'' to catch her at all. Other photographs, though less ''advanced'' in style, also foreshadow the work of younger photographers respected by modern art museums, for instance, a brilliantly framed shot of spectators at a parade in which the doleful expressions of a young girl and a muzzled dog echo another.

However, the real strength of Aigner's Fourteenth of July photographs is not in the ''anticipation'' of modern style that he achieves in individual pictures, but in the vivid expression he gives to sadness for a way of life that is gone forever. The Paris of the 30's no longer exists. It is not just that some of its buildings have been pulled down and replaced by skyscrapers, freeways and modern art museums. It is, as Richard Cobb has pointed out in The New York Review of Books, that the small shopkeepers and artisans who gave the streets of Paris their special flavor have been shipped out to housing projects in the suburbs, leaving the refurbished central city to the middle and upper classes.

The small shopkeepers and artisans, the ''petites gens'' of Paris and their country cousins, are the real subjects of Aigner's Fourteenth of July photographs, and they no longer exist. They were very proper and dignified in their holiday clothes, like the shop girls and office workers in Isabel Bishop's contemporary paintings of Union Square and 14th Street in New York, and when they danced in the streets it was not with the wild abandon of revolutionaries but with the grave grace of people who owned their city, or at least felt that they did. They own it no longer, and it is this sense of loss, even more than the premonition of a disastrous war, that makes Aigner's Fourteenth of July festivities seem so sad.

**End of Document**



[***Left Behind***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4B76-TGS0-01KN-20XT-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 14, 2003 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2003 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 7; Column 1; Book Review Desk; Pg. 9

**Length:** 1475 words

**Byline:**  By David Lipsky; David Lipsky is the author of "Absolutely American: Four Years at West Point."

**Body**

I AM A SOLDIER, TOO

The Jessica Lynch Story.

By Rick Bragg.

Illustrated. 207 pp. New York:

Alfred A. Knopf. $23.95.

FROM the beginning, nobody's ears seemed tuned to the skeptical frequencies. Last March, Pvt. Jessica Lynch set out for Iraq with the 507th Maintenance Company -- part of the essential military backstage, truckers carting fuel, water, toilet paper and food. She became the war's first big scoop: in its front-page account of her capture, The Washington Post quoted an official saying Lynch was "fighting to the death." Pentagon sources warned that this was raw battlefield intelligence, an unconfirmed rumor; yet it was the part about Lynch sustaining "multiple gunshot wounds" while firing to her last round that raced out over the wires and led every newscast.

Five foot three and a wispy 100 pounds, Lynch emerged as America's most famous soldier. In the first weeks of April, every day brought a fresh Jessica Lynch bulletin: news watchers learned about neighborhood life in the West Virginia hollows, Lynch's "neat, girlish handwriting," how she took Miss Congeniality at a local county fair. (Winning top prize would have implied the easy road; instead, Lynch received her award for politeness and grit.) She had enlisted for college money, with an eye toward teaching kindergarten; she was, in the classic American tradition, a reluctant soldier. Yet at the moment of truth she didn't falter; she'd been brutally injured and endured eight days of captivity in a hospital with the nicely symbolic name "Saddam General."

Her story broke during the stalled early days of conflict, with morale reaching low tide, and had a galvanizing effect. "I took it right to heart," explains a marine in the middle of "I Am a Soldier, Too." "I have a sister. She's 19. . . . I thought of the people who would do that. I wanted to kill them. I killed 34 of them."

Yet within days of her rescue, her parents and Army physicians were disputing whether Lynch had received any gunshot wounds at all. Within a month, Iraqi hospital workers questioned the necessity of her dramatic rescue -- they had tried handing her over to coalition troops days earlier. A BBC report painted the commando raid -- soldiers videotaped taking a hospital with full force -- as a propaganda stunt. (Though to second-guess the armed entry of an occupied building in hostile territory, even a hospital, you had to be unfamiliar with the most basic military doctrine.) The Army's official investigation revealed that Lynch had never fired a shot: under desert conditions, her M-16 had jammed, and she had been praying inside a Humvee when it plowed into a tractor-trailer. The coverage about Lynch proved, in nearly every particular, inaccurate.

Still, she had suffered real and life-threatening injuries, had faced combat and lost close friends on what was then the bloodiest day of the war. A story was clearly waiting to be told. In September, a spokesman announced that Lynch had paired up with a down-home Pulitzer Prize winner, the gifted journalist Rick Bragg, who could write that story from the inside. It seemed a perfect literary blind date.

In a letter to F. Scott Fitzgerald -- who enlisted in the Army too late for World War I -- Ernest Hemingway offered some gruff, desktop advice. "The reason you are so sore you missed the war is because war is the best subject of all. It groups the maximum of material and speeds up the action and brings out all sorts of stuff that normally you have to wait a lifetime to get." Bragg organizes the book to triple this advantage, by shaping Lynch's story as three linked battles.

First is the low-intensity economic struggle of growing up ***working class*** in rural West Virginia. One of Bragg's sly suggestions is that Lynch's greatest fear, of "being left behind" -- which comes momentarily, horrifyingly true in the Iraq section, when her truck falls hours behind the main convoy -- was her life's default position. Soldiers like Lynch, he writes, were the sons and daughters of blue-collar workers who had jobs at plants "that closed their doors before the next generation could build a life from them." This opportunity deficit, as the author sees it, is what put them into uniform.

Second is Lynch's actual combat and her days as a prisoner in the surprisingly compassionate hands of her Iraqi doctors. Some reviewers have questioned whether, without the exploits initially attributed to her, there could be any power in Lynch's narrative. (Though Bragg does not say so, the early error had a simple explanation. According to later news reports, the Army was intercepting Iraqi radio chatter, and overheard that a yellow-haired soldier from Lynch's unit had indeed fought bravely and fallen; that soldier turned out to be a sergeant named Donald Walters. Interpreters confused the Arabic pronouns for "he" and "she" and thought it was Lynch.) Some of the best war writing, though, takes place along the confused margins of combat. And Bragg powerfully details the series of mistakes -- exhaustion, vehicle malfunction, poor communication -- that led the 507th into their ambush; these scenes are the high point of the book.

But Bragg, a former national correspondent for The New York Times, was composing under the fog of deadline. With an impossible two months for writing, he ended up with all of a military strategist's problems: routes get confused and abandoned, supply lines between idea and expression stretch thin, straggling images mumble up and down the column. How else to explain the odd language deployed in a moment like this, of Lynch's coming-to? "She had prayed that she would live through the fight, and she had thought that if she did, her fear would evaporate. But now it was back, hand in hand with the pain, like evil twins." Or the romantic depiction of Lynch's fiance, "he was in the kind of love that Ajax won't scrape off," or her best friend as a "soldier whose dog tags rested upon a pushover heart"? In a book of 207 pages, Bragg includes more than 400 single-sentence paragraphs -- a well-established distress signal, recognized by book readers and term-paper graders alike.

The book's final struggle is Lynch's attempt to reclaim control of her own story, which ought to be as thrilling as the Iraqi stuff. She returned to the United States amid an avalanche of blessings that tops a Frank Capra movie: applause, civic gratitude, cascading gifts. Lynch had offers of college scholarships, Hawaiian vacations and new cars, and so much mail her town's postmaster started warehousing it in an empty jail cell. The emotional pressure -- the mixed shame and gratification -- must have been intense, yet she steadfastly corrected the record. ("The myth," Bragg writes, "was made while she was sleeping." Upon awakening, she contradicted it.) Instead of focusing on this aspect of the story, though, where Lynch arguably showed how tough she really was, the author shifts his attention to her likely sexual assault by Iraqi soldiers, which she does not remember.

It's Lynch's conduct since the book came out that is, strangely, the most stirring part of her story. On talk shows, she displays the rare forthrightness of a guest not trying to prep the ground for an invitation back. When Katie Couric asked on "Today" if her portion of public attention was unfair, Lynch replied: "Yeah. See, I didn't choose this, though. They came looking for me. So it's not like I went begging for people, 'Hey, let me tell my story to you.' " Giggling, she treated her David Letterman appearance like a visit to the den of an uncle she'd been warned might act goofy. It may be the first interview of a military hero where the host was forced to break a pause with the words, "So, anyway."

Hemingway's maxim about wartime acceleration has proved as true for the home front. Last spring, with viewers firmly supporting the war, Lynch became a symbol for everything good in the conflict. Now, journalists seek to enlist her for the opposite cause. When Diane Sawyer ran the suggestion by Lynch that her rescue was propaganda, a risk-free show staged for a faraway audience, Lynch corrected, "I don't think it happened quite like that, though" -- meaning, the situation was more uncertain and hazardous than it appeared. The hunger for a different type of story was so great that's how the quotation ran in newspapers across the country anyway: "Lynch says rescue 'Didn't quite happen like that.' " Lynch continued: "It didn't matter to me if they would have come in in skirts and blank guns. It wouldn't have mattered to me. I wanted out of there. . . . They risked their lives. Those are my heroes." It takes a certain admirable stubbornness to resist being turned into a symbol twice in the same year -- an insistence on keeping the facts straight that counts as courage, in the civilian world or in the military.

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

**Graphic**

Drawing (Drawing by Ray Bartkus)

**Load-Date:** December 14, 2003

**End of Document**



[***COMMUNITIES; Every Vote Counts, but Not Everyone Votes***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:42W7-N9N0-0109-T134-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 22, 2001 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2001 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 14NJ; Column 2; New Jersey Weekly Desk; Pg. 6

**Length:** 1352 words

**Byline:**  By STEVEN STRUNSKY

**Dateline:** JERSEY CITY

**Body**

AS a student at New York Law School, Stephanie Weaver has a lot on her mind. Not Jersey City politics, though.

Although Ms. Weaver, 24, a native of Austin, Tex., has lived in Jersey City for a year and a half, she is like many of her 9,000 or so neighbors on the waterfront in the sprawling Newport development in that she is not registered to vote here.

"I don't consider it my permanent address," Ms. Weaver said.

A group of more politically minded Newport residents, calling themselves the Waterfront Association, did try to set up voter registration tables in lobbies of the development's high-rise apartment buildings last month, although the Queens-based developer of the 600-acre complex, the Lefrak Organization, would not allow it. And while a mayoral candidate in the city's May 8 election did manage to convince Lefrak to slip 3,145 voter registration forms under tenants' doors two weeks ago, only 200 were filled out and left with a concierge for delivery to the Hudson County commissioner of registration before the registration deadline of 9 p.m. on April 9.

Ms. Weaver, for example, ignored hers. A neighbor, Casper Sorensen, said he could not even remember getting one. "I probably did, but I didn't pay attention," said Mr. Sorensen, 27, a Newport resident since 1998, who, as a Danish citizen, cannot vote. "I outsource that to my wife."

Since a $40 million federal urban development grant helped Lefrak begin developing Newport in the 1980's on a blighted stretch of Hudson River waterfront, it has been a community largely isolated physically and in civic life from the rest of Jersey City. A huge parking garage for the Newport Center mall acts as a great wall separating Newport from historic downtown neighborhoods, whose brick and brownstone townhouses look nothing like Newport's nine apartment towers and three high-rise office buildings.

The residents of Newport are also viewed by the rest of the city and at least somewhat by themselves as a politically, socially and economically disengaged group. They beat a path to the PATH in the morning, then head straight back home after work or a night out in New York. "I guess part of that is true," said Min Lu, a 20-something stock analyst for a Manhattan firm who moved to Newport a year ago from Denver.

Like Ms. Lu, who is Chinese, and Mr. Sorensen, many of Newport's residents are not citizens, and therefore could not vote if they wanted to. Edward Cortese, a vice president of the Lefrak Organization, which also built Lefrak City in Queens and much of Battery Park City in Manhattan, said 10 percent of Newport residents moved in from other countries. An additional 80 percent moved from New York City, he said.

Socioeconomics also separate Newport residents from other residents of the city. Rents for the newest two-bedroom apartments at Newport range from $2,450 to $3,400 a month, much higher than most of Jersey City, which, beyond its growing waterfront skyline and its gentrifying downtown neighborhoods, remains essentially a ***working-class*** town.

Nearly 90 percent of Newport's occupants are renters, a relatively transient group that is less likely to vote, with only 445 condominiums among Newport's 3,600 apartments. While there are plenty of baby strollers around Newport, there are relatively few school-age children. So the two biggest issues in local politics -- property taxes and the quality of the schools -- are of little concern to most Newport residents.

But they are not without their complaints: constant building is eliminating any open space; roads are constantly closed to make way for construction; heating bills are high; there are few shops outside the mall, which is several blocks from the residences. And, say members of the Waterfront Association, Newport's management and city officials have been unresponsive to residents' concerns because of their lack of clout at the ballot box.

"Everybody's saying we don't vote," said Eleanor Capograsso, a 41-year-old Manhattan lawyer and co-founder of the association. "I finally said, enough is enough."

So last month, the association put up fliers indicating voter registration tables would be set up in the lobbies of Newport apartment buildings. But on March 11, the day before the tables were to be set up, Lefrak's management company subsidiary, Presidential Management Corporation, countered with its own fliers warning residents that no such activity was allowed. The intent, the notice said, was "to promote the safety of our residents as well as to preserve the character of our buildings."

Mr. Cortese, the Lefrak vice president, said the developer was not trying to suppress voter registration but rather to discourage strangers from making their way onto residential floors.

James W. Hughes, dean of the Edward J. Bloustein School of Planning and Public Policy at Rutgers University, said it was unlikely a large developer would want to suppress his own tenants' voting rights, and thereby minimize the development's clout at city hall, because often a landlord's and tenants' interests overlap.

For example, eleven Newport properties have city tax abatements, which contribute a total of $13.1 million a year to city coffers, but also save the developer -- and indirectly, the supposition goes, his tenants -- millions of dollars a year compared with what would be paid under standard property tax assessments.

But even the abatements are a source of resentment among individual commercial and residential property owners, some of whom feel they are subsidizing the abated properties. Councilman Robert Cavanaugh, the mayoral candidate who asked Lefrak to distribute the voter registration forms, said he had been angered by Lefrak's refusal to allow voter registration tables in Newport lobbies. "How can they argue that this is private property, when by virtue of the tax abatements we are a partner with them?" Mr. Cavanaugh said. "I don't care whether it's common areas or private property or whatever, it's a free speech issue."

In fact, the Waterfront Association contacted the New Jersey Tenants Organization, which supplied it case law the organization said established apartment lobbies as public space where voter registration should be allowed.

But no suit was ever filed. Instead, Newport consented to Mr. Cavanaugh's request and distributed the voter registration forms on Thursday, April 5, four days including the Passover and Easter holidays before the registration deadline for the May 8 council and mayoral election.

Others may register by May 7 for the June 5 primary for governor, state Senate and Assembly, and county sheriff. Jersey City's mayor, Bret D. Schundler, is seeking the Republican gubernatorial nomination.

Mr. Schundler, once a city newcomer himself, said it was understandable that the newcomers of Newport would tend not to vote. But Tom DeGise, a Jersey City native who is the city council president and a mayoral candidate, said, "I think that the Newport people do have an obligation to become part of our community and go through our institutions."

To some residents of Guttenberg, just up the river from Jersey City, aggressive participation in local politics by the relative newcomers at the Galaxy Towers condominium complex has been a source of resentment for years.

"We had to literally register voters to create the power block to overcome the town's initial inertia in giving us municipal services," said Sanford Simon, president of the Galaxy Towers Condominium Association. But, he added, "we have found that both the town and certain Galaxy residents are reaching across Boulevard East and recognizing that we live in the same town."

Of course, as tax-paying condominium owners, Galaxy residents have a strong motivation to vote that most Newport residents lack.

It may simply be that, when it comes to getting involved in local affairs, newcomers are darned if they do and darned if they don't. As Professor Hughes at Rutgers put it, "If residents of Newport started getting active and, say, they wanted to get involved in the school system, there might be an attitude of, 'Why don't they butt out?' "

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Fermin Garcia, general manager of residential operations at Newport apartments, at the collection box for voter registration forms in the lobby. Residents of the development often are not registered voters and are isolated from the rest of Jersey City. Above, the Pavonia/ Newport PATH station. (Frances Roberts for The New York Times); (Monica Graff for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** April 22, 2001

**End of Document**



[***Europe Making Sweden Ease Alcohol Rules***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:42NW-K8D0-0109-T4D7-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 28, 2001 Wednesday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2001 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Column 3; Foreign Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1394 words

**Byline:**  By SUZANNE DALEY

**Dateline:** STOCKHOLM, March 23

**Body**

For decades, Sweden's liquor stores were few and far between and had the look of hospital pharmacies. They closed by 6 on weekdays and never opened on weekends. Choice was limited and prices high.

Bottles were displayed inside glass cases. Customers took numbers -- and waited.

These measures were imposed to discourage the consumption of alcohol in a nation with a tradition of drinking to the point of drunkenness and a history of abuse going back to the miseries of 19th-century industrialization, when cheap liquor led to widespread abuse.

But piece by piece, Sweden is being forced to take apart its anti-alcohol policies because most violate the European Union's rules of fair competition. Some liquor stores are open late and on Saturdays. A few have been remade into cheerfully decorated self-service stores. And wine lovers can delight in a wide selection.

The tax on beer is down. The tax on wine is expected to follow, and some say that even the high taxes on hard liquor will go eventually. Even restrictions that do not have to go, like the high taxes, are being undermined by open borders.

Heading into the weekend, it is easy enough to find young Swedes in liquor stores who applaud these changes and say that their country is finally catching up with the rest of the world. But it is easy too to find Swedes who are deeply concerned over the changes and worried that the years of controlling consumption through state-owned monopolies and high taxes have not really cured this nation of bad drinking habits.

Some contend that if Swedish voters had fully understood how entry into the European Union would loosen the state's grip on alcohol, the country might not have joined. Alcohol consumption is on the rise, and some worry how far it will go.

Already Swedish officials say the country has a growing black market in liquor. Near Sweden's southern border, pensioners are making extra cash by driving back and forth from Denmark with their trunks full of untaxed beer.

"I'm just not sure that Sweden is ready for this," said Sonia Ostergen, the manager of the state's dreary liquor store in the Stockholm suburb of Sundbyber. "Cheaper beer and wine, maybe. But I don't think it should be easier to get hard liquor. We all know people who have problems. "

Experts say that what is happening in Sweden over alcohol policy is in many ways a prime example of the difficulties the European Union faces as it tries to extend its reach and harmonize policies. Stretching from freezing climates to desert regions and incorporating vastly different cultures, the union is seeing that what may be a market commodity in one country is a health issue in another.

"On this issue, we can't even really understand each other," said Dr. Gunar Agren, the executive manager of Sweden's National Institute of Health. "We just see things very differently and in fact we have different problems with alcohol.

"Here we come from a tradition of drinking where people beat each other up and even get killed over drinking. You talk to the Italians and they don't see that. Drinking has been a part of their way of life for 1,000 years and they think young people need to be taught to drink."

During the worst period of abuse in Sweden in the mid-1800's, the country had more than 175,000 distilling machines for a population of about eight million, and consumption was estimated at almost 49 quarts of alcohol per adult per year compared with about 9.5 today. Finally, the labor movement and the temperance movement converged, embracing slogans like "You cannot stagger to freedom," which were popular in the United States too.

These social forces gave birth to measures that were unimaginable in southern European countries like France and Italy. For nearly 40 years, until 1955, Swedes had to have ration cards to buy liquor. When Sweden voted to join the European Union in 1995, the government still had a monopoly on production and both wholesale and retail distribution of spirits, which allowed it to keep prices high and availability low. A 700 milliliter bottle of Beefeater gin costs about $12 in France, about $32 in Sweden.

Experts say that the strictures were effective in reducing drinking.

But they did little to reshape Sweden's real problem: the way in which people view alcohol.

While southern Europeans tend to incorporate drinking with eating and find outward signs of intoxication embarrassing, the tradition in Sweden, and other Scandinavian countries, is to drink less often but with the intention of getting drunk.

While their southern counterparts have more long-term health problems that are associated with drinking, the Swedish drinking pattern leads to high rates of violence, accidents, suicide, homicide and addiction, experts say.

The way beer is labeled demonstrates the difference in attitudes. Finding the alcohol content on most beers produced in Europe is a question of searching out the fine print. Most hover at about 5 percent.

The alcohol content of Swedish beer varies widely, ranging up to 10 percent, and the numbers are usually emblazoned on the cans in bigger lettering than the brand name.

"The Nordic style of drinking is problematic," said Robin Room, an alcoholism expert at the Center for Social Research on Alcohol and Drugs. "People here value intoxication. You hear people here say they are going to get drunk this weekend, which you do not hear in southern European countries. In the south, they drink, in many cases, more, but it is a quiet problem. Here it produces very public social problems."

As Sweden has been forced to rethink its approach to the issue, it has been able to negotiate over some of the changes Europe requires. While it has had to give up its monopoly on production and wholesale distribution of alcohol, it has been able to keep its monopoly on retail stores as long as it makes more products available and expands store hours.

It was also able to negotiate a step-by-step increase in the amount of alcohol that Swedes can buy in countries with lower taxes and then bring home.

The Swedes have until 2004 to match the rest of the union's member countries. But officials hope that they can influence the rest of the European Union to see alcohol as a health problem. Increasingly, the southern countries too are seeing a rise in binge drinking among the youth.

"We are getting some of their drinking and they are getting some of ours," said Maria Renstrom, an expert on alcohol policy with the Ministry of Health and Social Affairs. "So maybe we will be able to find common ground."

In the meantime, however, Swedish officials have fashioned a new anti-alcohol plan that focuses on education, including programs for pregnant women, tough drunk driving laws, tougher regulations governing serving drinks to minors and a ban on liquor advertising.

Yet even the ban on advertising is under attack. In early March, the European Court of Justice upheld the view that the ban was an obstacle to the free movement of services within union countries and therefore contravened the European Union treaty.

Some Swedish politicians applaud the changes and say that more will come soon.

The alcohol industry says that the black market accounts for a steep drop in the legitimate sales of liquor over the last five years.

For some this is a strong argument for quick removal of the high taxes. "Around one-third of the alcohol sold here today is criminal alcohol," said Leif Carlson, a conservative member of the Swedish Parliament. "And a lot of things follow this. Mafia behavior, violence. People have to see the facts. Life has changed. We can't get rid of alcohol; it is in society."

At a rehabilitation center in the ***working-class*** suburb of Bandhagen outside Stockholm, the destruction that alcohol abuse can cause is visible every day. But even here opinions vary on what Sweden should do. Some of the social workers say the changes won't make any difference to their clients: the truly addicted have always managed to get alcohol no matter what. Others believe the government must act to protect the public health.

But everyone recognizes that the old restrictions really are not possible anymore.

"We used to be isolated and now we aren't anymore," said Lennart Johnk, who has worked with alcoholics for 20 years. "The world is changing and that is good, but as social workers I think we are going to have more problems."

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

**Graphic**

Photo: Membership in the European Union is forcing Sweden, where drinking to the point of drunkenness is a tradition, to end rules meant to discourage overindulgence. In Stockholm, customers stocked up. (Jack Mikrut/Pressens Bild, for The New York Times)(pg. A12)

**Load-Date:** March 28, 2001

**End of Document**



[***In Building Strike, 2 Sides, One With a Different Face***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8H-0480-000D-G488-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 27, 1991, Saturday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1991 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk

**Section:** Section 1;; Section 1; Page 27; Column 2; Metropolitan Desk; Column 2;

**Length:** 1129 words

**Byline:** By ALAN FINDER

By ALAN FINDER

**Body**

In 1979, the last time that New York City's building service workers went on strike, apartment dwellers and the people who opened their front doors and took out their garbage shared a common enemy: the landlord.

This time, with the strike in its seventh day, apartment dwellers have begun to confront a new reality: More often than not, they are the landlord.

The 1980's boom in the conversion of rental apartment buildings to cooperatives and condominiums, especially in upscale Manhattan neighborhoods, has caused a shift in the balance of power on the board that bargains for the building owners.

Sharing Financial Concerns

Landlords owning hundreds and even thousands of rental apartments, who once dominated the board, are now a minority, and owners of co-ops and condos are a majority. That means that this time, the victims of the strike -- the residents -- are often the same people who stand to benefit the most if the eventual settlement is unfavorable to the union.

What effect this change will have on negotiations is far from clear. Individual apartment owners have a more personal relationship with doormen and elevator operators than large management companies, but will also have a more personal reaction to a rise in maintenance costs.

For now, most co-op and condo owners appear to share the same financial concerns as the owners of rental buildings. Their operating and maintenance costs are soaring, and that, many contend, makes it hard to accept a substantial raise for the service workers.

In contrast to management, the union has changed little in its six decades, working quietly for steady increases for its members, many of whom are first-generation immigrants and most of whom are relatively low paid.

6.5% Raise vs. 3.5%

The union says its members deserve another raise. The union's last offer before talks broke down and the strike began on Sunday was a raise in wages and benefits of about 6.5 percent a year for three years. The last offer from man agement was 3.5 percent a year for three years.

What follows are profiles of the management council and the union.

The Union

Not Ideological Or Prominent

The roots of Local 32B-32J of the Service Employees International Union lie in the labor militancy of the 1930's. In March 1934, Tom Young, an elevator operator who emigrated from the Caribbean, was dismissed from his job at a commercial building at 501 Seventh Avenue for failing to say, "Down, please," to a passenger, according to an official union history.

All 25 building service workers went on strike, which was settled in their favor four days later. That led to the formation of the local, which organized elevator operators and service workers in the garment industry. Today the local has nearly 70,000 members.

"They have bargained good workers' wages for their members," said Moe Foner, a leader for more than 30 years in Local 1199 of the Drug, Hospital and Health Care Employees Union. "They have moved them up from basement wages over time." Doormen and porters now make $462.73 a week under the contract; handymen, $503.

Stanley Aronowitz, a professor of sociology at the Graduate Center of the City University of New York and a labor expert, described the local as "a fairly typical business union in the A.F.L. variety -- higher wages, benefits, that sort of thing."

"It's not a particularly ideological union," he said.

About 30,000 of the union's members work as doormen, elevator operators, porters and handymen in residential buildings in the boroughs except the Bronx, which is represented by a different local, and in Nassau and Suffolk Counties. The remaining members work as maintenance, service and security workers in commercial buildings, department stores, airports and some schools and colleges.

Despite its size, the union is not well known. Even some leaders of other New York unions say they know little about the leadership of Local 32-B. One union official said he was certain he had met Gus Bevona, who has been president of the local for a decade, but he could not recall anything about him. Other union leaders used words like "reclusive" and "loners" to describe the local's leadership.

"The union has not been very actively involved with the rest of the unions in the city," Mr. Foner said. "They sort of play it by themselves."

Mr. Bevona has not talked to reporters since the strike began on Sunday. Other union leaders have been equally reticent. But the local's strategy has apparently not hurt its members, labor experts said.

"They haven't depended on having good public relations," said David Bensman, acting chairman of the Labor Education Department at Rutgers University. "The union hasn't needed it, because they've been able to put pressure directly on building owners. They have had marked success in raising living standards."

Management

High-Rises and Walk-Ups

For 57 years, the Realty Advisory Board on Labor Relations has served as the bargaining agent for building owners in negotiations with the service workers' union.

About 60 percent of the buildings represented by the board are now co-ops or condominiums. Not all of these are buildings in elegant neighborhoods; many are small walk-ups and publicly subsidized cooperatives.

The realty board's seven-member negotiating team represents the owners and managers of about 28,000 apartment buildings in the city. Each of the seven members has ties to co-ops and condominiums. Mary Ann Rothman, for example, is the executive director of the Council of New York Cooperatives, a nonprofit group that represents 1,535 co-op and condominium boards.

The growing prominence of co-ops and condominiums on the board has meant more diversity, both in the number and type of owners that the board represents. "Owners in our member buildings range from the very wealthy to ***working-class*** families," said D. Kenneth Patton, an executive vice president of Helmsley Spear, who is on the realty board's negotiating team.

Whether the increased diversity will produce more dissension is uncertain. It is relatively easy for co-op and condominium boards to pass on increased costs to apartment owners; they simply raise monthly maintenance fees. Owners of rental buildings generally can raise rents only under rent-stabilization guidelines.

But while it is easier to pass on the cost of a wage increase to co-op and condo owners, they might prove more resistant to a large wage settlement because the costs are more immediate and more personal.

Nancy Goshow, the president of a 155-unit co-op in Chelsea whose doormen and porters are on strike, said her shareholders feel a strong ambivalence. "We like our employees, and they like us," she said. "But by the same token, we as owners are facing a leveling off or decline in our incomes too. Everybody is feeling the pinch."

**Load-Date:** April 27, 1991

**End of Document**



[***CARTER VICTOR IN OHIO VOTING, EXCEEDS 1,666-DELEGATE GOAL;KENNEDY WINS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-DCS0-000B-Y27J-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 4, 1980, Wednesday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1980 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Page 1, Column 4; National Desk; analysis

**Length:** 1044 words

**Body**

JERSEY CONTEST

By HEDRICK SMITH

News Analysis

On the final day of the 1980 primary marathon, President Carter achieved the nominating majority that had eluded him so long, but even this victory carried ill omens for the general election. Fewer than half the Democrats who voted for Mr. Carter in the three big primary states yesterday said they would support him in the fall. Foreign policy, energy and a balanced budget were the issues that lifted the President to victory in Ohio and helped him accumulate delegates elsewhere. But the economy was his nemesis.

AN-A

New York Times/CBS News Polls in Ohio, New Jersey and California showed that the nation's sharpening economic downturn dealt Mr. Carter a defeat in New Jersey, cost him broad support in other states, and could produce widespread defections among Democratic voters next fall.

Exploited Worry Over Economy

In the final primary showdowns, the polls showed, Senator Edward M. Kennedy effectively exploited economic disaatisfaction with the President. And more than two-thirds of the Kennedy supporters in the three big states told interviewers that they now plan to vote next fall for Representative John B. Anderson, the independent candidate, or for Ronald Reagan, the expected Republican nominee.

Ten to 20 percent of Mr. Carter's own supporters also said they would defect next fall. This may reflect a high tide of alienation before the general election campaign arouses traditional partisan feelings, but, by contrast, less than 10 percent of all Republicans said they would shift to Mr. Carter in the fall.

Among all primary voters, the Times/ CBS News polls found Mr. Reagan running ahead of Mr. Carter in all three states - a sign of trouble ahead for the President in these critical battlegrounds.

The polls, taken among 4,875 voters who had just cast their ballots, disclosed broad signs of voter disaffection at the end of the grueling primary season, which led the candidates through 35 states, Puerto Rico and the District of Columbia. Republicans and independents interviewed yesterday were more disenchanted with the primary process than Democrats, with majorities asserting that their votes made no difference because Mr. Reagan's nomination had already been assured.

Kennedy Gained in Final Week

But the polls showed that Senator Kennedy's final intensive campaigning had stirred interest among Democrats and won him the major share of votes from those who made up their minds in the last week. It also revealed that many Democratic voters had cast an ''anti'' vote - against the other candidate rather than for their own man.

In all three states, for example, the personal characteristic cited most frequently by voters as a basis for their choice was that their candidate was ''the lesser of evils.'' Nearly half the California voters said this was their principal motive. A third of the Ohio voters and a fourth of those in New Jersey said the same.

In New Jersey and Ohio, roughly half the voters said their family economic situation was worse now than a year ago, as did slightly more than a third of the California voters. In New Jersey, this group apparently tipped the balance for Mr. Kennedy.

Among these voters, the Massachusetts challenger ran ahead of President Carter by roughly 3 to 2 in all three states. Mr. Kennedy, who has accused President Carter of adopting the Republican strategy of inducing recession to cool inflation, also scored majorities among the growing number of Democrats who said jobs and unemployment were their principal concerns.

Inflation Still Bigger Concern

But the Times/CBS polls showed that in Ohio, New Jersey and California, this constituted a minority. The majority still saw inflation as a higher priority than unemployment, and among that group, Mr. Kennedy's margin was modest.

Even though the polls showed that the economy had become the overriding issue, Mr. Carter capitalized on the smaller base of voters whose principal concerns were the crisis in Iran, energy and a balanced budget.

Furthermore, yesterday's primaries followed previous patterns in terms of personal qualities, with Mr. Carter scoring well on honesty, integrity, electability and judgment under pressure, whereas Mr. Kennedy was seen as a strong leader, as the one who cares more about people's problems and who is more consistent on issues.

Although yesterday's primaries assured Mr. Carter of more than the majority of delegates needed for nomination, they also spurred Mr. Kennedy to assert that he would carry on his own campaign and contained ominous signs for the President.

Firm Loyalty in 1976

In 1976, Mr. Carter seemed assured at this stage of the political year of retaining the loyalty of most Democrats. Times/ CBS News polls in that year showed that seven out of eight Democratic voters intended to stick with Mr. Carter in the fall.In yesterday's polls less than half of the Democrats said they would stick with Mr. Carter.

Yesterday, the bulk of the liberal Democratic vote in all three states went for Mr. Kennedy, as expected. Mr. Carter won majorities among the conservatives and among the moderates in Ohio, but he had to split the moderate vote in California and New Jersey.

But in New Jersey, Mr. Kennedy managed to put together a coalition of disaffected ***working-class*** conservatives and middle-class, whitecollar liberals.

The New Jersey poll revealed that in the fall, roughly half of the pro-Kennedy liberals, especially those with a college education, were ready to go for Mr. Anderson in the fall and more than 40 percent of the pro-Kennedy conservatives were ready to go for Mr. Reagan. There were similar patterns in the other two states.

Highest Rates of Defection

Over all, the highest rates of potential defection to Mr. Anderson and Mr. Reagan emerged among voters who said they had been most severely buffeted by the economy, a group that may swell as the economic downturn sharpens.

But for Mr. Reagan, who has begun to develop a general election strategy that will seek to draw support from blue-collar workers in the industrial states of the Northeast and Middle West, there was only modest comfort. In all three states, the former California Governor picked up less than 20 percent of the Democratic voters earning less than $15,000 a year.

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photo of R.W.Daniels voting in the N.J.primary

**End of Document**



[***MAKING IT WORK;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-7FV0-000P-N37Y-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Downtown Via Dublin***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-7FV0-000P-N37Y-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 18, 1997, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1997 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** The City Weekly Desk

**Section:** Section 13; ; Section 13; Page 3; Column 1; The City Weekly Desk ; Column 1; ; Chronology

**Length:** 1105 words

**Byline:** By ANNE SEIDLITZ

By ANNE SEIDLITZ

**Body**

ON a recent Sunday afternoon, Frank McCourt stood on a stage at the Clemente Soto Velez Cultural Center on Suffolk Street, reading from "Angela's Ashes," the Pulitzer Prize-winning memoir of his wretched, poverty-stricken childhood in Limerick. Behind him was the set for "Flaherty's Widow," a play by another Irishman, the acclaimed young novelist Colum McCann, just finishing a successful run at the resident Daedalus Theater Company.

Directly opposite the Soto center, Eamon O'Leary; his brother, Colm, Anto Howard and Karl Geary, all Dublin-born, toiled away painting and hammering, in a rush to get their Dublin Bookseller's Company, a combination theater, bookshop and cafe, in shape for its opening next month. Around the corner, on Stanton Street, Arlene Grocery, the club owned by Shane Doyle, also from Dublin, was gearing up for another night of new music, Irish and otherwise.

Irish culture is thriving on the Lower East Side.

"For the first three years I was here, in the late 80's, I don't think I saw one Irish person in the neighborhood, except for Shane Doyle," said Mr. Geary, who also owns the Scratcher, a pub on East Fifth Street, and the Lab, a music lounge on St. Mark's Place. "But then when Shane and I opened Cafe Sine in 1990, this whole crew of Irish people started coming out of the woodwork. For the first time, there was a center of activity belonging to the Irish, someplace where people could feel comfortable."

Immigration experts estimate that a decade ago, approximately 75,000 undocumented Irish lived in New York. Many had come here to escape a severely depressed economy in Ireland. Most were unable to gain legal status because, at the time, United States immigration laws restricted the number of visas going to the Irish.

The Irish-American political and legal circles in New York City rallied around new immigrants, successfully lobbying Washington for changes in the laws. A major result of their efforts was the 1990 Immigration Act, and its Diversity Program, which opened the doors to immigrants from many more countries.

Part of the Diversity Program was the Morrison visas, sponsored by Bruce Morrison when he was a United States Representative from Connecticut. These 54,000 visas were set aside for the Irish between 1991 and 1994 and were awarded by lottery. The Morrison visas, and before them the Donnelly visas, created a new pattern of Irish immigration in the first half of this decade. Since 1995, though, newer laws have blocked many would-be Irish immigrants to the United States.

"For the Irish, the most likely way to come over now would be reunifying a family, with somebody who's here already," said Frank Vardy of the City Planning Office. "But the Irish don't really have that connection because the immigration chain was broken for them after the passage of the 1965 Immigration Act, which abolished quotas favoring European immigrants."

The new immigrant is less likely to gravitate to neighborhoods established by the Irish in earlier decades. While previous generations headed straight to enclaves like Norwood and Woodlawn in the Bronx or Woodside in Queens and took jobs as construction workers or nannies, the recent group is younger and better educated and has a global sensibility that makes more unconventional destinations in the city, like lower Mahattan, especially appealing.

"The Irish are perhaps more intrepid than any other culture I know," said Colum McCann. "Whereas other people go and travel for two weeks, two months or maybe a year, the Irish go and stay. And now there's no specific need to be integrated into an Irish immigrant community. If you go down to the Lower East Side, you'll see that those Irish people will mix quite well with the Hispanic communities down there. You've got a newer, younger and more confident Irish population which feels comfortable in any area they find themselves."

Paul Finnegan, the executive director of the Emerald Isle Immigration Center, sees the growth of pubs downtown as a sign of the newfound sense of community.

"We're socialized in pubs," Mr. Finnegan said. "It's not about consuming alcohol. It's a social tradition in Ireland. To open a pub for an Irish person is really an indication that there's a community to work with, and now there are several pubs in the East Village and Lower East Side. That's a good indication that there's a strong community in those areas."

Most young immigrants working in Irish-owned establishments like St. Dymphna's restaurant on St. Mark's Place and the Scratcher on East Fifth Street are contributing to the art, film and music scenes in the city. Karl Geary has acted in several feature films including "Gold in the Streets," about the first year for a group of Irish newcomers to Manhattan. Shot in New York and Dublin, it is scheduled for release in the fall. His brother Mark works at the Scratcher, and is also a singer-songwriter with a loyal following, who is starting to catch the attention of music-industry people.

"If I open my mouth in Dublin, you can spot my ***working-class*** accent a mile off," Mark Geary says. "Here it doesn't seem to matter. Back home it as for a different kind of person -- a person who came from money, who could get a loan off his father -- to be creative, to have the gumption to get up and play music or be a partner in a really successful club at the age of 21. We were nobodies in Dublin. We were just a couple off 'Billy's kids.' "

The chef at St. Dymphna's, Conor Foran, is an actor with a leading role in the recently completed feature film, "Sheetrock," about Irish immigrant construction workers in New York. A waitress there, Ruth O'Sullivan, is training as an amateur boxer, and a bartender at Scratcher, Helen James, is a stop-motion animator and a textile designer.

The word on the street is that the fear of the Immigration and Naturalization Service, so prevalent in the 80's, has mostly disappeared, leading to a more visible Irish presence downtown. Though many social, economic and religious and economic barriers that once shackled young people in Ireland are also loosening, most who have decided to settle in New York say it is because the city still offers more creative opportunities.

"New York is as hard a city as any," Karl Geary says, "but it's a very liberating thing to come to New York as well. Once you get here, all the rules change, and you're really going along on your own merit. Your background isn't very important here, and the feeling is that you can really reinvent yourself so many times. If you fail, people aren't going to say 'I told you so.' They're going to ask you what you're going to do next."

**Graphic**

Photos: Dublin-born Karl Geary, above, owns the Scratcher pub; Ruth O'Sullivan and Conor Foran work at St. Dymphna's. (Photographs by Courtney Kealy for The New York Times)

Chronology: "TIMELINE: The Irish in New York"

Highlights of the nearly three centuries of Irish immigration to New York City.

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| YEAR | TOTAL | CIRCUMSTANCES |
|  | IRISH-BORN |  |
| 1700 | 300 | First Irish immigrants are mostly adventurers |
|  |  | or soldiers attached to British regiments. |
| 1830 | 17,773 | Those fleeing poverty in rural Ireland |
|  |  | settle in the teeming old Sixth Ward, in what is |
|  |  | now Chinatown, on the Lower East Side and near |
|  |  | City Hall. |
| 1855 | 244,886 | From 1847 to 1860, 1.1 million Irish |
|  |  | fleeing the "Great Hunger" disembark from boats |
|  |  | in New York Harbor. |
| 1900 | 275,102 | Irish-born immigrants and their children |
|  |  | make up 22 percent of the city's three million |
|  |  | people. |
| 1960 | 114,008 | Irish begin major exodus from Manhattan |
|  |  | to Queens and Long Island suburbs. |
| 1970 | 68,778 | Immigration slows because of booming |
|  |  | economy in Ireland and restrictions imposed by 1965 |
|  |  | Immigration Act. |
| 1990 | 31,007 | "Westies" gang is functionally dismantled |
|  |  | by law-enforcement authorities. Irish immigrants still |
|  |  | dominate construction trades. |

(Sources: Federal Immigration and Naturalization Service, "The New York Irish" (Johns Hopkins University Press, 1996) )

**Load-Date:** May 18, 1997

**End of Document**



[***From Bumpy Road in Georgia, Favorable View of Bush Plan***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:42RK-H230-0109-T2HF-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 5, 2001 Thursday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2001 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Column 4; National Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1338 words

**Byline:**  By DAVID FIRESTONE

**Series:** JUDGING THE TAX CUT: The Entrepreneur

**Dateline:** ATLANTA, April 4

**Body**

There's not much Republican in arney Taylor Jr., but what little there is has been activated by the prospect of a large federal tax cut.

Mr. Taylor voted for Al Gore and has a tendency to distress his accountant by using profits for a program to distribute computers to low-income families. But as the owner of a software company that has suffered reversals as the economy has declined, he thinks President Bush may have a point in trying to reduce tax rates.

"If everybody takes their tax cut and spends it at Wal-Mart or Chrysler -- well, those guys are our customers," he said ruefully a few days ago, amazed to hear himself spout supply-side economics. "And then maybe our customers would start up the orders they canceled, and we'd get some benefit from it. I mean, our tax cut wouldn't be that big, but it does bring out the Republican in me."

It has taken Mr. Taylor a decade to reach that notion, as he bounced upon the unforgiving bronco of the technology industry through the 1990's. But unlike many who have sold multiple companies, changed jobs on a whim or soured on the economy's prospects, he has refused to abandon the trip.

At the decade's peak, just two or three years ago, he rn a software company that wrote programs for several Fortune 500 corporations. He employed 15 people and took home about $100,000 a year. Mr. Taylor, 32, tasted the promise of the country's economic expansion, and believed that computers could similarly help other young African-Americans break out of dead-end lives near the poverty line.

He still believes this, even though the last two years have not been kind. Many of his clients are spending less, and his company, Thirteen Scribes Inc., is down to its four principals. He moved out f a house in Stone Mountain, an Atlanta suburb, to an apartment in the less-expensive suburb of Stockbridge, where he and his wife, LaMechee, are rearing their 6-month-old son, Kahlil, on less than half of what Mr. Taylor used to make.

But although he believes that minority companies like his face particular disadvantages -- the perennial struggle to raise venture capital, for one -- Mr. Taylor is convinced there is virtue in making sacrifices to stay afloat and holding on to what remains of the digital economy.

"The companies that were here before, and that make it through the tough times, they're the ones that are going to last," he said. "You look at all the companies with better mousetraps that blew through their cash in a year -- that doesn't take any skill. What matters is holding steady at moments like this with the talent that you have, not giving up, and waiting it out until things turn around."

And, he added, if a tax cut will help to turn things around, he will take it.

The Taylors would pay $1,000 less in annual federal taxes under the administration's proposal, as calculated by the accounting firm of Deloitte & Touche based on the latest legislation moving through Congress.

Because Ms. Taylor is in school studying to be a massage therapist, the family would not receive the full benefit of Mr. Bush's proposed cut in the "marriage penalty," which primarily helps couples with roughly equal incomes. Their 22 percent tax cut would come through the reduction in rates and the doubling of the child tax credit.

While they would be happy to save that much money, Ms. Taylor -- who tends to be a bit more economically pessimistic than her husband -- said the impact would be marginal.

"We'd probably just spend it paying off bills we've already got," she said. "I don't really think it would change our standard of living."

She said she already felt pinched by rising energy costs and the expenses of a new infant. "Have you noticed how the food companies are putting less in the same size boxes and charging the same?" she asked.

In recent months, the Taylors have become unexpectedly absorbed in the economy's swoops and dives, its celebrities and statistics. Mr. Taylor has been following the Nasdaq index and the tax-cut debate, hoping for the slightest sign of a market revival for his company's suite of networking and security programs, along with customized software. Mrs. Taylor has been watching the financial news and even following the credit markets.

"Not so long ago, I didn't even know who Alan Greenspan was, but I knew he was very important," she said. "Now I watch to see what he does with interest rates, and what the president does.

"I guess for all those years we didn't realize we had such a good economy," she added. "When you're growing up right in the middle of it, it just seems natural until it ends."

Ms. Taylor, 26, grew up in Athens, Ga., the daughter of a utility worker who was frequently laid off and rehired. During periods without work, the family frequently faced financial difficulty, and often went without health insurance.

Mr. Taylor's family, in Portsmouth, Va., was somewhat better off. Both his parents worked at the shipyard there, and moved their way up from a duplex apartment to a trailer home to their own home on the middle-class side of town. His father bought him a Radio Shack computer when he was 13, and he was hooked, immediately beginning a lifelong fascination with programming that was encouraged in high school computer labs.

("I wish I had paid attention to computers when I was in high school," his wife interjected.)

While in college at Norfolk State University, Mr. Taylor was already making about $10,000 a year on the side doing computer consulting for local small businesses. Later, when he was doing graduate work at the College of William and Mary, NASA hired him to write software for its flight and satellite computer systems.

He spent five years at NASA's offices in the Washington suburbs, earning enough money to impress his father, who eventually switched from electrician to becoming a programmer himself at the shipyard.

In 1993, he quit to begin his own software company, joined by two other former NASA programmers. He moved the company to Atlanta, joining the region's economic boom, and quickly won contracts with BellSouth, Chrysler and several other large companies. But Thirteen Scribes -- a name he said was based on the African belief that 13 is a perfect number -- had to struggle to survive.

"We could never get past the resistance in the investment community to get behind minority technology firms," he said. "I mean, we had NASA scientists and doctorate degrees and a great suite of products, but they wouldn't listen to us.

"So there were good times," he said, "and then there were times when we really had to lean on each other and pass groceries around. But we had a real sense that we needed to stay together for the community."

In 1996, the company spun off a division called Computers in the 'Hood, selling low-cost, low-profit personal computers to ***working-class*** Atlanta families, and providing free computer training.

The program distributed about 350 computers over four years, at a significant cost to the profits of Thirteen Scribes, but Mr. Taylor said it helped address the vast disparity in computer ownership between black and white families.

Although he voted for Mr. Gore, disagreeing with Mr. Bush's support for capital punishment, among other reasons, Mr. Taylor said the computer project convinced him that African-Americans should not rely on government programs to solve their problems.

More technology companies should provide training in the information industry, he said, and more black families should let children spend as much time at a computer as they now do in front of a television set.

"I'm not saying I want Bush to start cutting back on government programs to pay for the tax cut," he said. "But if the tax cut allows more companies to create more jobs for people like me, that might be worth rolling the dice for."

Judging the Tax Cut

This is the first article in a series about how taxpayers at varying income levels would be affected by the Bush tax cut proposal. Future installments will focus on a Montana secretary, a Texas doctor and a carpenter in Maine.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Barney Taylor Jr., with his wife, LaMechee, and their son, Kahlil, at their apartment in Stockbridge, Ga. Mr. Taylor, whose software company has fallen on hard times, sees hope in the president's tax cut, but his wife does not believe it will have much of an impact. (Alan S. Weiner for The New York Times)(pg. A16); Barney Taylor Jr. said a tax cut could jump-start the economy. (Alan S. Weiner for The New York Times)(pg. A1)

**Load-Date:** April 5, 2001

**End of Document**



[***Hispanic Voter Is Vivid In Parties' Crystal Ball***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:42SF-45H0-0109-T03D-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 9, 2001 Monday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2001 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Column 1; National Desk; Pg. 14

**Length:** 1485 words

**Byline:**  By ERIC SCHMITT

**Dateline:** WOODBURN, Ore., April 5

**Body**

Ever since she became an American citizen 20 years ago, Ana Maria Guerrero has voted for Democrats. Even so, Mrs. Guerrero, 46, a cannery worker, is the kind of Hispanic voter that politicians of both parties see as a golden prize: one whose party loyalties are up for grabs.

"I'd vote for a Republican if that person worked to make a big change for Latinos," Mrs. Guerrero said at a farm workers' union hall here, speaking in Spanish of her concerns for better health care and education.

And as the number of Latinos swells, people like Mrs. Guerrero, who said she would consider casting a ballot for a Republican who "showed respect for Latinos," are indeed commanding the respect of political strategists of all stripes.

The nation's Hispanic population grew by nearly 60 percent in the last decade, to 35.3 million, roughly equaling blacks as the country's largest minority. As Hispanics strive to translate their numbers into the kind of political influence that blacks have achieved, the battle is on among Democrats and Republicans to court this still largely untapped and disparate voting group.

Hispanics have long held political sway in big immigrant-rich states like California, Florida and Texas. But data from the 2000 census show that Latinos are gaining a foothold in plenty of unlikely places, like Iowa, North Carolina and here in Oregon, where the Hispanic population more than doubled in the 1990's, to 275,000 people, or 8 percent of the state.

Oregon's shifting demographics are forcing politicians like Senator Gordon H. Smith, a Republican who faces a potentially tough re-election fight next year against the Democratic governor, John Kitzhaber, to devise campaign strategies aimed for the first time at Latinos, many of whom are deeply skeptical of a party they view as anti-immigrant.

The stakes are especially high for Republicans like Mr. Smith. Of the estimated 55,000 Hispanics registered to vote in Oregon, the vast majority are Democrats. In last fall's presidential race, Vice President Al Gore defeated Gov. George W. Bush by only 6,700 votes out of 1.5 million cast. Pollsters from both parties said Hispanics were probably decisive in swinging the state's seven electoral votes to Mr. Gore.

"The machinery of how to go after the Hispanic vote in 2002 is in its infancy," said Kurt Pfotenhauer, Mr. Smith's chief of staff. "What's important is what we do over the next 18 months to focus on getting this growing population to come to the polls and come to the polls for our candidate."

It is perhaps no surprise that Mr. Smith has championed a new guest-worker program that could lead to legal residency for millions of undocumented workers nationwide. He has sponsored legislation to provide federal aid to combat high school dropout rates, a critical problem among Hispanics. And on Tuesday, Mr. Smith will visit a health clinic for migrant workers outside Portland to promote a plan to expand health care for the uninsured, including many ***working-class*** Hispanics.

"I know the farm community and farm workers in very personal terms, and have watched how our laws have created this subculture that lives in the shadows," said Mr. Smith, who made his millions in frozen foods packaging.

Similar campaigns to win over Latinos are revving up across the country, on school boards and in legislatures, in Congressional races and in war councils in the White House.

Mr. Bush's strategists are already planning to build on the Spanish-language outreach program that helped him capture 31 percent to 35 percent of the Latino vote last year, according to various polls, the best showing for a Republican since Ronald Reagan in 1984.

But many in Republican circles express worry. Matthew Dowd, director of polling and media planning for the Bush campaign, has warned the White House and Congressional Republicans that if Mr. Bush were to win the same percentage of minority voters in 2004 as he did last year, he would lose by three million votes.

With that bleak forecast, Mr. Dowd, now a senior consultant for the Republican National Committee, has told Republican aides that Mr. Bush must increase his share of the black vote to 15 percent from 9 percent last year; the Hispanic share needs to rise to about 40 percent.

Earlier this year, Karl Rove, the president's senior political adviser, echoed the theme, telling reporters that capturing a bigger share of Hispanic voters "was our mission and our goal" and warning Republicans that that goal would "require all of us in every way and every day working to get that done."

Even so, political analysts caution against overstating the immediate impact of the Hispanic vote. About a third of the country's Latinos are under 18, and many newly arrived Hispanics are not yet citizens. In last year's presidential race, their influence was negligible because Latino voters are concentrated in states that offer the most electoral votes, like California, New York and Texas, and those states were solidly aligned with Mr. Bush or Mr. Gore. The Midwestern battleground states had far fewer Hispanics.

The nation's Hispanic and black populations are now roughly equal, but blacks hold 39 seats in the House; Hispanics hold 21 seats. To strengthen their representation, the Congressional Hispanic Caucus has set up a political action committee to identify, recruit and raise $2 million to $4 million for Hispanic candidates.

Redistricting could also create opportunities for Hispanics. The surprising surge of Latinos could turn Republican strongholds like Florida, Arizona, New Mexico and Colorado int sing states. Texas may soon join California as the second big state in which non-Hispanic whites are no longer a majority, and Democrats there are hoping to capitalize on this trend, possibly running a multimillionaire Hispanic bsinessman, Tony Sanchez, for governor.

More than 80 percent of Latinos in Congress and in state legislatures are Democrats, but that does not guarantee that new immigrants will align themselves with that party.

"Latinos are conservative on abortion, but very progressive on health care and gun control," said Harry P. Pachon, president of the Tomas Rivera Policy Institute, a research organization in Claremont, Calif.

Indeed, many Republicans are pinning hopes on Latino conservatism to help Mr. Bush overcome Democratic voter registration drives to win Hispanic support in 2002 and 2004.

"Democrats have won the first skirmishes, but it's a long battle and Republicans are bringing in the big bazookas," said Represetative Thomas M. Davis III of Virginia, who heads the House Republican re-election committee. "There's no question the Republicans need a greater share of Hispanic voters to stay in the majority."

Here in Oregon, Democrats slightly outnumber Republicans, and nearly a quarter of registered voters are independents. Latinos' political visibility is slight. There is only one Hispanic in the 30-member State Senate, Susan Castillo, a Democrat from Eugene, and none in the 60-member State House.

There is a sprinkling of Latinos through county and local offices, including Serena Cruz, the first Mexican-American on the Multnomah County Commission, a five-member board that governs Oregon's largest county, which includes Portland.

Republicans here express confidence that their policies and values will attract Latinos despite registration that runs 9-to-1 for Democrats.

"The Hispanic population in Oregon is up for grabs," said Dan Lavey, a Republican political strategist who was the Bush campaign coordinator in Oregon. "The party and candidates who get there first, most often and with sincerity will have greater long-term success."

Republicans are counting on people like Enedelia Hernandez Schofield, 42, the daughter of migrant workers and principal of Echo Shaw Elementary School in Cornelius, outside Portland. Ms. Schofield was a Democrat who switched parties after studying Mr. Bush's education policy. "It agreed with what we were doing at this school," she said.

But Latinos here in Marion County, a farming community in the Willamette Valley 30 miles south of Portland, are divided. In the last decade, Woodburn became the largest Oregon city where Latinos are a majority (just over half of its 20,100 people, up 139 percent in a decade).

Rigo Mora, 38, whose clothing store on Front Street in Woodburn reverberates with Mexican band music, said the choice of parties was easy for him. "Republicans are doing a better job on taxes," he said.

But at a time when Republicans in the State Senate are pushing to abolish bilingual education, many Hispanics here cannot fathom the notion of voting for them, even moderate Republicans like Senator Smith.

Ana Maria Guerrero's husband, Hector, 46, a board member of Voz Hispana, a Latino voter participation group, shook his head when asked if he could ever vote Republican, saying, "Republicans seem bent on cutting all our programs."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Enedelia Hernandez Schofield, principal of Echo Shaw Elementary School in Cornelius, Ore., left the Democratic Party to vote for George W. Bush after studying his education plan.; Ana Maria Guerrero, Alejandra Lily, Lety Chimal, Rafael Narvaez and Leonard Parra, left to right, at a meeting of Northwest Treeplanters and Farmworkers United in Woodburn, Ore. (Photographs by Shane Young for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** April 9, 2001

**End of Document**



[***Should the United States Save Tangier Island From Oblivion?; Feature***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5MKN-XJ11-JBG3-61NH-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 6, 2016 Wednesday 00:00 EST

Copyright 2016 The New York Times Company All Rights Reserved

**Section:** MAGAZINE

**Length:** 6195 words

**Byline:** JON GERTNER

**Highlight:** It's the kind of choice that climate change will be forcing over and over.

**Body**

It was a few minutes before noon on Tangier Island in Virginia, just about high tide, when David Schulte pushed the toe of his red sneaker into Marilyn Pruitt's soggy backyard. Schulte, a marine biologist with the United States Army Corps of Engineers, frowned, withdrew his foot, found another spot nearby and pressed his toe down again. His sneaker sank into the ground, and water pooled around it. "It's like that all the time," Pruitt called out from her back porch. "It doesn't dry out anymore."

Schulte looked up at Pruitt, then crouched down to look closer. There were small holes in the ground, spaced about six inches apart, filled with clear water. "Fiddler crabs," he said. He stood up, turned and walked to the periphery of Pruitt's property, where the yard was rimmed by a thicket of wild, knee-high spartina grasses, matted by wind and salt spray. As I followed Schulte, it felt as if we were walking on a sponge. Every step squished and slurped. "This isn't even a yard anymore," Schulte told me. "I mean, it's technically more like a marsh, a wetland."

From where we stood, a few hundred feet from the shoreline, the view was postcard-perfect. White fishing boats dotted the Chesapeake Bay under a hazy March sky; the eastern shore of Maryland formed a dark, distant stripe on the horizon some 14 miles away. "Sometimes I think we were crazy to build a house out here," Pruitt told me earlier. "But I guess there are worse places to get stuck." The real estate market was stalled, she meant, and her family had been unable to sell the property. But it was also the case that she built the house in a place where the bay was steadily advancing on her backyard every year, usually by about a dozen feet. In bad times - when a nor'easter stormed through, say - great chunks of Tangier were torn off. But even in calmer conditions, the losses were steady and seemingly unstoppable. Week by week, wave by wave, grain by grain, Tangier was washing away.

Schulte first visited the island in 2002, when the corps asked him to look into the restoration of some nearby oyster beds. "My first impression was just how low everything on Tangier was," he recalled. Most of the island, which consists of several long sandy ridges connected by footbridges and amounts to a little over a square mile, is about four or five feet above sea level. The low elevations and the quiet, bird-filled wetlands and tidal creeks produce a sense of living with the water, rather than beside it. Schulte has returned to Tangier several times over the past decade to track its health. Last year, when some money became available at the corps to research the impact of climate change on coastal areas, he and a couple of colleagues began a study on Tangier, believing that this tiny island might also yield insights into the vulnerability of cities and towns all along the Eastern Seaboard. They concluded that Tangier had lost two-thirds of its landmass since 1850. To scientists who study the Chesapeake, this was not surprising: Over the past four centuries, Schulte estimates, more than 500 islands have disappeared from the bay, about 40 of them once inhabited. The most striking aspect of the Tangier research, however, was how bleak the island's future looked.

Some of its troubles are the result of the same forces behind sea-level rises everywhere. Warmer global temperatures make oceans bigger - a process known as thermal expansion - and thus increase sea levels; at the same time, land-based glaciers around the world, along with the ice caps on Greenland and Antarctica, are melting into the ocean. "But they've got it worse here," Schulte said. Tangier's location in the center of the bay, along with its friable turf of sand and silt, leaves it dangerously exposed and fragile. What's more, the land in and around the Chesapeake is sinking, because of lingering effects from geological events dating back 20,000 years. "They're just in a very untenable position," Schulte said. "And they don't have any options right now other than something big to turn them around." A very big construction project, in short.

Schulte's study of Tangier, published online in the journal Nature last year, concluded that the island might have 50 years left and that its residents were likely to become some of the first climate-change refugees in the continental United States. Tangier was not necessarily a lost cause: Schulte outlined a rough engineering plan, costing around $30 million, that involved break­waters, pumped-in sand and new vegetation that could preserve the island. What his paper couldn't possibly resolve, though, were the immense economic and political obstacles involved in saving an obscure place from oblivion precisely when big East Coast cities were seeking hundreds of millions of federal dollars for storm-surge protection. Indeed, as seas rise and scientists fine-tune their projections for an era of floods - large parts of Miami Beach, according to some predictions, may be uninhabitable by around 2050 - Tangier's situation represents an early glimpse of a problem so enormously complex, so "wicked," in the argot of social scientists, it seems to defy resolution.

There will be dozens of Miamis and thousands of Tangiers. "The Outer Banks, the Delmarva Peninsula, Long Island, the Jersey Shore - they're in the same boat," Schulte said. "It's going to just take a little longer for them to get to where Tangier is now." An excruciating question is how we will decide which coastal communities to rescue and which to relinquish to the sea. But a number of other difficulties attend those decisions. How do we re-engineer the land, roads and neighborhoods of the places deemed worthy of salvation? How do we relocate residents whose homes can't (or won't) be saved? Also, there's the money problem. [*A recent study,*](http://riskybusiness.org/report/national/) commissioned by the Risky Business Project, an initiative led by Henry Paulson, Michael Bloomberg and the hedge-fund billionaire and philanthropist Tom Steyer, concluded that as much as a half-trillion dollars' worth of coastal property in the United States could be under water by the end of the century. And that figure doesn't include the cost of further encroachments by flooding. As Skip Stiles, the head of Wetlands Watch, a Virginia nonprofit that focuses on coastal preservation and sea-level rise, puts it, "Is there even enough money in the world to buy out - to make whole - everybody's investment that's going to get soggy?"

After we left Marilyn Pruitt's yard, Schulte and I walked through town together. We dodged resi­dents driving golf carts on the narrow roadways - there are very few automobiles on Tangier - and hopped over a number of large puddles. We made our way to Lorraine's, the only restaurant open in the colder months. "I'm thinking, from what I see today, that 50 years may be optimistic," Schulte said. At this rate, he wondered if Tangier had even 25.

Renee Tyler, Tangier's town manager, works in an office next to the airport, in a prefabricated building topped with solar panels. The first thing Tyler said to Schulte when we visited her was: "I wish we could just stick something under the island and just pump it up. You know, inflate it." She and Schulte discussed how the Army Corps was planning to build a small jetty on the northwestern side of the island in 2018. But it's a modest project, she told me, and the jetty is not likely to mitigate the worsening floods. So something far more involved, something resembling Schulte's plan, is needed. The problem is that the island is too poor to fund the work on its own. Tangier - population 470 - is steadfastly ***working class***, with a median household income of about $40,000. "I started a campaign on generosity.com for donations," Tyler, a blunt 51-year-old former Marine, said. "We don't have any billionaires here."

I asked her if the town could borrow money to pay for sea walls or breakers. "There's no way we'd be able to pay that back," she said. "Not in our lifetime or our kids' lifetime." What about a one-time tax assessment? Tyler shook her head. "Nope. Not here. We're starting from nothing."

That appears to leave the island at the mercy of the state and federal governments - and in particular, the Army Corps of Engineers, which would probably shoulder the burden of any large-scale construction effort. But understanding the process by which the corps gets involved with places like Tangier also helps explain why the island probably faces some rough years ahead. Schulte works out of the corps's district office in Norfolk, in a squat modern building where I visited him a few weeks before we met on Tangier. He and a number of his superiors made a convincing case to me that the corps is increasingly focused on climate change; the devastation caused by Hurricane Sandy, for instance, recently led the agency to make a thorough assessment of risks to the United States' North Atlantic coast and to identify potential new flood-control projects. The district commander, Col. Jason Kelly, told me that some of the reflexive tendencies of the corps to build big dams and dikes - the old rallying cry, as he put it, of "Let's get the concrete going!" - are now enhanced by holistic (and, often, cheaper) ways of managing floodwaters, by installing natural defenses like marshlands and dunes, say.

The corps employs roughly 32,000 civilians and about 700 military personnel; the list of projects it oversees around the country runs to nearly 200 pages. Yet by the standards of federal agencies, the corps's civil-works budget - the money used for the construction, operations and maintenance of domestic, nonmilitary engineering projects - is not large, topping off at just under $5 billion last year. Most of that funding goes to maintain navigable waterways, marine ecosystems and dams; only a fraction is directed to coastal flood work. Robert Bea, an engineering professor at the University of California, Berkeley, and a longtime observer of the agency, told me the corps was "always working on a pretty thin shoestring. And they're always in this tension between what can be done and what should be done."

The corps does not have complete control over its agenda. Rather, it responds to requests from towns and cities and to the instructions of fed­eral lawmakers. Essentially, there are two routes a community can take to initiate the corps's partici­pation, and each takes time. The first is to seek help for smaller projects, under about $10 million each, that are judged important by the corps leader­ship and can be funded out of the corps's annual budget, provided that costs will be shared by a state, county or township. A good example is the small jetty for Tangier, which is meant to preserve a navigation channel and will be paid for by the corps and the state of Virginia. But amid so many other competing state and federal projects, that money has taken decades to secure: The jetty was first proposed in the mid-1990s.

Bigger projects are even more complicated. The week before we met, Kelly said, the corps agreed to conduct a major flood-management study on behalf of Norfolk, which is already suffering so many floods that some of the city's arterial roads are routinely shut down after storms. Unlike Schulte's brief scientific assessment on Tangier, major studies like the one for Norfolk need to be authorized by Congress, typically through something known as a Water Resources Development Act bill. After authorization, the study process takes several years and millions of dollars, but it is the crucial step that precedes any large Army Corps construction project. In Norfolk's case, the eventual work - funded jointly by the city and federal governments - might take a decade or more and might involve building sea walls, breakwaters, marshlands and pumps. Judging by other big flood-management projects, it might also cost hundreds of millions of dollars. Still, that could prove a bargain for Norfolk if the results significantly reduce the city's risk of flooding. Compared with the cost of fed­eral emergency assistance, along with the potential harm done to the city's tax revenue, hundreds of millions for storm-surge protection isn't so much.

Politics seems to play an outsize role in shaping the corps's priorities. Every few years, a small number of Washington legislators privately debate a large number of potential Army Corps projects for a new WRDA bill - and a powerful member of Congress can often push a pet project to the top of the list. "Everybody jostles and gets in line," J. David Rogers, a geological engineer at the Missouri University of Science and Technology, told me. "So if you come out on the top of the WRDA cake, your work gets done. And if it doesn't, your work doesn't get done." Michael Oppenheimer, a professor at Princeton who studies the intersection of climate change and policy, told me that Beltway deals are only part of the problem. The corps exists within a larger government system that focuses more on storm repairs than on preparation and adaptation, and there seems to be no immediate prospect for creating a national organization that can proactively address the coastal problems caused by climate change. "This is all patchwork," he says. And our safety web of policies and agencies - the corps was founded in 1779 - predates an age when rising sea levels posed existential threats.

To act quickly, wealthy cities like New York have begun to largely self-fund their waterfront defenses. But the United States has more than 88,000 miles of shoreline; roughly five million people and 2.6 million homes are situated less than four feet above high tide. Considering that the corps already strains under its present workload, it's hard to know who or what will come to the aid of less affluent towns when sea levels are three or four feet higher than today. Tangier's prospects seemed to dim even as I listened to Kelly explain his protocol and heard how many cities compete for the corps's limited funds.

"We know Tangier has to compete with other projects," Tyler said. "But we feel - I don't know, is 'inconsequential' the right word? We feel that we're not a priority, that we're too small to make a difference." Tyler said she hadn't given up, but she was worried. "We really have not thought of Plan B," she told me. "Or it may be that Plan B scares me."

Repeatedly she told me, "Time is running out." And all around Tangier, I had the sense that unlike most seaside towns, where the pace of life tends toward the languorous, clocks were ticking faster than everywhere else. When I walked about the island with Schulte, he was buttonholed by one resident after another and asked a variation of "When are you going to start building a sea wall?" Knowing how tricky the funding proc­ess can be, he would respond that the soonest anything could happen - "at best" - might be a few years. He sometimes looked pained as he said it. Later he told me: "I grew up in a steel-mill town outside of Pittsburgh. And I remember that feeling when all the steel mills started shutting down, that feeling that there was no viable future. It must be the same here, but on Tangier it's the land itself that's the problem."

For any large-scale project, the corps needs to identify what Kelly calls a "legitimate national interest." The national interest can sometimes be framed in economic and military terms - in Norfolk, preserving the city's shipping port, which also hosts the country's largest naval base. In other places, crucial ecosystem restoration or, in rarer instances, historical preservation, may justify the corps's involvement. Schulte's arguments for saving Tangier are a mix of these. "It's the last offshore fishing community in Virginia, literally the last one standing," he told me over dinner one evening. "We lose parts of America when we lose places like this." The island was placed on the National Register of Historic Places in 2014. Tangier's community has been there for hundreds of years, Schulte notes - the island was mainly settled by several families from Cornwall and Devon, England, in the 1700s and 1800s, and their heritage is still discernible in the residents' unusual accent, a Colonial-era Cornwall patois wrapped inside a Virginia twang that has long drawn the attention of linguists and anthropologists. That accent would disappear if the island were lost. Schulte made the economic case too. Tangier's sea grass (known as subaqueous vegetation beds) and wetlands have significant ecological worth. The subaqueous vegetation beds are where blue crabs reach maturity, and migrating birds rest on the wetlands. The vegetation cleanses the water and air. He has calculated the "ecosystem value" of Tangier to be millions of dollars annually.

The descendants of the island's early English settlers continue to work on crab and oyster boats. When the town was founded, its fishermen, known here as watermen, had no idea that ecological disaster would threaten the island. "It's not like someone who builds in a floodplain intentionally, knowing that there's this chance," Schulte said. "So I feel that these people should get some help." He added that the problem was not just a few houses: "It's the whole town." Re-establishing them on the mainland would be expensive. "Let's say we do nothing and let the island go away, and then move everybody. How do we deal with that? It's not going to be a cheap undertaking, and it's going to be well beyond what the people there can pay." His bottom line was that bringing the island back to health could be cost-effective as well as virtuous.

Schulte did not take the challenges of fixing Tangier lightly, though. He brought up the example of Poplar Island, a spot in the Chesapeake some 60 miles north of Tangier, to explain why. Within the small community of engineers and scientists who spend their days thinking about how to save entire islands or coastal cities from vanishing during this century, Poplar looms greatly. In the late 1800s, it was home to Valliant, a small village with a post office, a school and 100 residents. Unfortunately, Valliant also had a sawmill. In cutting down the island's trees for lumber, the islanders destroyed the root system holding their soil together. By around 1920, Valliant was abandoned. And by the 1990s, Poplar Island shrank from about 1,200 acres to five acres and was on the cusp of extinction.

I went to Poplar, which is about two miles from Maryland's eastern shore, in late March, accompanied by Justin Callahan, a project manager for the corps's Baltimore division. He first traveled to Poplar in 1993, when it was just a tiny sandbar. "We're at 1,140 acres now," he told me during the boat ride over, "and ultimately we'll be expanding it to a total of 1,715 acres." The island is being resurrected, and what you find on Poplar now is a public-works project on a biblical scale, rising out of the Chesapeake. In 2003, the corps began building a boomerang-shaped dike as the island's new perimeter. This "hard" boundary was composed of sand piles covered with a strong textile material and topped with crushed stone and huge, 2,000-pound boulders. Since then, the corps has been filling the pools inside the perimeter wall with silt dredged from the channels leading into Baltimore Harbor and carted here by scow 24 hours a day during active periods of construction. The dredging of the channels would have occurred anyway - it's necessary to keep the port deep enough for large cargo ships - but ordinarily the silt would be dumped out in the ocean. By depositing it here, the state of Maryland, which owns Poplar, gets a better harbor and a new island. When it's finished, in 2040 or so, Poplar will be a wildlife sanctuary devoid of residents.

"A lot of what you usually see with the corps is known as 'pump and dump,' " Callahan said once we reached the island. He was dressed in jeans and work boots, and he quickly borrowed a truck to give me a tour. We drove past a long line of trailers that serve as offices for the roughly 25 workers who come here daily - no one stays overnight - before turning onto a main dirt road that runs along the spine of the new island. " 'Pump and dump' means you dredge it, deposit it and walk away," he continued. "But this is different. A tremendous amount of engineering went into this." Half the island is being sculpted into wetlands, Callahan said, pointing to low-lying areas to my right, which had already been planted with spartina grass and were starting to flourish. The other half of the island will be dry "uplands." These were on Callahan's left. Some of the upland hills have already been built to about 17 feet above sea level, on the way to about 25 feet, according to Callahan, a height that should fortify the island. In time, the uplands will be planted with pine trees. The corps will in effect undo the error that the residents of Poplar made 100 years ago.

As we drove along, Callahan pointed out a pipe three feet in diameter running alongside the road. It carried dredged material pumped from Poplar's bulkhead, where ships arrived with the silt carried from Baltimore channels, to the places being "infilled" on Poplar. Callahan parked at the end of the pipe so we could see the silt pour out into a roadside pool. It was black and viscous. Over the next few weeks, as the dark soup pooled higher and higher, water would drain out, the sediment would dry and settle and the process would then be repeated until the area reached the desired elevation. Surrounded by the dust and the noise of machinery, it was hard to picture the green idyll of the future. The whole place smelled like mud.

Poplar will ultimately cost about $1.4 billion - or roughly $800,000 per acre. Earlier, Tan­gier's town manager, Renee Tyler, told me: "What baffles me the most is that no one lives on Poplar. And they spent all this money on it. We have people who live here, as well as sea life and birds." Yet there are a number of reasons, some of them bureaucratic and obscure, that get in the way of using Baltimore harbor's silt to build up Tangier. This is Maryland's mud, not Virginia's, and Poplar (unlike Tangier) has the good fortune to lie within Maryland's waters. Another factor that works in Poplar's favor: the project has a defensible, cost-benefit appeal. "If you want to do ecosystem restoration on a large scale," Callahan told me on the boat ride back, "it's expensive, so it has to have a big economic driver." Here, the economic driver involves the effort to preserve the port of Baltimore, "which is just a huge regional economic engine." That's what makes it difficult for Tangier, he added. No one would dispute that Tangier had a unique fishing culture and history, he remarked.

"It has no harbor project, though," Callahan said. Then he added, rhetorically, "What is the economic driver for Tangier?"

One afternoon on Tangier, I stopped by the fire station to visit Anna Pruitt-Parks, a member of the Town Council and also Tangier's paramedic. Pruitt-Parks grew up on the island, and as a teenager she thought about leaving. "But when you get Tangier mud between the toes," she told me, "it's hard to go." She lives with her husband and children in her grandparents' house. For more than 40 years, she said, the house never flooded, but several recent storms brought water in. "We've since had it elevated so it doesn't flood, and we had our land graded," she explained. But she sees the land all around Tangier sinking and eroding. Her 12-year-old son told her that he wants to be a waterman. "I don't know if that will be possible," she told me, "but that's what he wants." When I asked if she thought Tangier could provide a future for her children, she said: "If all of the wheels turn that need to turn, I do believe that we can be saved, and even built back up - not necessarily to the size we were 200 years ago. But if you look at projects like Poplar Island, it is possible."

What is vexing for Tangierians is that their local challenges, as difficult as they seem, may pale next to their broader, long-term problems. "It will take two things to save the island," David Schulte says. "One is to engineer and repair it now. The other is to make sure that the worst-case scenario of climate change doesn't happen, because I've seen what that looks like in the computer modeling, and we don't want to go there. A lot of Norfolk is under water. Miami is under water." Tangier, too. For the moment, the world is on course for the worst-case impacts of sea-level rise - perhaps up to six feet by 2100, a result of carbon dioxide pushing up temperatures and the polar ice sheets pouring meltwater into the oceans. At the same time, the forces that make the Chesapeake area so vulnerable (the region currently experiences about five millimeters of relative sea-level rise annually, significantly more than the global annual average of three millimeters) will not be getting any better. "The land is likely to be sinking for many thousands of years," says Paul Bierman, a scientist at the University of Vermont who has studied the area's geology.

The Gulf Stream presents another problem. At present, this circulation of warm water in the Atlantic Ocean produces variations in sea level. The surface of the Atlantic is about 60 centimeters lower off the coast of New Jersey than it is off Bermuda, according to Robert Kopp, a professor at Rutgers. If the Gulf Stream weakens, Kopp says, as it is expected to do in a warmer climate, then the differences in sea level will equalize. Oceans will be even higher in the Mid-Atlantic region. This portends trouble not only for the Chesapeake, but also for Long Island and the Jersey Shore. And water will meanwhile be seeping into other urban centers. A recent study by the Union of Concerned Scientists concluded that several dozen American cities - including Boston, New Haven and Savannah, Ga. - could suffer more than 50 floods per year by about 2045 if they don't take serious measures to mitigate the rising tides; at least a dozen other places, including Philadelphia and Wilmington, N.C., may flood more than 150 times a year. If federal lawmakers find that hard to believe, they will see proof out the window: Parts of Washington could be inundated 388 times a year.

To Chris Moore, a senior scientist at the Chesapeake Bay Foundation, "we're not anywhere near the point where we need to write off an entire community." Still, the science suggests that it may soon be time to consider which towns, islands and cities can (or cannot) be saved. This, in turn, prompts some hard thinking about which criteria - economic wealth, population density, natural appeal, historical value - should weigh most heavily in those decisions. "It's just a sad fact that we can't spend an infinite amount of money defending the coast," Michael Oppenheimer, the Princeton professor, says. "And the concept of retreat, which is sort of un-American, has to be normalized. It has to become part of the culture. Because there are some places where we're really going to have to retreat."

I asked Skip Stiles, of Wetlands Watch, if there were reasons to spend vast sums on flood defenses even when long-term outcomes looked bleak. He surprised me by saying that some kind of investment could be an essential part of a regional or national strategy. Short-term fixes, even expensive ones, could allow residents and governments to make choices about how to help or resettle people; a sudden annihilation of hope, on the other hand, could destroy a town's real estate values and tax base. You'd have a rapid exodus, another Poplar Island. Ben Strauss of Climate Central, a research organization based in Princeton, N.J., seems to agree. "A coastal community can understand that its life can be limited by future sea-level rises," he told me, "but that shouldn't stop it from having a vital presence today." He also thinks it's conceivable that if the country's most threatened communities can address their potential demise as fairly as possible, they could serve as exemplars. "That's a huge gift to other communities," he says, "because this is going to be a widely shared problem."

For the moment, though, the notion of managed decline is mostly just an idea. When Schulte's research on Tangier came out, some of the islanders came up with the idea of distributing T-shirts that read "I refuse to become a climate-change refugee." When Schulte and I went downtown one afternoon to meet with Carol Moore-Pruitt, a native of Tangier who helped create the shirts, she told him: "I don't know anything about climate change. But if calling me a climate-change refugee gets me a sea wall, then go ahead, call me a climate-change refugee."

If the residents of Tangier want to look for insights into how their world might end, they can go to the northern edge of their island, to an area known as Uppards. Though it was connected to the rest of Tangier a century ago, Uppards is now a water-soaked parcel of land separated from the inhabited, southern part of the island by a broad navigation channel used by watermen. One day on Tangier, Schulte accepted an invitation from a visitor named Ron Kesner to see Tangier and Uppards by air, in Kesner's single-engine Cessna, and I tagged along. Kesner is a resident of the Virginia mainland who has been visiting Tangier regularly for several years with his wife, Jodi Jones Smith, a coastal scientist, to study the island's erosion. On a crisp afternoon with breathtaking visibility, we took off from Tangier's small airport, climbed to a thousand feet and began to circle the island.

From above, it looked like the remains of an island - a dun-colored triangle with so many small ponds and streams it seemed like a large perforated leaf floating on a glassy green sea. If you looked closely, you could also see sandbars in the shallow waters surrounding it; as recently as 50 years ago, some of these were above sea level, and home to houses and beaches. They were now under five or 10 feet of water.

"It's really been cut to shreds, hasn't it?" Kesner said.

"And we're a couple hours past high tide, too," Schulte replied. He hadn't seen the island from the air for a decade, he remarked, and the "ponding" all over worried him. It suggested that water was not only leaching in from the shorelines but was bubbling up from underneath Tangier too. "Wow," he said, his face nearly pressed to the window. "They are on the edge."

As we circled the Uppards area just north of Tangier, Schulte asked me: "Do you see that line running along the center?" That was once a road, he said. It had connected a small village known as Canaan, at the northern tip of Uppards, to Tangier village.

Canaan is gone. It was abandoned around 1920, when the villagers, roughly 120 of them, left. Rather than physical deterioration, it seems to have been social erosion - not enough churchgoers and students, according to a report by the National Park Service - that hastened the town's end. Many of the 35 houses on Uppards were moved to Tangier's village, where some still remain. A few, however, were left behind to be taken by the sea. Only one photograph of Canaan exists, from a 1910 magazine article. Instead there are recollections, passed down to Tangier residents like Anna Pruitt-Parks, whose great-grandmother lived in Canaan.

A few hours after I saw Uppards from the air, I visited the area by boat with Schulte and Carol Moore-Pruitt, who also traces her roots to Canaan. Over the past few years, she has come to be regarded as its unofficial historian, the keeper not only of shards of information about the inhabitants - "It used to be beautiful green grass, chickens, roses, fig trees," she told me - but also of physical fragments that wash up where the town once stood. She told me that 10 years ago she found an English whiskey bottle from the 1600s. One lingering problem with Uppards is that the remnants of the Canaan cemetery, now half underwater, have proved difficult to collect and move. Though some bodies have been relocated, bones and parts of coffins continue to wash into the tide regularly. Pruitt-Parks told me that once she was waiting for a ferry on Tangier's dock and saw a femur on a nearby bank.

Canaan - and Uppards Island - matter to the people of Tangier for two reasons. The first is that even in its tattered state, it protects the rest of Tangier from the erosive northern currents of the Chesapeake. As our boat drew nearer, Schulte told me he thinks Uppards is now losing about 10 feet of shoreline a year. And, he said, "If you lose Uppards, you lose the town of Tangier, because then the town would be unsheltered."

The second reason residents care about Uppards is that it represents a possible future. "I'm not a pessimist," Moore-Pruitt told me. "But I see what's happening. Without a sea wall on the east side, or a sea wall on the west side, Tangier will just be in the history books. It will be like this place, like Uppards." We had come ashore from her small boat. She looked around and spread her arms and said, "But isn't it beautiful?"

It was indeed - but also windswept, lonesome, strange. She began leading us past tidal pools and along the beach, a mix of silt and peat held together by the thin roots of marsh grasses. The lapping of the Chesapeake was ripping away the peat at the water's edge. As Moore-Pruitt narrated, we walked by piles of oyster shells - middens, most likely, dating back to Native American settlers - and soon came upon a large scattering of red bricks, smoothed and made porous by time and weather, that had probably served as the foundation of Canaan's homes. Not far away was a large iron ring, sunk into the mud, which marked the top of an old freshwater well. All around us were old bottles and dead bushes and gnarled stumps, including the skeleton of a large fig tree. "That died three years ago," Moore-Pruitt said, blaming the intrusion of saltwater, which made survival for most plants difficult. Beyond the fig tree were a number of weathered marble headstones from the old Canaan graveyard, lying flat on the beach. Schulte began turning them over to read the inscriptions. The familiar Tangier names - the old families that had come here from Cornwall hundreds of years ago - still echoed: Margaret Pruitt, Polly Parks.

Moore-Pruitt led us farther eastward. Over the next few weeks, I thought of her many times - this woman who takes her small boat to Uppards almost every day, weather permitting, to walk the beach, stepping gingerly over fallen headstones while searching for bottles and buttons or taking a moment to appreciate the blooms of a dying rosebush planted by someone (an ancestor?) more than a century ago. Sometimes, she told me, especially in summer, she brings along her grandchildren to help her gather things exposed by the tide, even though, as she put it, "the sun is so hot you can barely stand it." She had found toy marbles and old coins and coffin handles; she had also discovered arrowheads and a Native American ax head of smoothed stone that must have preceded the settlement of Canaan by many centuries. But every week, she said, there was a bit less land and brush. And every visit was an effort to gather the final, sodden artifacts of a place that would vanish, almost completely, within a few years.

We walked for a while more. Eventually, we reached an area beyond the remains of Canaan where the empty beach stretched through mud, marsh grass and scattered oyster shells. Schulte said he wanted to keep going farther, along the eastern shore of Uppards, and Moore-Pruitt agreed to return later in her boat to pick him up. Schulte said that he thought he might have seen a living pine tree during the flight on the Cessna. "I want to go see if I can find it."

Standing on the beach, Moore-Pruitt said, "Sometimes it's so hard to imagine this was a town."

"It's like no one ever lived here," Schulte replied. Then he turned and began walking to find the last tree.

Sign up for [*our newsletter*](http://www.nytimes.com/newsletters/magazine) to get the best of The New York Times Magazine delivered to your inbox every week.

Jon Gertner is at work on a book about the past, present and future of Greenland. He last wrote for the magazine about scientists studying the melting polar ice sheets.

PHOTOS: PHOTO (MM42-MM43); AN EMPTY LOT ON TANGIER ISLAND, IN THE MIDDLE OF CHESAPEAKE BAY, SHOWS JUST HOW HIGH THE LOCAL WATER TABLE HAS RISEN. (MM44-MM45); DAVID SCHULTE, FROM THE ARMY CORPS OF ENGINEERS, ON THE BEACH IN WHAT'S LEFT OF THE TANGIER REGION CALLED UPPARDS. (MM46-MM47); POPLAR ISLAND, NEAR BALTIMORE, IS BEING REBUILT FROM ALMOST NOTHING USING DREDGED HARBOR MUD. BUT TANGIER'S RESCUE IS NOT SO S IMPLE. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANDREW MOORE FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (MM48-MM49)

**Related Articles**

* [*The Secrets in Greenland's Ice Sheet*](http://www.nytimes.com/2015/11/15/magazine/the-secrets-in-greenlands-ice-sheets.html)

1. [*Can We Reverse-Engineer the Environment?*](http://www.nytimes.com/2015/02/08/magazine/can-we-reverse-engineer-the-environment.html)

'It's the last offshore fishing community in Virginia, literally the last one standing. We lose parts of America when we lose places like this.'

'We can't spend an infinite amount of money defending the coast. And the concept of retreat, which is sort of un-American, has to be normalized. It has to become part of the culture.'

**Load-Date:** January 11, 2017

**End of Document**



[***There's Still Some Zip Left in the Theater Season***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8H-0BJ0-000D-G0W9-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 17, 1991, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1991 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Connecticut Weekly Desk

**Section:** Section 12CN;; Section 12CN; Page 6; Column 3; Connecticut Weekly Desk; Column 3;; Schedule; List

**Length:** 1099 words

**Byline:** By ALVIN KLEIN

By ALVIN KLEIN

**Body**

BY now, the expected changes in the state's theater schedules have been made for the expected cost-cutting reasons. All the "to be announced" slots have been announced, and substitutions have been made.

Here is an updated survey of what's left of the theater season, arranged by community.

BRIDGEPORT

University of Bridgeport, 576-4022.

With "professionals in residence mixed with student casts," as the theater department chairman, Matt Conley, puts it, a single concert performance of a new musical "Making Memories" will play on April 13. It is based on the fantasy "Time Remembered" by Jean Anouilh. Jane Connell and Davis Gaines have the leads under Larry Fuller's direction. The score is by Howard Mareen, with book and lyrics by Jack Lawrence, and the performance is to be a fund-raising event for the conversion into a theater of the Bryant Carriage House at the university.

Then for eight performances, from April 29 through May 5, the university will present a musical, "Fresh Air Taxi," which is based on the radio and television series "Amos 'n' Andy." It is to be directed by Vernel Bagneris. Cleavon Little and Ruth Brown have been mentioned as the cast's hoped-for resident professionals.

GREENWICH

Maxwell Anderson Playwrights Series at the Greenwich Arts Center, 847-4124.

A recently announced spring season of staged readings is to consist of three performances each of the following new plays: "The Unthinkable" by Kay Arthur (April 13 and 14), "It Takes Two" by William F. Brown and Tina Tippit (April 27 and 28) and "Triad: Three One-Act Plays" by Webster Watnik, Sarah Gersovitz and Howard Fast and "Carla's Island," by Maggie Williams (June 7 and 8).

HARTFORD

The Bushnell, 246-6807.

Because of the mid-tour closing of the 30th anniversary production of "The Fantastiks" starring Robert Goulet, the 2,819-seat house had an open week. Luckily, so did the touring production of "Ziegfeld: A Night at the Follies," that had its premiere at the Shubert in New Haven last month. Now, "Ziegfeld" will play the Bushnell from March 26 to 31.

Hartford Stage, 527-5151.

With September's opening play, "Our Country's Good" by Timberlake Wertenbaker, set for a move to Broadway on April 19, and "Julius Caesar" about to begin previews on Saturday, with Keith Baxter playing Cassius, the company has announced the final work of an eventful and eclectic season. "From the Mississippi Delta" is an autobiographical play by Dr. Endesha Ida Mae Holland, in which three actresses play diverse roles.

NEW HAVEN

Long Wharf, 787-4282.

Having made a cost-cutting change from the sprawling "An Enemy of the People" to the self-contained "Betrayal," which closed this month, the theater will end its season with "Picnic" from May 7 to June 23. The 11-character play is big by contemporary pecuniary standards. This is the first time the theater is producing a work by William Inge, whose reputation fell into decline after the 1950's, when he was one of America's most popular playwrights. "Picnic," which won the Pultizer Prize in 1953, is to follow the current "Baby Dance."

On Long Wharf's Stage II, the evening of four short plays by Joyce Carol Oates (April 12 through May 26) is being collectively called "How Do You Like Your Meat?," which is also the title of the first play on the bill.

In the theater's Workshop Series, also being performed in Stage II, "Dearly Departed," a new comedy by David Bottrell and Jessie Jones, begins performances on Tuesday and runs through April 7. From June 4 through June 23, the musical in progress is "Fanny Hackabout Jones," with music by Lucy Simon, book by Erica Jong (based on her novel) and lyrics by Ms. Jong and Susan Birkenhead. The work, which is set in the 18th century, was included in the repertory of the much-publicized New Musicals producing organization that closed last season after its first production, "Kiss of the Spider Woman," in Purchase, N.Y.

Yale Repertory, 432-1234.

For the last play he will be staging before leaving as the artistic director of the theater, Lloyd Richards has chosen Eugene O'Neill's "A Moon for the Misbegotten." Frances McDormand will have the Gargantuan role of the Gargantuan Josie Hogan, from April 30 through May 25.

STRATFORD

Square One Theater Company, 375-8778.

The third production in the recently formed local theater troupe, "The Cocktail Hour" by A. R. Gurney, will be the first to play under an Actors Equity Guest Artist's contract. Performances are scheduled for May 3, 4, 10, 11,, 17 and 18.

WESTPORT

Boston Post Road Stage Company at the Westport Playhouse, 227-1072.

Strike "Alone at the Beach." Substitute "Okiboji."

"It's been a tough year," said one of the theater's executive officers. "So the board of directors recommended rescheduling."

Which means that the play originally scheduled to end the current season, was re-evaluated as being too costly. It has seven characters, a complicated set and would have required an extra week of rehearsals.

In its place (May 8 through June 2), note the new two-character comedy about a volatile friendship between the wife of a retired executive and her ***working-class*** neighbor, near Lake Okiboji in Wisconsin.

Burry Fredrik, the theater's literary manager, came upon the script by Conrad Bishop and Elizabeth Fuller just in time. Patricia Englund and Jan Miner will be in the play, an East Coast premiere, and Ms. Fredrik will direct. It follows "Kingdom of Earth," by Tennessee Williams, which begins performances on March 27 and runs through April 21.

In an attempt to alleviate the company's financial woes, a benefit, "A Stage Full of Stars," will take place on April 7. Monologues, musical numbers and vignettes, including selections by Mr. Williams and T. S. Eliot, will be performed by Connecticut-based actors like Kier Dullea, Rex Everhart, June Havoc, E. Katherine Kerr, Ms. Miner, Richard Merrell and James Naughton.

Music Theater of Connecticut at Colonial Green, 454-3883.

The formerly nomadic company, which has played in four auditoriums in three years, closed its first production of the season, "Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris," last week in what it calls"a new theater space that is not really new."

It is a 42-seat "black box studio theater," once a classroom in the company's School of Theater Arts. A news release says: "Now, at long last, M.T.C. has a home of its own with all operations under one roof." Under that roof, two shows are coming up: "Three Guys Naked from the Waist Down" (April 18 through May 12) and "Cole," a review of Cole Porter's life and a revue of his songs (June 26 through July 21).

**Load-Date:** October 1, 1991

**End of Document**



[***WOMEN ARE CLOSE TO BEING MAJORITY OF LAW STUDENTS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:42NF-KF70-0109-T31V-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 26, 2001 Monday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2001 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Column 6; Business/Financial Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1334 words

**Byline:**  By JONATHAN D. GLATER

**Body**

Women are expected to be the majority of students entering law school this fall, a development that is already leading to changes in the way law is practiced. And the movement is ultimately expected to help propel more women into leadership positions in politics and business.

Women, who made up about 10 percent of first-year law students in 1970, accounted for 49.4 percent of the 43,518 students who began law school last fall, according to data to be released soon by the American Bar Association, and that rate of growth is expected to continue. As of March 9, more women than men had applied for admission to law schools this fall.

That trend will affect the way schools operate -- perhaps making classes more teamlike and less adversarial, for instance -- and change somewhat the way law firms operate, lawyers and professors said. But even more significant, as the number of women with law degrees grows, they may be more likely to pursue careers in business and politics where legal training has often been a springboard to positions of power.

"Women may go to medical school, and that's good for a variety of reasons," said Carol Gilligan, a Harvard University psychologist who teaches at New York University Law School. "But that doesn't affect the structure of our society."

Several factors are driving the increase, which is seen at very selective schools like Yale as well as at public institutions like the law school at the City University of New York. While certainly seeking the security, income and prestige that have long drawn men to the law, women are also reacting to the decline of real and perceived barriers in the profession. It used to be that many judges would not hire women as law clerks, for example, and major law firms would not recruit them.

Some important obstacles still remain. Despite the increasing number of women graduating from law school and passing bar exams, the proportion of judges and partners at major law firms who are women has not kept pace. In New York, for example, where women represent more than 41 percent of the associates at law firms, fewer than 14 percent of the partners are women, according to the National Association of Law Placement.

Women have made serious inroads in other professional schools -- notably medicine, where they accounted for about 46 percent of the students who started last fall. They also dominate schools of education and veterinary medicine. And women have moved in larger numbers into business schools, where, according to the International Association for Management Education, they accounted for 38 percent of M.B.A.'s awarded in 1998, the most recent data available.

But far more people attend law schools, and given their low starting point, women have made significantly greater advances there -- women were just 4 percent of first-year law students 40 years ago.

There has been "a slow changing of assumptions about what women should consider doing," said Jean K. Webb, director of admissions at Yale Law School, where women accounted for a majority of the entering class for the first time last fall. Women were 46 percent of the entering class at Harvard Law School last fall, 44 percent at Stanford Law School, 51 percent at Columbia Law School and 50 percent at New York University School of Law.

Cynara Hermes, 22, who grew up in Uniondale, N.Y., and is now a first-year student at New York Law School, has wanted to be a lawyer since she was 7, she said, a result of watching "Matlock" on TV. Her interest was confirmed after a prosecutor in Mineola, N.Y., took her to see some criminal proceedings when she was in the 11th grade, as part of a program run by a local women's bar association, she said.

"I was fascinated," Ms. Hermes said. "When you're in a ***working***- ***class*** neighborhood, you really don't get to see a lot of people" who are lawyers, she said. "It helped. I told her that I wanted to be a lawyer."

As with men, the attraction of law school for many young women is not so much the law itself as the opportunities a degree may open up. "It gives you so many options about different kinds of work you can do," said Mallory Ciar Curran, a second-year law student at N.Y.U.

A law degree can make it easier to get a job as a government policy analyst, enter politics or move up in business, as well as represent individual clients, she said.

While some schools still go out of their way to recruit women, many law schools no longer do. Yale did once, in 1996, but since then "the numbers have risen, and they seem to have risen without particular efforts on our part," Ms. Webb said.

More women in law school classes may lead professors to re-evaluate how they teach, to encourage more participation. Changing the adversarial environment fostered by some classes may better prepare all students for the real-world practice of law, according to Lani Guinier, a professor at Harvard Law School, because today most lawyers do not go to court and they work closely with other lawyers instead of practicing alone.

Law firms have already made some adjustments to the increasing numbers of women associates, who are quicker than men to raise concerns about balancing work and family, partners at several firms say. For example, when Judith Thoyer became the first woman to be a partner at Paul, Weiss, Rifkind, Wharton & Garrison, a large New York firm, in 1974, the firm had no flex-time or part-time schedules. Now, she said, it has adopted both.

But some experts worry that the greater number of women in the law may lead to a loss of prestige for the profession, if it becomes a "pink-collar ghetto."

Deborah Rhode, who teaches at Stanford Law School, said women receptionists at law firms are in such a ghetto. "Receptionists at law firms used to be men," and were accorded more respect, she said.

Lawyers are divided about when women may come closer to parity in the judiciary, on law school faculties, or in law firm partnerships. Of 655 federal district court judges, only 136 are women, according to the Alliance for Justice, a Washington-based organization for nonprofit advocacy groups. Women are about the same share -- 20 percent -- of full law school professors, Professor Rhode said.

One result is that many women lawyers now serve as in-house counsels at companies. About 37 percent of the lawyers belonging to the American Corporate Counsel Association in 1998 were women. Others leave to work for the government or for public-interest groups, but statistics are hard to come by.

One reason more women are not judges, partners or professors is a "residual amount of prejudice," said Cynthia Fuchs Epstein, a professor of sociology at the Graduate Center of the City University of New York. Another is the decision by some women "not to go for broke," she said, because they bear a greater share of family obligations.

Women may also face additional pressures in some of their law school classes, Professor Guinier said. Even women who consider themselves very assertive often participate less than men in their law school courses, according to research she conducted.

"Many men and women experience law school as intimidating, perhaps because of its emphasis on individual performance in a large, intensely competitive classroom environment," Professor Guinier said. "This disproportionately may affect women who feel more pressure to perform well for many reasons, including the fact that when they speak, they feel as though they are speaking on behalf of women who are not present."

This does not mean that women are not zealous advocates in adversarial settings when they practice law, she added.

Professor Rhode said that the increasing number of women in law school "is too often taken as a sign that the 'women problem' has been solved," she said, adding that "the central problem is the perception that there is no problem."

But she remains an optimist. "Women are simply too large a share of the talent pool for their concerns not to be addressed," she said. "The demographics are with us."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: The changing makeup of law schools is clearly seen in two groups at Harvard. In 1978-79, the law review was largely male, but the 1999-2000 review was more evenly mixed. Yale stopped going out of its way to recruit women after 1996 because the number of women applicants was growing rapidly on its own. (Photographs by Harvard Law Review)(pg. A16) Chart: "Legal Equality"Women now make up about half of all first-year law students and are likely to be the majority this fall. Graph showing the percentage of first-year law students that are women.(Source: American Bar Association)(pg. A16)

**Load-Date:** March 26, 2001

**End of Document**



[***Poland's Young and Restless Turn to Violence***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-7DR0-000P-N2CR-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 20, 1997, Tuesday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1997 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Foreign Desk

**Section:** Section A; ; Section A; Page 3; Column 1; Foreign Desk ; Column 1;

**Length:** 1196 words

**Byline:** By JANE PERLEZ

By JANE PERLEZ

**Dateline:** WROCLAW, Poland, May 15

**Body**

On a chilly January afternoon in the bleak, ***working-class*** suburbs here, two 14-year-old girls lured a female classmate to the woods and, passing a knife between them, methodically stabbed her more than 60 times before killing her.

The next day the two girls -- Ewa Zieleniak, broad-shouldered and domineering, and Renata Podgovska, slight and more subdued -- described to the police almost blow for blow what they had done.

They recalled their victim's screams for mercy and remembered that when their first slashes did not kill her, they beat her in the face with their fists, before finally finishing her off with two stabs to the throat and then six more to the stomach.

"It wasn't like in the movies," one of the girls told the police, meaning that killing was hard work and took much longer than they had anticipated.

Ewa and Renata sat impassively in a dark wood-paneled room of the juvenile courts today, as a judge, tears welling in her eyes as she recounted the killing of Agnieszka Karkosz, committed them to a juvenile correction center until the age of 21. It was the maximum sentence under Polish law.

The case of two schoolgirls killing another is only the most sensational in a rash of teen-age homicides in Poland in the last 18 months. The methods have not involved guns, but rather knives, baseball bats, heaving victims off moving trains or, in one case, crushing a 15-year-old boy's head with a toilet bowl.

The killings have shaken a society that, under the Communism that ended in 1989, had its fair share of juvenile crime -- but crime that generally involved theft, sometimes armed robbery. Crime, including murder, was almost never covered by the heavily censored press.

With the arrival of capitalism and the inevitable shakeout of winners and losers, violent crime has increased, particularly among teen-agers. Now Polish teachers, psychologists, parents and politicians are debating the reasons -- and trying to determine why, in the case of Ewa and Renata, the two girls did not come to their senses while committing such a gruesome killing.

In reaction to the killings by teen-agers, youth marches against violence have become commonplace in Polish cities.

Last year the Polish authorities reported 36 killings by minors from 13 to 17 years old, more than double the number in 1990. The youngest victim was an 11-year-old boy beaten to death by a group of friends in Warsaw. In another case, two 15-year-old boys from middle-class families in Cracow beat a student from Jagellonian University to death with baseball bats.

The short explanations for the violence center on what many consider to be harsh Western -- and in particular American -- economic and cultural influences in Poland.

Indeed, many of the theories echo those in the United States: parents pressed to make incomes that meet family needs are ignoring home life; the influence of violent movies on bored youngsters and competition among teen-agers to wear the latest wave of clothes that many find hard to afford.

One of the most striking aspects of the sentencing hearing for Ewa Zieleniak was the way the almost defiant, apparently remorseless girl dressed: Her candy-pink slicker, slung over a white T-shirt, was emblazoned with the English words "Authentic Sensation."

The room at the juvenile center where she and Renata have been confined since the killing is decorated with a bold poster of a blond female star of one of Poland's most popular American television shows, "Beverly Hills 90210." At Elementary School 19, where Ewa was an average student and Renata a very poor one, the counselor, Elzbieta Pawlina, a soft-spoken woman who roams the halls so she can be available to the children, said: "Consumption has become a main goal of life. Family and God don't count."

Competition over clothes is fierce, she said, as girls in modish platform shoes rushed by between classes with T-shirts bearing slogans like "Kiss Me." Boys sauntered along in cheap copies of expensive sneakers and jeans.

"Everyone wants to have clothes with labels," Mrs. Pawlina said. "Kids ridicule others who can't afford good clothing."

"The most horrible slur is to say you are a Romanian," Mrs. Pawlina continued, referring to the group of illegal immigrants who are the poorest of the poor in Poland and who usually cannot afford the second-hand Western clothes the students strive to buy.

But at the same time, Mrs. Pawlina said, most of the students cannot afford the simplest school excursion. Only 9 of the 22 students in Ewa and Renata's class could afford the $2 for a movie outing organized by the school.

Much of the attention on the killing stems from the fact that, although Elementary School 19 is in a poor neighborhood, it is above average academically. The teachers pride themselves on making an extra effort, and they were among the most enthusiastic participants in a two-year-old districtwide program aimed at curbing violence.

On the notice board near the school entrance, a prominent sign in yellow and black lists five hot lines that students, many of whose home lives are plagued by parental alcoholism and abuse, can call if they need help.

"If this were a vocational school with a lot of brutality and teachers who were not paying attention, you could explain it," said Grazyna Cupaila-Tomaszewska, district director of schools.

Mrs. Cupaila-Tomaszewska said that like the rest of society, Polish schools were going through an upheaval. In the Communist era, discussions of individual responsibility and morality were off limits. Now, she said, the teachers are at a loss as to how to instill such qualities.

Roman Catholic priests teach religion in the state schools. Ewa and Renata, as well as their victim, Agnieszka, received top marks in religion. But the priests are helpless in working with difficult students, the district director said.

In her summation of the case, Judge Beata Zientek said both of the girls had tried to run away from home and school and had tried marijuana. But she emphasized that the psychologists reported no serious abnormalities.

Judge Zientek said the murder was cold blooded and well planned and the motive unfathomable. The two girls had expressed dislike of their victim but were "unable to explain why Agnieszka was different," she said.

In the days before the killing, Ewa had shown off the knife to classmates -- an eight-inch, multibladed "scout's knife" that she had taken from the basement of her family's house. The girls had figured out that it would be difficult for the knife to penetrate Agnieszka's winter coat, the judge said, so they persuaded her to remove her coat before stabbing her.

When it was the turn of Renata, the weaker of the two assailants, to slash Agnieszka, the victim managed to grab the knife and throw it away, the judge said. But after beating Agnieszka in the face and demanding that she show them where the knife was, the two girls recovered the weapon and finally killed her. The next night, they turned themselves in to the police.

"For a long time, the police could not believe the two girls had the physical strength to do what they did," Mrs. Pawlina said. "They kept looking for a male accomplice. But there wasn't one."

**Graphic**

Photos: The two teen-agers convicted of killing a classmate at their sentencing hearing. The victim was beaten and stabbed more than 60 times. Friends of a teen-ager killed by two 14-year-old classmates at a ceremony commemorating the victim. Her picture is in the background. (Photographs by Anna Los/Gazeta Wyborcza)

Map of Poland showing location of Wroclaw: Killings by teen-agers, like one in Wroclaw, have shaken Poland.

**Load-Date:** May 20, 1997

**End of Document**



[***Attacks by Arabs On Jews in France Revive Old Fears***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4B4W-27B0-01KN-2214-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 3, 2003 Wednesday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2003 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Column 1; Foreign Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1517 words

**Byline:**  By ELAINE SCIOLINO

**Dateline:** GAGNY, France, Nov. 26

**Body**

The boys hide their skullcaps under baseball caps. The girls tuck their Star of David necklaces under their sweaters. Their school in this middle-class suburb east of Paris has been scorched by fire and fear, and those are the off-campus rules.

Early one Saturday in November, unidentified vandalsset fire to the new two-story wing of the Merkaz Hatorah School for Orthodox Jews that was set to open as an elementary school in January.

The fire prompted President Jacques Chirac to call an emergency cabinet meeting and declare that "an attack on a Jew is an attack against France."

It also intensified an agonizing debate over the definition and extent of anti-Semitism today in France, and indeed all of Europe, and forced the French government to redouble its efforts to combat it.

But even as they praise their government for acting swiftly, some French Jews, particularly ***working-class*** and middle-class Jews of North African origin, are convinced that France is not entirely safe for them. They say the Israeli-Palestinian conflict and the American occupation of Iraq have morphed into a battleground for French Arab Muslims to attack Jews. "We Jews in France are paying the price for the events on the ground in the Middle East that are seen from morning to night here on satellite television," said Marc Aflalo, a printer who proudly wears a skullcap and whose three children go to Merkaz Hatorah, a private school of 800 elementary and high school students.

If a Jew goes into an Arab Muslim neighborhood, he says, "You have to carry an umbrella to protect yourself from the stones that fly."

This is not a revival of the old anti-Jewish hatred of the right that infused Europe before the Vatican reconciled with the Jews in the 1960's, but a playing out of the Arab-Israeli conflict in the streets and salons of France.

France is home to about 600,000 Jews -- the world's largest Jewish population except for those of Israel and the United States -- but also as many as 10 times that number of Muslims of Arab origin, the largest such population in Europe, many of them young, poor and unemployed.

Complicating matters, public opinion throughout Europe is broadly critical of Israeli policy toward the Palestinians. A recent public opinion poll of European Union countries found that most citizens believed that Israel was the greatest threat to world peace, followed by Iran, North Korea and the United States.

The poll itself added to the debate about anti-Semitism in Europe. But it is in France, where the burden of the wartime government in Vichy's collaboration with the Nazis still casts a shadow over the political landscape, that the debate is the shrillest and the charges of anti-Semitism the harshest.

Mindful of demographic realities and the strains of anti-Semitism in their country's past, French officials are struggling to denounce and punish acts of anti-Semitism without fueling racism toward France's ethnic Arab Muslim population.

Telling Parliament in November that the Middle East conflict "has entered our schools," Education Minister Luc Ferry said France was facing "a new form of anti-Semitism" that was "no longer an anti-Semitism of the extreme right," but one of "Islamic origin."

By contrast, Interior Minister Nicolas Sarkozy said in a television debate recently: "All those who explain the resurgence of anti-Semitism by the conflict in the Middle East say something that is false. Anti-Semitism existed before the existence of Israel."

For that reason he has called for a plan of affirmative action to help integrate Muslims into French society, a highly controversial idea in a country that officially does not identify its citizens according to race, religion or ethnicity.

Still, Mr. Sarkozy added that the horror of the Holocaust meant that anti-Semitism had to be treated differently than other forms of racism in Europe. That is a challenge when many of the young Arab Muslim youths who wander the streets have no understanding of the Holocaust.

In a book called "The Lost Territories of the Republic" published last year, a group of French teachers said teaching of the Holocaust was impossible in some classes because students of Arab origin were so hostile toward the subject.

That us-against-them attitude is echoed by students at the school in Gagny, who have little regular exposure to Muslims except for the all-Muslim cleaning staff from countries like Mali and Senegal.

The school is a sheltered place where boys and girls are taught separately, male administrators and teachers do not shake hands with women, and students learn that evolution is only one theory of creation.

"Outside of school, they call the boys in yarmulkes 'dirty Jew' and they tell us to go back to our country," said a 17-year-old student of Moroccan origin who identified herself only as Siona.

After the firebombing of the school on Nov. 15, the government set up a commission to investigate incidents and classified it as a hate crime under tough legislation passed unanimously by Parliament this year. Teachers have been told to combat anti-Semitism, and the police have stepped up surveillance of synagogues and Jewish schools.

In Strasbourg a court sentenced six men in their early 20's to 18 months to three years in prison for setting off a homemade bomb in a Jewish cemetery last year. Yet even after the government initiative, swastikas were scrawled on tombs in a Jewish cemetery and on two Jewish-owned shops in Marseille.

Anti-Semitism, of course, existed before Muslims started immigrating to Europe and has continued at a low level for years despite laws all over the continent. But such incidents have not been limited to France.

Europe, broadly, has been struck in recent months by anti-Jewish acts, including arson at a synagogue near Manchester, England, in November, the defacing of headstones and the gate of a cemetery in Germany with Nazi slogans in October, a botched explosion of a vehicle loaded with gas canisters in front of a synagogue in Belgium in June and an attack on a Hasidic rabbi in Vienna as he walked home from prayers in May.

Indeed, an unpublished draft report prepared earlier this year for the European Union concluded that a wave of anti-Semitic acts had occurred since the Palestinian uprising started in 2000.

Underscoring the extreme sensitivity of the issue, the European Union group that commissioned the report said it had been poorly done and refused to release it, prompting charges among Jewish groups and the Berlin institute contracted to prepare it that the European Union was suppressing it.

Despite the findings, Interior Ministry figures show that physical and verbal attacks against Jews plummeted to 96 in the first 10 months of this year, compared with 184 during the comparable period last year. Justice Ministry investigations into alleged anti-Semitic offenses for the same periods fell from 129 to 29.

But the philosopher Alain Finkielkraut, author of "In the Name of the Other: Reflections on the Coming Anti-Semitism," for one, calls a statistical analysis of the problem an absurd way to measure it.

"There is a new, dangerous phenomenon of the Nazification of Israel that justifies hatred of Israel and therefore the Jews," he said.

One result has been a closing of ranks among some Jewish activists, which has made it more difficult for them to tolerate criticism of Israeli policies toward the Palestinians, polarizing the debate still further.

"Intellectuals who were not used to considering themselves Jewish are now doing so," said Olivier Nora, the publisher of the Editions Grasset et Fasquelle publishing house. "The tradition in the French Jewish community is to feel French first and Jewish second, but there is more and more pressure to define yourself and to take a position on Israel's policies. You're either in or you're out."

But Theo Klein, a lawyer and former head of the umbrella group of Jewish organizations known as the Representative Council of the Jewish Institutions of France, or CRIF, urged the Jews of France not to be carried away by emotion. He criticized the government's decision to define the school firebombing as an act of anti-Semitism in the absence of conclusive proof.

"The Jews are fully integrated into French society," he said. "They should reaffirm their rights as French citizens and not set themselves up as separate."

Indeed, when Israel's ambassador to France, Nissim Zvili, said after the school fire that French Jews were so "afraid of anti-Semitic attacks that many of them are thinking of emigrating," Roger Cukierman, the current head of CRIF, called the claim "really exaggerated" and an Israeli effort to attract immigrants.

Meanwhile, Jean-Marie Le Pen, the head of the far-right National Front, who has been accused by opponents of being anti-Semitic as well as racist against the influx of Muslim immigrants to France, said in a statement that the government had overreacted to the school fire. He called the new measures against anti-Semitism "laughable," adding: "There is no rise in anti-Semitism in France. There are the inevitable effects of an untamed immigration."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: A policeman inspected the ruins of part of a Jewish school that was badly damaged by arson in Gagny, on the outskirts of Paris, last month. French Jews are increasingly voicing concern over their safety. (Photo by Agence France-Presse -- Getty Images); Interior Minister Nicolas Sarkozy shook hands with Jewish children as he visited the site of an attack on a Jewish school in Gagny last month. (Photo by Associated Press); In Gagny in early 2001, vandals covered a street sign with a sticker saying "Avenue Adolph Hitler." (Photo by Rabbi Moshe Lewin)(pg. A6)

**Load-Date:** December 3, 2003

**End of Document**



[***Shades of Gray***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:42KS-2510-0109-T4M8-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 18, 2001 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2001 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 7; Column 1; Book Review Desk; Pg. 10

**Length:** 1383 words

**Byline:**  By Richard Eder; Richard Eder writes book reviews and articles for The Times.

**Body**

Border Crossing

By Pat Barker.

215 pp. New York:

Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $22.

HIS refined portraits of human intimacy were set in a zone of privacy sheltered, E. M. Forster wrote, from the world of "telegrams and anger." Pat Barker's writing -- her early novels of ***working-class*** women, her World War I "Regeneration" trilogy and her recent family study, "Another World" -- is all telegrams: angry, urgent and sometimes life-changing.

"Border Crossing," her latest novel, touches on some of the same public themes: medicine (in this case, psychology); evil, personified by a psychopathic young man shaped by an other-than-sane society; and the resistant vitality to be found in the women of Britain's underclass. It too is an angry work, though narrower in its desolation, more explicitly didactic and to that extent less alive. It does provide some of the same exhilarating moral exploration, and prose as naked and jolting as an unwrapped live wire.

The scene, once again, is Britain's bare northeast: Newcastle, industrial once, and long in decline. Barker, herself a northerner and from a modest family, gives us landscapes and weather to match the interior landscapes and weathers: bleak, deprived and captured in a grimace. To one character, driving the moors at night, the sheep "looked like lumps of clotted mist." Tom, a child psychologist and the protagonist of the book, walks with Lauren, his wife, along the Tyne foreshore. They are in a fug of estrangement. "Clouds sagged over the river, and there was mist like a sweat over the mud flats."

The novelist Barry Unsworth once wrote of the theatrical clangor of Barker's starts. The plod of recrimination between Lauren and Tom (he is impotent amid the thermometers, calendars and sexual positions mobilized to encourage conception) is suddenly interrupted. A man has plunged into the Tyne's freezing sewage; Tom dives in. There is a chokingly vivid struggle, a rescue, mouth-to-muddy-mouth resuscitation; the soothing competence of the ambulance crew; and the celebratory exhilaration between Tom and Lauren as he unfreezes in a hot bath. A bout of failed sex dispels it.

Lauren will reappear from time to time as she and Tom go through a divorce; but she is given no real importance. She is one of the devices that occupy dead space in the book. Her only purpose is to play a part in the state of demoralization with which Tom confronts the crisis that provides the novel's theme.

The crisis is embodied by the man he rescued, a 23-year-old going by the name Ian Hamilton. When Tom visits him in the hospital, Hamilton reveals himself as Danny. Thirteen years earlier, when Danny was 10 and charged with the murder of an old woman, Tom had interviewed him for the court and pronounced him able to understand his crime. Danny received a life sentence, first at a correctional school and later in prison. His model behavior led to supervised parole and a chance to start life with a new identity.

It soon becomes clear that Danny's choice of time and place for his "suicide" attempt was not a coincidence, though fictionally it registers as contrivance. He is obsessed with Tom and his testimony. He confesses bitterness -- his jail time, he says, was a sentence to be raped -- but insists that he is after not recrimination but Tom's attention, to help him recall and understand what he did. Tom, a mix of sympathy and professional starchiness, warily agrees. He is, after all, at work on a book about the moral sense of juvenile delinquents.

This is a touch too neat, but Barker uses it to good effect -- less in the feinting and struggle between Tom and Danny than in side scenes where Tom interviews teenagers in trouble. One of the book's most telling passages portrays the gritty sorrowfulness of Michelle, age 10, who bit her mother's boyfriend after he sexually abused all the women in the house, and the dog besides. She and other youngsters in trouble "were preoccupied -- no, obsessed -- with issues of loyalty, betrayal, justice, rights (theirs), courage, cowardice, reputation, shame. Theirs was a warrior morality, primitive and exacting."

Danny is charming, apparently sincere and keenly intelligent as he recites a version of his past. His father was a former army officer turned incompetent chicken farmer. He harshly disciplined his hero-worshipful son, teaching him that certain kinds of killing were legitimate -- chickens, an armed enemy, some Irish (he had served in Northern Ireland) -- while others were not: cats, dogs and most people.

Danny tells of Long Garth, the briskly upbeat reform school he attended, and of an English teacher he admired. As to the murder, he is at first evasive; then, as the sessions continue, he concedes that he smothered the old woman when she caught him burgling her house.

The disclosures are partial, though. Tom gets a fuller picture when he visits Long Garth. The headmaster is wary and bland. His wife, the book's best character, is lucid, disabused -- and perhaps abused as well. Danny, she says, was one of the most dangerous boys she has known. His manipulations and charm gradually brought the school under his sway. Several of the staff left after finding themselves disturbingly in love with him. The English teacher was fired when the boy wrongly accused him of sexual abuse.

"Danny was a bottomless pit," the headmaster's wife recalls. "He wanted other people to fill him, only in the process the other people ended up drained." She describes him as a heat-seeker burrowing into the lives of those in charge of him. "It was almost as if he had no shape of his own, so he wrapped himself round other people."

Bit by bit the portrait of a psychopath emerges. Danny's probation officer, previously charmed, feels a moment of terrible fear one foggy night when she is driving him over the moors. As the press gets wind of his identity, he becomes increasingly distraught. In his last session with Tom he discloses the full horror that accompanied his murder of the old woman. A violent incident follows, as if to expunge the disclosure. Nonetheless, Tom refrains from having Danny hospitalized, for fear of jeopardizing his parole status.

Manipulative charm has again prevailed. Danny gets a new identity and safe haven. Tom runs into him once more as a flourishing, popular university student. He's a success. But how will Tom deal with the insistent image of a senile old woman lying dead at the bottom of her stairs?

The border in "Border Crossing" apparently alludes to our society's fuzzy demarcation between illness and evil. It is not fuzzy to the author; for her the blur lodges in contemporary psychological, social and moral practice. Tom, quavering all notes at once, is her pathetic exemplar. He knows Danny is dangerous yet, caught in a professional ethic that calls for understanding and assistance, he won't act on the knowledge.

Barker, whose themes of class and gender run with greater or lesser explicitness through all her books, has an aim much wider than the issue of discipline versus permissiveness. Even more than the squishy Tom, her villains are Danny's repressive father, the cynical lawyer who defends Danny, a cheerfully Falstaffian social worker and the Long Garth headmaster, who refuses to let the fact of an evil boy trouble his conviction that all his boys will do well if they do what he wants. It is society's male vision, whether hard or soft, that is responsible, as it is in the "Regeneration" trilogy.

"Border Crossing" is a far bleaker book, though, and less successful. For one thing, war and its aftermath make a more expansive theme than the psychological ambiguities of our own time. Unlike Tom, Dr. Rivers, the military psychiatrist in the "Regeneration" novels, struggles with the mentality of his era even as he is caught in it. He is magnificently complex whereas Tom is simply complex, and shriveled besides. There are other dramatic portraits among the trilogy's doctors and patients, while in "Border Crossing," only a few of the characters, all of them women -- the headmaster's wife, for example, and a housing project's Mother Courage with eight troubled children -- emerge as figures to be savored. At her best, Barker uses character as flint to the steel of her themes; in "Border Crossing" the steel has less to strike against.

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

**Graphic**

Drawing (Boris Kulikov)

**Load-Date:** March 18, 2001

**End of Document**



[***Inclusive St. Patrick's Parade Faces Exclusion***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:42GJ-DMG0-0109-T3YT-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 3, 2001 Saturday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2001 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section B; Column 2; Metropolitan Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1293 words

**Byline:**  By DEAN E. MURPHY

**Body**

One telephone caller made the sound of a gun, leaving the message, "BANG! BANG! BANG!" on the answering machine. Dozens of invitations were extended to Roman Catholic churches and schools across Queens, but only a handful were even acknowledged. Finding a priest from Queens willing to give the opening invocation has been an impossible task.

Tomorrow, for the second year in a row, a St. Patrick's parade that includes gay and lesbian marchers is to be held in the traditionally Irish neighborhoods of Woodside and Sunnyside, Queens. The event was conceived last year as an "inclusive alternative" to the annual St. Patrick's Day parade on Fifth Avenue in Manhattan, which was beset by highly charged clashes over the exclusion of openly homosexual groups throughout the 1990's.

But the organizers of the alternate parade have discovered that while Queens may not be Manhattan, they still must battle the same deeply held sentiment among many Irish-American Catholics that homosexuality and St. Patrick do not mix. The first posters for the parade, which will start at 43rd Street and Skillman Avenue in Sunnyside and run to 61st Street in Woodside, were hung only late last week because of fears that they would be ripped down.

"When we moved to Queens, we decided to build the kind of parade we were hoping for in Manhattan, but it has been quite the challenge," said Brendan Fay, 42, who is part of the parade's organizing committee and a founder of the Lavender and Green Alliance, an Irish-American gay group that will march in the parade. "It seems like every half-hour something happens with this parade as the opposition really comes out."

Mr. Fay and other members of the organizing committee, most of whom are not gay, have gone to great lengths to play down the event's gay and lesbian ties.

The theme is "Cherishing All of the Children of the Nation Equally," a phrase taken from the Proclamation of the Irish Republic in 1916. The lineup is expected to include scores of groups not associated with homosexual causes, including labor unions, Native Americans and postal workers. Also to be featured prominently will be a band from Ireland, De Jimbe, whose participation is being subsidized by the Irish government.

"It is a diverse parade, not a gay parade, and there is a big difference," said Barbara Ann Heffernan Mohr, 67, a former nun and member of the organizing committee. "The naysayers have the right to their feelings, but hate is not going to win the day."

Yet it is all but certain that the parade will be missing what most Irish-Americans, including both Mrs. Mohr and Mr. Fay, see as an essential element of a St. Patrick's parade: the local representatives of the Catholic church. None of the parishes or Catholic schools in Queens have agreed to participate. A branch of Catholic Charities in Woodside had offered to serve tea and open its restrooms to the marchers, but the organization withdrew the offer last week. Harriet Herman, the program manager for the charity in Woodside, said that she had been unaware of a scheduling conflict when she extended the offer.

Mr. Fay said he did not believe the explanation and blamed pressure -- spoken or unspoken -- from the diocese.

"I was appalled when they changed their minds," said Mr. Fay, who lost his job at a Catholic high school in Queens after marching with a gay group in the 1991 parade in Manhattan. "People expect Catholics to participate in a St. Patrick's parade."

While several individuals and clubs associated with parishes have expressed an interest in the parade, Mr. Fay said, the only parish that has formally committed to sending a delegation is St. Paul the Apostle Church on Manhattan's West Side, which has a history of ministering to gays and lesbians. Because of the poor response by Catholic groups, plans to hold an Irish fair after the parade have been dropped.

A spokesman for the Diocese of Brooklyn, which includes the parishes in Queens, said the diocese had not become involved in the debate.

"The decision of a parish or school to take part in a parade is made at the local level, and the diocese supports any decision a parish or school makes," said the spokesman, Frank De Rosa.

The decision by most Catholic institutions to stay away has been supported by some prominent Irish-Americans.

Two Republican Party leaders in Woodside recently issued a stinging condemnation of the event, labeling it an "extremist gay and lesbian exhibition hopelessly and ignobly disguised as a celebration of Irish culture." The two Republican officials, Patrick Hurley and Ed Coyne, appealed to groups marching in the parade to consider "how hurtful" their participation would be to Irish-Americans in the area.

"We have a lot of young Irish-American families here in Woodside and Sunnyside, and the social agenda that this group is trying to promote obviously is at odds with the accepted family values," said Mr. Hurley, president of the Regular Republican Club in Woodside. "If they want to exhibit or express their sexual identity, why not call themselves the Irish-American Gay and Lesbian Parade, or the Irish-American Hard-line Left Parade? Because that is what they are."

Jim Browne, the president of the County Cork Benevolent and Protective Association of New York, said many that Irish-Americans were offended that the parade would go through Sunnyside and Woodside, two ***working-class*** neighborhoods long associated with Irish immigration to New York, leaving the impression that the residents there have endorsed it. Mr. Browne said that most support for the parade was from outsiders like Mr. Fay and Mrs. Mohr, who live in Astoria and Jamaica respectively, as well as from people who are not Irish-American or not Catholic.

"The people involved are using this area as a vehicle to advertise their own agenda," said Mr. Browne, a retired city police officer who lives in Woodside. "We don't need this kind of publicity. St. Patrick is the patron saint of Ireland. This should be a religious celebration."

Mr. Fay said he would still invite more Catholic and Irish-American groups to join the parade. Several Irish-American merchants in the Woodside area have made sizable donations to help cover its cost, estimated at $10,000. But the emotional debate has put other would-be participants in a difficult predicament.

Niall O'Leary, who runs a school of Irish dance in Manhattan and Queens, had hoped that many of his 100 students would perform in the parade. But Mr. O'Leary said some parents of his younger dancers had expressed reservations because the parade has become known in much of the Irish-American community as "the gay parade." At last count, according to the parade organizers, 18 of Mr. O'Leary's dancers signed up to participate.

"It is a very contentious parade, but our participation in any event in no way indicates support for any cause other than dancing," Mr. O'Leary said. "I don't think it is a gay parade, otherwise I wouldn't be involved. But at the same time, it doesn't seem right that gays should not be allowed in a St. Patrick's Day parade."

One group that said it was eager to participate in the Queens parade is the Silver Dolphins Drill Team at the United States Naval Submarine School in Groton, Conn., which has already committed to marching in the Fifth Avenue parade two weeks from now. The drill team's staff adviser, James B. Gallagher, said the only problem was that the organizing committee in Queens had said it was not keen on having guns displayed in the parade. If that issue can be resolved, Mr. Gallagher said, the team will join both celebrations.

"The issue of homosexuality has no relevance whatsoever," Mr. Gallagher said. "The Navy's policy on homosexuality is don't ask, don't tell and don't pursue, so we don't."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Brendan Fay, left, founder of an Irish-American gay group, invited Jenny Park of a Woodside nail salon to the Queens St. Patrick's parade that he helped organize, which will be held tomorrow. (Ting-Li Wang/The New York Times)(pg. B1); Brendan Fay and Barbara Ann Heffernan Mohr had delayed posting signs, fearing they would be torn down. (Ting-Li Wang/The New York Times)(pg. B2)

**Load-Date:** March 3, 2001

**End of Document**



[***Democrats Divided on Price of Saving Rent Control***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-7TC0-000P-N3CV-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 3, 1997, Saturday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1997 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk;

**Section:** Section 1; ; Section 1; Page 25; Column 2; Metropolitan Desk; Second Front; Column 2; ; Second Front

**Length:** 1325 words

**Byline:** By RAYMOND HERNANDEZ

By RAYMOND HERNANDEZ

**Dateline:** ALBANY, May 2

**Body**

The Democrats in the State Assembly have seemed to speak with one voice throughout the bitter debate over the fate of the state's rent regulations: keep them intact, at all costs, because millions of their constituents would be hurt by changes.

But behind that seeming consensus are deep divisions about what, if anything, their leader, Speaker Sheldon Silver, should give up in pursuit of compromise with Senate Republicans. The Republicans have vowed to do away with the rent regulations that largely affect New York City and its suburbs, and theoretically they have the authority to do just that. But given the way politics works in Albany, where little gets done without trading and compromise, the Speaker's power to determine the outcome of this dispute is considerable.

The most pressing question for his rank and file members is how will he use that power.

In recent interviews with dozens of Democratic legislators from across the state, several strategies emerged, including: members from the city want Mr. Silver to hold up negotiations over crucial areas of the state budget -- the main business of Albany every year -- until there is a deal to save the rent laws; members from upstate and the suburbs worry that the budget and other issues dear to their constituents, like tax cuts, will be held hostage over an issue that does not affect them, and more liberal members fear that the Speaker will agree to Republican demands for welfare cuts and tougher criminal justice proposals, like prison construction, all to save the rent laws.

Mr. Silver will have to balance these and other concerns within his unwieldy and ideologically diverse conference. In the end, the competing interests of his members will limit his options as he attempts to broker a deal on rent, the budget, welfare and other critical issues with Gov. George E. Pataki and the Governor's legislative ally, Joseph L. Bruno, the Republican majority leader in the Senate, who is the main proponent of abolishing the rent laws.

Mr. Silver has been largely silent about his strategy so far. Instead, he has repeatedly dared Mr. Bruno to introduce a bill in the Senate that would accomplish his goal of abolishing the current rent laws, saying that such a bill would never pass in that chamber because key Republican senators from New York City and its suburbs know they would be committing political suicide if they supported it.

Indeed, several of those Republican senators have publicly expressed opposition to Mr. Bruno's stance amid well-organized lobbying campaigns by tenant groups back home in their districts. The groups have vowed to hold those senators responsible on Election Day next year if there are any changes in the rent laws that weaken tenant protections.

Beyond that, influential members of Mr. Bruno's party, including Senator Alfonse M. D' Amato, have recently expressed their own misgivings, if not outright opposition, to Mr. Bruno's position.

Mr. Bruno himself has begun to soften his rhetoric in recent weeks, indicating the intense pressure that he is under from his own members to reach a compromise that does not hurt tenants in their districts.

On the surface, Democrats act emboldened by all this. They self-servingly declare that Republicans will pay the political price if Mr. Bruno allows the rent laws to expire on June 15, as he has repeatedly threatened to do if the Democrats do not agree to his demands to phase out the laws over the next few years.

But behind closed doors, Democrats are not so confident or united. They are, above all, concerned that the ticking clock will eventually force Mr. Silver to take positions inimical to their interests on a broad range of issues -- from the budget and welfare to crime and the rent issue itself -- in order to settle the dispute.

The uncertainty is such that rumors have begun swirling here in the Capitol about Mr. Silver's intentions. At one point, Mr. Silver's aides even began accusing Republicans of spreading a rumor that the Speaker had privately told them he was willing to accept the Governor's proposed Medicaid cuts to hospitals and nursing homes in exchange for an extension of the current rent laws. Mr. Silver, in a recent interview, said there would be no "swapping" of issues.

By far, the biggest problem for Mr. Silver is the upstate-downstate split within his 95-member conference. The members from New York City, who make up the core of the Assembly's Democratic majority, have placed the preservation of the current rent laws high on their legislative agenda and are counting on Mr. Silver to play hardball with Mr. Bruno and the Governor.

They have gone so far as to argue that Mr. Silver should refuse to negotiate crucial budgetary items, like the property tax cuts that Republicans covet, until there is an agreement to extend the current rent laws.

"The Assembly is not going to support tax relief for people in the suburbs and upstate while at the same time we're seeing the cost of living for New York City residents raised and jeopardized," said Steven Sanders, a high-ranking member of the Assembly who represents a district in Manhattan.

But it is precisely that sort of talk that worries Democrats from relatively conservative upstate and suburban districts. Though these legislators have little directly at stake in the rent battle, they are concerned that no budget means they have to go home and explain why they have not been able to deliver state money for local schools, cities and towns, not to mention pork-barrel projects.

Mr. Silver, perhaps more than any previous Speaker in recent memory, has been sensitive to the concerns of his upstate and suburban members, going so far as to take relatively conservative positions on crime and welfare that have deeply troubled his more liberal members from New York City. He will be under great pressure yet again to accede to their concerns as the impasse over the rent issue drags on, as most everyone here expects.

William L. Parment, a Democrat from the largely rural community of Jamestown, said that he was disturbed that anyone would suggest linking unrelated issues like property tax cuts and the budget to rent control. He added that such a ploy could eventually become a problem for him.

"If it became clear that Shelly Silver was holding the budget hostage for a city issue that my constituents don't understand, then I would start feeling the heat," he said.

The divisions exist even among the seemingly monolithic delegation of New York City members. Democratic legislators from ***working-class*** neighborhoods in boroughs outside Manhattan said they would be willing to agree to a further expansion of so-called luxury decontrol of higher-priced apartments.

Under luxury decontrol, apartments that rent for $2,000 a month or more and have occupants with annual incomes of more than $250,000 for two consecutive years lose their rent protection.

Several Democrats from the boroughs other than Manhattan said they would be willing to lower the income threshold. They note that tenants in their district were not hurt when the Assembly reached a compromise with the Senate on luxury decontrol the last time the rent laws were set to expire in 1993. Mr. Silver, for his part, has not ruled out a compromise in this area.

"We lived with it last time," said a Democratic legislator from Queens who spoke on condition of anonymity. "I think that's an area that could be negotiated again."

But members from more affluent districts in Manhattan, and to a lesser extent Brooklyn, say there is little room for compromise in that area. They worry that any erosion of tenant protection, including further so-called luxury decontrol, would make it impossible for duel-income families who earn, say, $200,000 a year to live in neighborhoods like the Upper West Side, Park Slope and Brooklyn Heights.

"I think any expansion of luxury decontrol is a bad idea," said Richard N. Gottfried, another prominent Assembly Democrat from Manhattan.

**Load-Date:** May 3, 1997

**End of Document**



[***Oscar Spreads the Wealth, but 'Gladiator' Takes Top Prize; Julia Roberts Is Named Best Actress, And Russell Crowe Is Chosen Best Actor - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:42NF-KFB0-0109-T347-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 26, 2001 Monday

Late Edition - Final

**Correction Appended**



Copyright 2001 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section E; Column 1; The Arts/Cultural Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1391 words

**Byline:**  By RICK LYMAN

**Dateline:** HOLLYWOOD, March 25

**Body**

The movie industry has finally learned to share, though the tiger's portion went to "Gladiator."

The 73rd Annual Academy Awards had been expected to include more than the usual number of upsets and surprises -- and there were some this evening at the Shrine Auditorium in Los Angeles, including the briskness of the show in comparison with those of recent years -- but the dominant feature of the ceremony was the way the 5,700 members of the academy seemed eager to spread their largess among the top films.

"Gladiator," the director Ridley Scott's sword-and-scandal epic, edged out its close competition here tonight, winning five Oscars, including best picture and the awards for special effects, sound and costume design. Russell Crowe won the award for best actor for his portrayal of Maximus, a general turned slave then gladiator.

Steven Soderbergh was named best director for his multitextured drug epic "Traffic," one of four awards for the film. Mr. Soderbergh had two chances to win -- he was nominated for "Erin Brockovich" in addition to "Traffic" -- and many had thought voters supporting him would split between the two.

As widely expected, Julia Roberts won the Oscar for best actress for her role in "Erin Brockovich," playing the spunky legal secretary of the title who took on a polluting utility. "I love it up here!" Ms. Roberts said from the stage, lofting her new Oscar over her head and flashing her Panavision smile. "I love the world! I'm so happy!"

And Ang Lee's martial-arts fantasy, "Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon," won four awards: for best foreign language film as well as for Peter Pau's cinematography, Tan Dun's musical score and Tim Yip's art direction.

Benicio Del Toro, one of the favorites for best supporting actor for his role as a Mexican police officer in "Traffic," won that award. Stephen Mirrione won for his editing of the film, and Stephen Gaghan for best adapted screenplay.

The biggest surprise in the early proceedings came when Marcia Gay Harden's name came out of the envelope for best supporting actress for her role as artist Lee Krasner in "Pollock," beating out such favorites as Kate Hudson in "Almost Famous" and Dame Judi Dench in "Chocolat."

Ms. Harden exploded from her seat, her face a mask of delight and astonishment, to embraced her co-star and director, Ed Harris. "When they said my name, I just began emoting in a big way," she said.

Another surprise was the writer and director Cameron Crowe's winning the award for original screenplay for "Almost Famous." a semi-autobiographical look at his experiences as a teenage rock journalist in the early 1970's. The writer and director Kenneth Lonergan had been widely expected to take home the award for "You Can Count on Me."

Russell Crowe dedicated his Oscar to those who, like himself, had grown up in the ***working-class*** suburb of a big city and dreamed of someday winning such an award. "To anybody who's on the downside of advantage," he said, "it's possible."

Mr. Gaghan also dedicated his award to others, to unnamed friends who had helped him through the addiction problems that he drew on when writing "Traffic." "One day, I hit a wall and reached out," he said. "These people taught me an entirely new way of living. I can't tell you how much better it is."

Bob Dylan, who won an Oscar for his original song, "Things Have Changed," from the film "Wonder Boys," appeared live via satellite from Sydney, where he was on a concert tour. "Good God, this is amazing," he said.

Mr. Del Toro explained backstage why he thanked the people of Nogales, Mexico, in his acceptance speech. It was because much of "Traffic" was shot there, he said. "As an actor the location is so important, and the people were so humble and so beautiful that it really made it easy for me to get into it," he said.

Jon Johnson won the Oscar for best sound editing for the explosive depth charges in the submarine adventure, "U-571." And Rick Baker won his sixth Oscar for best makeup for "Dr. Seuss' 'How the Grinch Stole Christmas.' " Mr. Baker's colleague, Gail Ryan, won her first Oscar for helping him on that film.

"I'm a makeup geek," Mr. Baker told reporters backstage after winning. "I did this as a hobby as a kid."

Tracy Seretean, who won the award for best documentary short, said she pretty much stumbled into making her film after reading a story about an elderly woman trying to get custody of her grandson. The result was "Big Mama," and Ms. Seretean said it won't be her last project. "It was beginner's luck," she said, holding aloft her Oscar backstage. "Now, I've got the filmmaker's bug."

Dino De Laurentiis, 82, who has produced 121 films since 1941, including the current hit "Hannibal," won the Irving G. Thalberg Memorial Award. Jack Cardiff, 88, best known for his vivid cinematography on such films as "The African Queen" (1951) and "Black Narcissus" (1947), was presented an honorary Oscar, the first ever awarded to a cinematographer. A special Oscar was also awarded to Ernest Lehman, 85, whose credits include such diverse films as "The Sweet Smell of Success" (1957), "North by Northwest" (1959) and "West Side Story" (1961).

"I appeal to all film critics and feature writers to remember that a film begins with a screenplay," Mr. Lehman said.

The evening's host, the actor and comedian Steve Martin, eschewed the opening film and dance routine that Billy Crystal, the frequent host, often used and replaced it with a straightforward monologue that poked fun at a few of the nominees and at such standard-issue Hollywood topics as plastic surgery and false modesty. And he threw in a few jabs off the news, assuming a certain awareness of current events.

Standing before a towering golden Oscar statue that would not have been out of place in Luxor, Mr. Martin referred to the recent destruction of huge ancient Buddha statues by Afghanistan's Taliban movement. "If this statue were in Afghanistan," he said, "it would have been destroyed by now."

The most striking fact about this year's cluster of films and performances was how global it was. Not only was there the smashing success of "Crouching Tiger," which earned more than $100 million at the box office, but "Traffic" was shot bilingually (with its Mexican scenes in Spanish). And the nominees included the Spanish superstar Javier Bardem in "Before Night Falls" and the French actress Juliette Binoche in "Chocolat" amid the usual gathering of actors from Britain (Dame Judi Dench in "Chocolat," Julie Walters in "Billy Elliot" and Albert Finney in "Erin Brockovich") and its former empire (the Australian Mr. Crowe and Geoffrey Rush of "Quills").

One jarring omission was the absence of a single black nominee among the 20 acting finalists -- or, indeed, outside of the documentary or short-subject competitions, the absence of any nominated films either about the black experience or pitched to black audiences. No black actor has won an Academy Award since Cuba Gooding Jr. in 1996.

The Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences has been handing out its annual awards since 1928. Some 5,700 academy members, current or former film professionals, were eligible to vote on Sunday's awards, although academy officials said that only about 80 percent of potential voters actually do vote.

The Winners of This Year's Academy Awards

PICTURE

"Gladiator"

ACTOR

Russell Crowe, "Gladiator"

ACTRESS

Julia Roberts, "Erin Brockovich"

SUPPORTING ACTOR

Benicio Del Toro, "Traffic"

SUPPORTING ACTRESS

Marcia Gay Harden, "Pollock"

DIRECTOR

Steven Soderbergh, "Traffic"

FOREIGN FILM

"Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon," Taiwan

ADAPTED SCREENPLAY

Stephen Gaghan, "Traffic"

ORIGINAL SCREENPLAY

Cameron Crowe, "Almost Famous"

ART DIRECTION

"Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon"

CINEMATOGRAPHY

"Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon"

SOUND

"Gladiator"

SOUND EDITING

"U-571"

ORIGINAL SCORE

"Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon," Tan Dun

ORIGINAL SONG

"Things Have Changed" from "Wonder Boys," Bob Dylan

COSTUMES

"Gladiator"

DOCUMENTARY FEATURE

"Into the Arms of Strangers: Stories of the Kindertransport"

DOCUMENTARY SHORT SUBJECT

"Big Mama"

FILM EDITING

"Traffic"

MAKEUP

"Dr. Seuss' 'How the Grinch Stole Christmas' "

ANIMATED SHORT FILM

"Father and Daughter"

LIVE-ACTION SHORT FILM

"Quiero Ser" ("I Want to Be")

VISUAL EFFECTS

"Gladiator"

HONORARY OSCARS

Jack Cardiff and Ernest Lehman

GORDON E. SAWYER AWARD

Irwin W. Young

IRVING G. THALBERG AWARD

Dino De Laurentiis

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

**Correction**

An article on Monday about the Academy Awards ceremony misstated the last year in which a black actor won an Oscar. It was 1997, when Cuba Gooding Jr. was best supporting actor, in "Jerry Maguire," not 1996.

**Correction-Date:** March 28, 2001

**Graphic**

Photos: Steven Soderbergh with the Oscar for best director for "Traffic." (Associated Press); Poking fun at the nominees: Steve Martin delivering his opening monologue at the Academy Awards last night in Los Angeles. (Photographs by Associated Press)

**Load-Date:** March 26, 2001

**End of Document**



[***CAN CARROLL O'CONNOR SHAKE OFF ARCHIE BUNKER?***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-HYF0-0008-Y4MF-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 6, 1983, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1983 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 2; Page 1, Column 4; Arts and Leisure Desk

**Length:** 2066 words

**Byline:** By Leslie Bennetts

**Body**

PHILADELPHIA

In cities around the country, people hail him on the street, clap him on the back, reach eagerly for his hand and pump it with alarming vigor. ''Hey, Arch, how ya doin'?'' they exclaim delightedly, as if to a long-lost friend.

For millions of Americans, Archie Bunker was indeed a friend, as well as a fixture in their living rooms every week for 13 years. As protagonist of the television series, ''All in the Family,'' and then of its successor, ''Archie's Place,'' Archie became a nationally familiar symbol of a certain type of ***working-class*** American, his name synonymous with the kind of stubborn, ignorant prejudice his creators used as the controversial raw material for an extraordinarily successful comedy.

Throughout the 1970's and into the 80's, Carroll O'Connor played Archie Bunker and watched his own round pink face and portly shape become instantly recognizable all over America. These days people still recognize even the back of his head as he sits hunched in an oversized armchair, but the days of Archie Bunker are over. Last spring CBS canceled the show, and at the age of 59, for the first time in 13 years, Mr. O'Connor found himself free to entertain other professional possibilities.

He had read a new play he was interested in directing, although he felt he was too young to play the lead role. But he couldn't figure out who else to cast, and he himself was free, and so it happens that this week Mr. O'Connor will make his Broadway debut, not only as the star but also as the director of ''Brothers.''

The play, which was written by George Sibbald and opens at the Music Box on Wednesday after engagements in Boston and Philadelphia, revolves around a character who shares some of Archie Bunker's qualities as well as his ***working-class*** background. His ideology, however, would send Archie into apoplectic fits.

Jim McMillan is a labor union leader, a Scotland-born Socialist who sees the world in terms of endlessly bitter class warfare, with himself firmly entrenched in the ranks of the workers. At home, he has ruled the lives of his four sons with the same blend of easy politician's charm and authoritarian self-righteousness with which he has dominated his union local for decades. The only son who has broken away has married money and made more, and in the eternal battle between ''us'' and ''them,'' he has, to his father, become one of ''them.''

But now, on the eve of a crucial union election Jim is rumored to be about to lose, his youngest son needs a kidney transplant, and the only brother who could provide a compatible tissue match is the absent one, Harry. In his usual peremptory manner, the father has summoned Harry to donate his own kidney. But at the last minute, when Harry announces that he has changed his mind and decided not to go through with the operation, his rebellion precipitates a family crisis fueled by forty years' worth of pent-up hurts and hostilities.

''Brothers'' opened to harsh reviews in Boston and Philadelphia, with most critics faulting the play itself more than the cast or the production. Although he himself is an investor as well as the play's director and star, and thus has a significant stake in the future of ''Brothers,'' Mr. O'Connor seems philosophical about its prospects. He also appears to be enjoying his dual creative role.

''I've always been a director, so I'm not launching anything in that sense,'' he explains. ''I know how to do it; I'm just doing it, that's all. It's different from acting, and yet similar. As a director, you're giving form to something, taking material and working with the author to give it substantial dramatic form, and then shaping the performances to that form. The form is the bedrock, the support, and it's interesting to build that.

''The building process is very absorbing - as a puzzle, as a problem. Then you shape the performances and work out the actors' problems. Actors are not supposed to consider the form; actors are supposed to consider the character, and really nothing but the character. That's probably why I'm not a better actor. I've always had my mind as much on the form of the whole thing as on the job immediately at hand, which is to develop the character fully. The best actors are the guys who can throw themselves totally into the character. I can't do that, I guess maybe because it's not enough for me.''

Indeed, Mr. O'Connor has long supplemented his acting with other aspects of the creative process. He has written several plays, and when he was originally contacted about the part of Archie Bunker he almost turned it down, because he was happily ensconced in Rome, writing a screenplay. Throughout his years as Archie, he involved himself in casting, producing and working on the scripts of the show, some of whose segments he wrote and directed himself.

He has been equally active in reworking the script of ''Brothers.'' The play begins and ends differently than it did as originally written, and among other changes, Mr. O'Connor and Mr. Sibbald have augmented Jim McMillan's time on stage, adding appearances and bringing the character on sooner in both acts.

Mr. O'Connor admits that he chose to do ''Brothers'' not because he was consumed with a passion for the play, but because it ''just came along'' at the right time. He was attracted to the material because it had ''a good crisis,'' he adds. ''That's the core of a play, a crisis. The crisis faces this family of men, and the question is, how are they all going to deal with it. The character of Jim appealed to me, but not in any particular way. It was mostly the play that appealed to me.''

Mr. O'Connor seems, in fact, to have rather tepid feelings about Jim McMillan. ''I guess I don't know enough about him,'' he muses. ''I guess it would have been better if I'd known more Jim McMillans. In acting, it's not necessary to know the actual living examples of what you're playing, or to know their trade. Who the hell ever knew a king, and people play kings all the time. I didn't know anything about Archie Bunker being a foreman of a loading dock, although I did work as a longshoreman one time. I don't identify with Jim McMillan, but then I didn't identify myself with Archie Bunker, either. It's the psyche of a character you know, somehow. You've been around these characters enough to have kind of synthesized the psyche for them, and you reach for that psyche when you play.''

Because he was born in Scotland and

IS? committed to

S ocialism, some of the specific details of Jim McMillan's history are not typical of the American experience.

''You have to go back to Jim's origins for what made him think that the adoption of certain principles and the application of this doctrine to life would keep problems away,'' Mr. O'Connor says. ''It isn't solving problems; it's simply ignoring them, and saying, 'They don't exist for me. Jim has tried to raise his boys by a doctrine, but you can't just yell 'togetherness!' at people all their lives and expect them to do it, either in the family or in the union. It hasn't held things together either place.'''

However, Mr. O'Connor sees Jim as embodying many characteristics of a familiar American type, particularly in his refusal even to acknowledge, let alone to permit, any signs of independent thinking or goals in his sons. ''I think a great many old-fashioned fathers today will not give up a doctrinaire way of raising their families,'' Mr. O'Connor observes. ''I don't know where men get this thing, but it seems to be more of a male thing. Whether it's a religious doctrine, a social doctrine, a political or an economic doctrine, or just kind of an amorphous moral doctrine, the man wants to manage and control and cultivate his family along these lines. And the cost of this is that the growing child has a natural sense of independence, of searching and finding out, and he soon finds this is being squelched. It's a fine line to distinguish, because one must raise a child with care and attention to certain rules of behavior and conduct. One has to do that as a duty to society; you can't raise a bunch of little wild thugs. But you have to balance the necessity of raising them according to rules with giving them the freedom to explore their own natural bents.''

Mr. O'Connor, who has been married for 31 years, has a 21-year-old son of his own, Hugh. The actor himself was born in New York City, but he went to college in Dublin and began his career in England, Ireland and Scotland. Before becoming a major television star, Mr. O'Connor had spent many years working steadily as a supporting player in a long succession of movies.

Despite his long tenure as Archie Bunker, Mr. O'Connor maintains that adjusting to the demise of the show has presented no problem. ''It seems a long time ago, even though it was only five months since it was canceled,'' he says. ''I really don't think about it much. I didn't feel any kind of loss. I had expected the show would come to an end at the end of this current season, and since we had planned on another year, there was sort of a sense of dislocation; we were surprised not to be allowed to finish the final year. But an actor never attaches permanent hope to anything. An actor learns in the first years of his professional life that jobs are hard to get and don't last very long, and that most of them are not very satisfying anyway. If you then say, 'What keeps an actor at it,' it's just all this fun. I had a lot of fun, most of those years, a lot of laughs. I really enjoyed it. But we never have any belief in permanence. We're really surprised when a series goes on for five or six years, and the longer it goes on, the less hope you have and the more you prepare yourself for the ax to fall - so it's no great shock when it happens. You immediately begin thinking what you're going to do next.''

The opportunity to play Archie for so long also helped to ease the parting. ''I loved playing the character,'' Mr. O'Connor says. ''I had so much fun I don't feel short-changed now. I don't feel that I didn't have the chance to develop the character, or that they took me off before it had a chance to reach its peak. I think we did it all, and I feel completely fulfilled as far as that character is concerned. I suppose that's why I don't miss it.''

Mr. O'Connor seems

rather blase about bringing ''Brothers'' to New York, despite the fact that it marks his Broadway debut and a major change in his life. ''I'm not overwhelmed,'' he says, ''which is not to say I underrate the opportunity. But it's a theater. I've played a lot of places - London, Dublin, Paris, Los Angeles. I know Broadway is a mecca, but for some people mecca is just another town.

''I'm not being flip,'' he adds, and grins. ''Maybe I'm just dull.''

If few would accuse him of dullness, Mr. O'Connor does seem to see himself as rather lethargic in the way he conducts his life. ''I've always been kind of lazy, I guess,'' he says. ''I just sort of fell into professional theater, and was lucky enough to be offered roles, and then it became so much fun I lacked the drive to avoid the fun. There's a lot of laziness mixed up in that, because theater isn't hard to do. It's hard in its own way, but you can avoid a lot of reality going into the theater and playing parts, and the rewards are ample after a while.

''There's kind of a refreshing freedom in theater life, and all of it is very attractive, and can lure you away from your intended pursuits. I was going to be a journalist, or maybe a teacher, but there's a grinding aspect to study and research, a kind of tedium, and who the hell wants to do that when you can rehearse a play? It's like, 'Let's not clean the garage, let's go out and play!' If you're a great work avoider anyway, it's easy. What I'm doing is hard work, but it doesn't seem to be hard, because it's interesting. It's magnetic. You don't have to pull yourself toward work; the work pulls you, like iron filings to a magnet. You don't feel dragged or forced.''

Although he has acted extensively in film as well as television and theater, Mr. O'Connor also says he doesn't have any particular goals or preferences for the future.

DIDN'T ARCHIE MAKE HIM A VERY RICH MAN? ''I don't know what I want to do,'' he says. ''People have to tell me, I guess. I just sit here like a toad on a lily pad and wait for pretty things to come sailing by in the water.''

**Graphic**

caricature of Mr. O'Connor

**End of Document**



[***MUSIC; In Country, Women's Turf Widens***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:42J8-5K20-0109-T1YN-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 11, 2001 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2001 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 2; Column 3; Arts and Leisure Desk; Pg. 30

**Length:** 1395 words

**Byline:**  By PETER APPLEBOME; Peter Applebome, a deputy metropolitan editor of The New York Times, frequently writes about music for Arts & Leisure.

**Body**

OVER the last few years, a funny thing has happened to country music. The music of Hank, Merle and the Possum has increasingly become the music of Shania, Faith and the Dixie Chicks. Now something similar seems to be happening in the amorphous bog that has become country's cooler, less polished alternative world -- the No Depression/alt-country/Americana universe populated by bands and singer-songwriters with one foot in country and one in the earthier corners of folk, rock and pop.

Alt-country's patron saint is the seminal country rocker Gram Parsons. Its two most influential streams have been the ragged country-tinged rock of the early 90's band Uncle Tupelo and the obstinate, ***working-class*** growls of Steve Earle. If its essence can be distilled, it is Nashville with the testosterone still intact.

But to explore the ubiquitous best of 2000 lists on the Internet is to be struck by how much alt-country is suddenly being dominated by women as well. A few women, Emmylou Harris in particular, have always been part of the scene. But over the last year it is hard to think of any record by a male alt-country artist that has been more broadly admired than those by Allison Moorer, Neko Case, Kasey Chambers and Shelby Lynne -- none of which has caused even a ripple in mainstream country but has nevertheless helped define Nashville's more interesting penumbra.

On the continuum from hard country to no longer country at all, Ms. Moorer's "Hardest Part" (MCA 088 170 114-2) is pure country. The younger sister of Ms. Lynne, Ms. Moorer records for MCA, the A-list Nashville label. Her story -- her father shot her mother to death and then turned the gun on himself when she was a girl in Alabama -- seems to seep from Nashville's pre-conscious brain. And from the first fiddle and mandolin figures on the first song, "The Hardest Part" feels like a country classic. There are echoes of Patsy Cline and Loretta Lynn; one state-of-the-art, radio-friendly jolt of country rock ("Think It Over"); and a short, spare, haunting hidden track at the end that reaches back to her own family tragedy. None of it registered on country radio and thus in mainstream Nashville, though the record became a critics' favorite outside the tent.

If Ms. Moorer's album feels thoroughly traditional, "Furnace Room Lullaby" (Bloodshot BS 050), by Neko Case and Her Boyfriends is alt to the core. Ms. Case, seen on the CD cover in a leather jacket lying corpse-like, or junkie-like, on a cement floor, is from the Northwest, not the South. She records for Bloodshot, the Chicago-based label that's one of the alt-country mainstays. She banged around for a while as a punk drummer.

Her CD is a torchy, seductive blend of country ballads and rockers that seems closer to Janis Joplin than Tammy Wynette. "Furnace Room Lullaby" feels like an up-to-the-minute iteration of country themes. But it's not country resurrected so much as reimagined -- harsher, more contemporary than the traditional model. So when in the first song, "Set Out Running," she sings: "The springs inside the mattress will cry my dirty secrets," you immediately get the sense that this isn't going to be any kind of stand-by-your man traditionalism. Instead, it meets the testosterone test.

While Ms. Case's record feels heady and almost self-conscious -- a guns-blazing assault on country cliches -- Kasey Chambers's seems deceptively guileless. In a childlike drawl that's both innocent and seductive, Ms. Chambers begins her debut CD, "The Captain" (Asylum 2-17823-A), with a dead-on introduction: "Well I never lived through the great Depression/ Sometimes I feel as though I did

/ And I don't have answers for every single question/ But that's O.K. 'cause I'm just a kid."

The lines sound at once familiar and otherworldly, which turns out to be about right. Ms. Chambers, who is 24 years old, learned country music from her father, a fox trader and country musician in Australia, who introduced her to Hank Williams and Gram Parsons. The voice is country, but the music is mostly catchy, hook-laden pop with a few felicitous detours like the incendiary gospel foray of "Last Hard Bible" or the honky-tonk of "The Hard Way." It might seem too esoteric a combination to be accessible, but Ms. Chambers's record probably has a broader appeal than Ms. Moorer's or Ms. Case's. It grabs you whether you like country or not.

And then there's Ms. Moorer's big sister, Shelby Lynne, whose story might be the most doleful for Nashville. Indeed, after 13 years of hanging around Nashville, she won a Grammy for best new artist this year, as if existing outside the Nashville mainstream had left her invisible before. In Nashville, Ms. Lynne gained a reputation as a big talent and a royal pain. Her work ranged from mainstream country to sassy, big band Western swing, which was too broad a range to build a mainstream career around. Finally, disgusted and getting nowhere after five albums, she packed it in and headed home to Alabama to write songs. The result was "I Am Shelby Lynne" (Island 314 546 177-2), a soulful, sexy combination of Southern music and pop production that feels like Phil Spector, Aretha Franklin, Dusty Springfield and Muscle Shoals funk thrown into a blender together. It's not country or alt-country -- more like post-country. The voice harks back to Nashville, as does the sly autobiographical "Where I'm From." But for the most part, Nashville is visible only through her rearview mirror.

Why the vogue for female singers? One answer might be that women, particularly within the relatively circumscribed borders of Nashville, are still discovering fresh voices and identities in a way that is harder for men. The Dixie Chicks, after all, are the most interesting thing to come out of mainstream Nashville in years, and the current crop of country babes -- part Nashville, part Cosmo -- are tapping into real changes in women's lives.

A more cynical explanation might be a simpler one: sex sells, and the alt-country babes are benefiting from the same sexual frisson that works for the mainstream ones. In a world in which looks and sex appeal seem to matter more all the time, it doesn't hurt to look like Allison Moorer, who poses seductively on her CD cover as if she were auditioning for an update of something out of Tennessee Williams.

Nashville often gets accused of selling out to pop music and betraying its past. Sometimes it does. But all four of these records, in different ways, point to a more fundamental problem. It's not that Nashville is betraying its past; it's more that it's trapped by it. Nashville has become an unwieldy industrial giant, cranking out one-size-fits-all music at a time when he world is continually morphing. Back when the Nashville boom took off, in the early 90's, the most adventurous and forward-thinking people in town dreamed that Nashville was on the brink of really becoming Music City, a place that churned out all sorts of American music -- rock, blues, soul, folk, as well as country. To some degree it has happened -- not at the big labels but at the smaller ones in town and in country's outer orbit like Bloodshot, HighTone, Compass, Eminent, Dead Reckoning, Vanguard, Sugar Hill, E-Squared, Oh Boy and Red House. That's where country outcasts, errant folkies, rootsy bands and assorted oddballs regularly produce the surprises that Nashville usually edits out. (Check out Red House's coming Bob Dylan tribute album, "A Nod to Bob," for a particularly eclectic menagerie.)

Consider another female singer, Dolly Parton. To think of Dolly Parton as not being country is like thinking of steak as not being meat. But as far as mainstream Nashville is concerned, she's more like country emeritus these days. She has long gone from country radio, and her last two albums -- true gems -- have been bluegrass records for Sugar Hill, recorded with some of the best pickers in town, like Jerry Douglas, Stuart Duncan and Bryan Sutton.

In the middle of the new one, "Little Sparrow" (SUG-CD3927), she does, of all things, an exuberant bluegrass turn on Cole Porter's "I Get a Kick Out of You." In a perfect world, Nashville should be at least as much Dolly Parton doing a bluegrass version of Cole Porter as it is Faith Hill doing her pop-country hit "This Kiss." The reason it's not is the same reason these other women are still looking for a home.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Shelby Lynne, right, Allison Moorer, top left, Neko Case, middle left, and Kasey Chambers. Recent albums by them have helped define Nashville's more interesting fringe. (Rahav Segev); (Reuters); (Rahav Segev); (Peter Collie/Asylum-Warner Brothers Records)

**Load-Date:** March 11, 2001

**End of Document**



[***Towns They Don't Want to Leave***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4T30-TV20-TW8F-G16H-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 27, 2008 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2008 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section EDLIFE; Column 0; Education Life Supplement; Pg. 22

**Length:** 1844 words

**Byline:** By RACHEL AVIV

Rachel Aviv teaches freshman writing at Columbia.

**Body**

AFTER graduating from Brown in May, David Noriega, a 21-year-old comparative literature major from Binghamton, N.Y., moved a few miles away from campus and began reading the books he didn't have time for in college. While most of his classmates have started jobs in new cities, he is paying cheap rent, playing in a noise band, working on translating two Mexican novels -- a voluntary extension of his thesis -- and looking for a day job that's ''probably not motivating or career-furthering.''

''The graduation ceremony is this giant, expensive gesture telling you that you are done here,'' says Mr. Noriega. ''And yet I'm still wandering around the same spaces, passing the desolate main green, wondering what exactly it is that I'm doing.''

Mr. Noriega, faced with the pressure of graduation, is not alone in his decision to, more or less, ignore it. Come commencement, many linger for months or years, prolonging the intermediate stage between college and the rest of their lives.

''This generation doesn't know what to do with its own freedom,'' says Ethan Watters, author of ''Urban Tribes: A Generation Redefines Friendship, Family and Commitment.'' ''As the average age of marriage continues to rise, the length of time that college graduates live alone before starting a family is unprecedented. People now have 10, even 15 years where nothing much is expected of them.'' Parents who help cover health insurance, and sometimes rent, unwittingly encourage a few extra years of idealism.

The economy during this graduation cycle does not offer much impetus either. The unemployment rate rose to 5.5 percent in May, the largest one-month surge in more than two decades, and remained at that level in June. The National Association of Colleges and Employers predicts an 8 percent increase in hiring of new graduates, but that represents a significant drop from the double-digit increases of the previous four years.

If a disproportionate number of stay-behind graduates seem to be artists who work more than one job, live with multiple friends and play a string instrument, it's not necessarily a coincidence. College towns cultivate creative types. Providence, R.I., (Brown) and Charlottesville (University of Virginia) are known for their visual arts scenes; Iowa City (University of Iowa) and Missoula (University of Montana) have strong literary communities, while Davis (University of California) and Chapel Hill (University of North Carolina) have their aging activists. Cities like Austin, Tex.; Ann Arbor, Mich.; and Fargo, N.D., have developed thriving economies in part because software and research companies gravitate toward places with a large concentration of graduates.

College towns have cosmopolitan amenities (lectures, music, ethnic restaurants, libraries) but also an almost surreal degree of cultural cohesion -- ''ideologically inbred'' communities where residents read, watch and vote for the same things, in the view of Bill Bishop, author of ''The Big Sort: Why the Clustering of Like-Minded America Is Tearing Us Apart,'' published in May.

Blake Gumprecht, an assistant geography professor at the University of New Hampshire, calls them ''small towns without the small-minded people.'' In ''The American College Town,'' to be published in November, he compares the ''academic archipelago'' to mining or ski towns, where a single institution dominates the character of the entire community. (Providence, then, is ''a city that is merely home to a college.'')

''There are very few other places like this where you can maintain the creativity and idealism you enjoyed in college,'' Mr. Gumprecht says. He calls the college town ''paradise for misfits.''

Graduates seem to find the following five towns difficult to leave.

DAVIS (pop. 60,964)

(UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, DAVIS)

The Davis City Council has declared the town hate- and nuclear-free and a sanctuary for illegal immigrants. Street-lamp shields prevent glare, for better views of the stars, and the city built a $13,000 tunnel under a highway because endangered toads were being run over.

''The place gets you stuck like flypaper, and there are plenty of flies,'' says Rob Roy, a 27-year-old substitute teacher from Sacramento who graduated from U.C. Davis in 2007 with a degree in English. He doubts there's another place where he would feel as ideologically at home.

So Mr. Roy still lives near campus, in a 10-foot-by-12-foot room, and rides his bicycle to college house parties. (Drunken riders get B.U.I.'s -- ''biking under the influence'' tickets.) He plays in a band that ''sounds like Tom Waits if he tried to make pop music'' and considers becoming a teacher, politician or writer.

''I guess if I knew there was gold in the hills outside of Davis, I might be more willing to hop out and enter the work force,'' he says. ''But I figure our economy is crumbling; I might as well just stay cool and not worry about it.''

PROVIDENCE (pop. 175,255)

(BROWN; RHODE ISLAND SCHOOL OF DESIGN)

Freshly minted graduates support themselves (and their art projects) with part-time jobs like milling soap, making cheese or working as nannies for professors' children.

They share cavernous spaces in converted 19th-century textile mills in ***working-class*** neighborhoods rapidly rising in value, often to the dismay of longtime residents.

''Providence used to be a place where graduates left immediately, but now it's gotten to the point where people not affiliated with either university are moving here just to be near a young, creative community,'' says Megan Hall, 26, a public radio reporter who graduated from Brown in 2004 and initially lived in a partially converted potato warehouse, where sacks of potatoes were routinely delivered to the building by forklift. ''A lot of us can experiment with this really simple lifestyle. We're not afraid of being poor.''

Ms. Hall still thinks about returning home to Portland, Ore. Most of her friends, she says, talk about leaving but never do. Last year, she and a friend made a radio documentary, ''The Break Up Project Performance,'' about the city's incestuous dating pool, which begins with a teary-voiced woman complaining about all the times she runs into her former boyfriend.

''I go to get my morning coffee, and you're there,'' the woman says, sighing. ''I see you in line at the grocery store, at the post office, bookstore, the record shop, on the opposite side of the street. Your friends, your flyers, your stupid [expletive] band. It's all here, and everywhere, and it feels like I'm suffocating.''

ATHENS (pop. 111,580)

(UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA)

The success of former Athens bands like R.E.M., the B-52's, Pylon and Neutral Milk Hotel has buoyed the dreams of a contingent of U.Ga. graduates who perform in one another's living rooms and basements.

Mercer West, a 2004 graduate from suburban Atlanta, calls Athens a ''creative neverland'' and says most of his friends hung around so they could live cheaply and keep their bands together. Mr. West plays in five and has turned the bottom floor of his home, a converted warehouse, into a performance space and screen-printing shop, run by three other U.Ga. graduates. He describes Athens as a ''little bohemian enclave where the line between college and the rest of your life becomes blurred.''

''I'm not one of those people who's always talking about leaving,'' says Mr. West, 26. ''I realize there's this whole stigma around the word 'townie,' even as I quickly turn into one.''

Athens is a difficult place to start a career; options are generally limited to waiting tables, teaching or working for the university. Mr. West says many of his friends ''know they can fall back on their parents if anything bad happens.''

David Specht, 26, who rents Mr. West's top floor, graduated from U.Ga. in 2003 with a degree in West African cinema and literature (''That's pretty much saying: no jobs ever''). He managed an art-moving company in Brooklyn before moving back to Athens. Now a woodworker, he is learning to play the violin. In Brooklyn, he didn't feel the same ''creative electrical sparks.''

FARGO (pop. 90,056)

(NORTH DAKOTA STATE UNIVERSITY)

Over the last five years, the number of people employed here has grown by 13 percent, more than twice the national rate; 31 percent of the class of 2006 stayed in Fargo, where temperatures drop to 40 below. Many graduates are enticed by high-paying jobs at biotech and software companies, including a huge division of Microsoft.

''We're in a golden era,'' says Erin Ahneman, a St. Paul native who graduated from North Dakota State in 2001. ''The university and the companies that employ its graduates are growing together.'' When her husband, also a graduate, got a job in Fargo, she was reluctant to commit to her college town. Its hick-town reputation lingers (thanks, Coen brothers). The local newspaper reported on a graduation speaker at a Virgin-ia high school who called Fargo ''the physical and spiritual symbol of what happens to you when you die inside.''

''Talk about someone basically spitting on your life,'' says Mrs. Ahneman, 29, a sales representative at Microsoft. She likes the area so much now that ''unless something very crazy happens, we'll be here for the rest of our lives.''

The city has redeveloped its low-slung downtown, which is intersected by two Interstates and dotted with parking lots. Recent years have seen the construction of previously unheard-of amenities like sake bars, art galleries and a ''bar mall'' of theme saloons for barhopping without stepping outside.

CHAPEL HILL (pop. 49,919)

(UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA)

Graduates make money, get married and develop a taste for designer bedding and organic food. Diners begin charging $8 for a plate of eggs. House prices rise. The compact, leafy town that grew around U.N.C. has become one of the most expensive places to live in the state. Most of the university staff commutes.

''Sometimes we're cursed by our own success,'' says Mark Chilton, a 1993 graduate who stayed behind and is now mayor of Carrboro, about a mile from U.N.C. Living in a college town has gained ''a new level of social acceptability,'' he says.

''If you look at old graduation speeches, you find evidence of the traditional mentality that if you want to make it big, you have to go off and find work in the big city and move to the top of the ladder,'' he adds. ''My generation may be known for its slackers, but we've stopped accepting that as the correct definition of success.''

Tom Jensen, a 24-year-old Michigan native who graduated in 2006, wanted to live in Chapel Hill so badly that he commutes three hours a day to Raleigh for his job at a polling company. He pays $875 for a one-bedroom apartment and doesn't consider Chapel Hill too upscale. ''Anyone who's been here longer than five years is locked into this idealized notion of what the town used to be,'' he says, ''and that's probably just whatever it was like when they were seniors in college. Obviously, that's when it was really perfect.''

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

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: Come commencement, many linger for months or become townies for life. Megan Hall, a 2004 Brown graduate from Oregon, stayed on in Providence, R.I. (PHOTOGRAPH BY STEW MILNE FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (pg.22)

Rob Roy, a 2007 Davis graduate, lives in one room and rides his bike to college house parties. (PHOTOGRAPH BY FRED MERTZ FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES)

It's easy to find art venues, like Gallery 17 Peck, in Providence. It's also too easy to run into an old boyfriend or girlfriend. (PHOTOGRAPH BY STEW MILNE FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES)

Mercer West, a 2004 graduate, has turned part of his Athens home into a performance space. Mr. West plays in five bands. (PHOTOGRAPH BY

ERIK S. LESSER FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (pg.23)

The restored Fargo Theater. (PHOTOGRAPH BY DAN KOECK FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES)

Franklin Street is a social hub for students and stay-behinds. (PHOTOGRAPH BY SARA D. DAVIS FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (pg.24)

**Load-Date:** July 27, 2008

**End of Document**



[***Stowe Journal;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-85G0-000P-N0WG-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***The Fox Hunt Is Hounded, but Won't Turn Tail***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-85G0-000P-N0WG-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 10, 1997, Thursday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1997 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Foreign Desk

**Section:** Section A; ; Section A; Page 4; Column 3; Foreign Desk ; Column 3;

**Length:** 1209 words

**Byline:** By WARREN HOGE

By WARREN HOGE

**Dateline:** STOWE, England, April 5

**Body**

Advocates of fox hunting, feeling their traditional sport endangered by the likelihood of a change in government after the national election on May 1, have taken a step cunningly appropriate to fighting a party called Labor. They have formed a union.

"People have the impression this is a thing just for Lord and Lady Such and Such, but there are more than 90,000 of us employed in country sports, and Labor's threatening to take our livelihoods away," said John Fretwell, huntsman of the Stowe Beagles, who is the new group's chairman.

His number includes blacksmiths, gamekeepers, grooms, foresters, sports tailors, saddlers, feed merchants, river guardians called ghillies and hunt assistants called stalkers, beaters and whippers-in.

None wear red jackets and black hats. Most are poorly paid, and many, like Mr. Fretwell, live in cottages or houses furnished by one of the 300 hunts around Britain. All are ***working-class*** folk, the kind of people who have looked to Labor to represent them in the past and whom Labor does not want to lose as it focuses on trying to win back power from the Conservative Party after 18 years in the political wilderness.

The lobby becomes millions if you add to their numbers the anglers who worry that restrictive Government policy might move on to fishing and the hundreds of thousands of pensioners, farm workers and small-town professionals who consider pulling on their Wellingtons, grabbing their walking sticks and ambling along with the hunt the finest and most accessible form of recreation.

The object of their ire is a plank in the Labor Party platform that calls for a vote in the House of Commons to ban hunting with hounds. Until now, it seemed a safe shot for Labor since the target was so identified in party headquarters with high-horse upper-class elitism.

"Fox hunting is barbarous, uncivilized and largely unnecessary," Tony Banks, a Labor Member of Parliament from Southeast London, said in an expression of the mood behind the proposed vote. "It's pandering to the blood lust of human beings."

But the urban-oriented legions of the stylish New Labor party of the reformist leader Tony Blair did not reckon with the reaction it would rouse from Mr. Fretwell, surrounded by his frisky pack of taffy and white beagles whose boisterous caterwauling hunt lovers call "the music of the hounds," and his many sympathizers in the countryside.

"Going along on a hunt is like people in New York watching a basketball game," he said. "It's what people who live here do."

Mr. Fretwell, a voluble Yorkshireman who is a walking emblem of British country life, with his patterned flat hat, riding crop and smock pockets full of biscuit bits for his cavorting dogs, thinks he has detected the scent of an all-out assault on rural life if the Labor Party, now far ahead in the polls, is not dissuaded from its plan to vote on the ban.

"The immediate target may be hunting, but it will only be a matter of time before the anti-field-sports campaigners move on to shooting and fishing," he said.

Elliot Morley, a former teachers' union head from Liverpool who is Labor's spokesman in Parliament on rural affairs, initially turned aside the concern expressed by the new Union of Country Sports Workers. The party platform, however, was quickly rewritten the other day to play down the priority of the proposed move in Parliament. Commentators said Mr. Blair was eager to avoid commitments that could entangle him and Parliament in issues not central to the mission on which he hopes to be launching a new Labor government next month.

The country-city schism is divisive in this society. "The countryside is seen by many as a place to picnic, to visit and to walk, but for those of us who live here, the countryside is a way of life, and country sports are a part of that life," said Penny Mortimer, a founder of Leave Country Sports Alone, one of the many advocacy groups that have sprung up around the argument.

"I was brought up on a pig farm in Kent, and I spent my life around animals," Mrs. Mortimer said. "I hunt, I fish and I shoot, and they are country traditions that I'm glad to be part of." She said the people who oppose fox hunting "live in cities and do not understand it."

Her husband, the playwright John Mortimer, and Mr. Morley have moved the dispute into a time-honored arena of British debate, an exchange of letters in a newspaper, in this case The Guardian, which is friendly to Labor.

"This is not an urban versus rural issue," Mr. Morley wrote. "It is based on the morality of inflicting prolonged pain and stress on animals for no other reason than entertainment."

Mr. Morley proposed that the social spirit served by hunting be maintained with "drag" hunting, a no-quarry method where a scent is laid down by a rider and the hounds are then loosed to follow it. "I know you think this issue is a matter of personal choice," he wrote, "but so did those who defended slavery, bear-baiting, badger-digging and sending small boys up chimneys."

Mr. Mortimer responded, "My wife and our numerous friends who enjoy hunting are no sadists and have no desire to send small boys up chimneys." He told Mr. Morley that "in the mistaken belief that this is indulged by a few Tory toffs you plan to drag Pony Club children, middle-aged women riders and thousands of foot followers off to jail."

Literary and historical citations -- Macaulay, Wilberforce, Darwin, Thomas Hardy, George Bernard Shaw, Lord Soper, Oscar Wilde, Anthony Trollope and Siegfried Sassoon, the antiwar poet who wrote "Memoirs of a Fox Hunting Man" -- were trotted out.

"You will remember," Mr. Mortimer said in a final epistolary thrust, "that the first government to ban fox hunting was that of Nazi Germany, so was Hitler more civilized than Sassoon?"

The British are rightly famed for their attention to animals -- there is a conservation trust for bats and a charity devoted to frogs -- but foxes don't get onto everyone's list.

"Foxes kill for pleasure," said Robin Page, a conservationist who figured in an advocacy film that Mrs. Mortimer made for the BBC.

Mr. Page said he was impatient with people who argued that foxes deserved protection. "There is this myth that foxes go around eating cucumber sandwiches." he said

Opponents of hunting with hounds do not dispute that the fox population is out of balance and must be controlled to limit predatory attacks on chickens, lambs and house pets. But they believe that hunting them with hounds is unnecessarily cruel.

Advocates argue back that the hounds are acting out of an age-old instinct and that death is instantaneous when the lead hound catches the fox by the throat.

"They're not about to have a scrap with the fox or tear it up bit by bit," said Bob Baskerville, a country veterinarian who took part in Mrs. Mortimer's film. "Their instinct is to go in and kill very quickly." Mr. Mortimer said he found this "far more humane" than death by shooting or trapping.

The union has won the first round by persuading Labor to postpone its move on hunting. But the countryside remains restive and unsure of its political clout.

"It's part of our culture," said Stuart Shaw, a feed wagon driver from Yorkshire. "But if it was a tribe in South America, we'd probably have pop stars trying to preserve it."

**Graphic**

Photo: John Fretwell, the huntsman of the Stowe Beagles, heads a new group formed to fight a proposed ban on hunting by hounds. "Going along on a hunt is like people in New York watching a basketball game," he said. (Jonathan Player for The New York Times)

Map of England showing location of Stowe: The 300 hunts around Britain include the Stowe Beagles.

**Load-Date:** April 10, 1997

**End of Document**



[***James Baldwin's Paris***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5B9X-M961-JBG3-60WY-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 19, 2014 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2014 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section TR; Column 0; Travel Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 3340 words

**Byline:** By ELLERY WASHINGTON

Ellery Washington is an associate professor of creative writing at the Pratt Institute. He is currently working on ''Buffalo,'' a novel about four generations of African-Americans at war.

**Body**

One bright afternoon in Paris, on the terrace of the cafe Deux Magots, in St.-Germain-des-Prés, I found myself engaged in an increasingly animated conversation about the writer James Baldwin and the notorious feud that broke out between him and his fellow African-American expatriate Richard Wright.

It was late July, and the cafe's terrace hummed with the casual banter of lounging tourists and residents. All the while a small battalion of crisp-collared waiters shuffled elegantly between the tightly ordered tables and stiff wicker chairs, their every gesture backed by the steady cadence of white porcelain cups tapping against saucers and the gentle clank of Art Deco silverware.

Having spent nearly a decade living in Paris, I'd eaten at Les Deux Magots many times. That afternoon, however, I had a specific purpose in mind. I was retracing James Baldwin's steps through Paris, while asking myself where Baldwin might be living if he were in the city now. To further my search, I had invited the expatriate African-American novelist -- and Baldwin enthusiast -- Jake Lamar to join me at Les Deux Magots, hoping he would catch any gaps in my itinerary.

''It started right here,'' Jake said of the dispute between Baldwin and Wright, as our waiter swept away our plates to make space for his forthcoming espresso and my cafe allongé. Jake was reminding me that Baldwin and Wright's quarrel had begun upstairs from where we sat, facing the cobblestone Place St.-Germain-des-Prés and l'Église St.-Germain-des-Prés itself, the oldest church in Paris.

Had we been actually sitting inside the cafe that day, in the winter of 1948, he explained, we would have surely caught a glimpse of an earnest young Jimmy Baldwin, slightly disheveled from having arrived from New York only hours before, climbing the narrow steps up to the cafe's second floor, where he was greeted by Wright and the editors of Zero magazine, a rather small but important literary journal that would shortly publish Baldwin's essay ''Everybody's Protest Novel.''

Baldwin was only 24 when he arrived in Paris, with just $40 in his pocket. Virtually unpublished, he had left New York to escape American racism -- an escape that he believed literally saved his life and made it possible for him to write. His first essay in Zero argued forcefully against the idea of the protest novel, claiming, among other things, that it was inherently sentimental, and therefore dishonest. Wright, who had already established himself as an international literary force based on the critical success of several novels, was deeply offended by Baldwin's essay, reading it as a direct attack on the validity of his work. Shortly after the essay was published, the two men ran into each other at Brasserie Lipp, less than a block from Les Deux Magots, and Wright immediately lit into Jimmy, who by all accounts held his own.

Baldwin has maintained a grip on my imagination ever since my freshman year of college, when I read his novel ''Giovanni's Room.'' Set in 1950s Paris, the novel tells the story of an ill-fated love affair between the narrator, David, a young American ex-soldier, and a darkly handsome Italian barman named Giovanni. As a young, gay black man growing up in the 1980s, I found this to be the first novel I'd encountered with the subject of homosexuality placed front and center and written by anyone who remotely resembled me. I was inspired in equal parts by the depth and style of Baldwin's prose, and the fact that he, a gay black man had written so boldly and lived so openly at a time when there was such deep social hatred and opposition aimed at those of us who shared either Baldwin's race or sexual identity, let alone both. What's more, the fact that he had found a way to live and write freely in Paris made the city feel like an essential destination for me.

In the fall of 1998, a few months shy of the 50th anniversary of Baldwin's arrival, I, too, finally moved to Paris, settling in a quaint -- if not cramped -- one-bedroom apartment on the Left Bank, in the Fifth Arrondissement. Seduced by the idea of chasing Baldwin's literary coattails, I dedicated myself to rereading ''Giovanni's Room,'' allowing the texture and mood of Baldwin's (and Giovanni's) Paris to overlap with the version of the city I was newly discovering. Now, some 15 years later, having left Paris, ultimately for New York, I was excited to see the city through Baldwin's eyes again, which meant returning to the Left Bank.

For my first day on Baldwin's trail, I caught the Métro from my apartment in Batignolles -- a recently trendy neighborhood in the once ***working-class*** northeast corner of the 17th Arrondissement -- south, across the Seine, to the Sixth Arrondissement and St.-Germain-des-Prés. I was headed to Café de Flore, the place where Baldwin had spent endless hours on the second floor, drinking coffee and Cognac to keep warm while working on his first novel, ''Go Tell It on the Mountain.''

It was a mild, sunny day, and exiting the Métro station I was struck by how little had changed in St.-Germain since I'd caught my first glimpse of the neighborhood back in the late '90s. At once I felt I'd returned to the model-version Paris, the district that, as the author Diane Johnson noted in her book, ''Into a Paris Quartier,'' the American imagination has tended to ''fasten'' itself onto for over a century. Surely, this fastening is largely due to St.-Germain's fabled expatriate history, beginning with Thomas Jefferson's stay on what is now the Rue Bonaparte. But for me that afternoon, I was experiencing a renewed vision of the Paris that seems to effortlessly weave the rich vitality of city life together with the ease of vacationing in a small French village. To my left a continuous stream of cars, motorcycles, taxicabs and bikes flowed steadily down the broad, tree-lined Boulevard St.-Germain, while on my right, the ponderous row of classic stone facades was pleasantly broken up by stylishly quaint bookstores, shops, sidewalk cafes and side streets meandering toward the Seine.

During the late '40s and early '50s, St.-Germain-des-Prés was the center of a thriving artistic and literary community and a place where nightclubs and bars of varying reputations flourished, allowing Baldwin to openly explore both his literary craft and his sexuality.

At Café de Flore I took a seat on one of the crimson and green wicker chairs on the terrace and began planning my next steps on Baldwin's trail. Café de Flore sits on the corner of the Boulevard St.-Germain and the Rue St.-Benoît. Its location places it directly across St.-Benoît from its chief rival, Les Deux Magots. Similarly founded in the late 1890s, both cafes are adorned with Art Deco details, red moleskin banquettes, mahogany tables and mirrored walls. Both have rich intellectual and literary histories, boasting a list of luminaries -- writers, artists, actors and philosophers that include Ernest Hemingway, Alain Delon, Jean-Paul Sartre, Simone de Beauvoir, Pablo Picasso and Albert Camus. Both have similar menus, and prices. Even the difference in ambience is barely perceptible, though residents and frequent visitors to the quarter are quick to say that the Flore attracts a slightly more fashionable clientele. When my waiter finally made his way to my table, I ordered a croque monsieur and a citron pressé, my favorite pairing at the cafe. Handing the menu back to him, I wondered how a starving young writer, as Baldwin had been when he first visited the Flore, might afford the same, somewhat pricey croque today.

I rounded out the afternoon in St.-Germain by wandering down the Rue de Verneuil, a short, rather tight street of low 17th-century facades where Baldwin lived in various third-rate hotels during his early years in Paris, before continuing on to the Café Tournon, on the Rue de Tournon, near the formal Luxembourg Gardens, and the Brasserie Lipp, back on the Boulevard St.-Germain. Baldwin was known to visit the Café Tournon and the Brasserie Lipp, albeit infrequently, often stopping in before heading off to eat and drink in one of the cheaper neighborhood brasseries or bars. Both restaurants, their Art Deco mosaics still brilliantly maintained, were hot intellectual and creative night spots during the 1950s and '60s, the Tournon largely considered the place where the St.-Germain neighborhood jazz scene got its start, providing the stage where Duke Ellington made his Parisian debut. Meanwhile, the Lipp had a perpetual waiting list of A-list celebrities and politicians jockeying for a corner table.

Baldwin's main night-life posse included the painter Beauford Delaney, the composer Howard Swanson, the dancer Bernard Hassell and the writer Ernest Charles Nimmo, known as Dixie, according to sources including Monique Wells, founder of the blog Entrée to Black Paris. She added that the group's favorite spots were Le Montana on the Rue St.-Benoît, Gordon Heath's L'Abbaye on Rue de l'Abbaye and Inez Cavanaugh's Chez Inez, a soul food restaurant on Rue Champollion. As is the case with nearly all of the restaurants, bars and cafes in St.-Germain, the rambunctious, often decadent spirit that inhabited these places during Baldwin's time has been replaced by a somewhat staid upper-middle-class mood of luxury and tourism, one that seems to radiate out from Le Bon Marché, the oldest and most palatial department store in Paris, penetrating even the smallest of shops, bistros and watering holes in the neighborhood. Of Baldwin's main hangouts there, the Montana is one of the few that still exist and is currently one of the most exclusive clubs in Paris. I didn't even attempt to get in.

On my second day following Baldwin's trail I made my way to Montparnasse and settled into a comfortable leather bench at Le Select, yet another well-preserved Art Deco cafe, the place where Baldwin wrote much of ''Giovanni's Room.'' If ever there was an American expatriate hub in Paris, Montparnasse was certainly it during the postwar years, largely owing to the sheer number of American students who moved to the Left Bank in the late 1940s and throughout the 1950s. Baldwin associated with many of these students, mostly ex-G.I.'s, writing about his experiences with them in the essay ''A Question of Identity.''

A sudden rainstorm that morning had delayed my trip to Montparnasse, but by 3 o'clock, the time I arrived at Le Select, the torrential streaks had subsided to a misty drizzle, and the cafe's green-trimmed awning, the words ''American Bar'' printed on the corner bend, was fully extended, affording cover to a small cluster of smoking patrons huddled leisurely on the terrace. (The French government banned smoking indoors years ago, making it difficult to conjure up an image of Baldwin at Le Select chain-smoking while scribbling furiously on a yellow legal pad in one of the tight rear booths.) In spite of an extensive urban renewal project in the 1960s and '70s that led the city to raze many prewar buildings in Montparnasse, Le Select remained intact, its Art Deco décor virtually unchanged since the 1920s. Le Select sits in the shadow of La Tour Montparnasse, which for many years held the title for the tallest building in France. Decried by Parisians as ''grotesque'' upon its completion, the tower became the symbol for the indiscriminate destruction of locally cherished buildings, empowering a movement to ban all skyscrapers within the city limits and to preserve historic places like Le Select.

The clientele that afternoon consisted largely of French students earnestly discussing politics and philosophy, a handful of American tourists and local businessmen having a late lunch and people I took to be neighborhood regulars reading newspapers and books, or simply staring out at the boulevard. As I nibbled off a plate of bread and charcuterie, I couldn't help overhearing the nearby students as they discussed the lagging French economy, the weaknesses of their president, François Hollande, and the highly publicized conservative protests against gay marriage. I was captivated by the youthful sense of French entitlement in their speech, and my thoughts returned to the question of which neighborhood in Paris a young, foreign, black -- and struggling -- James Baldwin might currently be, especially considering that Le Select and his other haunts on the Left Bank have all become so chic.

Clearly, Baldwin had explored Parisian neighborhoods beyond those on the Left Bank. In a May 1961 article in Esquire magazine, ''New Lost Generation,'' he attested to the joy he felt discovering Paris. ''The days when we walked through Les Halles singing, loving every inch of France and loving each other ... the jam sessions in Pigalle, and our stories about the whores there ... the nights spent smoking hashish in the Arab cafes ... the morning which found us telling dirty stories, true stories, sad and earnest stories, in grey workingmen's cafes.''

As for Pigalle, still the largest red-light district in Paris, I had walked through the quarter earlier that week on my way to a dinner party at a friend's apartment in Montmartre. The sun had already begun to set, its final rays fading into the variegated shimmer cast by a long procession of dim Art Nouveau lamps and bright storefront neon. Along the Boulevard de Clichy, I strolled past the Moulin Rouge and a vivid array of sex shops, strip clubs, adult movie theaters and hotels for prostitution (which is still legal in Paris). It seemed with every step there was yet another barker calling out to me from in front of a neon-lit doorway, attempting to sell a lap dance, an XXX-rated film, a girl -- or possibly a boy -- for hire. That night the spectacle of Pigalle made it easy to imagine the scenes of decadence and freedom Baldwin described when reminiscing about his trips to the area. Unfortunately, this wasn't the case with Les Halles.

In ''Giovanni's Room'' Baldwin describes Les Halles as a place with ''choked boulevards and impassible streets, a place where leeks, cabbages, oranges, apples, potatoes, cauliflowers stood gleaming in mounds all over, in the sidewalks and streets in front of metal sheds.'' The restaurants, bars and cheap workmen's cafes that Baldwin spoke of with such joy were demolished and replaced in 1977 by an underground transportation hub and shopping district -- a modern monstrosity of metal and mirrored glass whose underground tunnels connect an intricate series of Métro and suburban train lines, while housing a subterranean shopping center. The extensive transportation and shopping options have allowed Les Halles to remain one of the most ethnically diverse neighborhoods in Paris, much like Downtown Brooklyn's Fulton Street Mall -- in terms of daily traffic, at least, in spite of the planners' intentions to draw more exclusive retail and dining to the area. Still, the cost of living in the center limits the neighborhood's actual diversity.

In 1999, my second year in Paris, I lived beside Les Halles, in the First Arrondissement, on the pedestrian Rue du Cygne, and, more recently, I'd heard that the entire complex was being redeveloped. Curious to see the changes before leaving Paris, I invited my friend Walid Nouioua to dinner at Le Père Fouettard, my favorite restaurant in Les Halles, beside the hub's main entry. That night, I was disappointed to find the new facade of Les Halles hidden behind wide construction panels and such extensive scaffolding that it was impossible to see what the new structure might look like. Walid and I took a table on the large bustling terrace. A doctor by profession, Algerian and French by birth and citizenship, Walid happens to be an avid Baldwin reader, and so midway through our meal, I asked his thoughts on the possible whereabouts of a young James Baldwin in contemporary Paris. Other friends and colleagues, I explained, had made suggestions based on one characteristic or another: the Marais, given Baldwin's night life and homosexuality. Ménilmontant or Place des Fêtes in response to a notion of creative affinity. Belleville or Château Rouge for ethnic diversity. The suburbs of Paris such as Montreuil, St.-Ouen, Aubervilliers and St.-Denis as places where artists and writers were currently moving. After weighing the options carefully, Walid simply shook his head and agreed that the reasons offered for each of these districts made them all viable possibilities.

And so I spent my final days in Paris visiting bars and cafes in Beaubourg and the Marais, notably Café Beaubourg on Rue St.-Merri, L'Open Bar on Rue des Archives and L'Étoile Manquante on Rue Vieille du Temple. I discovered the smartly gentrified, red brick and masonry townhouses hidden in the alleyways near the Place des Fêtes. I wandered through a string of charming studios and galleries in and around Belleville and the picturesque Rue des Cascades. I revisited the African markets at Château Rouge and toured a handful of galleries and artists' workshops housed in old factories, garages and warehouses in the trendier corners of Montreuil, one of the eastern suburbs of the city. I even visited the northern suburbs of Paris, investigating La Maladrerie, an elegantly conceived public housing project in Aubervilliers, where writers and artists' studios were located alongside general housing. And yet I couldn't actually picture a young James Baldwin living in any of these places. As I reflected on the idea behind my search, it dawned on me that the key elements that conspired to bring Baldwin to Paris all those years ago no longer existed in Paris, nor did the same overriding impulses to leave America.

In the spring of 1984, during an interview for The Paris Review, a nearly 60-year-old Baldwin was asked why he had chosen to live in France, to which he replied: ''It wasn't so much a matter of choosing France -- it was a matter of getting out of America.'' The problem of racism in America was for Baldwin so consuming and, to his mind, deadly that he feared he wouldn't have survived it if he'd stayed, let alone been able to isolate himself enough to write. And yet upon arriving in France, he had no illusions that Paris was among the ''most civilized of cities,'' nor did he consider the French among the ''least primitive of peoples.'' During those early years he stayed in France because, as a black man, he perceived that the ruling-class whites there simply left him alone, unlike those in America, and that's what allowed him to develop as a writer.

But I arrived in Paris generations after the time when the French were inclined to leave people of color alone. Baldwin himself pointed out the changes in French feeling toward all minorities after the furious battle of Dien Bien Phu, signaling the loss of colonial Vietnam, and the brutal Algerian war. Over the years this change has grown in step with the influx of blacks and North Africans from France's former colonies and outer departments, including Guadeloupe and Martinique.

As the French historian Michel Fabre noted in his book ''From Harlem to Paris (Black American Writers in France, 1840-1980),'' France may have served as ''a place of shelter from what Baldwin called, 'the American madness,' '' but that time has clearly passed. No longer a haven for American blacks, France is no longer needed.

Of course, during the near decade I lived in Paris, I certainly experienced occasions of French racism firsthand. And yet that didn't dissuade me during my recent trip. Even if France is no longer a haven for people of color, Paris remains a beacon, a vital connection to a time when, for many of our most important artists, writers and political thinkers, a much-needed shelter was sought and found.

READING LIST

Many of James Baldwin's books were written, completed or so deeply influenced by his time in Paris that it is nearly impossible to separate his literary legacy from the city itself. Among these works are: ''Go Tell It on the Mountain,'' ''Giovanni's Room,'' ''Another Country'' and several essays in ''Notes of a Native Son.''

[*http://www.nytimes.com/2014/01/19/travel/james-baldwins-paris.html*](http://www.nytimes.com/2014/01/19/travel/james-baldwins-paris.html)

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: View through a window of L'Étoile Manquante, at left, a cafe on Rue Vieille du Temple in the Marais. (PHOTOGRAPH BY AGNES DHERBEYS FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (TR1)

Clockwise from top left, James Baldwin moved to Paris in 1948

he spent much of his time in the St.-Germain-des-Prés area

the second floor of the Café de Flore in St.-Germain

Pigalle, where Baldwin thrilled to the sense of decadence and freedom

St.-Germain church

the Pont du Carrousel, with the Left Bank beyond

the Moulin Rouge in Pigalle. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER TURNLEY/CORBIS

AGNES DHERBEYS FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (TR6-TR7)

**Load-Date:** February 2, 2014

**End of Document**



[***Romance Is In Again at the Box Office***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8H-0F40-000D-G101-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

February 26, 1991, Tuesday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1991 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Cultural Desk

**Section:** Section C;; Section C; Page 11; Column 3; Cultural Desk; Column 3;

**Length:** 1197 words

**Byline:** By LARRY ROHTER, Special to The New York Times

By LARRY ROHTER, Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** LOS ANGELES, Feb. 25

**Body**

"Ghost" and "Pretty Woman" led the way, showing that love could be very lucrative indeed at the box office. Now a flock of romantic comedies is poised to capitalize on what Hollywood sees as the moviegoing audience's continuing yearning for kinder, gentler fare.

Already, movies like "L.A. Story," starring Steve Martin and Victoria Tennant, "Green Card," with Gerard Depardieu and Andie MacDowell, and "Once Around," with Richard Dreyfuss and Holly Hunter, have pushed their way into the top 10 box office listings published weekly by trade publications. None have come anywhere near the surprise performances of "Ghost" and "Pretty Woman" -- last year's two most popular films -- but they have reinforced Hollywood's impression that a romantic comedy revival is on.

"This is going to be the year of the women," predicted John Krier, president of Exhibitor Relations Inc., which monitors film releases for theater chains. "Back in the old days, people in the business always used to ask where's the feminine appeal in a picture. It's odd how these cycles go, but I know that we're swinging back."

Following Up on Success

Encouraged by the success of "Ghost" and "Pretty Woman," the studios responsible for them are leading the charge. Disney already has both "Green Card" and the darker "Scenes From a Mall," with Woody Allen and Bette Midler, on the market and is looking ahead to a spring release for "The Marrying Man," which pairs Alec Baldwin and Kim Basinger.

Paramount last week weighed in with "He Said, She Said," which offers contrasting views of the romance between two Baltimore television reporters. It opened to generally negative reviews. Scheduled for later this year are "The Butcher's Wife," with Demi Moore of "Ghost" in the title role, and "Frankie and Johnny in the Clair de Lune," starring Al Pacino and Michelle Pfeiffer and directed by Garry Marshall, whose last movie was none other than "Pretty Woman."

"The emphasis is on the romance, with the comedy as a backdrop," Barry London, head of distribution at Paramount, said when asked if there was a unifying thread in his studio's efforts to follow up on the success of "Ghost," which has earned $214 million at the box office.

Every major studio, in fact, has at least one romantic comedy in the works, and executives say that a growing number of such scripts are landing on their desks, including some that were rejected two or three years ago and that have been dusted off and rewritten.

'Pitching the Same Ideas'

"These things seem to happen by osmosis, as if there is a sort of collective consciousness, and that's what's happening now," said David Hoberman, president of Walt Disney Pictures and Touchstone Pictures. "All of a sudden people are in your office pitching the same ideas and everything becomes like 'Pretty Woman,' just as everything seemed to be like 'Batman' a couple of years ago. It's in the air."

The situation of 20th Century Fox is typical. At the moment the hottest of Hollywood's major studios, thanks to a six-month string of hits that include "Home Alone," "Edward Scissorhands" and now "Sleeping With the Enemy," Fox this spring will release both "Love Potion No. 9," a tale of two shy scientists who invent a magic formula that makes them irresistible to the opposite sex, and "Dutch," about a ***working-class*** man's romance with a wealthy divorcee who has a snobbish son.

The studio has especially high hopes, however, for "Only the Lonely," from Chris Columbus and John Hughes, the same director-producer team responsible for "Home Alone," which last weekend passed the $235 million mark to become the most successful comedy of all time. Their new effort is a two-generation romantic comedy starring John Candy as a Chicago policeman who falls in love with a mortician's assistant played by Ally Sheedy, with Maureen O'Hara as his mother and Anthony Quinn as her suitor.

The renewed interest in romantic comedies does not mean, however, that Hollywood has suddenly abandoned its fondness for formula film making. Escapism is still the strongest selling point, but emphasis has shifted from shootouts and expensive plane crashes to fantasy, often deliberate attempts to evoke the mood of the Katharine Hepburn-Spencer Tracy classic comedies of the 1930's and 40's.

'Chemistry Between Two Actors'

"Overt sex is not romantic," Marisa Silver, who directed "He Said, She Said" with Ken Kwapis, commented. "Talk is sexy, and we wanted a really sexy banter." Mr. Kwapis said both he and Ms. Silver were fond of films like "The Shop Around the Corner" and "Woman of the Year," and "sought to evoke the older style of romantic comedies, which document the chemistry between the two actors."

At a time of recession in which Hollywood is talking about cutting costs, the shift also makes economic sense. One of the basic maxims of film making is that movies driven by story or character, which are likely to rely on ensemble casts, are cheaper to make than action pictures, which require expensive special effects and are built around big-name stars like Arnold Schwarzenegger and Sylvester Stallone.

Aside from the high-wattage pairing of Mr. Pacino and Ms. Pfeiffer, the upcoming slate of romantic comedies adheres to that tendency. More typical are such pairings as Ms. Moore and Jeff Daniels in "The Butcher's Wife," Kevin Bacon and Elizabeth Perkins in "He Said, She Said," Tate Donovan and Sandra Bullock in "Love Potion No. 9," and Ed O'Neill and JoBeth Williams in "Dutch."

In romantic comedies, success depends less on the prominence of the names than on making the right casting choices, Mr. Hoberman said. "Going into it, nobody would have thought Demi Moore and Patrick Swayze or Richard Gere and Julia Roberts were the greatest teams around," he said, referring to "Ghost" and "Pretty Woman" respectively. "They were not Robert Redford and somebody else, but they felt right, and the audience knew it."

More Aggressive Marketing

Also contributing to the revival is Hollywood's increased awareness of the importance of the female audience. Even studio executives who do not think that more romantic comedies are being made than in the past acknowledge that such movies are being marketed more aggressively and are being looked to for more revenues.

"Studios have always known that young adult men can open a film," Mr. Kwapis said. "What they found with 'Ghost' and 'Pretty Woman' is that women can give a picture legs like nobody's business."

Indeed, several studio and independent production executives said their recent market research indicated that when young dating couples decide to see a movie, more often than not it is now the woman who determines what they will see.

Inevitably, studio executives acknowledge, there will be romantic comedies that fail, and Hollywood's fascination will eventually shift again. But in the meantime, movie makers are embracing the phenomenon and avoiding asking questions that have no obvious answer.

"I could get very sociological and talk about the economy, wish fulfillment and how everyone is looking for love," Mr. Hoberman said. "All of those answers are probably true, but the real answer is that I don't know and neither does anyone else."

**Graphic**

Photo: Meryl Streep and Albert Brooks in "Defending Your Life," a film about what happens after death. (Warner Brothers)

**Load-Date:** February 26, 1991

**End of Document**



[***THE STRUGGLE FOR IRAQ: TERROR RECRUITS; Calls to Jihad Are Said to Lure Hundreds of Militants Into Iraq***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:49X2-2K70-01KN-206F-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 1, 2003 Saturday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2003 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Column 1; Foreign Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1484 words

**Byline:**  By DON VAN NATTA Jr. and DESMOND BUTLER; Don Van Natta Jr. reported for this article from London and Desmond Butler from Berlin. Additional reporting was provided by Lowell Bergman and David Johnston in Washington.

**Dateline:** LONDON, Oct. 31

**Body**

Across Europe and the Middle East, young militant Muslim men are answering a call issued by Osama bin Laden and other extremists, and leaving home to join the fight against the American-led occupation in Iraq, according to senior counterterrorism officials based in six countries.

The intelligence officials say that since late summer they have detected a growing stream of itinerant Muslim militants headed for Iraq. They estimate that hundreds of young men from an array of countries have now arrived in Iraq by crossing the Syrian or Iranian borders.

But the officials say this influx is not necessarily evidence of coordination by Al Qaeda or other terrorist groups, since it remains unclear if the men are under the control of any one leader or what, if any, role they have had in the kind of deadly attacks that shook Baghdad on Monday. A European intelligence official called the foreign recruits "foot soldiers with limited or no training."

A senior British official, who was in Iraq in September, said most of the foreign men captured there were from the Middle East -- Syria, Lebanon and Yemen -- or North Africa. He described them as "young, angry men" motivated by the "anti-British, anti-American rhetoric that fills their ears every day."

Signs of a movement to Iraq have also been detected in Europe. Jean-Louis Bruguiere, France's top investigative judge on terrorism, said dozens of poor and middle-class Muslim men had left France for Iraq since the summer. He said some of them appeared to have been inspired by exhortations of Qaeda leaders, even if they were not trained by Al Qaeda.

Mr. Bruguiere, who earlier this year opened an investigation of young men leaving France to fight on the side of Muslims in Chechnya, said the traffic to Iraq was now a similar problem. He called the changing pattern "a new threat."

The rising agitation in parts of the Muslim world over the American-led occupation in Iraq was clear at Friday Prayers at Al Nur Mosque in a ***working-class*** section of Berlin. Dr. Izzeldin Hamad, the director of the Saudi-financed mosque, said political discussion was banned there.

But outside, a 21-year-old man who identified himself as Akmed said that while Saddam Hussein was unpopular, now "there are people who are angry about the American occupation." He and others said that inside the mosque, collections usually requested for Muslims in Palestine and Chechnya were now being offered for Iraq as well.

An initial hint that Iraq would become a magnet for foreign recruits came just before the war began in March, with the arrest in Syria of four Algerian men, who had been living in Hamburg and attending a mosque frequented by three of the Sept. 11 hijackers. The authorities believed thatthe men intended to fight in Iraq.

One of them, Abderazak Mahdjoub, whom German investigators have linked to a Spanish-based terror network, is under investigation for alleged involvement in a planned terror strike on a tourist location on the Costa del Bravo in Spain. Syria deported the men to Germany, but none of the four men is in custody, since there is no German law against going to Iraq.

A senior German intelligence official, who spoke on condition of anonymity, said the authorities had detected other cases of immigrants in Germany trying to go to Iraq. "We know that in Germany there are people in the militant Muslim scene who are willing to go other places to participate in jihad, including Iraq," the official said.

There are scattered reports from other places, including Saudi Arabia, where a senior Saudi official said two Saudi militants, believed to have ties to Al Qaeda, were missing from the kingdom and believed by the authorities to have gone to Iraq.

Intelligence officials, who base their assessment of the traffic into Iraq on surveillance of mosques and Islamic centers and on interrogations of terrorist suspects captured inside Iraq, say they have found no connections between the recruits. "Nobody is organizing this move from Europe to Iraq," a senior European counterterrorism official said. "At least it is difficult to analyze and know who is organizing this. This may be just the beginning of a new phenomenon."

United States troops patrolling the long Iraq-Syria border have said they have not detained any foreign recruits entering Iraq, but officials investigating attacks on allied targets say they have little question that militant Muslims are being drawn to the country. "It's pretty clear their number is increasing," a senior American official said.

The number of attacks is also increasing. In the last week, the average number of attacks against allied or international relief targets exceeded two dozen a day, from 12 attacks daily in July.

This week's attacks produced some evidence of the role of foreigners in Iraq. One would-be suicide bomber who was shot and wounded by Iraqi policemen was later identified as a man of Yemeni descent who was holding a Syrian passport.

In addition, Monday's multiple, coordinated suicide bombings were a sign to some investigators that foreign terrorists may have added a level of sophistication to the attacks.

Military officials say they suspect that a senior official in Mr. Hussein's government is recruiting foreign fighters to Iraq. They said Izzat Ibrahim, the "king of clubs" in the deck of cards of the most-wanted members of the deposed government, was believed to be a leading organizer and financier of recent attacks.

But allied forces are still struggling to figure out the dimensions and composition of the opponent they now face in Iraq. "We are quite blind there," said the head of an intelligence agency in Europe. He added: "The Americans and Brits know very little about this enemy. They are trying to fight an enemy they cannot see."

As a result, allied forces assume that they are fighting a loose conglomerate of like-minded opponents. Counterterrorism officials estimated that as many as 15 militant groups, some with loose ties to Al Qaeda, might now be operating in Iraq.

"Al Qaeda, Ansar al-Islam, loyalists, disgruntled former army personnel -- they are all suspects, but there is no focus on a specific group," said a senior American counterterrorism official; Ansar is a terror group that had been operating in northern Iraq and is suspected to have had a role in the attacks in recent months.

Mr. Bruguiere, the French investigative judge, said there were signs of Al Qaeda's influence in Iraq. "Since we had no evidence of an Al Qaeda connection in Iraq before the war, this is worrying," he said.

American officials closest to the intelligence from Iraq say the definition of the enemy is blurry. "Iraq is a magnet for jihadists just as Afghanistan was," a senior official said. "But the bigger question is whether leadership is evolving or coordination. So far we haven't seen it."

For months, the role in Iraq of "foreign fighters" -- particularly those of Al Qaeda -- has been a matter of sharp debate among American officials and intelligence officials in Europe and the Middle East.

Before the American-led invasion in March, counterterrorism officials and terrorism experts warned that the military action would be used by militant Muslims to recruit a new generation of terrorists, and that Iraq would draw them into the fray.

Al Qaeda leaders have repeatedly invoked the struggle in Iraq. In an audiotape broadcast by Al Jazeera satellite network earlier this month, Mr. bin Laden cited Iraq as the newest front in the terror network's international jihad.

"I say to our brothers, the mujahedeen in Iraq, I share your concerns and feel your pain," Mr. bin Laden said in the 31-minute audiotape. He called on young Muslims to go to Iraq to fight, saying, "You have to go wage jihad and show your muscles."

A day later, President Bush sought to draw a parallel between Mr. bin Laden's call to arms and the effort against terrorism. "The bin Laden tape should say to everybody the war on terror goes on, that there's still a danger to free nations," he said.

But a senior European intelligence official said he doubted that Al Qaeda had established a strong enough organization in Baghdad to pull off attacks, given how fractured Mr. bin Laden's network appears to be.

"Al Qaeda would need a level of organization and sophistication that I don't think it currently has," he said. But he said he did believe that some Qaeda members were now in Iraq "trying to stir up trouble."

There is little debate that more and more people are stirring trouble in Baghdad. Just who they are and where they are from remains a matter of speculation. In September, the authorities in Iraq arrested nine men they suspected of having ties to Al Qaeda. But officials have learned little about them or their connections through interrogations.

"They are not saying much," said one official knowledgeable about the arrests. "But they may just be foot soldiers who don't know that much."

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

**Graphic**

Photo: Al Nur mosque in Berlin, where collections usually requested for Muslims in Palestine and Chechnya are now being offered for Iraq, too. (Photo by Stefan Doblinger for The New York Times)(pg. A7)

**Load-Date:** November 1, 2003

**End of Document**



[***Baltimore***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4NSF-GHJ0-TW8F-G209-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 20, 2007 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2007 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 5; Column 1; Travel Desk; Pg. 13; 36 HOURS

**Length:** 1699 words

**Byline:** By DAVID G. ALLAN

**Body**

BALTIMORE is sometimes the forgotten middle child among attention-getting Eastern cities like Washington and New York. But a civic revival, which began with the harbor's makeover 27 years ago, has given out-of-towners reason to visit. Yes, there are wonderful seafood restaurants, Colonial history, quaint waterfronts and other tourist-ready attractions. But Baltimore's renaissance has also cultivated cool restaurants with innovative cuisine, independent theaters that showcase emerging talent and galleries that specialize in contemporary art. In other words, Baltimore is all grown up, but it's still a big city with a small-town feel.

Friday 4 p.m. 1. Your Sea Legs Get your bearings at the city's center, the Inner Harbor, and stroll along the edge of what was, 50 years ago, a working commercial port. Belying that workaday tradition is Harborplace & the Gallery, a pair of waterside malls that are good for little more than souvenirs and paddleboats in the shape of Chessie, the Chesapeake Bay's version of the Loch Ness monster. There's no avoiding the touristy kitsch, but authentic maritime history can be found in the well-maintained sloop-of-war Constellation (410-539-1797, www.constellation.org), the last all-sail ship built by the Navy and a veteran of the Civil War. For $8.75, you can explore the ship's sleeping quarters, galley and cannons. Before the war, the Constellation patrolled the waters off West Africa to block slave traders. 7 p.m. 2. Will Work for Food Maryland blue crab is what's for dinner. Put down some butcher-block paper, grab a mallet and start whacking away at a steaming pile of spice-smeared crustaceans. The rite of passage is not complete, of course, without cold beer. Discerning locals go to Obrycki's (1727 East Pratt Street, 410-732-6399; www.obryckis.com), known for a homemade peppery crab spice that, pardon the blasphemy, rivals Old Bay. The faux-fancy decor (stenciled brick walls and fake windows) is not why you came. It's the freshness of the crabs ($43 for a dozen mediums), in an establishment that commendably shuts down for the winter when the local catch is lean. 9 p.m. 3. Crawl, Do Not Run For live music, go bar hopping along cobblestoned Thames Street (pronounced thaymes) in the Fells Point section. A recent Friday night uncovered a cache of performances: acoustic guitar at the rustic waterside Admiral's Cup (No. 1647; 410-522-6731); soul tunes at the dive bar Leadbetters Tavern (No. 1639; 410-675-4794; www.leadbetterstavern.com); and a band that plays Rusted Root covers at the Horse You Came In On (No. 1626; 410-327-8111), a raucous saloon in a cavernous space with antique lamps and a well-dinged bar that has a fine selection of microbrews. Saturday 10 a.m. 4. Rock 'n' Cinnamon Rolls The Blue Moon Cafe (1621 Aliceanna Street, 410-522-3940) in Fells Point is busy, so you may have to share a table with cheerful regulars. This popular breakfast joint, with exposed brick, pressed-tin walls and rock music (Talking Heads, Stevie Nicks), serves large, satisfying portions (takeout boxes are common). Favorites include the gooey cinnamon rolls ($3.50), crab Benedict ($14.95), and specials like stacks of caramel-drizzled banana-bread pancakes with whipped cream ($7.95). The exceedingly friendly servers won't let you see the bottom of your mug, refilling it with an organic blend from the local Bluebird coffee company. 11:30 a.m. 5. City on a Hill For a historic view of the city, climb up Charles Street to the old neighborhood of Mount Vernon. You'll find manicured lawns, hear young violinists practicing inside the Peabody Conservatory (1 East Mount Vernon Place; 410-659-8100; www.peabody.jhu.edu) and see an early memorial to George Washington ($2 to climb the 228 steps to the top), predating its better-known cousin 40 miles south. Mount Vernon is also home to the recently renovated Walters Art Museum (600 North Charles Street, 410-547-9000; www.thewalters.org), which has an eclectic collection that includes Faberge eggs that Czar Nicholas II gave to his mother and his wife. At 1 p.m., take the scheduled tour of the newly restored Basilica of the Assumption (408 North Charles Street, 410-727-3565; www.baltimorebasilica.org), the first cathedral built in the United States. 2:30 p.m. 6. Down Under, the Sea Stop by Attman's (1019 East Lombard Street, 410-563-2666; www.attmansdeli.com), one of the last delis standing on what is known as Corned Beef Row, for a corned beef sandwich ($5.99) before heading over to the National Aquarium (501 East Pratt Street, 410-576-3800; www.aqua.org). Yes, the aquarium has ball-tossing dolphins and busloads of children, but it also has a diverse collection that includes sharks and a giant Pacific octopus. A new Animal Planet exhibition recreates a river gorge in Australia's red-rock Northern Territory, with 120 indigenous species, including crocodiles, snake-necked turtles and gray-headed flying fox (fruit bats). Time your visit for the 2:30 feeding at the 260,000-gallon stingray tank, or the 3:30 feeding at the reef tank. 5 p.m. 7. Le-NORE! Le-NORE! Baltimore's darker side has a long history. Edgar Allan Poe, who lived on and off in the city, died in Baltimore in 1849 of mysterious causes. Visit his grave at the Westminster Hall burial ground (519 West Fayette Street, 410-706-2072; www.westminsterhall.org). Actually, there are two sites: one, topped by a stone raven, marks the original spot; the other, a larger monument donated by Baltimore schoolchildren in the late 1800s, marks where Poe and his wife, Virginia, are now buried. The city's National Football League team, the Ravens, which plays at M & T Bank Stadium, just might be the only football team whose name was inspired by a poem. 6:30 p.m. 8. Kabuli Cooking Had your fill of crabs? Make pretheater reservations for the Helmand (806 North Charles Street, 410-752-0311; www.helmand.com), an Afghan cafe that draws a well-dressed clientele and regularly makes the local best-of lists in multiple categories. It's surprising that this place has been in business 18 years because the dining room, hung with Afghan textiles, has all the buzz of a new hot spot. The prices are reasonable, the service is fast and helpful, and the food is inventive while consistently good. Start with the kaddo borawni (baked baby pumpkin drizzled with garlicky yogurt for $4.50) followed by an entree of aushak (leek-filled Afghan ravioli for $11.50) served with pallow (cinnamon-spiced rice). For dessert, don't miss the cardamom-flecked ice cream ($5.25). 8 p.m. 9. Triple Play Alternative arts in Baltimore -- a tradition that includes the filmmaker John Waters and the musician David Byrne -- is alive and well. You can check out promising young playwrights and revivals of old favorites at the intimate CenterStage (700 North Calvert Street, 410-332-0033; www.centerstage.org). Or head to the strikingly modern Meyerhoff Symphony Hall (1212 Cathedral Street, 410-783-8000; www.baltimoresymphony.org), where in addition to traditional classical fare like ''Peter and the Wolf,'' the current season includes a tribute to Cole Porter. Or, if you prefer indie cinema, head to the 68-year-old Charles Theater (1711 North Charles Street, 410-727-3456; www.thecharles.com), a Beaux-Arts landmark. 10 p.m. 10. Beer and a Chaser The city's night life has outgrown its ***working-class***, corner-bar roots. In its place are stylish new places like the art- and hops-friendly Brewer's Art (1106 North Charles Street, 410-547-6925; www.thebrewersart.com). The Belgian-inspired microbrews include thedivine Resurrection brown ale ($4). For cocktails, head around the corner to the high ceilings and stained-glass windows of the Owl Bar at the Belvedere Hotel (1 East Chase Street, 410-347-0888; www.theowlbar.com). A young, stylish crowd can be found mingling along the mahogany bar. Sunday 11 a.m. Oh, Say Can You See? Take a water taxi from Fells Point to the Fort McHenry National Monument (2400 East Fort Avenue, 410-962-4290; www.nps.gov/fomc), which is situated on a green peninsular park. The story of the writing of national anthem is the subject of a 15-minute video that's either quaintly educational or unintentionally funny, depending on your sensibility. As told by the pipe-smoking actor in early-19th-century garb, Francis Scott Key wrote a poem called ''The Star Spangled Banner'' after he watched the bombardment of Fort McHenry by the British during the War of 1812 and the flag was there still. Perhaps you'll be inspired to hum the anthem as you take the 15-minute water taxi back (410-563-3901, www.thewatertaxi.com; $8). 2 p.m. 12. Market Specials The fruit and vegetable stalls of Cross Street Market (1065 South Charles Street) are shut on Sundays, but Nick's (410-685-2020), a jovial assortment of fresh seafood bars, keeps the 1846 market buzzing. Locals are drawn to its thick crab cake sandwiches ($13.95), heaps of freshly shucked raw oysters ($7 a half dozen) and Old Bay-topped mussels ($6.95 a pound). Come to think of it, you can't get food like this in Washington or New York. THE BASICS

Many major airlines serve Baltimore-Washington International Airport. Flights from Kennedy Airport in New York start at about $225 on Delta. The MARC train (www.mtamaryland.com/services) is about a 20-minute ride ($4) from the airport to Pennsylvania Station on North Charles Street, which is a stop on several Amtrak routes. The city has bus, subway and light-rail service.

The Inn at Henderson's Wharf (1000 Fell Street, 800-522-2088; www.hendersonswharf.com) is in an old tobacco factory. Rooms come with a leather-topped desk, a bottle of wine and a choice of views. A two-night stay is required on most weekends; starting at $179 a night.

The Admiral Fell Inn in Fells Point (888 South Broadway, 410-522-7377; www.harbormagic.com) dates from the 1770s and is inhabited by actors who play ghosts. Rates start at $209.

The Hyatt Regency near HarborPlace (300 Light Street, 410-528-1234; www.baltimore.hyatt.com) was renovated last year with flat-screen TVs and an outdoor pool. Ask for rooms above the sixth floor for views of the water. Weekend rates start at $245.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: The collection at the Walters Art Museum is wide ranging

crab Benedict is a specialty at the Blue Moon Cafe

paddle boats dot the harbor near the National Aquarium

and Attman's Deli is corned beef central. (Photographs by Susana Raab for The New York Times) Map of Baltimore highlighting points of interest.

**Load-Date:** May 20, 2007

**End of Document**



[***After 20 Lost Years, Arverne Skeptically Awaits Renewal***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8H-0CR0-000D-G3G1-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 7, 1991, Thursday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1991 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk

**Section:** Section B;; Section B; Page 1; Column 2; Metropolitan Desk; Column 2;

**Length:** 1216 words

**Byline:** By JOSEPH P. FRIED

By JOSEPH P. FRIED

**Body**

From the elevated A train rattling through Arverne, Queens, one sees a vast new town stretching along the oceanfront below -- shopping malls bustling with people, thousands of town houses, ribbons of newly carved roads, parks and playgrounds.

One sees this only with the imagination working hard. Otherwise all that is there is a huge, bleak reality -- block after block of barren, littered, weed-filled lots sprawling over two miles, the legacy of two decades of doomed plans.

Now this 300-acre wasteland in the Rockaway section, one of America's most notorious examples of redevelopment gone nowhere, is the subject of crucial negotiations to determine its fate: will it become a new seaside settlement, or will its heritage of failure carry into the future?

Series of Hurdles

New York City officials and a group of developers are struggling to hammer out an agreement intended to lead to a 10-year, $1.5 billion program to build a new community for nearly 20,000 people on the site, the largest vacant piece of land available for development in New York City.

The 7,500 apartments would mostly be in three- and four-story town houses and would be priced to sell or rent to families with annual incomes of $45,000 to $80,000. Stores, movie theaters and a refurbished boardwalk and beach are also part of the package.

But to reach an agreement, Mayor David N. Dinkins's administration and the developers, Oceanview Associates of Manhattan, must overcome a series of major hurdles: a recession-ridden economy, the city's dire fiscal problems and a reduction in the project's scale forced by a politically savvy community determined to have a say.

Administration officials acknowledge the difficulties but are confident that an accord will be reached. Many residents and civic leaders on the Rockaway peninsula share the optimism.

But many others remain skeptical, and their reasons go beyond the real estate slump that has caused a number of other development plans in the city to falter.

'We're Still Waiting'

In Arverne, limbo has been the rule for 20 years, in good times as well as bad. Proposals for the site have come and gone like sand castles built on the beach nearby.

"Hotels, casinos, this and that, and we're still waiting," Zetta Gibson, a 33-year-old postal worker who lives on Beach 56th Street, near the renewal site, said on a recent afternoon. She was referring to one of the past visions, for an Atlantic City-like complex, championed in the late 1970's by Donald R. Manes, then the Queens Borough President. It never got the backing it needed from the State Legislature.

But Cornell Byrd, 36, a security guard who lives on Shore Front Parkway, near the site, said he thought the present efforts would lead to something. "There's a lot of money to be made on this," he said.

Glancing toward the renewal tract, where discarded tires, mattresses and other trash were abundantly strewn, he said: "They have a lot of property here and nothing's been done with it. They have to do something with it."

Holtzman Raises Questions

Top city officials also have varying outlooks. "We had 20 years of the old Madison Square Garden site before something came of it," said one optimist, Barbara J. Fife, the Deputy Mayor for Planning and Development, referring to the block between at Eighth and Ninth Avenues at 50th Street that is now home to the Worldwide Plaza complex.

But Ms. Fife acknowledged in an interview that the Arverne project "may not happen in the next couple of years, until market conditions change" and chances of financing improve.

Even less sanguine is City Comptroller Elizabeth Holtzman. Through a spokeswoman, she said she had "not received any information that would change" her opinion of last summer, when she was the only member of the Board of Estimate to vote against the Rockaways proposal.

Ms. Holtzman said at the time that the Dinkins administration and the developers had not presented the kind of detailed financial plan that "gives us some confidence in the structure and strength of the proposal."

In fact, among the knotty issues still unsettled in the current negotiations on the deal's final terms, those involved say, is one raised by Ms. Holtzman last summer: How a fiscally stricken city can come up with more than $100 million to finance its share of the public works costs in the project, including two new schools and a portion of the new roads and sewers.

Another issue is whether the city can keep its commitment to use Oceanview's payment for the city-owned land to finance more than 1,000 homes for lower-income families elsewhere, including 800 in adjoining Edgemere. When the Koch administration announced the project two years ago, it said Oceanview would pay $90 million for the site, but this has since been reduced to under $70 million, Ms. Fife said.

The price reduction -- and a sharp increase in the city's share of the public-works costs -- stems from scaling down the project to 7,500 apartments from the 10,000 originally planned. The cut followed vehement opposition to the larger proposal by many in the Rockaways, who argued that local public services like transportation, health care and firefighting could not handle an influx of 10,000 families.

A spokeswoman for Oceanview, Michele de Milly, also acknowledged that "the financing is not in place" for the apartments and other aspects of the plan that Oceanview would be responsible for. But she predicted that loans would be forthcoming once an agreement was reached with the city, given the developer's track record.

Oceanview is a joint venture of Forest City Development, which has built more than 60,000 units of housing across the country, and the Ratner Group and Park Tower Estates, which have carried out large-scale commercial developments.

Ms. de Milly declined to give the latest projections for the apartment prices, either if sold as condominiums -- as originally planned -- or leased as rentals, as she said some might now be. But Felice Michetti, the Commissioner of Housing Preservation and Development, has previously said that the condos, at least, would range from about $135,000 to $177,000.

Quick to Raze, Slow to Rise

Once a thriving summer vacation area where ***working-class*** families rented bungalows, Arverne fell on hard times after World War II; the vacationers went elsewhere and the bungalows were converted to year-round housing for the poor. The area quickly decayed and in 1968 nearly 4,000 structures were rapidly razed.

But little of the envisioned new housing materialized. Obstacles included the city's fiscal crisis of the 1970's, sharp cutbacks in Federal housing subsidies, local resistance to more subsidized housing in the area -- several low-income public housing projects already had already been built nearby -- and developers' lack of interestin building unsubsidized housing there.

Nor did the administration of Mayor Abraham D. Beame get far when it proposed in 1975 that Arverne be developed as a recreational complex.

As a result, the only significant construction on the 300 acres has been an apartment complex occupying about 20 acres, the 1,100-family Ocean Village, dating from the early 70's.

It stands like a settlement on the moon. "It's just dead around here," Lisa Anderson, 21, a nurse, said as she toted shopping bags back to her apartment.

**Graphic**

Map shows Arvene urban renewal area in Queens.

**Load-Date:** March 7, 1991

**End of Document**



[***At Home in Oliver's Macedonia and Woody's London***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4K96-1TS0-TW8F-G2K7-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 6, 2005 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2005 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 2; Column 1; Arts and Leisure Desk; Pg. 3; HOLIDAY MOVIES

**Length:** 1369 words

**Body**

HE'S lanky and looks dangerous, with his ice-blue eyes and wax-white complexion. Jonathan Rhys-Meyers, who plays an Irish tennis pro flirting with the British upper crust in Woody Allen's dark new drama, ''Match Point'' (Dec. 28), greets a visitor at the Chateau Marmont Hotel in Los Angeles wearing a layered grunge look: beat-up leather jacket over hooded sweatshirt over T-shirt and ripped bell-bottom jeans. His cowboy boots are hand-tooled and look as if they cost a fortune. Mr. Rhys-Meyers, 28, has already had a diverse career, acting in period films like ''Alexander'' and ''Vanity Fair'' and starring in the CBS mini-series ''Elvis'' as the legendary singer. A resident of the Chateau for three months while he films ''Mission: Impossible 3'' with Tom Cruise (he refuses to describe his character), he greets the waitress by name before whipping out a pack of Marlboro Lights and ordering tea. Then he tells Sharon Waxman about working with Hollywood's top directors, living in hotels for a decade and maintaining long-distance relationships.

SHARON WAXMAN Where do you live?

JONATHAN RHYS-MEYERS Wherever I'm shooting. At the moment, London. I haven't bought my own house yet. I don't get to buy my own house doing Woody Allen films, I'll tell you that now.

Q. You're always shooting?

A. The film I'm making now is my 29th film in 10 years. Do the math.

Q. Does that mean you don't have a family or a significant other, since you move around so much?

A. I have a girlfriend. She's in college in London. She doesn't follow me, to my great consternation. It's very difficult to have a long-distance relationship; you have to work so much harder. Her name is Reena Hammer. She's a nice girl, and I wouldn't date an actress. There's only room for one actor in my life and I'm it. Too difficult. On the one hand, they understand the job. But on the other hand, it's very competitive within the relationship. Two actors, say one becomes a mega-star and the other doesn't. Happens all the time. So one is getting so much attention, and the other person feels jealous.

Q. But you must have loads of friends who are actors.

A. No, I don't have many friends that are actors. It's a very faux environment. I don't call people up after films. I have one or two actor friends, but not many. My friend Neal Jackson, who I did ''Alexander'' with. I've become friends with Phillip Seymour Hoffman, from ''Mission: Impossible.'' He's a very nice guy.

Q. Do you like being an actor?

A. It's the closest thing to real work that I could possibly find that they would pay me for.

Q. Were you disappointed at the reception that ''Alexander'' got?

A. Yes. I think Oliver made a good movie. It wasn't as good as I thought it was going to be. But I think people expected too much. It's the greatest adventure story of all time, between Alexander and the ''Odyssey.'' And you have Oliver Stone, genius volatile director -- you expected something spectacular. Because my part was so small, I didn't really know what they were making. I spent a lot of time waiting around. It was pretty wild, all us boys together. ''Alexander'' taught me some very, very good lessons. I really grew up an awful lot on that film. I realized how to make and how not to make movies. You cannot give your best work if you party all the time. It's not possible. You can do it, for a short period of time. But it demands too much of you now, so you have to take care of yourself physically and mentally to give the best to your work.

Q. Was there a lot of partying going on with ''Alexander''?

A. There was a huge amount of partying going on. Oliver created this very volatile, virile, feral environment. We'd shoot 14 hours, and then hit the pub for four or five. Sleep four and a half hours, go back on set and battle the Persians. It was kind of wild, it was adrenaline. Very true to what Alexander's army could be. You had 20 young male actors, as his main friends, and then 350 soldiers who'd recently pulled out of Basra and Tikrit -- they were all actual soldiers. These guys were constantly living their life to the full, because when they were finished, they were being sent back to the Middle East.

Q. Let's talk about ''Match Point.''

A. Woody sent a message to an English casting director. I went to London and put myself on tape. Two days later I got a phone call: ''Woody wants to meet you.''

Q. Are you playing the Woody Allen character?

A. I'm not. It's dangerous trying to be Woody Allen. You can't be Woody Allen. Every other actor wants to play Woody Allen, but I didn't idolize Woody Allen the way other actors do. I mean, he's the greatest living director, but I didn't iconize him in that way.

Q. Does he give a lot of direction?

A. No. If you do it wrong he'll let you know. Woody would never compliment you on anything. The fact you're still on set after three weeks is enough.

Q. Were you afraid you might get fired?

A. Yes. Truly, yes.

Q. What was the interaction like?

A. [He imitates Woody Allen's voice, speaking nasally and quietly.] ''Come on, Johnny. We have the camera set up, let's shoot it.'' No rehearsal. ''Let's shoot it.''

Q. I can't figure your accent in the movie. Is it Irish?

A. It's Irish, but not an Irish dialect. I do so many accents, it doesn't matter. I made a choice not to make it too Irish. The character wasn't written Irish. Woody just made him Irish because I was. There's an in-joke for me in the film, which was being an Irish tennis player, because I've never heard of an Irish tennis player. So every time I'd have to say that, I secretly had a little belly chortle. A little Woody-ism. Woody-ality.

Q. Are you very Irish?

A. What's very Irish?

Q. Are you attached to being Irish?

A. Am I in touch with my roots? Yes, I am very Irish.

Q. What do you think of the universe in the film? Woody Allen sets his films in upper-class society, and this film is very upper class.

A. That's the London Woody sees. Woody goes to London, he stays at the Grosvenor. It's the kind of London a man of his age would know; going to the Serpentine Gallery, going to the opera. I've known both. I've known the world of nothing, and I've known the world of having a lot. Truly, truly wealthy people don't dwell on having loads of money. It just is. Fancy restaurants, fancy sports cars. Champagne.

Q. What kind of family do you come from?

A. A ***working-class*** family. My dad was a musician, my mother was a voluntary worker. When I was 16 I moved in with a family in the Irish countryside who were landed gentry. They'd inherited their 650 acres in 1495. I was working on the farm and I just started living there, and became close to the family. I live there when I go home.

Q. You were a farmhand?

A. I was. I know, you'd never imagine it. And I was a terrible farmer. You have to be born in the soil to really know it, and love it. It was an Anglo-Irish family. My family is Roman Catholic, but I don't go to church very much. I'm close to my own family, but I moved there because they had a manor. I'd been kicked out of school, so I had nothing else to do. They have two sons and a daughter; I treat them as brothers and sister.

Q. It's a little bit like ''Match Point.'' Did that inform your performance?

A. Of course it did. Because I had a way of knowing what it was like to have no money, and what it was like to have lots of money.

Q. You often make a scary impression in movies. Do you like playing bad guys?

A. I find actors who play nasty guys in movies are the nicest guys in real life, and the opposite then goes for heroes. No, I like to play good guys. Some actors really want to have the type of career I have. Working with Woody, and Mira Nair and Oliver Stone and Neil Jordan. But some actors who make two to three million to do commercial films that really aren't very good quality, they want to be the artistic, intense actors. They want to be Pacino in ''Serpico.'' But they're not; they're ''Pearl Harbor,'' or ''Armageddon.''

Q. So you wouldn't do ''Armageddon''?

A. I would. But I have not. They don't see me as that. So I have to slightly change that. Because I have to have an equilibrium, between artistic and commercial. What Hollywood is really looking for is a new Gregory Peck, and I'm not a Gregory Peck-looking kind of guy.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Jonathan Rhys-Meyers, whose r?sum? includes films directed by Woody Allen and Oliver Stone, calls acting ''the closest thing to real work that I could possibly find that they would pay me for.'' (Photo by Marissa Roth for The New York Times)(pg. 3)

Jonathan Rhys-Meyers with Emily Mortimer in ''Match Point.'' (Photo by Clive Coote)(pg. 26)

**Load-Date:** June 29, 2006

**End of Document**



[***Belfast Journal;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-83V0-000P-N4J2-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Doctor Tests His Prescription for Defeating I.R.A.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-83V0-000P-N4J2-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 14, 1997, Monday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1997 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Foreign Desk

**Section:** Section A; ; Section A; Page 4; Column 3; Foreign Desk ; Column 3;

**Length:** 1147 words

**Byline:** By JAMES F. CLARITY

By JAMES F. CLARITY

**Dateline:** BELFAST, Northern Ireland, April 12

**Body**

Dr. Joe Hendron, 63, an affable, slightly paunchy family physician, is virtually unknown outside Northern Ireland, but he is still famous in the ***working-class*** area of West Belfast as the only politician who ever defeated Gerry Adams, the leader of the Irish Republican Army's political wing.

That was five years ago when, as the candidate of the mainstream, Roman Catholic-dominated Social Democratic Labor Party, he beat Mr. Adams by 589 votes out of 40,000 cast to become the area's representative in the British Parliament and a thorn in the side of Sinn Fein, the party led by Mr. Adams.

The defeat of Mr. Adams did not hinder his rise as leader of the overwhelmingly Catholic Republican movement in efforts toward a peace settlement in Northern Ireland.

Republicans have pushed for an end to British rule in Northern Ireland and closer ties to the Irish Republic in the south, a campaign marked by decades of sporadic guerrilla warfare by the I.R.A. They are opposed by Unionists, who want the mostly Protestant province to remain with Britain.

But now the peace effort is stalled, and Mr. Adams and Sinn Fein have been barred from the negotiating table because of the I.R.A.'s resumption of violence. In the next British general election, on May 1, the 48-year-old Mr. Adams is trying to regain some of his prestige by winning back the seat he held for nine years before his defeat in 1992. The election will also fill 17 other Northern Ireland seats in Parliament.

The composition of the Northern Irish delegation will be crucial to the peace talks that began 10 months ago. Negotiations bogged down in renewed I.R.A. violence and haggling between Catholic nationalists and Protestant Unionists at the Belfast talks headed by the former Senate majority leader, George J. Mitchell.

On Friday, his first day of door-to-door campaigning, Dr. Hendron's house calls were distinctly partisan, although several people asked for medical advice.

An old woman wanted him to look at her knee, which she had just twisted tripping over her vacuum cleaner cord. A man talking through a battery-powered voice box got a promise from the doctor to advise him on his recovery from throat cancer surgery. A woman asked him to visit a relative who had undergone heart surgery.

But most of the doctor's talk was political as he rang bells of the small neat brick houses of Ardmoulin Close.

"I hope you can help us," he said to a burly man in a purple T-shirt. The man smiled and accepted leaflets, but with the doctor out of earshot he said he would be voting for Mr. Adams. Asked if his support for Sinn Fein had not been shaken after an I.R.A. gunman shot and wounded a policewoman in Londonderry the day before, he said, "Sinn Fein had nothing to do with that," and closed his door.

But a few houses away, Ellen Curry, a woman in her 60's, said she was for Dr. Hendron. "There are too many sad homes," she said, referring to the fact that 3,212 people have been killed in political violence since 1969.

Dr. Hendron did not tell her, as he had insisted earlier in an interview, that "everyone knows that more Catholics have been killed by the I.R.A. than have been killed by Protestant loyalists and the British security forces combined. Sinn Fein is the junior partner. They take orders from the I.R.A. Everybody knows that."

"I see Sinn Fein as a fascist organization," he said in the interview. "The I.R.A. call a cease-fire when they want to, not when the people want it."

"Why do you think I have my office hidden back in here," he said of his rooms in the back of a small shopping mall on the Falls Road, the main street in the Catholic section of West Belfast. "Because we got tired of Sinn Fein throwing petrol bombs in and burning us out." That, he said, was what happened when his office was exposed to the street.

Dr. Hendron is highlighting Sinn Fein's affiliation with the I.R.A. in his campaign against Mr. Adams. He has been supported in this by John Hume, his party's leader, as well as by the Irish Republic's Prime Minister, John Bruton.

Dr. Hendron has also promised that he would continue to attend Parliament sessions, whereas Mr. Adams and his party have said they would not take their seats if elected because that would involve a pledge of allegiance to the British Crown and to the governors of the six Northern Irish counties the I.R.A. says are illegally occupied by Britain.

Dr. Hendron said continued violence by the I.R.A. could increase his chances in the election, pushing moderate voters away from Sinn Fein. Still, Dr. Hendron said, if the I.R.A. declared a new, convincing cease-fire, Sinn Fein should be allowed at the peace table.

He added that hard-line Protestant Unionists like the Rev. Ian Paisley probably want Mr. Adams to win because Mr. Adams is their favorite demon. The election is expected to be close, possibly turning on whether Protestants, a minority in this district, decide to vote for Dr. Hendron again, as they did five years ago, and on whether he can attract undecided Catholics.

Dr. Hendron said he had been staying in his district, tending to his constituents' problems, and had helped to bring 3,000 jobs to the area, while Mr. Adams has been traveling to Dublin, London, New York and Washington.

Mr. Adams, who has not yet begun campaigning door to door, has not attacked Dr. Hendron personally, and has acknowledged that he is not sure he can win back his old seat. But he wants to increase his bargaining power by having Sinn Fein win more than the 15.5 percent of the province-wide vote it got last year in an election for places at the peace talks.

All Northern Irish parties expect the election to usher in a new Government in London led by Tony Blair, the head of the Labor Party. But even if the Conservative Prime Minister, John Major, were returned to office, the tangled politics of Northern Ireland would complicate attempts to get the peace effort moving forward.

Essentially, political analysts and officials say, the May 1 election will test the strength of the major Protestant Unionist and Catholic nationalist parties. The side that does well is expected to be more likely to consider concessions to advance the peace talks. But the side that loses support could feel vulnerable and be less ready to compromise.

At present, the Ulster Unionist Party holds nine seats, the Democratic Unionist Party four, and Dr. Hendron's S.D.L.P. another four. Sinn Fein has no seats. An 18th seat was added after the 1992 election. There have been no polls indicating how the vote might go, but analysts said the two Catholic nationalist parties could gain three or four seats.

But that result, said Paul Arthur, a professor of political science at Ulster University, could frighten Protestant politicians, who would "feel no obligation to get involved in serious negotiations." He added, "At that stage the peace process, effectively, would be at an end."

**Graphic**

Photo: Dr. Joe Hendron canvassed for votes in Catholic West Belfast recently as part of his house-to-house effort to defeat Gerry Adams, the leader of the I.R.A.'s political wing, in parliamentary elections set for May 1. (Stephen Davison/Pacemaker Press, for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** April 14, 1997

**End of Document**



[***THEATER; Eileen Atkins, Performing As Herself***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:49VS-MHS0-01KN-231B-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 26, 2003 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2003 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 2; Column 1; Arts and Leisure Desk; Pg. 5

**Length:** 1371 words

**Byline:**  By AMY BLOOM; Amy Bloom is a novelist and essayist.

**Body**

"THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW" at the Booth Theater opens with Eileen Atkins in the shadows. The men (John Lithgow as the departing husband, Ben Chaplin as the concerned son) chat uneasily and the lights go up on Alice, a woman of a certain age in an Eileen Fisher outfit, revealing only a fraction of the splendid Atkins legs, the kind of woman who lives for her family, with just a little left over for her poetry anthology and the church, a woman who knows all about becoming "invisible," possibly the one thing Dame Eileen cannot quite manage.

She comes out of the shadows, dryly witty and off-hand, passionately maternal, cruelly self-involved, marvelous fun, querulous, more than a little frightening and, at all times, whether sympathetic or faintly repellent, the engine and the source of the play's energy. When she is shocked and desperately undone at one point, her face tightens, her eyes narrow and widen with the viciousness of her retort and then her entire face, by nature long, clever and immensely appealing, loosens and sags horribly in stammering, rageful disbelief.

Here, in her suite in a Manhattan hotel, Dame Eileen, looking, at 69, like the much younger, happier sister of the woman onstage, shrugs when I ask how audiences respond now compared to a decade ago.

"In England, as here, there are always two kinds of audiences: the Royal Shakespeare and the West End. Over the last 10 years, audiences have been changed by television. One can tell; people don't concentrate and they expect lighter fare -- and I do hate disappointing my audiences. One lady came up to me afterwards here, very complimentary, and then she said, 'Well, this is terribly heavy.' And I thought, 'Oh, dear, you think this is heavy?' Because it isn't, it's just serious."

And the New York audience, in particular?

Dame Eileen throws open her long arms. "New York is always a shot in the arm, a shot of B-12. I love New York. In England, we're all very . . . 'Honk, hmpf, beg your pardon' " -- ducking her head, swallowing her vowels and acting like an embarrassed governess -- "I love it that New Yorkers are not."

She has portrayed several of the great Greeks, a host of Shakespearean heroines; won an Olivier for her performance in Yasmina Reza's "Unexpected Man"; made her Broadway debut in the 60's as the masochistic paramour, Childie, of Beryl Reid's brutal Sister George in the play "The Killing of Sister George"; stole the movie "Gosford Park"; and is in a fair way to steal Anthony Minghella's film "Cold Mountain," set in the South during the Civil War and opening in December, as the Old Goat Lady ("with a plait down my back, having had the most terrible time at first with the accent, looking like an old tortoise, chasing goats about and sounding like Dolly Parton"); and was, perhaps, the quintessential Virginia Woolf in both her one-woman show "A Room of One's Own" and in "Vita and Virginia" (eventually to be an HBO film, produced by Mike Nichols, directed by Anjelica Huston).

"I loved the book," she said, speaking about the movie "The Hours," based on Michael Cunningham's novel of the same name. "And it's not that Nicole wasn't very good," she added, about the actress Nicole Kidman, who plays Virginia Woolf in the film. "She was. But they didn't expand the character of Virginia, they didn't show her, that she was fun, that she was a fantastic champion of women, and liked parties, and was not just a suffering snob weighted down with stones in her pockets."

What parts has she hankered after? She considers.

"I have never hankered for roles. Well, I suppose I hankered for the breeches parts. Viola, I loved. I was happy the minute I put on pants." (In the voice of a Colonel Blimp, she mutters, "Deeply suspicious behavior, Eileen, hrmmph.") "I take what comes along. I try to do new plays, because I think it's important." She says Mr. Lithgow wants to get "T-shirts made up that say 'Revivals Are for Sissies,' and I agree."

And what drew her to this rather painful play, about a man leaving his wife?

"Well, if I may say so, I have rather a good eye for a play. I've only done one real clunker, something terrible by Jeffrey Archer, and I had two distinct reasons for doing it. One, Paul Scofield was in it, and two, I was fed up with being in things that my ***working-class*** family didn't understand. They had wanted me to be a chorus girl. This play, it's been quite an odd journey. I was offered the part four years ago and I thought it was interesting but needed heavy rewriting. I thought people would call out, about my character, 'For God's sake, leave her, leave her now!' after 20 minutes. And I went out to dinner with friends after reading it, and because I am a terrible blabbermouth, I talked about it and I must have been overheard because three days later, the offer was withdrawn. Bill" -- William Nicholson, the author of "The Retreat From Moscow" and of "Shadowlands," which was on Broadway in 1990, and is also, in its way, about the end of a marriage -- "said he would not rewrite it and they did do a production and it was not, she said mildly, a success."

"And several years later, I saw Bill and he said, 'Would you think of doing it?' I said, 'Have you rewritten it?' And he said, 'Yes.' And he had, it was quite rewritten. In the meantime, I met some people who had known Bill's mother and told me of her eccentricity -- and the part is based, to some great extent, on Bill's parents -- now the mother's eccentricity and her wit are fully present. When Bill sent the script to his mother for her approval, she's 87 now, she wrote back: 'Dear Bill: Are you sure people want to see something as depressing as this? However, if you are determined to go ahead, you must put in some jokes. What about a parrot?' "

Dame Eileen guffaws. "As it happens, they did have a parrot. I love that. I thought, 'She's right, there have got to be some jokes.' And I've grown to like her, as one must -- one must love one's characters. As rehearsals go on, I always think the character is me. And you do get to be like them, whatever string you have inside you that is the least bit like them, you pull out. By the time you go to the first rehearsal, you think, 'My God, I'm playing myself.' So I talked quite wildly in these rehearsals, I could see Dan" -- the director, Daniel Sullivan -- "thinking: 'Why does she say she's not like this character? She is. She's just barmy!' And I am, in rehearsals. I'm simply barking. But, of course, I'm not a bit like her, really. I'm the most practical thing going, I'm not a bit domesticated. I am, as Ben said to me the other day, quite a masculine woman. The nurturing gene missed me; I don't even want people to give me a potted plant."

And which does she prefer, theater or movies?

"I started out always wanting to do theater. The actor is in charge, the director goes home, it's you, the other actors and the script. But in old age, I've done lots of movies and really enjoyed them. I'm glad I didn't do them when I was younger. Those hours! Terrible. I'm a late-night person. I've been an insomniac since I was 3 years old. I can't bear to get up at 5. I got movie offers in the 60's, after 'Sister George.' "

"Sister George," a shocking black comedy in its day, had a great reception in the States, and that might have been the beginning of Dame Eileen Atkins's huge movie career. The studios sought to make the film version, introducing her to three of America's leading ladies, but neither Hepburn nor Davis nor Lansbury would consider playing a lesbian.

"They were all terrified," Dame Eileen says. "So, they had to use Beryl, and therefore had to have a star name, which was Susannah York." (Dame Eileen growls, "She said, trying not to sound too dismissive.") "And that was it for my movie career then, it just fizzled," she continues. "I went back to the plays, and I wanted to do as many plays as possible. I don't like to be in long runs, I like to move on. I will say that the award I got for the screenplay of 'Mrs. Dalloway' meant more to me than any of my acting awards."

And Atkins the writer (or, as she says, "the adapter") is very, very good. And Atkins the actor is rare: fierce, droll, unassuming and brilliantly lit up -- by work, not praise.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Eileen Atkins and Ben Chaplin portray mother and son in "The Retreat From Moscow." (Photo by Sara Krulwich/The New York Times)(pg. 5); Vanessa Redgrave, left, and Eileen Atkins in "Vita and Virginia." (Photo by Joan Marcus)(pg. 20)

**Load-Date:** October 26, 2003

**End of Document**



[***Class With the 'Ph.D. Diva' - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:49T2-DH00-01KN-24X5-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 18, 2003 Saturday

Late Edition - Final

**Correction Appended**



Copyright 2003 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section B; Column 1; Arts & Ideas/Cultural Desk; Pg. 7

**Length:** 1436 words

**Byline:**  By FELICIA R. LEE

**Dateline:** SANTA CRUZ, Calif.

**Body**

Tricia Rose's imitation of a white girl acting like a black girl -- hand on hip, an exaggerated swivel of her neck -- sent cascades of laughter through the class. It was Ms. Rose's first lecture of the year in an introductory African-American studies course, and her departure from professorial decorum was welcome after nearly an hour of sober statistics about slavery and rapid-fire provocations about race.

"What's the difference between minstrelsy and black behavior, black culture?" Ms. Rose asked the class of about 125, waving her hands as she paced, her dark curls shaking. The students were crammed into a careworn auditorium with high wooden beams and minimal lighting. You would have no idea that the setting in this city was a sunny, hilly campus, dotted with redwood trees.

Can you buy "Puerto Rican pants" or an African-American dress to be racially transformed? Professor Rose asked the students, who were mostly white. Is culture a set of practices or has it become so commodified that it can be acquired like clothing? Ms. Rose's performance was prompted by an article in The New York Times about a new television sitcom starring Whoopi Goldberg, in which a white female character adopts the mannerisms, speech and dress of a black woman steeped in hip-hop culture.

But here in the flesh is Tricia Rose -- native New Yorker, prep school and Ivy League graduate, biracial child of ***working-class*** parents -- a woman who really knows hip-hop culture. Ms. Rose is widely recognized as the first person in the country to write her Ph.D. dissertation on hip-hop. (That was in 1993 at Brown University.)

Her dissertation morphed into a widely acclaimed first book, "Black Noise: Rap Music and Black Culture in Contemporary America" (Wesleyan University Press, 1994). That year Ms. Rose was also co-editor of a book on youth music and culture. Her articles and lectures have earned her the moniker of rap's reigning "Ph.D. Diva"' as she holds forth on black culture, politics and sex in places as diverse as the Op-Ed page of The Times and Essence magazine.

Ms. Rose moved to the University of California at Santa Cruz last year and in July was named chairwoman of its American Studies department, after teaching for nine years in the Africana Studies program at New York University.

This spring she published her second book, "Longing to Tell: Black Women Talk About Sexuality and Intimacy" (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), the first compilation of black women's oral histories about all aspects of sexuality. It has been applauded by scholars like Henry Louis Gates Jr., chairman of African and African-American Studies at Harvard. Mr. Gates said black sensitivity to stereotypes of hyper-sexuality has too often meant silence on sexuality or excessive policing of it in popular culture and among scholars.

Ms. Rose, 41, said her second book is not simply a departure from hip-hop but a continuation of her fascination with representations of black women and men. In the same way that "Black Noise" brought together the social criticism, history and aesthetics reflected in the music of the post civil rights generation, "Longing," has a bigger mission than publicizing women's sexual experiences: losing virginity, sexual abuse, love.

"This book began as an attempt to answer a scholarly question: how has the history of race, class and gender inequality in this country affected the way that black women talk about their sexual lives?" Ms. Rose wrote in the foreword.

She herself interviewed the 20 women featured, choosing them from a range of ages, classes and experiences. Using pseudonyms, they discuss how skin-color distinctions among blacks shaped their lives, as well as discrimination and sexual harassment by men of all colors.

The only general conclusion that Ms. Rose draws from the stories is that many of the issues the women discuss, like being considered "exotic," cannot be untangled from the larger context of economic and sexual exploitation of black women and men, sexism and sexual myths.

"The stories we know help us see who we are," Ms. Rose said in her fast, urgent way, her gaze never drifting from behind metal-rimmed glasses. She was sitting over a mug of coffee in a funky, fashionable downtown restaurant. "If we don't take those stories seriously and understand them as part of our social and political formation, then we may be increasingly manipulated in ways we may not want to be."

From her perch, the stories are bleaker than ever. She still listens to a lot of hip-hop, a genre she deeply appreciates despite its warts and contradictions. But straying from the music's roots in alienation, the narratives and videos of today's best-selling commercial hip-hop are more misogynistic and more infected with brutal images of black masculinity, she said. The pimp is a recurring trope, reflecting black needs for power and control of women and white fantasies about black sexuality and violence.

Hollywood is no better. She was particularly appalled and baffled by Queen Latifah's performance this year in "Bringing Down the House," in which she plays a convicted bank robber who utters lines like "Who dat?" and is a vulgar mess overall. Ms. Rose lauded Queen Latifah in "Black Noise" for her independence and talent.

Halle Berry and Denzel Washington won historic Oscars in 2002, but it was no coincidence, Ms. Rose said, that Ms. Berry played "a pathologically dependent dsyfunctional mother who's sexually excessive in many ways" and that Mr. Washington portrayed "a cracked-out renegade cop who's basically a gangster."

Ms. Rose concedes that some lovely representations seep through hip-hop, mentioning, for example, those of the singer and performing poet Jill Scott. Still, she is concerned about those images driven by a legacy of "scholarly, cultural and political representations around black sexual dysfunction, around violence, around deviance," she said. "So when we play those roles, it seems real." Because they feel authentic and familiar, they are reproduced over and over, even when black artists have some creative control, she added.

Ms. Rose said she believed that many rap artists had the talent to take on more positive and nuanced themes but that they feared that those images wouldn't be as popular.

George Lipsitz, one of Ms. Rose's Ph.D. advisers, recently joined the American Studies faculty at Santa Cruz, largely because of his admiration for her. Mr. Lipsitz said he was intrigued by her ambitions to develop a graduate program called Comparative United States Studies and to create "research clusters" of students and faculty members to work on intellectual questions.

"She has an extraordinary ability to mix social criticism, social history and cultural criticism and an advanced study of aesthetics, and to see how they all fit together," Mr. Lipsitz said. "She understood that hip-hop was the most valuable archive of what happened to black youth in the 70's and 80's."

Tricia Rose spent the first years of her life in Harlem, the child of a courageous marriage of a white legal secretary and a black bus driver. (They wed in the 1950's.) Her mother's white skin prompted curiosity, at the very least, and Ms. Rose recalls that she never met another biracial child until eighth grade, when she entered Dalton, the elite Manhattan prep school. There she was different because of class and race, with a two-hour commute each day from Co-op City in the Bronx. But she was also popular.

While her time at Dalton and then as an undergraduate at Yale were intellectually stimulating, Ms. Rose said she was always aware of how complicated it was to be among the few blacks at such places. It helped that her parents made her and her older brother (also a college professor) feel emotionally secure and challenged them to excel and be independent.

For now, Santa Cruz, with its temperate climate and slower pace, allows Ms. Rose and her husband of six years, Andre C. Willis, "to develop more of our inner lives," she said. They live downtown, among more than a few transplanted New Yorkers. Mr. Willis is completing a dissertation on the study of religion at Harvard and teaching at San Jose State University.

Although Ms. Rose's latest work has focused on black women's sexuality, she finds that she is still frequently asked to talk about the music, the artists and the video images of hip-hop. And she takes satisfaction in that. After all, she remembers when some of her professors at Brown warned her that hip-hop was fleeting and certainly not intellectually serious. Now, she said, "it is the lingua franca for talking about race and popular culture."

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

**Correction**

An article in Arts & Ideas on Oct. 22 about Tricia Rose, chairwoman of the department of American studies at the University of California, Santa Cruz, misstated the precedent for Ph.D. dissertations on hip-hop. Ms. Rose's, written in 1993, was not the first. Several earlier ones included that of Cheryl L. Keyes, in 1991; she recently e-mailed The Times to point out the error.

**Correction-Date:** January 2, 2004

**Graphic**

Photos: Tricia Rose by a beach near her home in Santa Cruz, Calif. (Photo by Susan Ragan for The New York Times)(pg. B7); Tricia Rose praises the work of the hip-hop artist Jill Scott, above left, but sees the role played by Halle Berry, above right, foreground, in "Monster's Ball" as perpetuating images of black women as dysfunctional. (Photo by Jeanne Louise Bulliard/Lions Gate Films); (Photo by Getty Images)(pg. B9)

**Load-Date:** October 18, 2003

**End of Document**



[***MUSIC; Going the Way Of the Victrola***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:42B9-RBB0-0109-T0JG-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

February 11, 2001 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2001 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 2; Column 1; Arts and Leisure Desk; Pg. 32

**Length:** 1423 words

**Byline:**  By GREGG WAGER; Gregg Wager is a freelance composer and adjunct professor in music composition at Purchase College.

**Body**

THE home computer revolution may soon chalk up another casualty: the recording studio -- that shrine where many a music legend has been born. The old legends relied on their talent but also on record companies to cover the expense of the studios. In exchange, the labels had a say in the aesthetic direction and distribution of the final product. New talent won't need this help. The personal computer is freeing it from the need of both a recording studio and a record company -- and, maybe, from traditional musicianship altogether.

Of course, saving money is behind this latest trend to mothball the recording studio. In addition to its "state of the art" recording equipment, a good recording studio also requires musicians, engineers, secretaries and janitors, not to mention interior decorators, limousine service and snacks for hungry artists, all of which means additional expense.

Now look at the home computer. Improved music-making technology on the PC goes hand in hand with what could be called the "Blair Witch" phenomenon: using advanced technology to drastically reduce the costs of creative projects, some day maybe even bringing them down to next to nothing. High-tech becomes low-tech. With the right software (some of it free off the Internet), composers of the future won't need a big wad of cash to develop a project. Their home computer, equipped with a built-in CD burner and software for MP3 conversion, sequencing and sampling functions, will still cost less than any decent electric guitar, synthesizer or drum set -- let alone a Stradivarius violin or a Bosendorfer piano.

The same expanding technology that improves the capabilities of the PC also shrinks the size of the old recording hardware. Singers can use tiny microphones made of lightweight plastic. The sound quality will get better and you'll soon be able to buy them wherever batteries or blank cassettes are available. The daunting multitrack tasks that once could only be accomplished in the recording studio are now possible at home using innovative music software. Computerized mixing boards can already do more than the giant, complicated boards still found in most recording studios. The art of sequencing and sampling might well become a substitute for musical instruments, requiring a new sort of virtuosity.

Still in an embryonic stage, the making of music on the PC should eventually produce work rivaling that made by today's recording artists and composers -- even surpassing them. The use of the PC isn't just a hobby anymore. The musical geniuses of tomorrow won't even have to leave their homes.

The new sounds they create may at first imitate the orchestras, jazz ensembles and rock bands of yesteryear, but in time these artists will find forms of expression to please aficionados of the future -- who will, of course, be as fickle as ever in choosing their heroes. Early champions of the home computer have already given us a glimpse at what the future might look like. Composers like Carl Stone have been creating music with little more than sampling equipment for the last 25 years. Until now, the world of electronic music, pioneered by Karlheinz Stockhausen and Morton Subotnick, had the mystique of a complicated technology. By comparison, Mr. Stone and his peers are the new folk musicians, using the new machinery in a simple way and with no illusions about having a vast technological knowledge. John Cage predicted shortly before his death 8 years ago that the newest breed of composer would be a sort of troubadour, making music on the run with portable equipment suitable for anything from carefully plotted composition to fly-by-night improvisation.

Under the category "Electronica" in record stores, one finds veterans like Kraftwerk or Tangerine Dream as well as D.J.'s who have traded turntables for the sampling capabilities of the home computer. The English D.J. Norman Cook, a k a Fatboy Slim, has already had at least one international hit with a recording that, he has said, cost "only the cigarettes and vodka consumed while making it." His success exemplifies the "Blair Witch" phenomenon.

D.J.'s like Paul Oakenfold and Junior Vasquez have similarly transformed the PC from a substitute for a turntable into a musical instrument. They set up computerized equipment when they perform in clubs. Going to a club to watch a D.J. type on a keyboard and move a mouse might not seem as if it's worth the price of admission, but in the hands of a skilled D.J., such computer-generated music can be as exciting as any other kind. In this setting, the computer nerd becomes the computer star.

The club scene in cities like New York is stronger than ever but the virtual clubs springing up in chat rooms on the Internet offer two advantages. They are free and afford participants complete anonymity -- something akin to masquerade parties. Everything is provided except human touch. Some young composers already use these chat rooms to test their musical creations by making their music available to anyone in the room who will listen.

This type of easy production, distribution and even public relations is what should really worry the recording industry. Soon it will have to fight back. A new aesthetic will be born under a crossfire. On one side will be the composers that record company executives say lack commercial appeal. Such composers now have access to technology that will allow them to take bigger artistic risks since the financial risk has become miniscule.

On the other side, the recording industry will wage a losing battle at the distribution level of the music business: suing Napster and developing what is known as watermarking technology, coding that prevents MP3 and other sound files from being duplicated without a password. The industry appears to be in a state of denial about the lock it once had on the production of music. So long as profits remain feasible, the record companies will continue to send out their scouts to recruit new talent. But once the PC musicians flood the market with their homemade product, the old ways of honing recording talent will become too expensive and even outmoded by comparison. Once the recording industry develops the watermarking technology, it may be handing the PC musicians exactly what they need to make a profit, since they can protect their own intellectual property as well as a record company can.

All it will take is having a home musician attain real star power, and today's recording industry may find itself groveling to talent it did not nurture -- and being shunned. The ***working-class*** hero myth that is a central tenet of the pop-music ethos gives an advantage to the PC innovators.

The recent demise of many dot-com businesses is a reminder of how the economy shakes out weak enterprises, leaving the fittest dot-comers to challenge mainstay companies. The fittest of the new PC artists will also survive after a massive, mad scramble, and those that survive will challenge the once indefatigable recording industry.

In light of computer animation like that in George Lucas's groundbreaking film "The Phantom Menace," even Steven Spielberg has prophesied the demise of the film studio as we know it. With the momentum that MTV created in the last 20 years marrying music to the moving image, the new talent may not only make music but also films. Computer animation that creates virtual conductors, lead guitarists, jazz trumpeters and rappers may enhance music with all the charisma and sex appeal of Lara Croft, the acrobatic, gun-slinging protagonist of the Tomb Raider video games.

When Thomas Edison invented the phonograph, he couldn't have forseen that he was setting in motion the entire recording industry of the 20th century, from Enrico Caruso to Eminem. In the past, the expense of the technology always meant that the artist shared control with the investor who foot the bills. Therefore, a businessman's wisdom or hubris dictated the content of music everyone listened to. Artists like Bing Crosby, the Beatles and the Spice Girls became big sellers under such guidance, but the record industry control also extended to classical music, rhythym and blues and other categories geared for loyal but smaller audiences. Remove the investment risk and free the content.

Of course, there will be those who will refuse to appreciate the new technology -- call them the new purists. For them, conservatories to preserve the recording studio might be in order. For the rest of us, there's nothing like an upheaval to liven things up.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: The D.J. Norman Cook, a k a Fatboy Slim, in his London home last year: high-tech becomes low-tech. (Gilles Duley)(pg. 40); The composer Carl Stone performing his "Sawasdee" at Gallery ESC in Graz, Austria, in 1999: a home computer advocate. (Reni Hoffmueller)(pg. 32)

**Load-Date:** February 11, 2001

**End of Document**



[***Bordeaux Family Values***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4K96-1TS0-TW8F-G2H7-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 6, 2005 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2005 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 6; 'T'; Column 1; T: Living Magazine; Pg. 130

**Length:** 1604 words

**Byline:** By FRANK J. PRIAL

**Body**

One day in 1992, Lucien Lurton, then the owner of Ch?teau Brane-Cantenac, a major estate in the village of Margaux, France, called together his 10 children. Over the previous 40 years, Lurton had become one of the largest and wealthiest landowners in Bordeaux, and now, he told his family, he was going to divide his holdings -- 11 wine chateaus and their vineyards -- among them.

A dramatic gesture, yes, but not for the Lurtons. Little known outside the French wine community, they are perhaps Bordeaux's last great dynasty. With some 3,000 acres in the region, they are collectively Bordeaux's largest holder of wine-producing land. They own more than 20 chateaus and manage several of the world's most famous properties. They also claim thousands of acres of vineyards in Latin America and the South of France. Lucien, 79, and his brother Andr?, 81, are the family's patriarchs. The majority of Lucien's estates, now in the hands of his children, are in the M?doc, north of the city of Bordeaux; Andr?'s holdings, about as large, lie mostly south of the city, in the Graves region and in the little-known Entre-Deux-Mers, where the family's ascendancy began.

Lucien, who still lives at Brane-Cantenac, is quiet, religious and conservative. ''History stopped for Lucien in 1789,'' said a neighboring chateau owner. Andr? -- vigorous, assertive, egotistical -- resembles Martin Sheen's Jed Bartlet on the early episodes of ''The West Wing.''

If Lucien represents old France, conservative and discreet, Andr? embodies a different paradigm: outgoing, charming, often despotic. He bounds up stairs, opens doors for others and, most un-French, says, ''Call me Andr?.''

''Andr? defines himself as a peasant,'' Jean-Fran?ois Werner, a journalist, wrote in the wine magazine L'amateur de Bordeaux. ''He loves to count the hours he spent driving a tractor more than he loves to count the chateaus he owns.''

The brothers do not get along -- more exasperation than enmity. It's a subject they love to change. ''We don't see much of one another,'' Lucien told me, smiling. ''We work better that way.'' And then he began to show me his wine-book collection (Andr? collects military vehicles). Mention Lucien to Andr?, and the response is likely to be a grimace and a shrug that says, ''What can you do with him?'' It's a schism that has done wonders for the family's holdings and has poised them for even greater success when Bordeaux rebounds from its present downturn.

The Lurtons' founding father was, in fact, not a Lurton. L?once R?capet was a prosperous distiller and vineyard owner in Branne, a village in the Entre-Deux-Mers, where he was born in 1858. In 1922, R?capet ventured north into the M?doc, Bordeaux's gold coast, where he bought a major share of the legendary Ch?teau Margaux, one of Bordeaux's famous first growths (the best vineyards), as well as Ch?teau Brane-Cantenac. He later traded the Margaux shares for Ch?teau Clos Fourtet in St.-?milion. L?once's daughter Denise married Fran?ois Lurton, whose ancestors had been recruited to the area by the Catholic Church to help offset what was said to be a serious shortage of the faithful in the Bordeaux region. ''They were farmers and skilled workers,'' Denis Lurton, one of Lucien's sons, said of his ancestors. ''And they were hard workers long before they grew grapes and made wine.'' When R?capet died in 1943, he left his properties to Fran?ois Lurton (Denise had died nine years earlier) and their four children: Andr? and Lucien, along with another son, Dominique, and a daughter, Simone. Lucien inherited Brane-Cantenac and Andr? Ch?teau Bonnet, the family seat at Gr?zillac, in the Entre-Deux-Mers. Simone inherited vineyards, and Dominique took the Chateaux Martouret and Reynier, also in the Entre-Deux-Mers.

Lucien and Andr?, working together at first and later separately, began to acquire chateaus at a time when the Bordeaux wine trade was in a deep slump. The Depression years had been catastrophic for the vintners, and the post-World War II years offered little redress. Social and political problems, along with the weather, combined to bring Bordeaux to the brink of ruin. A killer frost in 1956 devastated vineyards throughout the region. Then a succession of miserable vintages in the 1960's drove hundreds of growers and winemakers from the land. Chateaus were shuttered or abandoned, and vineyards were left to rot. ''The experts said Bordeaux might never recover,'' Andr? told me recently, ''but we proved them wrong a hundred times over.''

Thanks to their grandfather's foresight and their own acumen, Lucien and Andr? profited from those lean years. They moved in, as one Bordeaux chronicler wrote in the newspaper Sud Ouest, ''with a little money, large bank loans and a lot of hard work.'' They were risk takers. Lucien bought Ch?teau Durfort-Vivens in 1962, when the M?doc most resembled a wasteland. He bought Ch?teau Climens in Barsac in 1971, just after the market for sweet wines had collapsed. Andr? bought one rundown property after another, mostly in the Graves, which had been virtually forsaken as a wine-producing region. One of them, Ch?teau La Louvi?re, is the gem in his diadem. He picked it up in 1965, when, he told me, ''there was no roof and four inches of water in the hard dirt basement -- it was love at first sight.'' Nine years later, he bought the dilapidated 14th-century Ch?teau de Rochemorin, and he has spent the last 30 years restoring its vineyards. The chateau, now a ruin, still waits for its makeover. First the vineyard, then the history.

When the 1956 frost wiped out the vineyards at Ch?teau Bonnet, Andr?'s original inheritance, he leased fields and, for 10 years, raised corn and alfalfa to recover. ''When I could, I bought land and raised grapes,'' he said. ''In Bordeaux, people use money to grow grapes. I grew grapes to make money.'' In due time, Bonnet's vineyards came back and helped underwrite Andr?'s relentless expansion throughout Bordeaux.

In 2005, Bordeaux is in trouble once again. But it's not the 1960's revisited. The top chateaus -- perhaps I should say the best-marketed chateaus -- are doing extremely well, their wines selling from Moscow to Las Vegas at prices unimaginable 40 years ago. It's the thousands of ***working-class*** growers and winemakers who annually produce millions of gallons of cheap Bordeaux who are in trouble. Wine consumption in France has dropped more than 50 percent since the 60's, while overseas markets, especially the United Kingdom, have been captured by cheaper (and often better) wine from Australia, Spain, Latin America and even the United States.

Twenty years ago, the Lurtons would have been caught up in the present difficulties. Then, they produced large quantities of mostly commercial wine. Now, at every property they own or manage, they work to produce wines that can compete with Bordeaux's best. At chateaus like Brane-Cantenac, La Louvi?re, Rochemorin, Bouscaut and Durfort-Vivens, they already do.

For Lucien, turning over his estates to his children struck him as routine. Inheritance, with its complications, is the ghost at every Bordeaux dinner table. Family battles over even small plots of vines can go on for generations, while, these days, newly rich outsiders, eager to buy their way into the chateau aristocracy, stand ready to snap up old properties whose inheritors cannot agree how to run them.

Which is where the Lurtons stand apart. The brothers long ago agreed not to agree -- and developed two empires separately. ''I had to go my own way,'' Lucien said. ''It's worked out reasonably well.''

Unlike his brother, Andr? has kept his holdings intact. ''Andr? is afraid to die,'' said a chateau owner who insisted on anonymity because he is a competitor. ''He clings to his properties. Giving one away would be to acknowledge that he might actually be running out of time.'' Andr? has seven children: five daughters who are shareholders in his estates, and two sons (also shareholders) who are hardly waiting around for him to pass on. With their father's blessing, Jacques and Fran?ois Lurton have gone global. In 1988 they founded Jacques & Fran?ois Lurton, S.A., to acquire vineyards outside Bordeaux. Today they produce wine in Argentina, Uruguay, Chile, Spain and the South of France.

But perhaps the most visible Lurton is Dominique's son, Pierre. Starting at 24, he spent 11 years running Ch?teau Clos Fourtet, in St.-?milion, for his fractious uncles. In the early 90's, he moved to Ch?teau Cheval Blanc, St.-?milion's most prestigious wine estate, as assistant manager. In 1998, when Bernard Arnault, the billionaire head of LVMH Mo?t Hennessy Louis Vuitton, bought Cheval Blanc with the investor Albert Fr?re, he made Pierre general manager. In 1999, Arnault gained the majority stake in Ch?teau d'Yquem, the famous Sauternes estate, from the Lur Saluces family, which had owned it since 1785. Last year, he installed Pierre as chief executive.

Did Arnault give him specific instructions on running two of the most famous wine properties in the world? ''He said: 'Wine is not my field. Do your best,''' Pierre told me.

Like all Lurtons, Pierre is proud of the family name. When he started at Cheval Blanc, the owners at the time, the Fourcaud-Laussac family, expressed some concern about associating the famous name of Cheval Blanc with the Lurtons, who were -- and in some quarters still are -- considered upstarts. Could he change his name, for business purposes? Perhaps use his mother's name?

''If you wish,'' he told them. ''You understand, of course, that my mother's name is Lafite.''

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Grand cru Lucien Lurton lives at Ch?teau Brane-Cantenac, above

his brother Andr? presides over Ch?teau La Louvi?re,opposite -- two of the more than 20 the Lurtons have acquired. (Photographs by JEREMY MURCH) (pgs. 130, 131)

(pgs. 132, 133)

**Load-Date:** June 29, 2006

**End of Document**



[***Growing Pains Come and Go In Bed-Stuy***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4T30-TV30-TW8F-G1BM-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 27, 2008 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2008 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Column 0; Metropolitan Desk; Pg. 21

**Length:** 1799 words

**Byline:** By MANNY FERNANDEZ

**Body**

Dakota Blair acknowledges that both he and the apartment building where he lives are somewhat out of place.

Mr. Blair, 23, a software engineer from East Texas, pays $1,700 a month for a studio in what he calls the Yuppie Spaceship: a new luxury apartment building on an unluxurious corner in Bedford-Stuyvesant, Brooklyn. After nine months in the neighborhood, which New York magazine labeled the city's ''next hipster enclave,'' Mr. Blair is considering moving out.

He figures that for $1,700, he could be living in Manhattan. There is a subway station down the street from his building at Myrtle and Nostrand Avenues, but it is for the G train, which does not go into Manhattan. Other neighborhoods eagerly anticipate the arrival of new cafes or restaurants, but on Myrtle Avenue, the biggest news is the opening of a Duane Reade pharmacy.

''The only thing keeping me here is my lease,'' Mr. Blair said.

Even for hipsters, life in one of New York City's frontier neighborhoods -- long-troubled places at the fringes of gentrification -- can be anything but smooth, particularly in these uncertain economic times.

New residents like Mr. Blair have grown frustrated waiting for change to come to Bed-Stuy, a north-central Brooklyn neighborhood with high rates of crime and foreclosures, trash-strewn streets and limited night life. And the owners of businesses that have recently opened to cater to this new population wait, in turn, for a surge that has not yet arrived.

Longtime residents concerned about the architectural and cultural fate of Bed-Stuy, the largest predominantly black neighborhood in New York City, relish the slow speed of change. But they still worry about rising rents and have become weary of living and working next to buildings that are new, sleek and, in their eyes, ugly.

Myrtle Avenue, which cuts across the northern edge of the neighborhood, is at a crossroads of the gentrified and the ungentrified. Down the street from where a shoeless man lay on a piece of cardboard on the sidewalk one recent afternoon, a two-bedroom condo was for sale at 609 Myrtle Avenue for $675,000. On one side of Myrtle Avenue are the Marcy Houses, one of Brooklyn's biggest public housing projects and the former home of the rapper Jay-Z, where the average monthly rent, subsidized by the federal government, is $334. Across the street is the luxury building where Mr. Blair lives, the Mynt, at 756 Myrtle Avenue.

Along the avenue, there are building and roofing supply stores, auto shops and the twin red-brick smokestacks of the Cascade linen and uniform plant. There is a liquor store that advertises a ''Birthday Special'' -- 5 percent off spirits and 10 percent off wines on a customer's birthday. Into this mix came FreshDirect, the online grocery delivery service, which officially started delivering in April in Bed-Stuy.

There used to be a 12-foot-wide, blue-colored mural at Myrtle and Nostrand Avenues, diagonal from the Mynt. The painting listed the names of neighborhood murder victims inside the chalk outline of a body, an inevitable memorial in a police precinct where homicide was once a weekly occurrence.

Mr. Blair took a picture of the mural in January, but the snapshot is already an antique: Someone covered it up with a thin layer of concrete, and now only one side of it remains, a tribute to lives cut short -- Hollywood, Danny Dan, Rocky -- itself cut short. It reads ''Rest in.''

The half-covered mural is an apt symbol of Bed-Stuy today: a changing neighborhood not quite changed, transforming not in broad strokes but in half-steps.

The average sales price of residential property and the number of sales in Bed-Stuy, Bushwick and other nearby neighborhoods have dropped sharply, according to a recent report released by the brokerage firm Prudential Douglas Elliman. The report found that from April 1 to June 30, the average sales price in the area was $500,925, down from $539,187 in the same period a year ago. The situation was different in the Greenpoint and Williamsburg area, where the average sales price was $663,946, a 13 percent increase from the same period last year.

There have been other signs of stalled growth.

Bed-Stuy had the second-highest number of foreclosure filings in Brooklyn last year and the fourth-highest of any neighborhood in the city, according to an analysis by the Furman Center for Real Estate and Urban Policy at New York University. Building permits have also dropped. In the first two quarters of this year, 50 permits for new residential buildings were issued by the city's Department of Buildings in Community District 3, which includes Bed-Stuy. In the first two quarters of 2005, 93 such permits were issued.

Jonathan J. Miller, the president and chief executive of Miller Samuel Inc., a real estate appraisal company that prepared the Prudential Douglas Elliman report, said the impact of the credit crunch -- tighter lending standards imposed by banks that have made it hard for many people to secure credit -- is felt more severely in ''emerging markets'' like Bed-Stuy.

''The pace has slowed considerably,'' Mr. Miller said.

Cafe Naico, which opened at 705 Myrtle Avenue in 2006 offering lattes, smoothies and free Wi-Fi, tried staying open late for dinner for a few months, but then scaled back its evening hours. ''It wasn't feasible to keep the kitchen open later hours,'' said the owner, Ocian Dailly, 33. ''There wasn't enough business.''

Petra Symister, 36, a psychology professor at Kingsborough Community College in Brooklyn, is a regular patron of the cafe, one of the few establishments within walking distance of her condo where customers do not order from behind bulletproof glass.

Ms. Symister moved to Bed-Stuy nearly three years ago from Chelsea in Manhattan, buying a condo on Myrtle Avenue for less than $400,000. One recent Friday night, about two blocks from her home, a teenager was shot and killed. The next day, her pleasant afternoon at home was briefly interrupted when two detectives from the 79th Precinct asked her if she had heard anything unusual the morning of July 12, when there was a burglary downstairs.

''It's happening in fits and starts, kind of a jerky progression,'' Ms. Symister said of the neighborhood's rebirth. ''But it is happening.''

Indeed, a number of empty lots have been developed for the first time in decades, and there is far less crime than in years past. Private developers, community development corporations like the Bedford Stuyvesant Restoration Corporation and the city's housing agency are planning new co-op, rental and condo units, including several projects that allow developers to build at greater than usual density in exchange for setting aside units for low- or middle-income tenants.

But evidence of a slowdown can be seen. The Mynt was originally planned as condominiums, but the developer converted it to rentals, a move other developers in Bed-Stuy have made or are considering.

''There's not a long tradition for condo development in Bed-Stuy,'' said Wendell Walters, an assistant commissioner at the housing agency, the Department of Housing Preservation and Development. ''We're trying to make them happen, but the financing has proven to be a little challenging.''

Bed-Stuy's growing pains have become a public affair. A group of bloggers, mostly newcomers to the neighborhood, draw attention to the best real estate picks and block parties, but also document the setbacks and victories on the path to revitalization.

On Ms. Symister's blog, www.bedstuyblog.com, she has written about the abrupt closing of a corner gas station and the opening of the Duane Reade. A run-in Mr. Blair had in December with two men on Myrtle Avenue turned into a sizable post on his blog, www.antbed.com. He got the nickname he uses for his building, Yuppie Spaceship, from another neighborhood blog, bedstuybanana.blogspot.com.

The Mynt's Web site describes the building as being in the ''Clinton Hill/Bedford-Stuyvesant area.'' The boundaries of Bed-Stuy in the Encyclopedia of New York City place the building well inside Bed-Stuy and blocks outside Clinton Hill. Zipcar, the popular car-sharing company, has several cars in the northern end of Bed-Stuy, but it refers to the area on its Web site not as Bed-Stuy but as Williamsburg.

This reshaping of Bed-Stuy's boundaries, character and affordability to poor and middle-income families has concerned residents and community leaders of this predominantly black neighborhood. On Myrtle Avenue, several men and women in the Marcy Houses and the surrounding area worried that buildings like the Mynt, where a one-bedroom rental can cost $1,900 a month, were the future of Bed-Stuy.

''Most of us can't afford that,'' said Ronald Alston, 63, a semiretired painter who lives on Vernon Avenue.

Matthew Warner, 25, a law student at New York University, has lived in a one-bedroom apartment in a brownstone at the southern end of Bed-Stuy for a little more than a year. He plans to move in a few months to the East Village in Manhattan. ''We just wish there was more variety nearby, for places to go out,'' he said. ''You just wish you could go out and have different types of bars and night life nearby.''

Mr. Warner and Mr. Blair are white, and they said that their decisions to leave or consider leaving had nothing to do with living in a largely black neighborhood. But they and other recent arrivals described being the targets of hostile racial remarks, isolated incidents that they said detracted from the positive reaction they received from others in the neighborhood.

Henry L. Butler, 41, a longtime Bed-Stuy resident and the chairman of Community Board 3, said the race of the newcomers was not the issue. ''It's about income,'' said Mr. Butler, who wants to see more housing that is affordable to ***working-class*** tenants. ''I'm not looking to Harlemize Bedford-Stuyvesant. My emphasis is on the working people.''

Roy Vanasco, 82, calls his home-appliance store on Myrtle Avenue, quite accurately, the ''house of a million parts.'' Lined with stove burners, newspaper clippings and signed photographs of the actor Harry Guardino, there is nothing modern about All Appliance Refrigerator, which he opened at 610 Myrtle Avenue in 1953. The shop is hard to miss: It is the one with the flag-draped washing machine out front.

Across the street -- Mr. Vanasco remembers when the street had elevated train tracks -- is the new condo building at 609 Myrtle Avenue. ''It doesn't have the mood of the community,'' he said of the building. ''It's just sad that money can change a neighborhood, can destroy a neighborhood.''

He said he was offered $1.5 million for his three-story building and the narrow lot next door. He said he had turned it down, for now.

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

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: A new condo building at 609 Myrtle Avenue, right, is evidence of change in Bedford-Stuyvesant, Brooklyn. (PHOTOGRAPH BY RUBY WASHINGTON/THE NEW YORK TIMES)

PETRA SYMISTER: Owner of a Myrtle Avenue condo, on the neioghborhood's rebirth. (PHOTOGRAPH BY PIOTR REDLINSKI FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES)

ROY VANASCO: Owner of All Appliance Refrigerator on Myrtle Avenue, where developers have sought to buy him out. (PHOTOGRAPH BY RUBY WASHINGTON/THE NEW YORK TIMES) (pg.A21)

Dakota Blair, 23, pays $1,700 for a studio at the Mynt, which sits across Myrtle Avenue from the Marcy Houses project. (PHOTOGRAPH BY RUBY WASHINGTON) (pg.A22) MAP: Gentrification has made for unlikely neighbors in Bed-Stuy. (pg.A22)

**Load-Date:** July 27, 2008

**End of Document**



[***IMMIGRANT STUDY FINDS MANY BELOW NEW INCOME LIMIT***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-8T10-000P-N49P-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 16, 1997, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1997 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk

**Section:** Section 1; ; Section 1; Page 1; Column 6; Metropolitan Desk ; Column 6;

**Length:** 1310 words

**Byline:** By CELIA W. DUGGER

By CELIA W. DUGGER

**Body**

A new Federal analysis has found that an immigration law adopted last fall will make it much more difficult for poor and ***working-class*** immigrants to bring family members to the United States legally, especially Mexicans and Salvadorans, whose incomes are generally lower than those of other immigrant groups.

The law will require those seeking to bring relatives here to meet income requirements and to make legally enforceable promises to support the newcomers.

Congressional sponsors of the legislation say their intent was not to impose unfair burdens on immigrant families but simply to prevent them from becoming dependent on public aid.

But advocates for immigrants say these restrictions were a backdoor way to slash legal immigration in a year when Republicans in Congress failed to reduce immigration levels directly. They say it will needlessly divide hard-working husbands and wives from each other and their children.

The law, which is to go into effect later this year after regulations are finalized, requires those sponsoring family members for admission to the United States to make at least 125 percent of the poverty level, or $19,500 for a family of four.

Under the old law, there was no income test for sponsors, just a requirement that incoming immigrants show they would not need public aid. In deciding whether to issue visas, consular officers at United States embassies overseas could consider whether prospective immigrants had jobs waiting, marketable skills, enough savings to support themselves or a sponsor.

Preliminary research, sponsored by the United States Immigration and Naturalization Service and based on a random survey of 2,160 statements signed by sponsors of family immigrants in 1994, found that about 3 in 10 of those sponsors had incomes below the new standard.

Another study conducted last year by the Urban Institute, a nonprofit research group in Washington, reached similar conclusions. Its examination of 1993 Census Bureau income data found that 40 percent of immigrant families in the United States and 26 percent of Americans born in the United States would not make enough to sponsor an immigrant under the new standard.

Federal immigration officials refused to discuss their new research, which had not yet been released, or to say whether the preliminary findings had changed.

But several people familiar with the research -- three who opposed the new law and two who favored it -- described the findings on condition that their names not be used.

Based on the survey of statements signed by sponsors, immigration officials estimated that roughly half of the Mexicans and Salvadorans, one-third of the Dominicans and Koreans, one-fourth of the Chinese and Jamaicans and one-fifth of the Filipinos, Indians and Vietnamese would not have met the new income requirements.

One opponent of the new laws who spoke on condition of anonymity said the study showed that half of the legal permanent residents and about 3 in 10 of the citizens who sponsored their wives in 1994 would not have met the income standard.

The cases surveyed included both immigrants seeking to join their families here and those already in the United States, who may have entered on student visas or illegally, trying to become legal permanent residents.

In 1994, 461,725 immigrants came to the United States to join their families here, according to Federal statistics. Demographers with the New York City Planning Department estimate that about 1 in 6 of those immigrants came to the city.

But the new research comes with these cautions: the income reported on each statement was not verified, and the size of the families and the incomes they would need to meet the new standard were difficult to determine in a substantial portion of the cases.

Representative Lamar Smith, a Texas Republican who is chairman of the House Immigration Subcommittee and a sponsor of the law, said in a statement on Friday that he had been advised that the methodology of the immigration service's research was "fatally flawed."

New studies of the impact of last year's immigration law are being scrutinized because the issue of immigration is so politically charged and because legal changes so often have unanticipated consequences.

Complicating this debate is the disagreement among experts about just how much legal immigrants rely on public assistance. The Urban Institute says that 94 percent of immigrants do not receive welfare. George J. Borjas, a professor of public policy at the John F. Kennedy School of Government at Harvard University, using a broader definition of welfare benefits, says that 21 percent of all immigrant households receive some type of public assistance, compared with 14 percent of native households.

Even with the data on the income requirements, it is difficult to predict exactly what impact the new law will have on immigration levels. For one thing, people who cannot immigrate legally may come anyway.

"The perverse effect of the law will be to encourage illegal immigration," said Cecilia Munoz, a deputy vice president of the National Council of La Raza, a nonprofit Hispanic civil rights organization. "The ties between families are probably stronger than our laws."

All immigrants seeking to join their families will need a sponsor when the law takes effect; the old law did not require a sponsor for those who convinced officials that they could support themselves. About one-quarter of the immigrants who joined their families in 1994 had no sponsor, according to the new research, and it is not possible to determine how they would have fared under the new law.

In addition, under the new law, sponsors who do not meet the new income standards will be allowed to recruit a friend or other relative who does earn enough to sign a statement in their stead, promising to support the new immigrant if necessary.

That may enable more people to bring in relatives, although another provision of the law is already discouraging some close family members, not to mention friends, from signing such legally binding statements, immigration lawyers say.

In the past, such promises have generally been found unenforceable in the courts, but the new law specifically empowers Federal, state and local governments to sue sponsors of immigrants who wind up on public assistance. It also allows immigrants to sue their sponsors for support. The sponsor is responsible until the immigrant becomes a citizen or has been working and paying taxes for 10 years.

Ana C. Zigal, an immigration lawyer in Baltimore, said she represents a young college student married to an illegal Mexican immigrant who installs air-conditioners for a living. The student, who works as a sales clerk in a department store, does not make enough to sponsor her husband, and her father is "very scared" about signing a statement promising to support his son-in-law if necessary, Ms. Zigal said.

"What if that kid has a car accident that leaves him a paraplegic?" Ms. Zigal said. "The father is weighing his daughter's happiness against these future unknowns."

The new requirements continue to stir debate about the purpose of immigration to the United States. Groups that favor more restrictive policies, like the Federation for American Immigration Reform, contend the law will help keep out those who cannot support themselves.

"We don't need to import a poverty class into this country," John L. Martin, special projects director at the federation, said.

But advocates for immigrants say the new law runs counter to America's commitment to encouraging immigrants to reconstruct their close families here.

"The new law will mean that literally thousands of U.S. citizens and lawful permanent residents won't be able to reunite with their spouses, children and other family members," said Jeanne A. Butterfield, executive director of the American Immigration Lawyers Association.

**Graphic**

Graph shows percentage of families who would not have earned enough to sponsor an immigrant, based on 1993 income data provided by the Census Bureau. (Source: The Urban Institute)

**Load-Date:** March 16, 1997

**End of Document**



[***In Equal Footing of a Debate, Ferrer Gets Feisty***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4HFR-FT50-TW8F-G394-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 31, 2005 Monday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2005 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Column 2; Metropolitan Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1609 words

**Byline:** By JIM RUTENBERG

**Body**

Fernando Ferrer tore into Mayor Michael R. Bloomberg during their first debate yesterday, saying he had failed to address the dual crises of unaffordable housing and high dropout rates among high school students. But Mr. Bloomberg argued that his record on public safety, the economy and education had earned him a second term.

In the first of two hourlong televised encounters, the candidates offered starkly different visions of the city: one believes it is moving in the right direction for all New Yorkers and the other believes that for all its prosperity, it is leaving too many behind.

The spirited, often testy encounter was dominated by efforts by Mr. Ferrer, the Democratic nominee, to score direct hits against Mr. Bloomberg, a Republican, while standing side by side with the incumbent for the first time in a campaign in which the mayor enjoys a huge advantage in spending and in the polls.

Mr. Ferrer was feisty and at times passionate, and hardly let a speaking opportunity pass without criticizing Mr. Bloomberg over his ties to the national Republican Party, his huge campaign spending or his priorities, which Mr. Ferrer said favored the rich over the poor.

The challenger used his first chance to speak to say: ''Here's something you won't hear on a Mike Bloomberg ad: You have a 50 percent dropout rate. There's another thing you won't hear in a Mike Bloomberg ad. One out of five New Yorkers today lives in poverty.'' Summing up his debate argument later, he said: ''Mike Bloomberg thinks everything's going just great in this town, and for some it is, but for millions of others it isn't. There are two New Yorks.''

Mr. Bloomberg was often matter-of-fact and at times declined to engage -- especially when it came to his national party's position on guns. He stuck close to a nearly clinical recitation of his record and plans for the future, arguing that he had made tough, politically unpopular choices that ultimately steered the city's resurgence after the devastation of the Sept. 11 attack.

''I've always tried to do what is right for the city, and I am proud of what we have accomplished,'' Mr. Bloomberg said in his closing remarks. ''We've brought crime down. We've improved test scores. We've made life expectancy in this city longer than the country as a whole. We've reduced death by fire and pedestrian deaths.'' He went on to say: ''Is there more to do? Absolutely.''

With hardly enough money to advertise in a campaign in which it has been outspent 17 to 1, the Ferrer camp viewed the debate as a rare chance to press its case against Mr. Bloomberg more effectively than it has been able to in television commercials.

Political observers gave Mr. Ferrer some points for landing punches, but it was far from certain that he had done enough to make much change in his standing. ''Did he score any knockout blows? No,'' said Maurice Carroll, director of the Quinnipiac University Polling Institute. ''Did he show that he belonged in the race? Sure.''

Mr. Ferrer will have another chance tomorrow night in the second debate, at 7 on WNBC-TV, Channel 4.

From the start it was clear that he was looking for a fight, and that Mr. Bloomberg was largely trying to avoid one -- or, at least, to engage only when he thought it tactically beneficial.

Mr. Bloomberg stuck tight to his lectern and spent most of the debate looking dead ahead or at his panel of questioners in the studios of WABC-TV, Channel 7. Mr. Ferrer, who is often criticized for being flat when campaigning, was anything but. He frequently seemed to be trying to rattle the mayor by standing to the side of his lectern and staring directly at him as Mr. Bloomberg spoke, sometimes even stepping toward him or wagging his finger as he made a point.

Mr. Ferrer seemed more rehearsed and frequently used what appeared to be planned zingers, although at times their delivery was stilted. On several occasions he derided Mr. Bloomberg's ''globe-trotting'' lobbying for the Olympics and his ''sweetheart deal'' to bring a stadium for the Olympics and the Jets to the West Side. For instance, in reference to stalled efforts to rebuild downtown, he said, ''For four years we've chased Olympic dreams and sweetheart deals for West Side stadiums; now it's time to rebuild that economic engine for all of New York.''

Mr. Bloomberg defended both projects. The Olympics would have created more than 100,000 jobs, he said, adding: ''It is a big economic thing. That's why every city wants the Olympics, and it is a shame we didn't get it.'' The stadium, he said, ''would have been great for this city.''

Mr. Ferrer twice faulted the mayor for what he portrayed as excessive emphasis on improving test scores in grades three through seven, saying at one point, ''I'm not running to be the mayor of fourth-grade reading tests, I'm running to be the mayor of all of them.''

Mr. Ferrer argued that the city's focus on elementary-school tests ignored the larger problem of high dropout rates among older students. ''You won't see 50 percent of our kids entering high school and dropping out,'' he said, ''without a diploma, without a job, without a future.''

That opened the door to one of the testier exchanges. ''Freddy, you have a right to your opinions but not your own facts here,'' Mr. Bloomberg responded before noting that the city's on-time graduation rate rose to 54.3 percent from 50.8 percent during his tenure and that many of those who do not graduate on time do graduate later.

When Mr. Ferrer snapped that he was quoting figures from Mr. Bloomberg's schools chancellor, Mr. Bloomberg ended the exchange by dismissively saying, ''O.K.''

Mr. Bloomberg also tried to tie Mr. Ferrer to the school system's past failings, noting that as Bronx borough president, he always had an appointee on the Board of Education. Mr. Ferrer replied that one of them, Ninfa Segarra, was now working on Mr. Bloomberg's campaign. When Mr. Bloomberg said, ''She doesn't run my educational policy,'' Mr. Ferrer shot back, ''Thank goodness!'' Mr. Ferrer and Ms. Segarra had a public falling out in 1992 when she said teachers presenting lessons on AIDS should place more emphasis on abstinence than other forms of prevention.

Mr. Bloomberg started the most heated exchange of the debate when he used a question about a jump in the number of shootings to note that Mr. Ferrer had been ''out campaigning with Howard Dean, who was eight times endorsed by the N.R.A.''

Asked if he wanted to respond, Mr. Ferrer, with an exaggerated laugh and speaking somewhat haltingly at first, launched into Mr. Bloomberg for his financial support of Republicans who supported a measure that shields firearms manufacturers from liability lawsuits.

Mr. Ferrer pivoted to the side, leaned toward his opponent and wagged his finger as he spoke. ''Let's talk about Mike Bloomberg's support of the party and the president whose policies have hurt this city,'' Mr. Ferrer said, prompting Mr. Bloomberg to cut in, ''Not on this policy, I didn't.''

As the exchange went on Mr. Ferrer snapped, ''You gave them money -- excuse me a second -- you gave them money, Mike. And you can't have it both ways. You can't disclaim responsibility for the policies you politically and financially support.''

It was not the first time Mr. Ferrer had tried to tie Mr. Bloomberg to his national party -- which is decidedly unpopular in this overwhelmingly Democratic city -- by alluding to the mayor's previous support of President Bush's case for war and at another point asking him pointedly if he was proud of Mr. Bush. (Mr. Bloomberg responded, ''I agree with him on some things, I disagree with him on others.'')

It was also not the first time Mr. Ferrer had tried to make an issue of Mr. Bloomberg's checkbook, saying his campaign spending was distorting the election-year dialogue.

At various points in the debate Mr. Ferrer implied that Mr. Bloomberg's wealth kept him from understanding the plight of the average New Yorker, who he said was besieged by ''ticket blitzes,'' increasing property taxes and increased fees.

''Those fees, those fines, those penalties are doing little to help middle-class and ***working-class*** people to be able to live in their own neighborhoods,'' Mr. Ferrer said.

Mr. Ferrer used the debate to repeat his promise to cut property taxes by $973 and to criticize Mr. Bloomberg for going back on his promise in 2001 not to raise taxes.

Mr. Bloomberg countered that Mr. Ferrer was proposing ''$12 billion in extra spending and $6 billion in tax increases already and he isn't even elected,'' to which Mr. Ferrer loudly cackled.

The mayor charged that Mr. Ferrer's proposal to reinstate a stock-transfer tax to pay for school construction would ''drive thousands of jobs out of the city.''

Even though the city faces a $4 billion deficit next year, Mr. Bloomberg said he believed the economy's continued expansion would allow the city to ''get through that year without any tax increases or fee increases.''

He acknowledged that he had not wanted to raise taxes but said they were crucial in helping the city survive one of its worst fiscal crises without debilitating service cuts. He also noted he had introduced $400 property tax rebates and fought successfully for the elimination of the sales tax on clothing priced under $110.

Mr. Ferrer said that he would maintain mayoral control of schools; immediately reopen four firehouses Mr. Bloomberg closed during the fiscal crisis; and halt plans to build a Nets arena and several residential buildings in Downtown Brooklyn, a stand his campaign hopes will be popular in a politically important part of that borough.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Fernando Ferrer arriving with, from left, a spokeswoman, Jen Bluestein

Representative Anthony D. Weiner

and Assemblyman Jose Rivera.

After the debate, Mayor Michael R. Bloomberg was greeted by a crowd of supporters yesterday outside the WABC-TV studios. (Photographs by James Estrin/The New York Times)(pg. B4)

Mayor Michael R. Bloomberg and Fernando Ferrer after their debate. (Photo by James Estrin/The New York Times)(pg. A1)

**Load-Date:** October 31, 2005

**End of Document**



[***A Homecoming At Fannie Mae;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SPV-RS70-007F-G2W2-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Franklin Raines Takes Charge Of a Most Political Company***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SPV-RS70-007F-G2W2-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 17, 1998, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1998 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Money and Business/Financial Desk

**Section:** Section 3; ; Section 3; Page 1; Column 1; Money and Business/Financial Desk ; Column 1; ; Biography

**Length:** 2677 words

**Byline:** Franklin D. Raines

By RICHARD W. STEVENSON

By RICHARD W. STEVENSON

**Dateline:** WASHINGTON

**Body**

AS a child in Seattle in the 50's and 60's, Franklin D. Raines saw his father build the family a house with his own hands.

"Five years it took him," Mr. Raines said of his father, Delno, who worked most of his adult life as a janitor. "He dug the foundation by hand. He built the frame. He bought a house that the state was going to tear down for a highway and he pulled it apart for the materials. He could only build as he and my mother earned money. It was an incredible process he went through."

To have such an emotional connection to a home may serve Mr. Raines well as he leaves his post this week as White House budget chief to take over Fannie Mae, the curious and huge Washington corporation whose Government-mandated mission is to encourage homeownership, especially among low- and moderate-income working people.

But Mr. Raines, 49, will need more than misty memories to succeed in the company's top jobs, which he will formally assume at the end of this year after a transition period in which he will be chairman and chief executive-designate under the outgoing chairman, James A. Johnson.

Although it doesn't make mortgage loans, Fannie Mae is the dominant force in the nation's housing finance industry, helping to keep mortgage rates low by serving as a bridge between lenders on Main Street and the vast pools of capital available on Wall Street. By buying mortgages up to a certain level -- currently $227,150 -- from lenders and holding them as an investment or selling them in the huge secondary market, it has not only helped make more mortgage financing available, but has also built a steadily profitable business for its shareholders and enriched its top executives.

Because much of its success can be tied to financial advantages stemming from its roots as a Government agency, Fannie Mae has a huge interest in holding off political attacks on its franchise. Indeed, the company plays hardball politics with tremendous sophistication to defend its interests. Mr. Raines will have no choice but to continue the practice as the company comes under continued intense scrutiny in Congress, where there are periodic attempts by free-market conservatives to strip it of the advantages it holds over more traditional financial institutions.

He will also have to find ways to keep the mortgage business, and Fannie Mae's earnings, growing at a time when middle-class homeownership rates may be peaking and further expansion of the housing market will have to come from groups -- black and Hispanic families, immigrants and single people -- that traditionally have been far less likely to buy houses. And he will need to lure them into homes without loosening credit standards in a way that endangers investors' regard for Fannie Mae.

But in taking over the company, Mr. Raines will be confronting some personal challenges, too. As the first black chief executive of one of the nation's 100 largest corporations -- Fannie Mae ranks 33d on the Fortune 500 in revenue and first in asset size -- he will, more than ever, assume the status of pioneer and role model, with all the pressure, responsibility and opportunity that goes with it.

Indeed, he is at the leading edge of a wave of black executives who have fast been rising toward top corporate jobs, many of them in finance. These peers include Kenneth I. Chenault, the heir apparent to Harvey Golub as chief executive at American Express; Thomas W. Jones, a vice chairman at Travelers Group who is expected to emerge with a key role after the company's planned merger with Citicorp, and Richard D. Nanula, formerly the chief financial officer at the Walt Disney Company, who was recently named president and chief executive of Starwood Hotels and Resorts.

"It's part of my job to insure that the path I've been able to follow can be followed by other black kids," Mr. Raines said. "There are a lot of shoulders I get to stand on. I need to provide a hand and shoulders for others to follow."

At the same time, Mr. Raines will be making a leap from supporting player onto center stage, where his company's successes and failures will be seen as his own and where the exercise of power becomes much trickier than amid the Byzantine passages of White House staff work.

Polished, poised and articulate, he is also cautious and reserved. While a respected voice in internal White House debates and a frequent spokesman for the Administration on the Sunday news programs, he often seemed most comfortable working in the background, helping to forge consensus and execute policy. He has yet to show the flair that Mr. Johnson has deployed in selling Fannie Mae's agenda to its diverse constituencies through sound-bite-friendly initiatives like his commitment to back $1 trillion of mortgages to low- and middle-income borrowers by the end of this decade.

"I don't claim to have any big ideas going in the door," Mr. Raines said. "There will be a need to innovate, but the goal will be the same -- steady, double-digit earnings growth along with steady progress in meeting the company's public mission."

Still, in almost every other way, Mr. Raines comes so well prepared for the job that his selection, announced last month, seemed all but inevitable.

As director of the White House's Office of Management and Budget, he was often the point man for the Administration in political and policy battles with the Republican leadership in Congress, including the successful negotiations last year on a plan to balance the Federal budget. In short, Mr. Raines knows how Washington works as well as anyone.

He proved himself a sufficiently skilled operator to be considered for the job of White House chief of staff last year, but took himself out of the running because of the demands the job would have put on his wife, Wendy, and their three young daughters. Before announcing last month that he would leave for Fannie Mae, he was widely seen as the leading candidate to become the next Treasury Secretary if Robert E. Rubin were to leave before the end of President Clinton's second term.

Having served as Fannie Mae's vice chairman for five years before joining the Administration in 1996, Mr. Raines knows Fannie Mae and its business and is highly regarded by Mr. Johnson and the rest of the company's management team for his mastery of the most arcane details of its operations and technology. And, in financial circles, he is well known for his dozen years on Wall Street, starting in 1979. During that time, he helped Felix G. Rohatyn build a substantial business for Lazard Freres & Company in providing financial advice to cities and states in fiscal trouble.

Charles A. Gabriel Jr., an analyst in Washington for Prudential Securities who has watched Mr. Raines at work both in the business and political worlds, said: "It would be easy to dismiss him as a politically gifted, politically correct individual. But he is much more than that. He is perfect for Fannie Mae."

BUT there is no minimizing his political skill. When Mr. Raines is introduced during public appearances as a graduate of Harvard College and Harvard Law School, he sometimes tells the audience that he is also a graduate of A.F.D.C. -- Aid to Families With Dependent Children, better known as welfare.

"I grew up in a ***working-class*** family, an intact family," Mr. Raines said in an interview. "My parents raised seven of us, six boys and a girl, one a cousin who grew up with us after his mother died. We had all the problems ***working-class*** families have."

For example, he said, "if somebody loses a job, things are fundamentally different" -- just how different he found out as a young boy. His father, who had been working at the Boeing Company, fell ill and was hospitalized for an extended period, unable to support the family. For two years the Raineses were on welfare.

When Delno Raines recovered, he took whatever jobs he could get. Mr. Raines remembers being 9 or 10 years old and accompanying his father to work late one summer, picking beans in the fields outside Seattle.

"You'd get picked up at 2 o'clock in the morning down on Skid Row," Mr. Raines said. "You'd start picking when the sun came up, and you'd finish at 4. A grown man could earn $10 a day. A kid could earn $5, plus all the beans you could bring home."

His father eventually went back to work full time as a custodian for the city of Seattle, and his mother, Ida, worked for years as a cleaning woman at Boeing. Mr. Raines distinguished himself at the city's Franklin High School, where he was student body president, captain of the football team and state debate champion, and then went off to Harvard and a Rhodes Scholarship at Oxford University.

But his childhood brush with life on the financial brink continues to resonate in both his politics and his personality. Within the Administration Mr. Raines has been a strong voice for maintaining a social safety net for working families, most recently staking out a position against any wholesale privatization of Social Security. He also found himself motivated to build financial security for himself and his family -- something that his multimillion-dollar annual paychecks from his first stint at Fannie Mae helped him achieve. His new job could pay him as much as $7 million a year, versus the $151,500 he has earned at the White House.

"It made me quite sensitive to issues of personal and financial security," Mr. Raines said of his upbringing. "That probably made me very conservative in my own financial dealings and also made me worry a lot about people and the ordinary vicissitudes of life and how things can be great and then all of a sudden you're out in the street."

Mr. Raines received his introduction to national politics in 1969, at age 20, when he worked in the Nixon White House. Along with two other interns, he prepared a report for the President on the causes and patterns of youth unrest around the country as anger grew about the Vietnam War. In September of that year, Mr. Raines met with Mr. Nixon and his entire Cabinet to deliver a carefully documented -- if coolly received -- analysis of what was happening on the nation's campuses.

"It was really a very significant thing, a 20-year-old standing before the President of the United States and telling him things he didn't want to hear," said Stephen Hess, who was Mr. Raines's boss in the White House and is now a fellow at the Brookings Institution. "He had shown how meticulous he was as a scholar and how cool he was. It was always in my mind that Frank would become the first black President of the United States."

SO far, though, Mr. Raines has been drawn not to elective office, but rather to jobs at the intersection of business, economic policy and politics -- positions that have played to his strength in quietly building relationships.

Fannie Mae, formerly the Federal National Mortgage Association, was established by Mr. Raines's namesake, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, as a New Deal agency with the job of maintaining an adequate supply of mortgage financing. During the 1960's it was transformed into a shareholder-owned corporation. That began a period of rapid growth in which Fannie Mae played a dominant role in the development of the secondary mortgage market, which allows mortgages to be traded like securities.

In recent years, under Mr. Johnson, a prominent Democrat who ran Walter F. Mondale's 1984 Presidential campaign, Fannie Mae has established itself as perhaps the most politically astute of big corporations. By hiring some of the best lobbyists in town, spreading campaign contributions around and relentlessly selling members of Congress on what Fannie Mae is doing to help homebuyers in their states and districts, it has consolidated and exploited the advantages granted to it by Washington. At the same time, it has shaken up the housing finance industry by attacking a wide variety of impediments to homeownership, from discrimination to high closing costs.

The company has repeatedly neutralized efforts to re-examine or scale back the benefits of its Government-chartered status, including its exemption from state and local income taxes and the widely held assumption -- nowhere written down -- that the Government would bail out Fannie Mae if it ever got into financial trouble.

But the challenges to its interests continue to come fast and furious. Right now, the company is battling a proposal that would increase the size of the mortgages that could be insured by the Federal Housing Administration, so-called F.H.A. loans.

If approved by Congress, the change would move the Goverment more directly into the moderate-income market that is the heart of Fannie Mae's business. It would also raise further questions about why the Federal Government needs to have any special relationship with Fannie Mae or Freddie Mac, the Federal Home Loan Mortgage Corporation, its Washington-chartered competitor.

Like Mr. Johnson, Mr. Raines no doubt understands full well the power of well-placed campaign contributions. (Fannie Mae gave a total of $378,873 to candidates for Federal office and national party groups in the run-up to the November 1996 elections, according to the Center for Responsive Politics. In the current election cycle, its gifts so far total $281,578.) Fannie Mae has mastered the art of grabbing Congress's attention by running special housing programs in the districts of key lawmakers -- and, further, so linking itself to the cause of homeownership that opposing the company seems almost un-American.

"Fannie Mae was created because of the national policy to favor homeownership and housing in the allocation of scarce capital," Mr. Raines said. "You'll always have people arguing that you shouldn't favor any use of capital. If the public policy changes, then there will be an incentive to change Fannie Mae's charter. But until it changes, even the brightest person is going to have trouble showing how to favor homeownership without an institution like Fannie Mae and without costing the Government anything."

Fannie Mae's ability to increase its profits from investing in and trading mortgages depends on growth in mortgage lending -- and, by implication, in homeownership.

Yet while home sales set records each of the last two years, the most robust parts of the market are reaching the saturation point. Among white people, the homeownership rate is 72 percent and unlikely to go much higher. If there is going to be significant growth in coming years, it will have to come from black people, who have a homeownership rate of 44 percent, or Hispanic people, whose rate is 42 percent.

SO Fannie Mae has concentrated on what it can do to make it easier for those groups and others, including immigrants and single people, to buy homes. For example, it distributes literature in nine languages to help immigrants understand how the real estate business works in the United States.

The company recently introduced a program that allows lenders to offer mortgages with down payments as low as 3 percent to borrowers considered good credit risks, a structure intended to help single working mothers and others who have trouble saving the traditional down payment of 10 to 20 percent.

To Mr. Raines, broadening the ideal of home ownership and insuring Fannie Mae's continued success require a combination of financial engineering and concerted attacks on barriers to home ownership.

"Discrimination, high transaction costs, lack of information -- all those barriers have to be continually knocked down," Mr. Raines said. "As you knock one down, the next is harder to do."

Mr. Raines said that he was leaving the White House with some reluctance but that he has no plans to get back into politics -- at least beyond politics as it is played by Fannie Mae.

"This opportunity came too early as far as I was concerned," Mr. Raines said of Fannie Mae's offer. "But these opportunities don't come very frequently. Here was a company I knew. The board knew me. It's a job that opens up every 10 years or so. It was a case of being pulled to a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity rather than jumping or being pushed."

**Graphic**

Photos: Franklin D. Raines, the outgoing budget chief for the Clinton Administration, closes his books with a surplus. This week he becomes Fannie Mae's chief executive-designate. (Carol T. Powers for The New York Times)(pg. 1); THE NIXON YEARS While a Harvard student, Franklin Raines was press secretary to Stephen Hess, left, chairman of the White House Conference on Youth, in April 1971. At right were W. David Knox, the program director, and Rayburn Hanzlik, the operations director. THE CARTER YEARS Mr. Raines served as assistant director of the domestic policy staff in the Executive Office, and then as associate director of the Office of Management and Budget. FROM THE WHITE HOUSE TO THE PRIVATE SECTOR President Clinton and Vice President Al Gore last month, when the White House announced that Mr. Raines would resign as budget director. He starts his new duties at Fannie Mae this week. (Stephen Hess (far left); Carter Presidential Center; Associated Press)(pg. 10)

**Load-Date:** May 17, 1998

**End of Document**



[***THEATER;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8H-0SS0-000D-G050-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Giving New Meaning to the Phrase Team Player***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8H-0SS0-000D-G050-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 6, 1991, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1991 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Arts & Leisure Desk

**Section:** Section 2;; Section 2; Page 5; Column 1; Arts & Leisure Desk; Column 1;

**Length:** 1100 words

**Byline:** By CORY DEAN

By CORY DEAN

**Body**

The lights dim, the ABC Sports theme fills the air and the referee bounds into the arena in a black-and-white-striped jersey, a whistle hanging from her neck. The judges prepare their score cards, the two four-member teams take their places, the referee flips a coin, and the match is on.

But the athletes are actors, the arena is a tiny stage in the basement club of a Manhattan restaurant, and the game is Speaking in One Voice.

A team member steps forward to explain the rules: "All four of us, who don't know the story we are about to tell you, will tell it at the same time." Someone in the audience supplies "a dangerous location" -- 42d Street -- and the actors are off, speaking in unison, sometimes in bursts of words, sometimes haltingly: "As I was . . . walking . . . on 42d Street . . . I met a man. . . . He . . . asked me for . . . all . . . my . . . clothes. . . . He . . . put . . . them on . . . and . . . gave me . . . his clothes. . . . I said . . . what are you doing and . . . he said . . . cross . . . dressing!"

The crowd around the darkened club's tiny tables cheers, and the three judges hold up their score cards: on a scale of 0 to 5, the team has scored 5-5-4.

This is theater sports -- improvisation performed as a competitive sport in which actors vie for high marks in skill, story and show ("Was it entertaining?"). It began in western Canada with fans who took to it with the fervor they normally reserve for ice hockey; now it has spread around the world.

The actors who appeared at the West Bank Cafe recently were from TheaterSports/NY, the troupe that brought the improvisational form to the city. After years in the minors -- small downtown Manhattan clubs and midnight shows -- they open Friday night at 8 at the John Houseman Theater on West 42d Street. It may not be the big leagues, but it's close enough.

The group fields a roster of about 30 team members who range in age from early 20's to 40's and has a repertoire of more than 100 improvisational games they make up or borrow from other teams. Though the format varies depending on whether the match is between two teams or a four-team round robin, the basics remain the same. The referee functions as emcee and when a skit goes bad, any of the three judges recruited for the evening can honk a horn, ending it.

The goal is not only an evening's entertainment. Players use theater sports to hone their acting skills and, more important, to confront something that sports accepts but show business usually does not: failure.

Although theater sports first found success in Canada, it "came out of professional wrestling back in the 50's in England," said Keith Johnstone, who got the idea while working as a play-reader and teacher at the Royal Court Theater in London. The wrestling "was clearly improvised theater," he said. "All the pain was played in front. If you were going to twist someone's neck, you made sure they were facing out front. It was the only form of ***working-class*** theater I'd ever seen, the genuine product."

Theater sports never really caught on in England, primarily, Mr. Johnstone believes, because until about 20 years ago all theatrical texts had to be approved in advance by the Lord Chancellor, making improv practically impossible. But in 1971 Mr. Johnstone settled in Alberta, Canada, where he teaches at the University of Calgary, and, after organizing a theater, he tried again.

"It was a wild success as soon as we started," he said in a telephone interview from Alberta. "The Canadians are crazy about sport. They reacted like it was ice hockey."

From Calgary, theater sports spread to Vancouver and then down the west coast of the United States and across the Pacific to Australia and New Zealand, where it has enjoyed wide popularity, especially among audiences in their 20's and 30's.

"Wherever you go," Mr. Johnstone said, "it's the young audiences who won't go to a normal theater who go to this."

According to George Babiak, one of the New Yorkers who competed in a 1989 tourney in Auckland in which his team, from TheaterSports/NY, finished third in a field of nine, "Before theater sports arrived, I don't think many young audiences had much experience with improv."

The Auckland competition was held at the Commonwealth Games; the team also competed at a tournament held at the 1988 Winter Olympics in Calgary and in matches in Edmonton, Toronto and Brisbane against teams from England, Canada, New Zealand, Australia, Norway, Sweden and Czechoslovakia. TheaterSports/NY will be the host for the next big international tournament, at Pace University in New York in June.

But despite the sport's popularity, Michael Durkin, who manages the company's finances, says members do not make enough money to live on. He likens performances to "an Off Broadway show with a cast of 30. That's just economically not possible at this moment."

Many of the games are staples of improv and, like actors in other improv companies, team members use their workouts to polish skills for more traditional stage work.

For example, the game Sit, Stand and Kneel requires three players to monitor one another as one sits, one stands and the third kneels. When a player changes position, the others must move to compensate. "It really makes you watch the other players," said Hugh Sinclair, a team member.

But the element of competition adds something missing from conventional improv. In the first place, Mr. Johnstone said, "audiences respond amazingly to it."

"The audience reacts a lot more," agreed Laura Livingston, an actress who is also the company's artistic director. When a skit goes well, she said, "it's like you just scored the winning basket in a close game."

More important, the element of sport helps actors overcome the fear of failure that all of them face but many cannot acknowledge.

"There's something special about failure in sport," Mr. Johnstone said. "If you're in show business, you paper over it and smile. In sport, every note of failure is part of it. Otherwise you'd make the net lower or push the goals closer together."

A low score can come as a relief to actors and audience. "Sometimes improv doesn't go too well," Mr. Babiak said. "Theater sports admits that."

Mr. Babiak invented one of the team's most popular games, Research and Development, in which the audience is asked to suggest the name of a game and then the actors devise the rules and play it.

In a 5-5-5 win against failure, one audience-inspired game, Nerdbusters, requires a member of the audience to recount an embarrassing moment from life; the players re-enact it, but transform it from disaster to triumph.

**Graphic**

Photo: Michael Rock, foreground, a member of the troupe that will perform at the Houseman, with an audience member--Get ready! Get set! Emote! (Martha Swope)

**Load-Date:** January 6, 1991

**End of Document**



[***Review/Art;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8H-0S60-000D-G490-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Barbara Kruger's Large-Scale Self-Expression***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8H-0S60-000D-G490-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 11, 1991, Friday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1991 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Weekend Desk

**Section:** Section C;; Section C; Page 12; Column 1; Weekend Desk; Column 1;; Review

**Length:** 1224 words

**Byline:** By ROBERTA SMITH

By ROBERTA SMITH

**Body**

For several years now, Barbara Kruger has been marking time; riding on her reputation as one of the best artists of the 1980's without actually doing much that is new. Her staunchly feminist art has set an example for many younger artists, while the Kruger graphic look has enjoyed a spreading influence. Echoes of the artist's distinctive splicings of black-and-white photographs and red or red-on-white typeface can be found in magazine layouts, subway posters and exhibition catalogues (the New Museum of Contemporary Art's current "Rhetorical Image" catalogue, for example), as well as in other art.

Yet since she joined the Mary Boone Gallery four years ago, Ms. Kruger's own art has seemed somewhat stymied and even confused. Her feminist messages looked out of place in a gallery known for its devotion to macho Neo-Expressionist painting, its shortage of female artists and its glossy high profile. Many in the art world speculated that the affiliation might actually be detrimental to her vision. When the artist began printing her montage images on canvas rather than on paper, making them resemble paintings, it appeared that many people might be right.

Ms. Kruger's third exhibition at Mary Boone dispells most of these concerns. It shows the artist moving forward again, pushing at the limits of her art with a visually dramatic, politically aggressive installation that jars the eye and rattles the brain.

Ms. Kruger has created the Godzilla of political posterdom, a floor-to-ceiling, wall-to-wall environment of billboard-sized displays that fling words and images from every available surface. There are texts in white on red underfoot and overhead, and images, slogans and challenging questions on every side. The initial effect is dwarfing and disorienting, a little like stepping into a roaring furnace that's black and white and red all over -- red with anger.

The subjects under discussion are hot: censorship, abortion, bigotry and domestic violence -- and they are often decisively linked. On one side wall is a huge image of a man with a padlock on his brain, on another an enormous baby suckles an even larger bottle while big red-on-white letters ask, "Who will write the history of tears?"

Straight ahead, on the gallery's end wall, are two huge images of a child's screaming face overlaid with the statement "All violence is the illustration of a pathetic stereotype." Behind this in smaller white on red letters is a list of racial and sexual slurs -- words for Jews, blacks, Chinese, Japanese, Hispanics, homosexuals and women that are not often printed in this newspaper.

On the back wall of the second gallery at Boone, a photograph of a naked woman wearing a gas mask and nailed to a cross is overlaid with the words "It's our pleasure to disgust you." (The message reads like an art-world challenge to the more conservative segments of the American public -- and the United States Congress.) On the floor, in more white on red, is a slippery, slimy text about bodies, and above, a soliloquy that begins: "Don't look up. It strains the neck. It drains the brain. It begs for heroes."

As this text suggests, the viewer is constantly on the move, leaning back, bending forward, walking everywhere in the effort to decipher the installation's many messages. In one sense, Ms. Kruger is using language to push the viewer about, forcing an alternately abstract and physical experience of the work and its anger, just as her words used to pull the eye back and forth over the surfaces of her smaller, more portable works.

The verbal-visual barrage she has created also captures some of the awe-inspiring heraldry of a political rally. She is fighting fire with fire, creating an awe-inspiring display while asking us not to be so awed by people in power. Or, as the front gallery's ceiling proclaims, "Don't look up to anyone because power makes them hot."

Effective as it is, this show is not without problems. The surgically precise relationship between word and image, so crucial in the artist's earlier work, has been lost. It is language that carries the day here, and this language is often sensational and provocative, striking more for its bluntness and crudeness than for its sharpness.

Furthermore, if Ms. Kruger is moving forward, she is also playing a vigorous game of catch-up with other politically inclined artists, some of whom have been quite prominent in the news lately. Several of the texts of these new pieces echo the cadences of Jenny Holzer, while her use of epithets is reminiscent of the performances of Karen Finley and the writings of David Wojnarowicz; the crucifix brings to mind Andres Serrano. These echoes give the work a slightly desperate, opportunistic undertone that diminishes its righteous anger.

Nonetheless, it is likely that Ms. Kruger has started a new chapter in the history of both political art and installation art. In the process, she's made the Mary Boone Gallery look like a nonprofit alternative space for the first time in its glamorous, blue-chip life.

Barbara Kruger's installation remains at the Mary Boone Gallery, 417 West Broadway, near Spring Street, through Jan. 26.

Jeffrey Dennis

Salvatore Ala Gallery

560 Broadway (at Prince Street)

Through Jan. 26

Jeffrey Dennis is a young English painter whose eccentric realist style mixes the pleasures of paint and the omnipotence of nature with the harsh realities of ***working-class*** life. His relatively small, dense-packed canvases, with their abrupt shifts in scale and imagery and their nonsensical narratives, have an Alice in Wonderland quality: you never know what might pop up next. But the sense of life filtering through the artist's earnest, hard-won renderings is more John Steinbeck or Budd Schulberg than Lewis Carroll.

"Heartwood," one of the largest paintings in Mr. Dennis's exhibition at Salvatore Ala, consists mainly of green peas painted several times their normal size. There's a fecund, claustrophobic obsessiveness to this surface that makes nature seem almost monstrous, until you realize that shelled peas occur in such quantity only when they are being grown and packaged for mass consumption. One has the sudden sensation of looking at an assembly-line vat that is the bane of someone's existence. The same goes for the lima beans of "Pearly Gates" and the platelet-like tomato-tinged pasta of "Confirmation."

The tiny figures and scenes embedded in Mr. Dennis's strangely patterned surfaces almost always show people at work or on their way, sweeping, building, hurrying along sidewalks or crowding onto moving escalators. Burrowing in and out of these other elements is a third motif: networks of conduit and pipe that add another twist to the sense of scale while suggesting a vast infrastructure that is either being built or coming apart.

Most of these paintings are not as strong as the works in Mr. Dennis's 1988 exhibition at this gallery. They are more turned in on themselves, more clenched; occasionally they are almost painful to look at. At times it seems that the artist might be more comfortable with a movie camera than a paintbrush. But Mr. Dennis continues to pursue a singular vision, part primitive, part Surrealist, part Social Realist. With a mysterious eloquence, his paintings speak of the struggle to have an inner life in industrialized society, and they don't look like anyone else's.

**Graphic**

Photo: View of Barbara Kruger's politically aggressive installation at Mary Boone Gallery. (Zindman/Fremont/Mary Boone Gallery)

**Load-Date:** January 11, 1991

**End of Document**



[***On Language;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC9-S9Y0-003Y-K1SK-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Bespokesman***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC9-S9Y0-003Y-K1SK-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 9, 1990, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1990 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Magazine Desk

**Section:** Section 6;; Section 6; Page 24; Column 3; Magazine Desk; Column 3;

**Length:** 1165 words

**Byline:** BY WILLIAM SAFIRE

BY WILLIAM SAFIRE

**Body**

"HE'S REACHING way upscale," wrote Jay Cocks in Time magazine recently about today's fashionable male, "to Armani and Ralph Lauren and the heady heights of *bespoke* tailoring."

"You have to show up in Bond-age style," Paul Hirshson of The Boston Globe wrote about a promotional party for a James Bond film, "meaning *bespoke* tailoring for men and something slick and sexy for women."

"Times are tougher, flamboyance is out," Newsweek wrote, following the trend toward Duke of Windsor styling. "The suits are available 'off the peg,' but there is even a growing interest in made-to-order, '*bespoke*' tailoring."

My interest is growing in whatever happened to *cus tom*, a word fading from our fashion vocabulary in a blizzard of British usage. Don't give me any of those non-U *made-to-order* suits; get away from me with that bottom-of-the-line *custom* blazer; to be suitably trendy, bespeak to me of *bespoke* tailoring.

No, I may not say "bespeak to me." One old sense of *bespeak* is "to foreshadow, foretell," as in "The President's move bespeaks action in the gulf." Another sense means "show, indicate." In a New York Times book review, John Maxwell Hamilton notes the paradox of the frequent theft of the Bible, the most stolen book of all: "The Good Book apparently *bespeaks* a merciful God."

Yet another sense of this offbeat word is "to ask for in advance" ("to bespeak the reader's patience") or the similar "to reserve, or book, seats before a performance." The seats that are taken, like the person betrothed to be wed, are said to be *spoken for*.

Now we are zeroing in on the meaning of *bespoke*, an adjective that means "ordered in advance" (I'll hear from the Squad Squad about that).

"The shoemaking trade," Chambers's Encyclopedia wrote in 1866, ". . . is divided into two departments -- the *bespoke* and the ready-made." A half-century later in London, the *bespoke tailor* was born (probably on Savile Row, famed home of tailoring establishments; the present Japanese term for a Western-style suit is *sebiro*).

Why are there so few linguistic customers for *cus tom*? That word, from the Latin *consuescere*, "to accustom," is akin to *suus*, "one's own," as in *suicide*, a form of which a political candidate wearing a bespoke suit in a ***working-class*** district commits.

The Custom Tailors and Designers Association of America claims to be the oldest trade association in the United States, and its executive director, Irma Lipkin, insists that *custom* is here to stay: "*Bespoke* is British for what Americans call *custom*."

But usage by usage, stitch by stitch, the Britishism is patching over our word. We may be left with *customized* -- "altered to fit" -- or with *made to measure* -- "tailored to specific measurements but not made on the premises for a specified customer." This bespeaks a victory for the Brits. (Is "Brits" an ethnic slur? I'd like to hear from Britons about that.)

Fluffya Slang

PHILADELPHIANS ARE proud of their regional dialect, which is based on a pronunciation of compression; a "Fluffya Inkwire," for example, is what outlanders call a Philadelphia Inquirer.

A competing publication, The Fluffyadailynooz, has come up with an interesting slang usage unrelated to pronunciation. "Ex-Prosecutor's Plea Stalemated," goes a July headline of an article that was read with dread at the Department of Justice in Washington, where droves of Pennsylvania prosecutors recused themselves in the case. Then followed this subhead: "Won't Dime Drug-Using Pals, Feds Say."

What is the meaning of *dime* as a verb? "Since pay phones required 10 cents per call for many years," explains Francis J. Hanssens Jr. of that city, "the phrase *to drop a dime on* came to mean 'to inform on.' The Daily News apparently believes that, even standing alone, *dime* can be used in that sense."

I salute the headline writer; it's good to see a colorful bit of slang hang in there in the face of inflation. *To stop on a dime* is still with us, because the 10-cent coin is our smallest, and the phrase means "to stop short"; however, the *dime store*, or *five-and-dime*, is Old Slang. So is "Suddenly *the dime dropped*," said by one who was illuminated by understanding, as if the inserted coin finally operated the pay phone and the dial tone came on. (If anybody calls about this, I'll hit him with Really Old Slang: "It's your nickel.")

Rich Soak

IN OUR ETYMOLOGICAL dig for the coinage of the phrase *soak the rich*, one member of the Nitpickers' League argued that only words, not phrases, could be the object of etymology.

More helpful were two Lex Irregs who nailed down the coinage. Joe Klein of New York magazine cites Thomas Kessner's book "Fiorello H. La Guardia and the Making of Modern New York," which reports that on March 10, 1932, the fiery Congressman from New York took the floor of the House to blast a tax bill and to add his own formula: "I am simply going to say, 'Soak the rich' "; he was denounced in The New York Times for those "wild and whirling words."

David Shulman, an avid phrasedick, comes up with the earliest known citation of the phrase as the compound adjective that populist politicians came to know and love, with this headline from the April 2, 1932, Literary Digest: "The 'Soak-the-Rich' Drive in Washington."

Mickey Mouse

"THE LINES BETWEEN children's television and the Federal Government are blurred," Anna Quindlen wrote in The New York Times, ". . . and if people get the government they deserve, are we all Mickey Mouse?"

Whence *Mickey Mouse* as a symbol of childishness, and its use as a slang adjective with a meaning ranging from "cockamamie" to "rudimentary" to "unsophisticated"? The Oxford English Dictionary defines the Americanism as "something small, insignificant or worthless," but that misses the nuance of dismaying oversimplification.

The cartoon character with the alliterative name was created by Walt Disney in the late 1920's, and George Orwell turned the name into an adjective in 1936, writing of "a sort of Mickey Mouse universe where things and people don't have to obey the rules of space and time."

Mickey was a mouse, and mice are small; a *Mickey Mouse spot* became the smallest spotlight in a motion-picture studio. The phrase was used in World War II British military slang to describe complicated machinery, but this sense soon atrophied; the use of the cartoon character on inexpensive children's wristwatches gave it an added meaning of cheapness.

To go to the mouse's mouth about the source for the current sense of simplism, I shot a query to Dave Smith, the archivist for Disney Studios in Burbank, Calif.

"Carl Nater, who worked on our educational films during World War II, had an explanation," said Mickey's historian. "He said the Government once sent its accountants to the studio, and they were dismayed by the way we kept the books -- they found overhead charges for the office in New York, scribbled notes, that sort of thing. One of the accountants exclaimed, 'What a Mickey Mouse way of bookkeeping!' and that's how that sense of the phrase was born."

**Graphic**

Drawing

**Load-Date:** December 9, 1990

**End of Document**



[***Paramus Journal; Almost Like a Death in the Family***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:42B9-RBH0-0109-T0YT-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

February 11, 2001 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2001 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 1; Column 1; Metropolitan Desk; Pg. 40

**Length:** 1295 words

**Byline:**  By ANDREW JACOBS

**Dateline:** PARAMUS, N.J., Feb. 9

**Body**

Before the dawn of Dress Barn and Dollar Bill's, before Gap and Costco helped conquer the retail landscape of America, there were simple shopping pleasures like Stern's, an old-fashioned emporium that prided itself on solid merchandise, sagacious sales help and the kind of clientele that cherished continuity in this mall-eat-mall world.

In recent years, as venerable nameplates like Abraham & Straus, Gimbels and Bamberger's fell by the wayside, Stern's remained a sensibly priced refuge for the ***working-class*** shopper who could afford to frown on Kmart.

But 134 years after its founding by penny-wise sons of a German immigrant, Stern's, too, is heading to the department store graveyard. On Thursday, Federated Department Stores, the parent company that owns nearly a dozen retailing giants, said it would retire its Stern's division over the next year and a half. Of the 24 Stern's stores, all of them in New York and New Jersey, Federated will transform most into Macy's or Bloomingdale's. Five stores, however, will be closed.

Although retailing is becoming increasingly merciless, company officials said Stern's was no money loser. It just lacked the panache and growth potential of its more ambitious, style-conscious sisters. "It was a wrenching decision," said Carol Sanger, a Federated spokeswoman at the company's headquarters in Cincinnati.

Here at the Bergen Mall, where Stern's has been a resilient anchor for 45 years, the pain of its transformation into a Macy's felt mighty real. You could see it in the faces of Silvia Saladino and Rita Palso as they hesitated at the glass doors, their shared sadness only slightly leavened by the prospect of using the Stern's charge cards in their wallets. "We thought we'd nosy around and see if we can find a bargain," Mrs. Saladino, 81, a retired executive secretary, said with a touch of shame.

But even as they eagerly scanned the linen department, they could not help shaking their heads with nostalgia. For more than 20 years they had made weekly pilgrimages here from their River Edge garden apartment, even as mall tenants like Ohrbach's, Steinbach's and Nelson's Furs died or found greener pastures. "They're taking all the good stores away," Mrs. Palso, 81, said bitterly. "This was the only one left."

To the faithful -- and the store was well-stocked with devotees today -- the promised reincarnation as a Macy's felt like salt in an open wound. That other beast, they said dismissively, was overpriced, impersonal and lacking in humility. "I can't stand the place," said Florence Grahamer, a retired Bell Telephone employee, as she headed to the cash register with an arm's load of picture frames. "It's too big and too crowded."

To her and others, Stern's languid pace, its lack of airs and its abundant parking were comforting, especially as the passing years made long-distance package hauling a dreaded chore. "At Macy's, you've got to walk a mile just to get to the front door," Mrs. Grahamer said with mock exasperation.

But what really irked her were the newspaper articles she had read saying Stern's had been doomed by its dowdy, behind-the-times ways. "They say this place doesn't attract enough teenagers. Well, we're the ones with the bucks to spend, not the kids," she said, handing over her Stern's gold card as if it were a $100,000 bill.

Many patrons, nodding at the ancient mall that spreads out on each side of Stern's, said they were surprised that the store had lasted so long. The Bergen Mall was something of a pioneer when it opened in 1957, an outdoor collection of shops and attractions surrounded by 10 glorious acres of asphalt. One of the nation's first modern shopping centers, it doubled as town square for the tidy Cape Cod homes that surrounded it. For the blue-collar residents who lived in those homes, the mall epitomized the postwar promise that even working stiffs were entitled to gracious suburban living. There was the theater where Mickey Rooney and Dana Andrews performed, an ice skating rink, a bowling alley and a popular pub where locals gathered after work. At night, there was live music by the fountain, and on weekends Dokey the Clown would draw crowds of children and encourage them to shout at the top of their lungs.

"The whole place would just shake with an explosion of kids' voices," recalled Robert Corcoran, 66, president of the Paramus Chamber of Commerce, whose travel agency was a Bergen Mall fixture for decades. "The Christmas decorations were phenomenal, just phenomenal."

But that was before Paramus became the mall magnet of the nation, a town that now has four indoor shopping complexes and a procession of big-box chains that line its two main arteries, Routes 4 and 17.

While its competitors upgraded and expanded, the Bergen Mall lost its bowling alley, its theater and its luster. Although a 1973 renovation made it one of the first indoor malls in the region, the ceiling tiles are now marred by water stains and a scattering of burned-out light bulbs give it an air of neglect. Mike Rana, 35, the manager of Gold Italia, a booth selling jewelry, said the mall just was not drawing the crowds it used to. "People like to go to the fancy malls," he said with a shrug.

Michael Kasparian, president of S. Hekemian Caspar, a local commercial real estate firm, agreed, saying the mall, like any grande dame past her prime, could well use a nip and a tuck. He compared the Bergen Mall to its historic competitor, Garden State Plaza, a puffed-up behemoth that has become one of the largest malls on the East Coast. "They're like McDonald's and White Castle," he said. "One added, changed and became progressive. The other stayed the same."

But beyond the less than stellar setting for this Stern's store, retail experts said it was only a matter of time before Federated pulled the plug on the whole family. "Sure it has its loyal customers who would rather go naked than buy clothing anywhere else, but they are older, and, well, their ranks are thinning," said Kurt Barnard, a national retailing consultant. "Young people wouldn't step inside the place. It's a good thing what Federated did."

A shopper, Agnes Mearon, said she did not care a whit about retailing trends, brand image or market share. When she heard the news about Stern's, she said it felt as if an old friend had just been given a few months to live. "After 40 years of shopping in the same place, you get attached," she said as Tara, the youngest of her six children, checked the shelves with indifference. A retired nurse and an immigrant from Ireland, Mrs. Mearon, 70, first came to know Stern's as a newlywed. "Well, the rest, as they say, is history," she said, adding that the store's merchandise had furnished her home, clothed her children and provided some of life's little extravagances. "It's a pleasant place, really," she said, looking through the communion dresses. "It's a refuge from the madness of the other malls."

Inge Benkowitsch, 64, a saleswoman with 20 years in the children's department, tried to explain what made Stern's customers so loyal. They appreciated the neatly arranged racks, she said, the rock-solid name brands and the respectful attention of clerks. Such attributes, she acknowledged, speak of another era, before shopping became a point-and-click endeavor.

Mrs. Benkowitsch's eyes began to glisten as she recalled the bygone days, when the annual Super Sale would provoke colossal traffic jams on Route 4. But over the years, the crowds dwindled and like-minded competitors like Two Guys, Korvettes and Grant's became history. "I've seen them come and go but somehow I thought we were different," she said. "I guess not." Just then a slightly disheveled collection of dresses caught her eye, and, excusing herself, she disappeared.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Longtime Stern's shoppers like Silvia Saladino, left, and Rita Palso said turning the Bergen Mall store, above, into a Macy's felt like a personal loss. "They're taking all the good stores away," Mrs. Palso said. (Photographs by Keith Meyers/The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** February 11, 2001

**End of Document**



[***Poland Elects Walesa President in Landslide***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC9-S450-003Y-K0RG-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 10, 1990, Monday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1990 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Foreign Desk

**Section:** Section A;; Section A; Page 1; Column 1; Foreign Desk; Column 1;

**Length:** 1175 words

**Byline:** Lech Walesa

By STEPHEN ENGELBERG, Special to The New York Times

By STEPHEN ENGELBERG, Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** GDANSK, Dec. 9

**Body**

Lech Walesa, the charismatic leader of the Solidarity movement for a decade, won a landslide runoff victory today in Poland's first direct presidential elections, according to exit polls and early returns.

In voting for Mr. Walesa, Poles chose a 47-year-old electrician with a vocational school education and a sure touch for mass politics to guide this formerly Communist nation through the next phase of its difficult transition to capitalism.

Mr. Walesa, the winner of the 1983 Nobel Prize for his role in the Solidarity labor union, soundly defeated Stanislaw Tyminski, a previously unknown emigre businessman from Canada and Peru whose pledge to improve Poles' lives within a month carried him into the runoff, ahead of the sitting Prime Minister, Tadeusz Mazowiecki.

Infas, a West German polling company which has accurately forecast every election in Eastern Europe this year, said Mr. Walesa would finish with 74.7 percent of the vote and Mr. Tyminski with 25.3 percent.

"I will do everything so that every Pole owns a share of Poland in his hands," a jubilant Mr. Walesa said at a news conference tonight at his headquarters here, a few blocks from the shipyard where the Solidarity movement was born a decade ago. "As far as Mr. Tyminski is concerned, I think as quickly as he was born he will fade out, because truly he did not propose anything tangible. They were just slogans."

Champagne and Firecrackers

Mr. Walesa called on his supporters to help him reach the significant minority who have lost hope in their Government. "People who live poorly, these people said, 'Enough.' These people don't trust Walesa," said the union leader. "I always sense the feelings of a society, and I feel they have their doubts."

"We need them," he declared.

The scene outside Solidarity headquarters was one of unabashed celebration. Hundreds of Gdansk residents came to cheer their most famous native son and listen to a brass band. They set off firecrackers, threw glasses against the wall of the headquarters and popped open champagne bottles.

With today's voting, Poles appeared to have solidly rejected a candidate whose message sought to capitalize on the pain and fears of a nation undergoing a wrenching passage to a free-market economy. An exit poll suggested tonight that Mr. Tyminski had made little headway since the first round, when he garnered 23 percent of the votes in a six-candidate field.

Mr. Walesa, who had been disappointed by his 40 percent showing in the first round on Nov. 25, tonight appeared close to realizing his pre-election goal of being elected with a mandate from 80 percent of the voters. The turnout was estimated tonight at 55 percent.

Walesa Attracts Older Voters

The exit polls showed that Mr. Tyminski ran strongest among young voters, who supported Mr. Walesa by a margin of 70 percent to 30 percent. Ninety percent of older voters backed the Solidarity chairman, as did 77 percent of the farmers.

Mr. Tyminski has hinted in recent days that he might challenge the election results, a move that could delay the presidential inauguration by two weeks or more.

The emigre entrepreneur had vowed to stay in Poland even if he lost the election and had been noncommital about whether he planned to have any role in next spring's parliamentary elections.

When Mr. Walsea takes up residence in the Belvedere Palace as the first Polish President ever chosen by direct elections, he will confront a host of difficult political and economic decisions. His first move will be to select a Prime Minister who can fashion a working majority in a Parliament which still has a majority of former Communists or their satellite parties.

Opponents Look to Assembly

He must also prepare for the parliamentary elections this spring in which his opponents from the once-united Solidarity movement will try to take control of the legislature.

The most significant issue facing the new President is how, if at all, to revive Poland's program for fostering a market economy. Mr. Walesa's critics phrased the question this way: Can he say no to the demands of millions of workers in the largely inefficient state-run industries? His supporters say he is the only politician who can do so.

International financial institutions like the World Bank view Poland's economic plan as the most ambitious effort of its kind in Eastern Europe. But its side effects include a sharp recession, a declining living standard and unemployment of one million workers, or 5.5 percent. The effort has stirred considerable apprehension among rural and ***working class*** Poles, as indicated by the startling first-round success of Mr. Tyminski.

Mr. Walesa took 40 percent of the vote in the first round, calling for "acceleration" of political and economic changes in Poland and declaring he would sweep the former Communists from posts in business and industry.

Same Economic Principles

His early criticism of the economic program adopted by the Mazowiecki Government upset foreign observers, prompting him to emphasize his intention to continue its guiding principles. Mr. Walesa even advanced the idea of choosing Leszek Balcerowicz, the Finance Minister under Mr. Mazowiecki, as his Prime Minister.

After Mr. Tyminski finished second, Mr. Walesa began stressing the need for "modifications" in the economic plan. At the same time, he moved to dampen public expectation about how much improvement Poles can count on in their daily lives.

In the runoff campaign, Mr. Tyminski became the target of a sustained attack by this country's leading institutions. The Roman Catholic Church abandoned its neutral stance and openly threw its support to Mr. Walesa. Poland's Primate, Jozef Cardinal Glemp, called Mr. Tyminski "impudent" and later referred to him as a "joke of history." Polish television broadcast a steady stream of negative stories about Mr. Tyminski, including reports that he beat his wife and abused his children. The businessman angrily denied the charges and threatened lawsuits.

Intense Scrutiny

His record as an entrepreneur in Canada, where he owns a computer systems company, and in Peru, where he introduced cable television in a remote mining town, drew intense scrutiny, as did his spiritual conversion in the Amazonian jungle and his belief in an "fourth dimension."

The runoff vote today had its beginnings in Gdansk this summer, when Mr. Walesa became restive with his role on the political sideline and began pressing for a "war at the top" among leading politicians.

Mr. Walesa demanded that the Solidarity movement split and that Poles, who were becoming dangerously disengaged from politics, be given a real choice about their futures.

Members of the Mazowiecki Government dismissed Mr. Walesa's statements as rationalization for a campaign to achieve high office.

Some critics even said Mr. Walesa had become jealous of Vaclav Havel, the Czechoslovak dissident who was elected President of his country this year. Many of the intellectuals in Solidarity opposed Mr. Walesa's candidacy, contending that he was unpredictable and had dictatorial tendencies.

**Graphic**

Photo: Lech Walesa, who was elected President of Poland, leaving polling station yesterday in Gdansk. (Associated Press)

**Load-Date:** December 10, 1990

**End of Document**



[***LINDSAY ANDERSON BREWS SOME CHAOS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-SGC0-0009-23KG-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 17, 1982, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1982 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 2; Page 19, Column 1; Arts and Leisure Desk

**Length:** 1603 words

**Body**

--------------------------------------------------------------------

Michael Billington frequently reports on the cultural scene in London.

MICHAEL BILLINGTON

LONDON Anew film from Lindsay Anderson is always an event. He has achieved much as documentary-maker, critical polemicist and stage director, but his international cimematic reputation rests on dismayingly few feature films: ''This Sporting Life,'' ''The White Bus,'' ''If,'' ''O Lucky Man,'' ''In Celebration.'' Now, however, he is in the cutting room with ''Britannia Hospital,'' a $4 million satirical comedy which covers one day in the hilariously traumatic life of an antiquated British hospital. It deals with science, the media, trade unions, royalty, strikes and protest. ''I'm not illustrating a thesis,'' says Mr. Anderson crisply. ''I'm telling a story.''

Mr. Anderson himself, now 58 years old, is a fascinating mixture: a self-disciplined anarchist, a likable paternalist whose word has always been legend. Kenneth Tynan once reported that a party thrown by Mike Todd after the Cannes premiere of ''Around the World in 80 Days'' was entirely made up of people saying, in 18 languages, ''Lindsay didn't like it.'' And watching him at work at London's Lee International Studios during the final week's shooting of ''Britannia Hospital,'' one is reminded of Mr. Anderson's own definition of a movie director: ''It's like being a lion tamer. When the lion tamer goes into the cage, he has to give an impression of absolute confidence and relaxation even if he is terrified 10 minutes before.''

Michael Billington takes a behind-the-scenes look at the new film by Lindsay Anderson, "Britannia Hospital"

On this particular afternoon, Mr. Anderson had a pride of lions to tame: a group of well-known British actors (all part of Mr. Anderson's unofficial repertory company), including Leonard Rossiter, Joan P lowrigh t and Peter Jeffrey playing members of Brittania Hospital's panic-stricken staff peering out of a window at the burgeoning revolution beneath.

Mr. Anderson, amiably autocratic in fawn trousers and Caesarean haircut, roamed around the set waving a stick like a beater at a grouse-shoot. When flickering lights were needed, he dashed off to operate the generator. He rebuked the actors when they giggled, snapping, ''You're supposed to be professionals.'' But under the Von Sternberg strictness, one could see the infinite capacity for taking pains of the first-rate director.

But how did ''Britannia Hospital'' (written by David Sherwin from Mr. Anderson's own concept) actually start? ''It began,'' said Mr. Anderson, ''with a news story: a front-page account in London some years ago of the siege of Charing Cross Hospital, when there was a big demonstration against fee-paying private patients led by a union official known as Granny Brookstern. This immediately struck me as absurd. If you stand outside a hospital and stop ambulances going in in the name of humanity you are involved in a wonderfully absurd paradox. The story got even more wild with accusations that Granny Brookstern and the Labor Minister of Health had themselves been private patients; and so I started building up a private scrapbook of newsworthy absurdities.''

Mr. Anderson was reluctant to pin a precise meaning on the film. But one can reveal that the initial idea has been hugely expanded. It now covers a whole chain of interconnected absurdities during the day of a royal visit to Britannia Hospital. A Frankensteinian doctor (played by Graham Crowden, building on a character seen in ''O Lucky Man'') is busy creating a new transplanted creature and crying, ''Only a new human being of pure brain, freed from the shackles of the body, the fetters of feeling, can lead man forward into the new era.''

Meanwhile, demonstrations are going on outside the hospital against privileged private patients (''Equal sickness for all,'' proclaims one banner) and against the presence inside of an African dictator (''Cannabis yes-Cannibals no''). The kitchen staff are up in arms. Porters refuse to move dead bodies until they themselves have had a proper English breakfast. And the visiting royalty are threatened by a mini-uprising. Britannia is in chaos.

Mr. Anderson is fascinated by human folly: studio bosses rather less so. A couple of years back Mr. Anderson roughed out a story line and sent it to Britain's Lew Grade: no response. 20th Century-Fox, under the aegis of Sandy Lieberson, put up money for Mr. Anderson and Mr. Sherwin to come up with a script but, by the time they had done so, Mr. Lieberson had departed and Fox lost interest. George Lucas and Francis Coppola also said it wasn't for them. Finally a young British producer, Clive Parsons (who, with Davina Belling, has made some adventurous modest-budget films including ''Scum'' and ''Breaking Glass''), liked it. With $1 million from Britain's National Film Finance Corporation and $3 million from EMI, the film started rolling last August under conditions of military secrecy and should be completed by April.

Even though Mr. Anderson religiously refuses to say what the final thrust of the film is (''Why should I do the critics' work for them?''), it is not hard to see in it a decisive shift in his own attitude toward the working-classes. Twenty-five years ago, Mr. Anderson made a prize-winning documentary about Covent Garden porters, ''Every Day Except Christmas,'' full of poetic celebration. It seems a long way from that to the shop-floor bloody-mindedness of the staff in ''Britannia Hospital.''

''Well,'' said Mr. Anderson, ''when I made 'Every Day' it did look as if there might be a movement from the Left which would help break down the English class system and achieve progress. It didn't amount to anything. But that doesn't mean I'm now anti-***working-class***. You can't be indulgent to human nature. You can't love human nature in a sentimental sense. If you truly love human beings, you have to be able to be angry with them and no one work one does will be a total summation of one's feelings.''

Mr. Anderson sees himself as an anarchist, a rebel, a one-man opposition party to fashionable shibboleths and slogans. ''I agree with Amiel - do you know Amiel? -a Swiss-French philosopher and diarist who wrote 'Liberty and Equality - bad principles. The only true principle of humanity is justice.' The man who would today say that liberty and equality are bad principles is a brave man but perhaps a necessary one since, unless they include justice, they are pernicious and self-destructive. That is at the heart of 'Britannia Hospital,' though I hope it's not a preachy film but a parable. A parable is a heavenly story with a earthly meaning. I hope this is an earthly story with a heavenly meaning.''

What is fascinating, however, is that it clearly marks another stage in Mr. Anderson's determination to go far beyond naturalism. His 1969 film ''If'' not only mixed color and black-and-white but also moved from public-school as microcosm of class-system into a bloody climax with parents and teachers mowed down by a machine gun. ''O Lucky Man'' (1973) showed the financial rapacity, the scientific madness, the sexual kinkiness under the respectable facade of Britishlife (even an upright prison governor sent Malcolm McDowell's hero onhis way with a re mark that he had eyes like Steve McQueen' s). But ''Britannia Hospital'' goes even farther, with a headless mutant running amok in a modern hospital and patients in iron lun gs and attached to drip-feeds being discharged to the sound of ch eering demonstrators.

''It's odd,'' says Mr. Anderson, ''that my film work tends to be theatrical whereas my stage work (he has directed nearly all of David Storey's plays at London's Royal Court Theater) is based on scrupulous naturalism. But why should the cinema tie itself down to naturalism? After all, the greatest living director is Luis Bunel, who is a poetic anarchist. And the great commercial successes of the moment, like the 'Star Wars' and 'Superman' sequences, are all fantasies - though admittedly fantasies without any weight or reverberation. In fact, America is sweeping the screens of the world with essays in infantilism. But audiences like circuses: in an age of bland, conformist television they hunger for extremism. 'Britannia Hospital' is, I hope, a resonant fantasy.''

The fact that Mr. Anderson has made so few films is partly the result of his own rigorous selectivity (he has lately turned down a movie of E. B. Forster's ''A Passage to India''). But it was much more to do with the conditions of a British cinema that never knows quite what to do with its home-grown artists. As Mr. Anderson says, Britain lacks a large enough home-market for cinema; there is a high resistance to most British films in the States; and those who have the muscle to get movies made often turn out mid-Atlantic product. But though he talks apocalyptically of ''the twilight of cinema'' he still believes the medium has room for the dissident individual voice and the satirical sharpshooter; and he clearly hopes that ''Britannia Hospital'' will offer some universally-acknowledged truths about the vanity of science, medicine, the media and professional agitators.

''When I was last in the States,'' he said, ''I bought a paperback by Anna Brando in which she quotes an Indian poem which says only three things are real: God, human folly and laughter. I thought that was good. The only thing you can do about human folly is laugh at it and in laughter you may find wisdom.'' So saying, Lindsay Anderson, the philosophic anarchist, went back to the grind of the cuttingroom.

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photo of Graham Crowden and Jill Bennett

**End of Document**



[***STANDOFF IN THE GULF;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC9-S5P0-003Y-K28W-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Iraqis' Christmas: Joy and a 'Weight'***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC9-S5P0-003Y-K28W-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 26, 1990, Wednesday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1990 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Foreign Desk

**Section:** Section A;; Section A; Page 18; Column 4; Foreign Desk; Column 4;

**Length:** 1101 words

**Byline:** By PATRICK E. TYLER, Special to The New York Times

By PATRICK E. TYLER, Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** BAGHDAD, Iraq, Dec. 25

**Body**

With the end of the Iran-Iraq war in 1988, the Rev. Kamal Bidawid thought he had passed his last Christmas with death and destruction hanging over his 250-family congregation of Chaldean Catholics.

During the eight brutal years of that conflict, Father Bidawid said the requiem Mass for most of the 15 men who had died in combat and were buried in the congregation cemetery donated by the Iraqi Government 25 miles outside the city. He thought he had put the pain of those years behind him.

Today, sitting in his office among several young parishioners on holiday leave from the Iraqi Army's front lines in Kuwait, the 37-year-old priest was somber and as reflective as a religious leader can be in a country that tolerates religious expression so long as it does not become political expression.

'The People Need Peace'

"This Christmas was different because this year the people need peace," Father Bidawid said in an interview. "When a man has no peace, he cannot do anything." He said the prospect that Iraq might go to war with the American-led forces amassed in Saudi Arabia had settled on Iraqis like a weight.

"People live their lives only seeing and hearing," he said. "They believe very strongly that our Lord will give them peace, and because they cannot do anything to change their fate, we pray -- like Christians, we pray."

War has done nothing but deplete Our Lady of Perpetual Health, one of two dozen Chaldean churches in Baghdad, Father Bidawid said.

Chaldean Catholics represent more than half of the one million Christians in predominantly Muslim Iraq, a country of more than 16 million people. Smaller groups of Christians belong to the Syrian, Latin and Armenian rites of the Roman Catholic Church and to the Armenian Orthodox Community.

A decade ago, the rolls of the Chaldean parish were flush with about 500 practicing families. But in 1980-82 and again in 1990, Iraqis who could obtain exit visas to immigrate to the United States, Europe, Canada or Australia did so, leaving behind a parish that is roughly half the size today, Father Bidawid said.

Encroaching Real Estate

The small white masonry church with heavy Romanesque dome sits about a mile from the Tigris River, just east of the encroaching high-value real estate taken up by luxury hotels and the Ministry of Military Industry and Industrialization, which is run by the son-in-law of President Saddam Hussein.

On Monday night, Father Bidawid and a small cast of children re-enacted the Nativity scene before a packed congregation, including visitors from other churches. The men sat in the front pews and the women and children behind, because that is tradition, Father Bedawid said.

As the lights dimmed, the youthful costumed players acted out the story of Meriam and Yousef and their journey to comply with the Roman census decree, and their arrival at Bethlehem, where there was no room in the inn.

No detail was neglected in the pageantry. Even the star that guided shepherds and kings to the manger entered the upper nave of the church through a gimbaled portal from where it danced down a wire toward the birthplace of Jesus, snagging only briefly on the blade of a ceiling fan.

Narrated in Arabic and accompanied by lilting chants in Aramaic, the nearly extinct Levantine language spoken at the time of Jesus, the story reached its climax when the child playing Meriam held up a baby doll wrapped in a blanket and drew a standing ovation.

Pageantry Throughout Iraq

Similiar scenes were repeated all over Iraq during Christmas Eve and Christmas Day services for the country's Christians, whose Christmas traditions seem to exert a disproportionate influence on the Muslim majority during the holiday season.

"In this country, the majority was Christian before Mohammed" and the sixth-century Muslim conquest, Father Bidawid said. "Even Tikrit," the hometown of Mr. Hussein, "was a Christian city, because we had a bishop at Tikrit."

"Christians are the salt of this land," the priest said. "We are faithful to this country, and we gave thousands of martyrs during the war because it is our country."

A few miles from the church, in a small Syrian Catholic enclave, a large Iraqi family invited a visiting American to a Christmas dinner of baked chicken, potatoes, sheep intestines stuffed with rice and meat, pickled turnips and stuffed grape leaves.

In this typical ***working-class*** house, over glasses of the local Farida beer, the talk was of war and politics, somewhat restrained because of the foreigner's presence, but also relatively frank as Iraqi political discourse goes. A picture of Mr. Hussein was on one wall in the adjoining television room next to a rendering of the Last Supper.

Red divans ran along the perimeter of the living room in Arab diwanniyya, or meeting-room, style, under needlepoint works of Jesus in the Garden of Gethsemane and of a pair of kittens. An artificial Christmas tree stood in the corner, well trimmed with golden balls, angels and red bows.

Hope of Avoiding War

The strongest view expressed in the house this Christmas was that Mr. Hussein would pull his forces out of Kuwait at the last minute to avoid war while pressing his economic grievances against Kuwait in an ensuing round of Arab diplomacy.

Baghdad is full of rumors this week that the Arab Baath Socialist Party workers throughout the country have received secret instructions from Mr. Hussein to begin public demonstrations on Jan. 10 to beg the leadership to avoid war and at all costs preserve the leadership of Mr. Hussein. This public display would presumably allow a face-saving "out" for Mr. Hussein if diplomacy has yielded nothing on the eve of the United Nations Security Council deadline for withdrawing his forces from Kuwait.

The family's oldest son, who spent more than nine years in the army, was called back to duty last week, along with several cousins and neighbors who were born between 1957 and 1960.

"I think we will only be in the army for one month this time, so I am very happy," the son said.

His father, a full-bellied man of 60 with tradesman's hands and whiskers trimmed in the Turkmen style of northern Iraq, leaned over to the visitor after dinner and said, "I tell you, people in Iraq like Saddam Hussein, because they know that if he goes there is no one better."

The man's wife, who spent most of the week cooking pastries for this gathering, said her Christmas wish was that the threat of war would recede so Iraqis could once again travel abroad, where she would like to go to visit her brother.

"God willing, we will be able to go, if Bush doesn't destroy everything," she said with a hearty laugh.

**Load-Date:** December 26, 1990

**End of Document**



[***MIDEAST TENSIONS;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC9-SG80-003Y-K145-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Poles Voting for a President Who Can Face Up to the Ordeals***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC9-SG80-003Y-K145-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 25, 1990, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1990 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Foreign Desk

**Section:** Section 1;; Section 1; Part 1; Page 16; Column 1; Foreign Desk; Part 1;; Column 1;

**Length:** 1176 words

**Byline:** By STEPHEN ENGELBERG, Special to The New York Times

By STEPHEN ENGELBERG, Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** WARSAW, Nov. 24

**Body**

There is wide agreement here that the winner on Sunday in Poland's first direct presidential elections will immediately face difficult political and social choices in the struggle to rebuild the devastated economy.

The front-runner is Lech Walesa, the Solidarity leader, who has been drawing more than 35 percent in public-opinion polls, a showing suggesting that he will win less than the majority of the vote required to avoid a runoff of the top two finishers on Dec. 9. In second place with roughly 25 percent is Prime Minister Tadeusz Mazowiecki, a former Walesa ally. Running a strong third with somewhat less that 20 percent is Stanislaw Tyminski, an emigre businessman with Canadian and Peruvian citizenship who has emerged as a dark-horse candidate. There are three minor candidates.

The winner is to succeed Wojciech Jaruzelski, the Communist general who ordered martial law to crush the Solidarity labor movement and imprisoned Mr. Walesa and Mr. Mazowiecki in December 1981. President Jaruzelski has been eclipsed in the upheaval sweeping Eastern Europe beginning late last year, and he has agreed to step down after just over a year of his six-year term as Poland moves toward full democracy.

Politically, the new president faces the task of assembling a Government that can hold a working majority in a Parliament that still contains many former Communists. Over the next few months, he will also take part in important decisions as Poland's radical economic-reform program continues, including how much longer to keep alive the huge, money-losing state enterprises that employ thousands of people.

'An Ocean of Problems'

Nascent political parties will be maneuvering for advantage in next spring's parliamentary elections even as the lawmakers draft a new Constitution that redefines the powers of the presidency.

"We are heading into an ocean of problems," declared Jacek Merkel, a respected economist who is campaign manager for Mr. Walesa.

Political analysts say that with their choice of president, Poles will be setting a course for its future.

Mr. Walesa, a Nobel Peace Prize winner, has said Poland needs a president with broad powers who can intervene at all levels of national life.

Mr. Mazowiecki, a soft-spoken former journalist who was Mr. Walesa's ally in the Solidarity movement for 10 years, envisions a chief executive whose powers are balanced by other branches of Government.

Mazowiecki Urges 'Tolerance'

Mr. Walesa often touches the chords of Poland's religious and national history. Mr. Mazowiecki has spoken of moving toward Europe and of "tolerance" for minorities.

Many uncertainties will confront the new president.

At present, for instance, his powers are defined by the existing Constitution, drafted under the Communists, which allows the president to veto legislation and appoint a prime minister. There are also provisions for issuing emergency decrees. Mr. Walesa has made conflicting statements about how he would use these powers.

The Constitution is now being rewritten and will probably be approved by the new Parliament elected next spring.

Supporters of both candidates agree that whoever wins the presidency will soon be asking Poles to swallow further bitter economic medicine. Government economic forecasts predict a doubling of unemployment from one million to two million by the end of 1991.

'Shock Privatiization' Urged

Walesa strategists seem to want the process to go even faster. Jaroslaw Kaczynski, a top Walesa lieutenant, said in an interview recently that Poland needs "shock privatization" even if this causes deeper social unrest.

The new president will face a nation that is becoming increasingly disillusioned. Labor unrest is rising, and veterans of the Solidarity movement see the success of Mr. Tyminski as evidence of how far people's spirits have fallen.

Mieczyslaw F. Rakowski, Poland's last Communist Prime Minister, agrees, and he contended in a recent newspaper interview that Mr. Walesa's courtship of the workers had created unrealistic expectations. "The Communist dream about the dictatorship of the proletariat is about to come true," he asserted.

Supporters of Mr. Walesa argue that the Solidarity chairman is uniquely positioned to say no to the wage demands of the urban ***working class*** and to exhort them to search for new jobs as their state-run employers are restructured.

"Of all the leading Polish politicians, I think Walesa has the best chance of giving Polish society this spirit of activation," Mr. Merkel said.

Challenge of a Premier

The first challenge for the new president will be to choose a prime minister who can appoint a cabinet that will have majority support in Parliament. Sixty-five percent of the seats in the lower house are held by former Communists or their allies under an arrangement negotiated between Solidarity and the Communist Government last year before Eastern Europe's upheaval gathered force.

It will be a delicate, perhaps impossible task. Mr. Walesa recently likened the position of prime minister to a bumper on a car, and he predicted that Poland would need a lot of them in the next few years.

Mr. Mazowiecki's Government survived in Parliament by forging a shaky alliance with some members of the Peasant's Party and by retaining the united support of the legislators elected under the Solidarity banner.

With the Solidarity legislators now divided between adherents of Mr. Mazowiecki and Mr. Walesa, it seems clear that the new prime minister will have to look elsewhere for support, possibly by offering the Peasants' Party a stronger voice in the Government.

Some supporters of Mr. Mazowiecki believe that while they may lose the presidential race, they could regain power in a few months with a strong showing in the coming parliamentary election. Mr. Walesa's backers are also planning to secure an independent political base from those elections.

'It Will Be Very Difficult'

Mieczyslaw Gil, a pro-Walesa delegate who was recently elected chairman of Solidarity's Citizens' Parliamentary Club, said that for the next few months an alliance supporting Mr. Walesa could be formed with the Peasants' Party and independent lawmakers. "It will be very difficult," he said. "It will require a lot of political and parliamentary skills."

Mr. Gil recently replaced Bronislaw Geremek, the first chairman of Solidarity legislators, who has been a supporter of Mr. Mazowiecki.

Rumors are rife in Warsaw about who might become prime minister. One possibility mentioned by both Mr. Walesa and supporters of Mr. Mazowiecki is Leszek Balcerowicz, the current Finance Minister and author of the economic plan.

Mr. Walesa himself has promised to "air out" Warsaw, a statement generally taken as a promise that he will sweep out most of the Mazowiecki Cabinet and bring into prominence such figures as Mr. Merkel.

Poland has had several free elections in the 20th century in which voters picked members of Parliament who in turn elected a president. Sunday's ballot will be the first time, however, that the president is chosen in an election in which all Poles can vote.

**Graphic**

Photo: As Poland prepared for today's Presidential election, a supporter of Prime Minister Tadeusz Mazowiecki turned down literature in Warsaw from a campaign worker for Lech Walesa, Mr. Mazowiecki's main rival. (Witold Jaroslaw Szulecki for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** November 25, 1990

**End of Document**



[***Hers;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC9-S4J0-003Y-K12D-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***A Clean Sweep***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC9-S4J0-003Y-K12D-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 30, 1990, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1990 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Magazine Desk

**Section:** Section 6;; Section 6; Page 8; Column 3; Magazine Desk; Column 3;

**Length:** 1058 words

**Byline:** BY BARBARA KINGSOLVER; Barbara Kingsolver is a writer living in Tucson, Ariz. Her latest novel is "Animal Dreams"(HarperCollins).

BY BARBARA KINGSOLVER; Barbara Kingsolver is a writer living in Tucson, Ariz. Her latest novel is "Animal Dreams"(HarperCollins).

**Body**

IN BARBARA PYM's novel "Excellent Women," there's a moment when Our Heroine pays a call on her new downstairs neighbor, a dubious sort of woman who wears trousers and is always dashing off to meetings of the Anthropological Society. When she answers the door, she shrugs without remorse at her unkempt apartment and says, "I'm such a slut."

Wonderful word. Like so many others -- gay, pill, roommate -- it's acquired a sexual edge since 1952, and it's too bad about *slut,* because the language needs a word to describe this particular relationship to housework. Something to tell the U.P.S. man. A select group of friends and I have formed a secret slut society. We wear trousers, we have fascinating work, and it's possible that the dust bunnies under our beds could be breeding dust bison. It's pretty shocking. In our lives, we've seen revolutions in birth control and microchips and air bags, and all these are nothing compared to what's happened to housework. Interestingly, technology has nothing to do with it.

"We *had* a dishwasher, but my mother believed you had to scrub and rinse every dish before you loaded it in," one of my colleagues in sluthood recalled as we sat around drinking something instant. The rest of us knew the story. The Kitchen Mystique. Dad gives Mom a microwave -- a putative labor-saving device -- and she reorganizes the whole kitchen as if the family had gone kosher, creating a supernatural order of kitchenware, some of which can go in the microwave and some of which will, she is sure, blow up in there.

My friend Jane dates a turning point in her life to the day in childhood when she *drew a diagram* of the vacuum cleaner before taking it out of the closet. When she finished vacuuming, she put it away, every loop and coil scientifically in place, then watched her mother take it out and recoil the cord, claiming as always that it wasn't properly put away.

Housecleaning in 1960 took 90 hours a week, it seemed to me, and the mind of a rocket scientist. Cleaning my house, in 1990, takes two adults approximately five hours apiece per week, total. That covers everything: laundry, dishes, a semiannual dust-bison roundup. The vacuum cleaner can stand on its head in the closet for all I care. I've discovered that almost anything canbe laundered with anything else, and that the dishwasher will actually wash dishes if left to its own devices. Once in a blue moon, my daughter's ballet tights will shrink and the forks won't entirely come clean; I donate them to the hand-me-down bag and run them through again, respectively. In these matters, an ounce of cure is worth a lifetime of prevention.

How did housework get to be so easy? I spent years wondering, until it dawned on me that I was asking the wrong question. Why was it ever hard? I don't mean in the days of slogging clothes against rocks in the river; I mean in the days between my mother's competent Maytag and mine. Why did her house demand a full-time wife whereas mine asks for an occasional date?

Because of the Great Suburban Experiment, that's why. In the 50's and 60's, one breadwinner could feed a family, and for the first time in history our culture elevated housework to career status. If the ***working-class*** women of my mother's generation had been born a decade earlier, they might have built airplanes with Rosie the Riveter and let the devil and Hitler take the daily dusting. Ten years later and they could have had Ph.D.'s in aeronautics.

In any other decade, they would have done what women have always done: worked, in the house and out of the house, on the farm, in factories, sometimes caring for other people's kids, often leaving their own with the family herd under Grandma's practiced eye. I've read that early in this century -- when desperate families flooded into cities seeking work, leaving their rural support systems behind -- female factory workers had to bundle their toddlers up on boards and hang them on hooks on the walls. At break time, they'd unswaddle the kids and feed them. (I like to mention this to anyone who suggests that modern day care is degrading the species.) Recently I heard a man on a television talk show explain that our problems would end if women would just tend to housework and children as they have for 2,000 years. I tried to picture a medieval Donna Reed.

Guiding and nourishing a flock of the very young -- your own or someone else's -- is a career, there's no doubt about it. But housework is mostly about dirt. Other people's. The world's most renewable resource. It seems incredible that some 20 years' worth of magazines could glorify the routine maintenance of marginally grateful sock-dropping families. I'm embarrassed about my own selfish participation in the experiment.

For years, I was determined to make it up to my mother. I craved to ease her burden. Whenever she'd come to visit, I would subtly try to demonstrate that housework could be the next best thing to nothing at all. "Let's all just pick up our plates," I'd say cheerfully at the end of a meal, "and *put them straight in the dishwasher*." I felt heretical, as if I were suggesting to a priest that we spread a little Cheese Whiz on the wafers to make them more tastier. But I did it anyway. Right before Mom's very eyes I threw a pair of green socks in with the sheets. I wanted to tell her: look, life can be so simple.

But I'm gradually learning what my friend Jane, the scientific illustrator of vacuum cleaners, learned at age 12. The process is separate from the product, and simple isn't what everybody needs. Housework, like the Buddha, takes many forms, depending on what is in your heart as you approach it. Personally, I approach it the way governments tend to treat dissent: ignore it until it revolts.

If it were my job, though, you can bet it would soon acquire a whole lot of cachet. Our work is how we define ourselves -- so says every expert from Maria Montessori to Bruce Springsteen. I know that if I spent my life in my house, virtue would have the aroma of Lemon Fresh Pledge. I would become a magnificent cook. Also, my kitchen would be more complicated than Mission Cotrol in Houston, and I would be irreplaceable. Some of those seemingly innocent dishes in my cabinet would, in actual fact, be Molotov cocktails waiting to happen in the microwave. This is absolutely true. I would never tell which ones.

**Graphic**

Drawing

**Load-Date:** December 30, 1990

**End of Document**



[***FILM VIEW;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-91G0-000P-N3TT-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Questions In Shadows Of 'Shine'***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-91G0-000P-N3TT-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 2, 1997, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1997 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Arts and Leisure Desk

**Section:** Section 2; ; Section 2; Page 12; Column 5; Arts and Leisure Desk ; Column 5;

**Length:** 1278 words

**Byline:** By Thane Rosenbaum;

Thane Rosenbaum is the author of "Elijah Visible," a short story collection about the psychic legacy of the Holocaust.

By Thane Rosenbaum;  Thane Rosenbaum is the author of "Elijah Visible," a short story collection about the psychic legacy of the Holocaust.

**Body**

LONG BEFORE "SHINE" RECEIVED

seven Oscar nominations, the film had its American premiere at last year's Sundance Film Festival. There the film's creative team, composed largely of Australians, made a remarkable discovery. Audiences, particularly Jewish ones, saw a movie somewhat different from the one that the director, Scott Hicks, had envisioned: a visual anthem to David Helfgott, the brilliant young Jewish pianist who had a mental breakdown and then recovered.

"The reaction of the audience at Sundance was really quite palpable," said Geoffrey Rush, who was nominated for an Oscar for his starring role as the oldest David Helfgott. "It seems that for Jews it is a much more powerful experience."

Even at Sundance, however, audiences debated what caused the pianist's breakdown while playing the Rachmaninoff Piano Concerto No. 3, or, as it is known in the film, the "Rach 3." The film intentionally took an elliptical approach to Mr. Helfgott's journey through art, madness and redemption.

The young Mr. Helfgott is portrayed as a fragile musical prodigy. His volatile father, Peter, played by Armin Mueller-Stahl, lives out his own shattered musical destiny by brutalizing his son, both physically and emotionally. Behind the brutality, however, is a perverse love, perhaps rooted in the losses the family suffered during the Holocaust.

The film offers three likely suspects for David Helfgott's descent, in pretty much this order: a history of family violence and child abuse, the treacherousness of a musical career in general and the "Rach 3" in particular, and the legacy of the Holocaust. As Mr. Hicks said in an interview: "There is strength in ambiguity. I want audiences to draw their own conclusions, to discover the messages themselves."

But the Holocaust references in "Shine" are somewhat blurred, unlike, for example, the references to child abuse. As a result, even Jewish audiences can't be sure about the role the Holocaust plays in the damage to father and son.

"It wasn't an area of major investigation," said Mr. Rush. "I was much more interested in thinking about David as a licensed fool able to say dangerous things about his situation. Scott and I knew many ***working-class*** immigrants when we were children in Australia. For the most part, we saw the Helfgotts as an impoverished immigrant family directing their child with great intensity toward achievement."

Mr. Hicks agreed, but was more tantalized by the symbolic possibilities of the "Rach 3." "I see the 'Rach 3' as the Holy Grail of this film," he said. "Artists sometimes push against dangerous psychological frontiers in pursuit of their passions. They leave us with trophies of their journeys, but sometimes they themselves never come back."

Mr. Mueller-Stahl, who has received an Oscar nomination for his performance, had something else in mind in preparing for the pivotal role of Peter Helfgott. He was thinking about his own father, a German soldier who was killed a few days before the end of the war. Mr. Mueller-Stahl's father always wanted to be an actor -- the destiny fulfilled by his son, in much the same way that David, in "Shine," is given the responsibility of achieving what his father, Peter, could not.

So where does the Holocaust appear in the film and how does it fit in? In many ways the director and actors seem to view it as mere background music played pianissimo against the heavy metal of the "Rach 3" and the shrieking echoes of the father whipping his son.

But there is one scene in which Peter Helfgott's gaze freezes at a vision of barbed wire. In another, his daughter asks to see his scar, "where the lion scratched you," and he prepares to roll up his sleeve and show her his forearm. Then he stops and says something -- not everyone catches this bit of dialogue, and some of those who do consider it metaphorical -- about getting "too close to the bars."

Then there is the adult David's own staccato, coded mutterings about "Daddy and his family before they were concentrated." Earlier he says, about his father or perhaps his grandfather, "He got exterminated, didn't he?"

Each of these images points to the conclusion that Peter Helfgott was a Holocaust survivor.

While the imagery in "Shine" suggests that Peter Helfgott and his wife survived the concentration camps of Poland, the real-life Helfgotts were not Holocaust survivors. They left Poland before Hitler's invasion, although relatives who remained behind did not survive. This is not a trivial detail to Holocaust survivors, who are rightly sensitive about comparisons between their memories and the experience of those who watched from a distance.

David Helfgott's older sister, Margaret, has expressed her concern about her family's experiences in a barrage of letters to Jewish newspapers and others: "In the film, my father seems to roll up his sleeve," she wrote. "Many people who have seen the film have interpreted this to mean that my father was showing a number from the concentration camps to my sister. From this it seems that many reviewers, journalists and the viewing public would associate my father with being a Holocaust survivor."

She has also denied that her father ever beat David. In an interview she said she was concerned that her father was "portrayed as a brutal Holocaust survivor, as if the Holocaust was responsible."

BUT ASIDE FROM DIFFERences between the literal story of the Helfgotts and the movie, there is the question of what "Shine" as a work of art says about the role of the Holocaust in David's descent into madness. Curiously, the people associated with the making of the film play down the significance of the Holocaust images in the film.

Mr. Mueller-Stahl thought the barbed wire represented the prison that Australia had become for Peter, a man racked with memories and disappointments and harsh feelings toward the world. "He was putting himself in jail because the world was filled with lions," Mr. Mueller-Stahl suggested.

Perhaps the biggest irony of all concerns those lions -- the real rather than metaphorical ones. Although the film doesn't develop this connection, it happens that underneath Peter's sleeve is not a tattoo from a concentration camp but rather a scar from his days in the circus. Long before the real Peter Helfgott had moved to Australia, he had been a circus worker, and he had in fact been bitten -- albeit by a tiger, and on the hand, not on the forearm.

According to Mr. Hicks, it is really Peter's circus experience to which "Shine" is referring, not any overt association with the Holocaust.

Mr. Hicks acknowledges that the film is on some levels a product of creative license, although he says he relied on David Helfgott's memory of being beaten as a child, notwithstanding Margaret's assertions that the abuse never happened. But what had been an accident of European history seemingly has also led, for Mr. Hicks, to an accident of esthetics.

"Because I'm not Jewish, I was in terror of making a blunder," he said, alluding to his treatment of the Holocaust. "This subject is still an open wound for some people, and I didn't want to trample on profound sensibilities by being offensive."

Certain people will see this film as a Holocaust story, and yet it isn't, either in reality or in the film maker's eyes. Nevertheless, whether concealed or unintended, the Holocaust images in "Shine" are present, even though those who see them -- including some Jews -- may not fully understand what they mean. This is because there is an emotional truth to the film that speaks to what Holocaust survivors already know: Peter Helfgott may not have been in the camps, but he was indeed branded -- if not on the flesh, then on the soul.

**Graphic**

Photos: Armin Mueller-Stahl in "Shine"--A father's hazy links to the Holocaust. (Lisa Tomasett/Fine Line Features) (pg.12). Noah Taylor as a youthful David Helfgott in "Shine." (Lisa Tomasetti/Fine Line Pictures) (pg. 20)

**Load-Date:** March 2, 1997

**End of Document**



[***THE WHITMAN AGENDA: THE SPEECH;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-9K20-000P-N42Y-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Whitman Vows to Cut Car Insurance Rates by Curbing Suits***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-9K20-000P-N42Y-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 15, 1997, Wednesday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1997 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk

**Section:** Section B;  ; Section B;  Page 1;  Column 2;  Metropolitan Desk  ; Column 2;

**Length:** 1250 words

**Byline:** By JENNIFER PRESTON

By JENNIFER PRESTON

**Dateline:** TRENTON, Jan. 14

**Body**

Gov. Christine Todd Whitman said today that New Jersey drivers have for too long paid the nation's highest automobile insurance rates and proposed legislation that would allow insurers to offer limited coverage for lower premiums.

In her third annual address to the State Legislature, Governor Whitman praised her administration for a range of accomplishments from cutting income taxes to imposing statewide school curriculum standards, but she acknowledged that bringing down auto insurance rates remained one of her biggest challenges.

By vowing to lower auto insurance premiums, Mrs. Whitman sought to address a problem that her Democratic opponents promised to make a campaign issue in this year's gubernatorial race. In her 50-minute speech, the Governor also struck several other themes to appeal to voters, from the environment to education to crime.

The auto insurance proposal would require insurers to offer four options to drivers, all of which would continue to provide them with $250,000 of coverage for medical expenses and some lost wages. To varying degrees under the plans, drivers would be able to reduce their premiums by abandoning or restricting their ability to seek damages in court for pain and suffering.

Mrs. Whitman said she would also seek to eliminate surcharges that insurance companies impose on bad drivers and on new drivers. And she said she would eliminate automatic annual rate increases now given insurance companies by the state.

In the most recent survey of auto insurance rates, in 1994, the average premium in New Jersey was $964 -- $314 above the national average, according to the National Association of Insurance Commissioners. In New York, the average premium was $870, the fifth highest in the country, while Connecticut's $863 was the sixth highest.

According to Whitman aides, a motorist who now pays the average of $536 for the minimum mandatory policy would save up to $187 under the Governor's proposal by choosing the least expensive option.

Noting that various special interest groups have been successful in curbing efforts to bring down auto insurance rates in the past, Governor Whitman conceded that she faced an uphill fight in winning legislative approval for the plan.

But the Governor said she is ready. "Make no mistake," she said in her address, "enacting true auto insurance reform will not be easy. Powerful special interests are already mobilizing to preserve the status quo. But if they want a fight, we'll give it to them."

Assembly Speaker Jack Collins, a Republican from Salem County, said that the Legislature would take a close look at the proposal. While Mr. Collins said he did not anticipate objections from lawmakers over the Governor's plan to eliminate surcharges and curb fraud and abuse, he said that restricting coverage would not win easy approval.

"I don't know if that is the best way to solve it," he said. "I think that we have to be very careful. I am always concerned when you deny people the right to sue. But I understand that in some cases, it is for the betterment of society."

Democratic lawmakers attacked the plan, saying that auto insurance rates were high because the Whitman administration approved rate increases for 10 insurance companies, in addition to the automatic annual increases that range from three percent to five percent.

"We have higher rates because the Governor allowed the insurance rates to increase," said Joseph V. Doria, a Democrat from Hudson County and the Assembly Minority Leader.

Mr. Doria said that he was concerned that drivers would choose the least expensive option without fully understanding the impact of having less coverage and waiving their right to sue. "You will get the $1.98 policy that covers nothing," Mr. Doria said. "You will find yourself in a desperate situation. People will take the lowest policy and God forbid they would get hurt."

But Governor Whitman said that New Jersey had the highest auto insurance rates in the nation because "of years of control from Trenton."

And John K. Tiene, executive director of the New Jersey Insurance News Service, a lobbying organization sponsored by 21 auto insurance companies, called the Whitman proposal a "bold attempt" to address significant problems facing the auto insurance system. "We have advocated for many years that motorists should have more direct control over how they spend their insurance dollars," he said.

But the reasons for the high rates are more complex than the Democrats or Governor Whitman suggest. New Jersey is the most densely populated state in the country, and it also is the most litigious. Robert Hunter, insurance director of the Consumer Federation of America, said that the high density of traffic on the state's roadways also contribute to high rates.

Governor Whitman is the latest in a long line of governors who have tried to bring down New Jersey's auto insurance premiums. Former Gov. Jim Florio took perhaps one of the boldest steps when he eliminated the $222 surcharge imposed on all drivers to pay for a bad-driver insurance pool. He ordered the insurance companies to pick up the costs of the pool, known as the Joint Underwriting Association, whose debt burden had exceeded $1 billion. Several insurance companies balked at the plan, and challenged it in court.

Harrison J. Gordon, president of the New Jersey chapter of the Association of Trial Lawyers of America, said that the Governor's plan would create two classes of motorists and force some residents to pay for access to the court system.

"The Governor's plan shuts the courthouse door for poor, ***working class*** and middle class New Jerseyans who, in an effort to reduce their insurance premiums, could choose policies that do not offer adequate protection in the event of an accident," Mr. Gordon said.

All four of Governor Whitman's proposed options would retain a central feature of the state's existing no-fault insurance system -- the $250,000 in so-called "personal injury protection" for medical costs, some lost wages and other services. That coverage is the nation's second highest, behind only Michigan's unlimited protection for a policy holder's medical bills and lost wages.

The main variant in Mrs. Whitman's plan deals with a motorist's right to sue beyond the $250,000 for medical bills and lost wages. These are the key provisions in each plan:

\*Option 1 -- No right to sue the other driver for pain and suffering. The policy holder can sue for at least $15,000 in lost income and unreimbursed medical expenses. Projected premium saving: 20 to 25 percent.

\*Option 2 -- No right to sue for pain and suffering. But policy holders could collect a pre-set pain-and-suffering benefit, depending on the injury. The policy holder could sue for economic losses. Projected premium saving: 5 to 10 percent.

\*Option 3 -- Similar to existing policies of 88 percent of New Jersey drivers. But it narrows the types of injuries eligible for pain and suffering suits to those causing death, serious impairment of a bodily function or permanent and serious disfigurement. This restriction on pain and suffering suit is modeled after insurance laws in Michigan. Projected premium savings: 5 to 10 percent.

\*Option 4 -- Unlimited right to sue for pain and suffering, regardless of the severity of the injury. Premiums will increase, except for motorists who currently have no restrictions on their right to sue. Premiums might decrease because of the new plan's crackdown on fraud, the end of surcharges and other cost-control proposals.

**Graphic**

Photo: In Gov. Christine Todd Whitman's State of the State Message in Trenton yesterday, she spoke via a video hookup to schoolchildren at the Liberty Science Center in Jersey City to demonstrate an education program. (Laura Pedrick for The New York Times)(pg. B5)

**Load-Date:** January 15, 1997

**End of Document**



[***Living for Cinema, and Through It***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:7W1N-SGY1-2PBB-2201-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 28, 2009 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2009 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section AR; Column 0; Arts and Leisure Desk; Pg. 1; FILM

**Length:** 1966 words

**Byline:** By A. O. SCOTT

**Body**

IS there something about France -- the diet, perhaps, or the health-care system -- that accounts for the extraordinary creative longevity of so many of its filmmakers? A half-century after the New Wave crested and crashed ashore, a remarkable number of directors associated with that movement are still making movies. Jean-Luc Godard and Claude Chabrol are approaching 80, and while Mr. Godard appears to have slowed his pace a bit, Mr. Chabrol continues to produce sinister, elegant studies of passion and power at the rate of about one a year. Jacques Rivette, 81, and Eric Rohmer, who turned 89 this year, recently have made ambitious and well-regarded films, and Alain Resnais, now 87, was seen in Cannes last month flouting the red-carpet dress code, collecting a lifetime-achievement award and presenting his latest movie.

And then there is Agnes Varda, the only female filmmaker associated with the Nouvelle Vague at its high-water mark and now, at 81, an artist of undiminished vigor, curiosity and intelligence. That is certainly how she appears in ''The Beaches of Agnes,'' her latest film, which opens in New York on Wednesday, after winning a Cesar (the French equivalent of an Oscar) for best documentary feature in February. Conceived as Ms. Varda's 80th birthday approached, ''Beaches'' is a cinematic memoir in two senses: an autobiography rendered in carefully chosen, meaning-rich images and the account of a life lived in, through and for cinema.

There is an elegiac undercurrent to the film -- visits to familiar places that have changed over the years, recollections of the dead -- but it is not so much concerned with taking stock or summing up as it is with the restless exploration of memory. ''I wanted to be like a bird,'' Ms. Varda said in an interview one wintry morning in Manhattan a few months ago. ''I wanted to be free in my memory, to go from one part to another and see what I would find.'' An inveterate collector of odd images and curious ideas -- her 2003 documentary, ''The Gleaners and I,'' is a personal and philosophical inquiry into the practice of gathering what has been discarded or passed over -- Ms. Varda composed ''Beaches'' as a sort of living, moving collage.

The film includes an abundance of clips from her other films, and photographs capturing various journeys, projects and relationships, but it is less an archival exhibition than a wonder cabinet, full of whimsical inventions as well as recovered artifacts. The filmmaker Chris Marker, Ms. Varda's ''interlocutor,'' appears in the guise of an orange cartoon cat with a digitally altered voice. There are dreamy montages, re-enactments and surrealist set pieces that demonstrate her continued interest in installation art and photography as well as film. The theme of the movie is beaches, and since Paris, where Ms. Varda has spent much of her working life, has none, she filled a street with sand and took the staff of her production company outside to sit at their desks in bathing suits.

The film sustains an unusual blend of gravity and playfulness, a mood at once ripe with experience and childlike in its capacity for wonder. ''At one screening,'' Ms. Varda said, ''there was a young man, maybe 22-years-old, who said about this film: 'It gives you the desire to grow old.' ''

Ms. Varda has something of a complicated history with the question of age. When she was barely 30, a photo caption in a French magazine labeled her ''an ancestor of the New Wave.'' The title was bestowed in recognition of her first (and, at the time, her only) feature film, ''La Pointe Courte,'' whose modest means and restless aesthetic and intellectual ambitions anticipated the breakout films of Francois Truffaut, Mr. Godard and the rest by a good half-decade. ''I thought, well, now that I am an ancestor, I don't have to grow any older,'' Ms. Varda has said, and the elfin, energetic figure she presents in her recent documentaries and in person is decidedly youthful, much as the unlined face that stares from the pages of the old Nouvelle Vague yearbook seems preternaturally wise.

As the sole woman in that charmed circle of young lions, Ms. Varda has taken on more than her share of symbolic roles: mother, sister, confidante, colleague and -- literally in the case of Jacques Demy, a fellow director and her husband from 1962 until his death in 1990 -- wife. Appearing on screen, in ''Beaches'' and ''The Gleaners and I,'' surrounded by much younger crew members and performers, she is an almost ideally grandmotherly presence, pre-empting the indignities of age with a self-mockery that subtracts nothing from her rigorous and skeptical intelligence.

A grandmother who, in telling stories about the old days, is more apt to charm -- or even shock -- the kids than to bore them. ''Many young people love me,'' she said, smiling at the forthrightness of the declaration. ''Some of them call me Mamie Punk'' -- Granny Punk -- ''maybe because of the hair.'' At the time her coiffure was a violet fringe surmounted by a tonsure of gray, a Rothkoesque variation on the Dutch Boy she wears, impervious to changes in style, in every era covered by ''The Beaches of Agnes.''

But the nickname also acknowledges a key aspect of Ms. Varda's personal and artistic style. Not quite the aggressive, nihilistic stance associated with punk rock, perhaps, but rather a kind of thrifty, skeptical anarchism of the spirit, a liberating willingness to find inspiration and even beauty in what might conventionally be dismissed as rough, ugly or commonplace.

''La Pointe Courte,'' that great ancestral text, exemplifies this attitude, and affirms Ms. Varda's position at the vanguard not only of the New Wave, but also of any filmmaking tendency worthy of the name independent. French cinema in 1954 was male dominated, hierarchical and rigidly bureaucratic, governed by an elaborate set of rules and protocols. An aspiring director was expected to jump through carefully placed and managed hoops of training, apprenticeship and credentialization. The idea that anyone could pick up a camera, gather a crew and just start shooting a film -- it just was not done.

But that is just what Ms. Varda did. Trained as a photographer, she was, as she puts it now, almost entirely ''innocent of cinema.'' Unlike her soon-to-be confreres in the New Wave, who emerged from the hothouses of the Paris Cinematheque and Cahiers du Cinema, she was neither a critic nor even much of a film buff, having seen only a handful of movies when she decided to make her own. ''I thought that pictures plus words, that was cinema,'' she says at one point in an interview included on the Criterion DVD of ''La Pointe Courte.'' ''It was only later that I discovered it was something else.''

''La Pointe Courte,'' however, is anything but a naive, literal-minded photographer's foray into moviemaking. Its structure was suggested by ''The Wild Palms,'' William Faulkner's novel composed of parallel stories told in alternating chapters. One thread of Ms. Varda's film follows a married couple, played by Silvia Monfort and Philippe Noiret (in his first film role), as they discuss the ambiguous state of their love. Should they separate or not, and if so why? They pose these questions -- and pose in striking, quasi-Cubist close-ups and de Chiricoesque wide compositions -- in the alleys and streets of Sete, the Mediterranean port town whose ***working-class*** residents supply the other half of the narrative. These fishermen and their families, more or less playing themselves, grapple with death, work, marriage and the intrusions of health inspectors and other annoying agents of the state.

The contrast between the two halves of ''La Pointe Courte'' is characteristic of the tensions and complexities that flicker through nearly all of Ms. Varda's feature films. Documentary flows into artifice, abstraction gives way to naturalism, and cinema is revealed to consist of the collision, be it serendipitous or unsettling, between the found and the made. The two ''plots'' converge at a jousting tournament in which local men perched on platforms atop elaborately decorated galleylike boats try to knock each other into the water with long poles. The jousting sequence collapses the distinction between documentary and performance in what might be described as a characteristically Vardaesque fashion. If this curious and ancient ritual did not exist, she might have invented it.

One of the dividends of ''The Beaches of Agnes'' is that Ms. Varda allows herself, and the audience, to peek behind the scenes, to learn something about her techniques and the sources of her inspiration. Some of these have been personal and geographical: Sete, so vivid in ''La Pointe Courte,'' was where her family took refuge during World War II after fleeing Belgium. Others are literary, artistic and political: the Surrealists, Picasso, the revolutions in China and Cuba and, above all, the rise of feminism in the West.

She pauses to point out some of the motifs and formal choices in her work: the clocks that mark the minutes in ''Cleo From 5 to 7,'' her 1962 real-time tour de force that follows a ravishing, anxious blonde through the silvery streets of Paris; the right-to-left tracking shots that link the vignettes in ''Vagabond''; the re-enactments of scenes from Demy's films in ''Jacquot de Nantes'' (1991), her loving portrait of her husband as a young man.

These movies confound easy description. (Four of the best and best known -- ''La Pointe Courte,'' ''Cleo,'' ''La Bonheur'' and ''Vagabond'' -- are available in an indispensable Criterion boxed set.) And Ms. Varda counts only ''Vagabond,'' in which Sandrine Bonnaire is heartbreaking and abrasive as a young woman adrift, as an unqualified success. It won the Golden Lion in Venice in 1985, a prize that, in ''Beaches,'' is placed in the sand of her homemade Parisian lido alongside Demy's Palme d'Or for ''The Umbrellas of Cherbourg'' (1964). Not that she is disappointed. ''I am the queen of the margins,'' she said. ''But the films are loved. The films are remembered. And this is my aim -- to be loved as a filmmaker because I want to share emotions, to share the pleasure of being a filmmaker.''

It is a pleasure she shared for nearly 30 years with Demy, who haunts ''The Beaches of Agnes'' like a benevolent, enigmatic ghost. ''The dearest of the dead,'' she calls him, and the great love of her life. Their artistic sensibilities were not closely aligned -- his stated ambition was to make ''calm films, films about happiness'' while her work bristles with a sense of contradiction -- and the intimate details of their lives together, and of his illness and death at 59, are addressed with brevity and circumspection. The tone of the film is personal, but not confessional. It is more of an essay in memory than a memoir.

And, as such, it is about the way memory intrudes into and colors the present-tense flow of experience, much as Ms. Varda's cinema flows into the stream of everyday life. ''Do I dream, or do I see a picture of Jacques Demy?'' she asked at one point in our interview, which took place at the offices of Film Forum, in a room full of film stills and framed photographs of directors and stars. The one that caught her attention was at eye level, on the other side of the room. Had it been placed there on purpose, we wondered, like the tokens and talismans that find their way onto her beaches and into the frames of her films? It was, to use one of her favorite words, a puzzle. Solving it diffused some of the mystery -- the picture, on closer inspection, was not of Demy after all -- but did not dispel the curiosity that drives Ms. Varda to pause over details, impressions and moments. ''I wonder who it is?'' she said.

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

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: Agnes Varda, 81, was the only female filmmaker associated with the New Wave at its high-water mark. Her latest film, ''The Beaches of Agnes,'' opens in New York on Wednesday.(PHOTOGRAPH BY OWEN FRANKEN FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES)(pg. AR1)

Agnes Varda, top, in ''The Beaches of Agnes,'' which she composed as a sort of living, moving collage. At left, Sandrine Bonnaire in ''Vagabond'' (1985).

(PHOTOGRAPH BY CINEMA GUILD)

(PHOTOGRAPH BY FILM FORUM)

The filmmaker Chris Marker, in the guise of a cartoon cat, above, with Ms. Varda in her new film. Above left, Antoine Bourseiller and Corinne Marchand in Ms. Varda's 1962 feature ''Cleo From 5 to 7.''(PHOTOGRAPH BY CINEMA GUILD)

(PHOTOGRAPH BY FILM FORUM)(pg. AR8)

**Load-Date:** June 28, 2009

**End of Document**



[***Political Memo;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-9JT0-000P-N3DF-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Leadership Hunts Show The State of the Parties***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-9JT0-000P-N3DF-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 17, 1997, Friday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1997 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** National Desk

**Section:** Section A; ; Section A; Page 22; Column 5; National Desk ; Column 5;

**Length:** 1278 words

**Byline:** By RICHARD L. BERKE

By RICHARD L. BERKE

**Dateline:** WASHINGTON, Jan. 16

**Body**

While President Clinton had to twist arms to find a suitable chairman for the Democratic Party, eight candidates who want to lead the Republican Party are engaged in a furious competition, pitching themselves on videotapes and plying prospective supporters with food and drink at cocktail receptions.

The starkly different circumstances offer a telling glimpse into the current status of the two parties. The Republican leader, who will be selected here on Friday at the party's winter meeting, has more clout because he does not have to worry about being overshadowed by a President from his party.

But the job for the Democrats lacks cachet not simply because major political decisions are expected to be made from the White House, but also because the party is mired in a legal morass over its solicitations of millions of dollars from foreign interests.

That explains why there was no parade of notable Democrats eager to run the Democratic National Committee. In a choice to be ratified by party members at their meeting here next week, Mr. Clinton this week prevailed on Gov. Roy Romer of Colorado to run the party.

But Mr. Romer was not the first choice, and even he agreed to take the post only if he did not have to give up his day job.

So Mr. Clinton picked Steve Grossman, a business executive from Massachusetts and longtime party fund raiser, to oversee the committee's daily operations.

"I didn't want this job," Mr. Romer said in an interview today. "I didn't ask for this job. There's a real cost for anyone who does this."

He explained that he did not succumb until a couple of days after having met for nearly two hours in the White House residence with Mr. Clinton and Vice President Al Gore.

"They laid out a hard case for why I should do it," he said. "But we left in a deadlock."

It was a hard case to make.

As Brian Lunde, a former executive director of the Democratic Party, put it: "The Democratic chairmanship should have been the plum position following the re-election of the first Democrat since Roosevelt. The main mission now is to clean out the barn. They're going to be spending their time looking backward, complying with all the subpoenas."

That is not to mention pulling the party out of millions of dollars of debt.

Indeed, Mr. Romer said he had some sense of what awaited. A day or so after he accepted the job, he said he ran into a reporter who asked him, "Have you been indicted yet?"

There is no dearth of contenders on the Republican side. The balloting on Friday will cap an intense campaign among contenders who are vying to win over a tiny electorate of the 165 members of the Republican National Committee. The post is in such demand, because that party's chairman may well emerge as a de facto representative for a party that does not control the White House.

That is particularly true, given that Speaker Newt Gingrich, the nation's best known Republican officeholder, is weakened by the ethics accusations swirling about him.

The best known contender is former Gov. Steve Merrill of New Hampshire, who suffered something of a setback when Bob Dole, whom he endorsed, lost the Presidential primary in his state last year. Mr. Merrill is the only candidate who is not an official of the party. Many Republicans regard Mr. Merrill as the candidate to beat, and one sign of his apparent strength is that he has been the target of anonymous mailings that raise questions about his past marriages.

David F. Norcross, who stands out from the others for supporting abortion rights in some cases, seems to have cornered the backing of moderates on the committee. But some party officials say Mr. Norcross, a national committeeman from New Jersey and counsel to the national party, may have trouble amassing the 83 votes needed to win. Others who have run particularly aggressive campaigns are Jim Nicholson, a national committeeman from Colorado, and Tom Pauken, the Texas Republican chairman.

The other contenders are Robert T. Bennett, the Ohio Republican chairman; John S. Herrington, the California Republican chairman; Chuck Yob, the Republican national committeeman from Michigan, and Jeanie Austin, a former co-chairwoman of the national party.

The outgoing chairman, Haley Barbour, a folksy Mississippian, was known for involving himself in more than the nut and bolts of the party and was a major player in legislative strategy sessions on Capitol Hill. In his farewell to the party this afternoon, Mr. Barbour urged the party to set its sights on the White House and reach out more aggressively to women and minorities.

"Our No. 1 goal must be, and is, to follow 1998 with a Presidential victory in 2000," Mr. Barbour said. "Only a Republican Congress can make our national majority party the national governing majority. We have to realize everything is not coming up roses. We have to address a weakness that could threaten our long-term majority status and undermine its effectiveness in the short run. In 1996, we failed to get the support of many minority and women voters who are natural members of our national majority."

But most of the candidates who are vying to succeed Mr. Barbour directed their appeals not to matters like courting women and minorities, but to the narrow interests of the state party officials who vote. The contenders all pledged deference to the local parties. And, given that the party is in essence a multimillion-dollar fund-raising machine, they emphasized their money-raising abilities, as well as their skills at coming off as an appealing face of the party on television.

"There's a lot of frustration out there at the grass-roots level," said Mr. Pauken, who is especially popular among religious conservatives. "People feel that our party is becoming too much of a consultant-driven Washington-insider operation. That has to change."

Mr. Merrill sent party members a slickly produced videotape that included testimonials from Republican officials around the country, homey pictures of his children and a video tour of his life, including the house where he grew up, in a ***working-class*** neighborhood.

Mr. Bennett's video was not as slick. It consisted mainly of Ohio officials' singing their praises for the state chairman. The tone was set when the announcer declared at the beginning, "Ten years ago, the Ohio State Republican party stood in shambles." Until, of course, Mr. Bennett took over.

In his video, Mr. Norcross tried to display his television skills with a snippet of an appearance on "Larry King Live" on CNN. And he did not dare mention that he is viewed as more moderate than his rivals, saying, "We don't have to choose between the broad elements of our philosophy."

If recent history is any guide, the winning candidate may not behave in a particularly ideological fashion.

"You could try to be an ideological chairman, but I think it would be rather self-defeating," said John F. Bibby, a professor of political science at the University of Wisconsin at Milwaukee and an expert on the parties. "One way to avoid internal conflicts is to focus on strengthening the organizational apparatus."

Mr. Romer said he had no great expectations. He said that he simply viewed his tenure at the Democratic Party as serving his President and his party -- and that he wanted out in two years.

His Republican counterpart, whomever that might be, will be expected to serve for four years. Maybe, like the late Democratic chairman, Ronald H. Brown, the new chairman will end up in the Cabinet. Or like Mr. Barbour, end up with the gratitude of prominent politicians -- and a potential for more lucrative lobbying.

"Maybe you'll get a Cabinet post," Mr. Bibby said. "But nobody can bet on those things."

**Load-Date:** January 17, 1997

**End of Document**



[***THE WAY WE LIVE NOW: 10-5-03: PHENOMENON; (Not) For His Eyes Only***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:49P8-YMJ0-01KN-2562-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 5, 2003 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2003 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 6; Column 1; Magazine Desk; Pg. 35

**Length:** 1461 words

**Byline:**  By Shaila K. Dewan; Shaila K. Dewan is a reporter for the Metro Section of The Times.

**Body**

Even on a Friday night in summer, Coney Island snaps shut like a clamshell when it rains. The stalls selling frozen daiquiris in tall plastic beakers are shuttered, and the old-timers disappear from Ruby's boardwalk bar. But walk past Astroland, and you'll find one place lighted up with carny promise, where paintings of a bearded lady and a tattooed man practically reach out and grab the money from your pocket. Inside the Sideshows by the Seashore, the bleacher seats are packed. The crowd is mostly people in their 20's and 30's who are in thrall to Coney's seedy charm or older folks who grew up coming to the boardwalk and have discovered the show on nostalgia trips. Onstage, a woman dressed as a portly man abuses a plastic blow-up doll in unseemly ways. Suddenly, the blow-up doll comes alive, slowly unpeeling her plastic layer, and a woman whose stage name is MsTickle steps out, wearing -- ba-da-boom! -- pasties and a G-string. This is Burlesque on the Beach.

It is not surprising that there is an old-time burlesque revival in New York. Like tiki bars and the jitterbug, the striptease had to come back sometime. What is impressive, though, is that it has come back with such a vengeance. Suddenly, women in very scanty clothing are everywhere, or at least on every bijou stage in every hipster neighborhood, introduced by languid gay M.C.'s instead of the straight male impresarios of the 40's and 50's. You can see a burlesque revue, or two, on almost any night of the week: Mondays in Williamsburg; Wednesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays in the East Village; Fridays on Coney Island; Saturdays on the Lower East Side. In May, the Knitting Factory staged a sold-out show during a burlesque festival.

Part of the vengeance is that burlesque is not just for gentlemen anymore, and performers need not look like mud-flap girls. The women are shaped like hourglasses, pears or licorice sticks, teasing enthusiastic audiences from behind ostrich-feather fans or hubcaps. They decorate their breasts with pasties of swinging tassels, peppermint candies, electrodes, plastic vampire bats or googly eyes. Miss Dirty Martini, who looks like a party-going housewife with fake eyelashes long enough to rake leaves, is both ample and sculptured, a trained dancer whose body is a dazzling array of powder-pale shapes. The audiences love her -- in fact, they seem to love any woman who struts her stuff with a certain aplomb.

Late one night at the Slipper Room on the Lower East Side, an all-star show is in the works with Scotty the Blue Bunny, who stands more than seven feet in his blue unitard, platform heels and bunny ears, as the M.C. The performers are Bunny Love, a makeup artist who has a number in which she sits on a cake; Julie Atlas Muz, a theater director and former stage electrician who has been known to take a bite of the cake afterward; Jo Boobs, who sometimes eats fire or wears a monkey mask; Miss Saturn, an actor resembling Carly Simon who undresses while hula-hooping; and the World Famous Bob, a self-described "female female-impersonator" who, despite the fact that she is a biological woman, once made a living as a drag queen.

One of Bob's numbers involves using her F-cup breasts to shake a martini and pour it, after which she garnishes it with olives fished out of her underpants and serves it to an audience member. One person who has drunk such a martini is Will Clegg, a 23-year-old freelance photographer who discovered the show at the Slipper Room one night and keeps coming back. "I appreciate the humor a little more than the sexy," Clegg says. "It's not like a real strip club. It's sexy, but it's not erotic. It's exhilarating to some degree."

So-called low forms of entertainment like burlesque have always been an escape in hard economic times, and New Yorkers dealing with a recession and still recovering from a terrorist attack need a refuge. But traditionally, burlesque was aimed at men as a respite from the job, the wife and the screaming kids. This time around, if burlesque is for men, it is done with a very big wink at the women in the audience. At a show at Galapagos in Williamsburg, Jami O'Rourke, a 26-year-old mortgage underwriter, has a quick answer to why she is there: naked breasts. "And tassels," she adds quickly. Although at heart burlesque is an art of the sendup, neither the performers nor the audience approaches it with any more than low-level irony. They are earnest, and they will tell you unhesitatingly how much fun it is.

With a bit of encouragement, O'Rourke launches into a riff on the reasons for burlesque's revival, including her opinion that its peek-a-boo ploy restores some mystery and playfulness to public sexuality. "We're totally saturated with vulgarity," she says.

Burlesquers tweak what often seems like society's monolithic idea of what is sexy. Anna Curtis, a photographer who performs under the name Lady Ace, does one act in Western wear called "The Farmer's Daughter," riding a broomstick with a horsy head. At the end of the song, she undoes the bandanna tied over her face and grins shyly, showing off a mouthful of crooked dentures. World Famous Bob does a striptease while a voiceover repeats things that have been said to her throughout her life. When it comes to "We just want different things from a relationship," Bob gives a yawn and puts her hand to her mouth.

A friendly one-upmanship drives the scene, ensuring that performers invest a staggering amount of energy into costumes, wigs, stilettos and routines, despite the fact that for most of them there's no money in it and little hope of fame beyond what a personal Web site provides."I'm devoted to it," says Miss Saturn, 28, who was encouraged to try burlesque by a friend involved in the Va Va Voom Room, a weekly burlesque show at Fez in the East Village. "I get more artistic satisfaction out of this than I ever did acting. There's none of that weird actor insecure stuff. It's more like fearless."

At the Slipper Room, Scotty the Blue Bunny is ready to start the show. "Welcome to Mr. Toad's variety burlesque upstairs downstairs whatever extravaganza," he tells the audience, and Julie Atlas Muz takes her place behind the curtain. Muz, who occupies a lofty position in the vaudeville firmament as co-host of "This or That," Coney Island's burlesque game show, is also one of the deftest performers around. She begins with a Spanish-style fan dance, wearing a black Zorro hat with red balls dangling from the brim at a rakish tilt. Muz's facial expressions are always half the story, and for this dance she punctuates a half-asleep expression with snarling, teeth-bared lion yawns. In the second set, Muz begins as an ice-cream man in a white coat, curly wig and mustache, tossing Good Humor cones to the audience. Then she strips down to pigtails and a G-string, jumping up and down for ice cream. For a finale, she turns her profile to the audience, tilts up her head and downs an entire cone in one slow go, rivulets of vanilla running out of her mouth as the crowd chants, "Julie, Julie!"

Little Brooklyn, named in deference to Little Egypt, a famous early burlesquer who attracted scores of imitators, is relatively new to the stage. By day, she is a 29-year-old flash animator who lives in Midwood (Brooklyn, of course), close to her parents. "I'm kind of like a homing pigeon," she says. By night, she has developed a sweet, ***working-class*** burlesque: a housewife doing dishes who gets her dress wet and a klutzy magician whose pesky magic balls end up (oops!) inside her bra or underwear. A Rosie the Riveter number is in the works.

Such is the state of culture today that burlesque is regarded as innocence embodied. When people talk about the reasons for the revival, they mention not only the movies "Moulin Rouge" and "Chicago" but also nostalgia, Norman Rockwell and picket fences.

"I consider myself pretty G-rated as far as a performer," Little Brooklyn says. She is big-boned, not in the euphemistic way but actually, and pretty, with a comic intelligence and a practical air. "I never feel like my body is the selling point of what I'm doing," she says. "But I do like putting it out there, a body that's not the norm." She reconsiders. "Actually, it is the norm."

If anything, burlesque has become a siren call to other women. Seasoned performers like World Famous Bob get frequent e-mail messages and calls from people who want advice getting started. The World Famous Pontani Sisters, a curvy trio who dance in handmade showgirl costumes, even teach a class. But the appeal of being sexy onstage has little to do with winning suitors. I ask Miss Dirty Martini if dancing is a good way to attract men, and she laughs: "Are you kidding? I'm the most intimidating thing they've ever seen.

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

**Graphic**

Photos (Photographs by Katharina Bosse)

**Load-Date:** October 5, 2003

**End of Document**



[***A Minister Without Portfolio For a British Sort of Comedy***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:421S-6P10-0109-T072-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 2, 2001 Tuesday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2001 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section E; Column 1; The Arts/Cultural Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1312 words

**Byline:**  By MEL GUSSOW

**Body**

Of all the important English playwrights, Alan Bennett is the most unassuming and self-effacing, so much so that it would be easy to overlook his accomplishments. But through his plays, monologues, diaries and stories, he has achieved a special rank in his home country. More than most of his peers, he has come to represent Britain and its institutions, which is in fact one of his two principal subjects. The other is Mr. Bennett himself.

Outwardly, he and Noel Coward are opposites: one an exemplar of the provincial ***working class*** in the north of England, the other a paragon of urban sophistication. In common with Coward, he is a writer and performer of his own work. Discussing Mr. Bennett in his book "Changing Stages," Richard Eyre carries the unlikely comparison several steps further: "There is no playwright who is so liked by the public, and so thought of as one of the family and, like Coward, so quintessentially English." He adds that Mr. Bennett "has made his writing such a forceful, forthright channel for his own sensibility."

In his work Mr. Bennett has perfected his role as the timid, diffident eccentric who, in his Yorkshire accent, hilariously itemizes the nonevents and threadbare artifacts of his childhood. In a series of monologues titled "Telling Tales," he talks about growing up over his father's butcher shop and never outgrowing the folksy, familial environment of his youth, even as he went on to Oxford. Those details, he said during a recent visit to New York, are "not the tip of the iceberg, they are the iceberg," vivid memories that rise from the mundane to the memorable and from the specific to the generic.

Of his popularity, he admitted: "People like me because I'm no threat. They think I'm nice." Then he challenged that description by saying: "No writer is nice. It's a misconception." He criticized himself -- and, by inference, other writers -- for an emotional detachment. As a writer, he said, one is "never wholly dismayed" even by personal tragedy. "The awful thing about writing is the eagerness with which you seize on things like that," no matter how harrowing, so it can be put to use in one's art.

Over tea in a Midtown hotel, he reflected on his childhood. "It was dull," he said, "but we were a happy family. I have nothing but good memories of my parents, except when my mother became ill." She was suffering from severe depression. When he began keeping a diary in 1974, he decided not to record his emotions and thoughts because "they make you cringe when you read them again." There were exceptions: "If I'm just miserable, I'll probably put down 'very low,' or something like that, but I don't go into it." Instead he keeps a "vaguely factual account" of his life. The diaries serve as a working notebook. His body of work has grown by accretion, until it surrounds him like a comfortable overcoat.

From the first, when Mr. Bennett made his stage debut in the early 1960's as one of the four creators of "Beyond the Fringe," his personality has been inextricable from his art. In that satiric revue, a success on Broadway as well as in London, he was cast as a vicar, in his words, "the sanctimonious one," an image that remained with him for many years.

Looking back on those days, seminal in terms of freeing British humor into new areas of wit and spontaneity, he said, "I was the slow starter," the odd man in the company of the fast-moving clowning of Jonathan Miller, Dudley Moore and Peter Cook. But in his own steadfast way, he has bypassed his "Fringe" collaborators and arguably is making a more permanent contribution to theater and literature.

His first individual breakthrough came in 1968 with "40 Years On," starring John Gielgud. For him it was "sketches adding up to a play." He said he continued to write in "three-minute bursts." "I'm obviously still a sketch writer. That's how Pinter started, and Frayn as well, and, one hesitates to say, Chekhov did exactly the same. It shapes you; it clearly shapes the way I work."

At 66 he has a faithful legion of admirers who cut across differences of class and geography. As a playwright he has moved from farce (a revival of "Habeas Corpus" several years ago at the Donmar Warehouse fully established it as a contemporary classic) to politics to history. Among other things, his plays offer challenging roles to actors: Sir Alec Guinness, Prunella Scales (who incarnated Queen Elizabeth in "Single Spies"), Nigel Hawthorne in "The Madness of George III."

His monologues (performed by Mr. Bennett and other actors) reappear with regularity on British television. "Writing Home," a collection of essays and excerpts from his diaries, was a best seller. Several of his stories have been published in pocket-size editions, with "The Clothes They Stood Up In" soon to be available in New York. Long or short, drama or prose, they are all indisputably the work of Mr. Bennett, who also lends his voice to a series of recordings of poetry and children's stories.

"The Clothes They Stood Up In" is a Kafkaesque mystery about a married couple in London who come home from the opera to find nothing there: their apartment has been burglarized and everything has been taken, including the oven (and the casserole inside). The story began as an attempt at writing a play, which, in turn, was inspired by one of the author's recurrent nightmares. He still plans to write the play.

"The Lady in the Van," his most recent play, took the reverse route. This was his adaptation of his short story about Miss Shepherd, an obstreperous homeless woman who set up residence in a van in Mr. Bennett's garden and stayed there for 15 years. "I was too lazy to get rid of her," he said. "Her will was stronger than mine."

During Miss Shepherd's encampment, he made notes about her in his diary. After her death he learned about her life, including her background as a concert pianist. He published the story about her and that gave birth to the play (starring Dame Maggie Smith). One of Mr. Bennett's inventions was to have two representations of himself onstage, identified as Alan Bennett 1 and Alan Bennett 2, one mischievous, one sedate, only one of whom looked like him. That made the play "more Faustian," he said.

Mr. Bennett the actor is available to bail himself out as a playwright. Several years ago Dame Maggie repeated her "Talking Heads" monologue on stage. One evening when the actress was indisposed, Mr. Bennett went on in her place, not playing her role, but sitting cozily in an armchair and spinning stories from his life.

At a performance of "The Lady in the Van" last season, one of the Alan Bennetts, "the nice one," was absent, and the author filled in. Script in hand because he was fearful of stage fright, he found it a thoroughly unnerving experience, largely because he was playing opposite Dame Maggie. "She was in full frenzy," he said. "She was so powerful. I wanted to hide." "She can turn on a sixpence," he said; in a single sentence, "she can be funny in the first part and tragic in the second part." Of the actor he replaced, he said, "I don't think I was as good at playing myself."

In one of his monologues about his life in Leeds, he asks himself, "Where is life?" and answers, "Down south," meaning London (where he has lived for many years). Asked that question again, he said: "I think my life is on paper now. You get so inured to writing that without it there isn't much left really. I wish sometimes I could collaborate. I don't mind the dialogue, but if I could find somebody who was good at plot, I'd be made."

What he has, in addition to a gift for dialogue, is a deep sense of character and atmosphere. "I always wish I told more lies," he said. "I would write a lot better if I were able to invent myself more than I do." He added with a laugh, "So little happens to me." In that "little," however, he has found creative largess.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Perfecting his role: Alan Bennett, writer of plays, stories and monologues. (Fred R. Conrad/The New York Times)(pg. E1); An ear for dialogue: Nigel Hawthorne, left, reprising his role as George III in the 1995 film version of Alan Bennett's "Madness of King George"; Dame Maggie Smith, right, in Mr. Bennett's "Lady in the Van" at the Queens Theater in London last year. (Alastair Muir); (The Samuel Goldwyn Company)(pg. E5)

**Load-Date:** January 2, 2001

**End of Document**



[***A Case for No New Tummies: The Tax on Cosmetic Surgery***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC9-SJB0-003Y-K3G4-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 17, 1990, Saturday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1990 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Style Desk;

**Section:** Section 1;; Section 1; Page 29; Column 4; Style Desk; Consumer's World Page; Column 4;; Consumer's World Page

**Length:** 1078 words

**Byline:** By ALISON LEIGH COWAN

By ALISON LEIGH COWAN

**Body**

If nature did not provide you with a flat stomach, a wisp of a nose or big breasts, you may want to take note: there are only 45 shopping days left before the price goes up.

As part of the recent budget negotiations, Congress and the Administration decided that tax dollars should not be used to help Americans improve their appearance. As a result, after Dec. 31, taxpayers will no longer be able to deduct the cost of cosmetic surgery or other similar procedures, like breast enlargements and face lifts. And they will owe tax on any reimbursement received from company-sponsored health plans, which use funds that are tax-free to the recipients to cover medical expenses.

Talk about sticker shock. Getting rid of "love handles" or other unsightly bulges by liposuction, a fat-extraction procedure now in vogue, can cost $2,400, but the patient can get back as much as $792 at tax time. (That assumes that other medical expenses for the year exceed 7.5 percent of the patient's income, below which the Government disallows medical deductions.)

But starting in 1991, cosmetic surgery will have to be paid for purely with after-tax dollars, which can mean an increase of nearly 50 percent to the consumer. Losing the deduction on a $4,150 face lift, generally the most expensive of quick surgical fixes, could cost $1,370 extra.

Estimates by the Joint Committee on Taxation show that the new provision will raise a modest $269 million in new tax revenues over five years, less than a fifth of what the new luxury tax on the most expensive cars and the costliest furs is expected to kick in to the Treasury. So in the end, it seems that the tax on elective surgery had mostly symbolic value.

"You can make the argument that plastic surgery is like hair rinses," said Emil M. Sunley, the director of tax analysis at Deloitte & Touche, the accounting firm. "It's fine if people want to do it, but the Government doesn't have to give a tax deduction for it."

Little Grief for the Rich

The higher prices for cosmetic surgery should have little effect on the rich. As a practical matter, the truly rich lost the deduction in 1986, when Congress decided that only those medical expenses in excess of 7.5 percent of income were deductible. Since then, only 5 percent of taxpayers have itemized medical expenses, the taxation committee said.

So it is the middle class that is most likely to conclude that "if it ain't deductible, don't fix it."

The new tax statute says that plastic surgery performed because of a disfiguring disease, an accident or other trauma, or a congenital deformity can still qualify for a deduction or tax-free reimbursement from a health plan. Until the Internal Revenue Service provides guidance, it will be unclear whether the new rules will be interpreted broadly to disallow cosmetic dental work like braces or tooth-whitening, which are now deductible for taxpayers with lots of medical expenses.

Though physicians and accountants say they expect some deductions to be preserved, some beautiful people in the making are not taking chances. Dr. Alan Gold, a plastic surgeon in Garden City, L.I., said one patient, who could not schedule a face lift until 1991, wanted to pay this year so she could claim a 1990 deduction.

Some patients of modest means are grateful to have slipped in under the wire. A 29-year-old municipal-bond analyst in New York, for instance, raves about the three hair transplants he recently had. A flexible-spending plan covered $3,000 of the $5,000 bill, and his surgeon, Dr. Robert Cattani, allowed him to pay the balance in installments.

"I feel a lot better about myself, and it's something I contemplated for years," said the analyst, who spoke on the condition that his name not be used. "Still, I had to go without a lot in order to get this done. I had to settle with an apartment that was much smaller than I wanted. I'm from Texas and couldn't go back as much as I wanted, and I don't own a car."

The Middle-Class Patient

Susan Hayner, a secretary in Troy, N.Y., who suffered severe back pain after the birth of her son, had her breasts reduced in September. She said she could not have afforded the $5,000 procedure had her insurance not covered most of its cost. "There was no way I could have turned around and said 'Do it,' " she said. Next year, she might have been taxed on the amount paid by her insurer.

Depending on whose estimates are used, Americans spent anywhere from $1.4 billion to $9 billion on cosmetic surgery in 1988, the last year for which figures are available. Unlike Porsches or sable coats, most cosmetic surgery is paid for not by the likes of Ivana Trump or Michael Jackson, but by the middle class. Thirty percent of the patients who sought out surgeons certified by the American Board of Plastic Surgery have annual household incomes of $25,000 or less, 35 percent earn $25,000 to $50,000 and 23 percent make $50,000 and up, according to a survey by the American Society of Plastic and Reconstructive Surgeons.

"It's these middle-income folks for whom it's almost a lifelong dream who will be hurt," said Anne Gorman, a spokeswoman for the society, which fought the new tax law and lost.

Under the new law, face lifts, breast enlargements, liposuction and surgery to correct baggy eyes or crow's-feet will probably be disallowed with few exceptions. But breast reductions done to alleviate back pain or surgery on the upper eyelids that improves vision might still squeak by, some accountants and surgeons said. Certainly, taxpayers who are contemplating cosmetic surgery in 1991 will probably want to ask their accountants to look for loopholes.

And since there is little consensus among surgeons whether Dumbo esque ears, a prominent nose or a receding chin constitute "congenital deformities" under the statute, it may pay to shop around for a surgeon who is willing to give patients a note supporting the deduction, to produce in case of a tax audit.

That is one reason some doctors say the new rules are unworkable. "There are a lot of things on the borderline that create problems," said Dr. Dennis J. Lynch, a plastic surgeon in Temple, Tex., who said he worried that the lack of a consensus would cause problems for his middle-income patients, many of whom are from the nearby Army base at Fort Hood. "They're wives of enlisted men and many ***working-class*** people who come in about things that frankly they're quite bothered by," he said. "It's not just something where they're taxing the rich."

**Graphic**

Graphic: "Fixing It Up, Writing It Off" shows how the new tax code might affect some popular cosmetic surgery procedures (Sources: American Society of Plastic and Reconstructive Surgeries and interviews with physicians)

**Load-Date:** November 17, 1990

**End of Document**



[***THE 1990 CAMPAIGN;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC9-SPT0-003Y-K2XC-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Fierce Fight for Illinois Seat Pits Old Against New***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC9-SPT0-003Y-K2XC-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 1, 1990, Thursday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1990 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** National Desk

**Section:** Section D;; Section D; Page 23; Column 1; National Desk; Column 1;

**Length:** 1135 words

**Byline:** By R.W. APPLE Jr., Special to The New York Times

By R.W. APPLE Jr., Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** CHICAGO, Oct. 31

**Body**

Walter Dudycz is a classic insurgent: an angry, underfinanced candidate, the son of immigrant parents, bursting with intermingled idealism and naivete, waging a door-to-door campaign backed by a volunteer organization.

The surprise is that he is a Republican, "the kind of candidate we almost never get," says Edward J. Rollins, co-chairman of the National Republican Congressional Committee, who helped to recruit Mr. Dudycz and considers him one of the party's three best prospects for defeating a Democratic incumbent in the House of Representatives in next week's midterm elections.

Frank Annunzio, the 13-term incumbent in question, is 75 years old. A onetime union official, he came up through the ranks of the formidable Democratic organization built by Richard J. Daley, and he has had only one real election fight in his career, created by redistricting in 1972.

The surprise is that he has mounted a tough, energetic bid for re-election, backed by slick direct-mail pieces and hard-hitting radio commercials put together by a team of experienced media advisers young enough to be his children. Mr. Annunzio has never been led in the private polls taken by both campaigns.

The campaign first drew national attention because of the turbulence in the savings and loan business, to which Mr. Annunzio has long had close connections.

But it has developed into a no-holds-barred clash between the old and the new, a competition for the allegiance of precisely those sorts of culturally conservative, economically more liberal voters whom Ronald Reagan attracted in the 1980's and whom the Republicans have to hold in the 1990's if they are to make any progress toward ending their minority status on Capitol Hill.

The battleground is the 11th Congressional District of Illinois, perhaps the most polyglot in the nation, which includes most of the far North Side of Chicago and a few suburbs near O'Hare Airport. On a single block of Lincoln Avenue, one of the district's main arteries, there are shops owned by Italian- , German- , Greek- , Korean- , Filipino- , Guatemalan- and Polish-Americans. The tidy side streets are lined with modest brick bungalows and low-rise apartment buildings.

Usually Democratic in local politics, the district has voted five successive times for the Republican candidate in Presidential contests.

Mr. Dudycz (pronounced DO-ditch), whose family came to the United States from the Ukraine after World War II, is a former Chicago policeman who now serves in the State Senate. He has built his career on resistance to taxes, and he drew wide attention last year when he barged into a student exhibit at the Art Institute of Chicago to pick up an American flag that had been spread on the ground.

Failure to Sound Alarm

He has pounded away at Mr. Annunzio for having accepted campaign contributions from Charles H. Keating Jr. and other savings-and-loan executives. He has tried to make an issue of the fact that two of Mr. Annunzio's sons-in-law, including Kevin Tynan, his campaign manager, worked for the United States League of Savings Institutions. And he has argued that Mr. Annunzio, chairman of the House Banking Subcommittee on Financial Institutions Supervision, failed to sound the alarm in time about the emerging savings-and-loan debacle.

But the Congressman has fought back, explaining his long-term support for the industry as a service to ***working-class*** people who could buy houses only through savings and loan centers. He insists he always opposed deregulation, which opened the way to financial abuses, and he has led the attack on the role of Neil Bush, the President's son, in the collapse of the Silverado Banking, Savings and Loan Association in Colorado.

Mr. Annunzio has criticized Mr. Dudycz as a "double dipper," collecting pay for a part-time Cook County patronage job on days when records show that he was in the State Legislature in Springfield. The Republican says the records are faulty.

But what Mr. Annunzio has really been selling, at ward picnics and labor rallies, is the politics of the New Deal and the Fair Deal and the politics of constituent service.

"I'm going to win because I've been here 25 years, answering the letters, helping with problems, looking after senior citizens and consumers and working people," he said the other night at a 41st Ward rally straight out of 1960. It was held in a Polish-American club plastered with placards bearing the ethnic names of Democratic stalwarts, with a searchlight piercing the sky outside and a banjo trio inside playing "Happy Days Are Here Again."

'Lies and Terror Tactics'

Introducing the candidate, Alderman Roman Pucinski, a silver-haired survivor of the old Daley days, told the crowd, "The people of Chicago resent the kind of lies and terror tactics used against Frank Annunzio."

Sometimes, Mr. Annunzio sounded dated, citing the Wagner Act, the Tennessee Valley Authority and the Boulder Dam -- all products of the 1930's -- as the kinds of things the Democratic Party did to help ordinary citizens. But sometimes he roused people to cheers, as when he defended his political heritage as a Chicago regular.

"These Republicans say that we're a machine," he shouted. "What the hell do you think they are, a knitting society, a sewing circle?"

Mr. Dudycz is hoping that the much-discussed backlash against incumbents will help him, and there is evidence of such feeling here. Mr. Tynan said he himself had been told several times, while out canvassing for his father-in-law, Mr. Annunzio: "Forget it. The hell with all the politicians."

'On the Wrong Track'

"Washington is on the wrong track," Mr. Dudycz said after a morning of hand-shaking in grocery stores and a small electrical-goods plant. "Frank Annunzio embodies everything wrong there -- an arrogant, long-serving, big-city politician put in and sustained by bosses. If I win, if we can do it in Chicago, it will encourage little guys across the country. If I lose, we send a message that money talks, no matter how tarnished the incumbent is."

The 40-year-old Republican candidate, whom Mr. Annunzio dismisses as "the D-jerk," describes himself as "Joe Six-Pack, a guy who bites his nails, who wears cheap suits, whose wife hoses down the alley -- nothing special, just average, a guy who might be digging potatoes with a shovel in the Ukraine if his father had taken a left turn instead of a right turn."

Mr. Dudycz will be outspent by about $600,000 to $300,000. He is clearly no match for Mr. Annunzio in detailed knowledge of issues. But he is convinced that the savings-and-loan scandal, plus the budget battle in Washington, which he calls "a sloppy attempt at a bipartisan rape of the American people," plus his own following in the district, will make him that rarity in American politics, a candidate who beats an incumbent Congressman.

**Graphic**

Photo: Representative Frank Annunzio, a 13-term incumbent, is facing one of the few tough election challenges of his career in Chicago's 11th Congressional District. (The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** November 1, 1990

**End of Document**



[***When Women Raise Their Voices - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-9PS0-000P-N053-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

**Correction Appended**



Copyright 1997 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Connecticut Weekly Desk

**Section:** Section 13CN;  ; Section 13CN;  Page 12;  Column 3;  Connecticut Weekly Desk  ; Column 3;

**Length:** 1199 words

**Byline:** By JACKIE FITZPATRICK

By JACKIE FITZPATRICK

**Body**

WHEN Carolyn Hopley went to Beijing to the International Forum on Women a year ago, she was struck by the way women around the world were building coalitions and sharing strategies so they could work together on issues that mattered to them.

Shortly after she returned, Ms. Hopley, the former president of Connecticut's National Organization for Women, addressed the Greenwich League of Women Voters. She talked about how women's groups in Connecticut could work more closely together and how important it was for women to use the media to get their message across, their voices heard. She told the league that one way to do it was to use public access television, to start small but think big.

In the audience that day was Amy Butkus Mooney, who had been a television news producer in New York, before deciding to freelance from home.

When Ms. Hopley mentioned the media, Ms. Butkus Mooney was riveted. So was Coline Jenkins-Sahlin, who is a member of the Greenwich Representative Town Meeting, an activist for women's rights and who also happens to be the great-great-granddaughter of Elizabeth Cady Stanton.

The two women spoke to Ms. Hopley after her talk and said, "Let's do something." Word spread and before she knew it, there were 10 women regularly gathering around Ms. Hopley's dining room table. They were representatives from the National Organization for Women, the League of Women Voters, the American Association of University Women, the Connecticut Coalition for Choice and the Permanent Commission on the Status of Women. They were retirees and working mothers in their 30's and everything in between. "We came together immediately as a group because we all have tremendous respect for one another," Ms. Butkus Mooney said.

They decided to call themselves Third Wave Television, the third wave standing for the feminist movement we are living in now. They would produce a series of documentary television programs focusing on issues that mattered to women.

Tomorrow at 8 P.M., Third Wave's half-hour documentary "Gun Control in Connecticut: Women Call the Shots" -- narrated by Joanne Woodward -- will be on cable access stations across the state. The group moved quickly and they were able to turn their idea into a documentary in just nine months, but none were surprised at the time frame. "Many of us are mothers," Ms. Hopley said.

The documentary tracks the gun-control movement, showing how ordinary women and men took on the National Rifle Association lobby and won. "It's a great primer on coalition building," said Janice Gruendel, of Citizens for Connecticut's Children and Youth. "It's a way to empower women, to show them if you have an issue, you are not powerless. You can join with other people and make social change."

When Third Wave was getting started early last year, they knew they had talent but what they needed was their first issue. As they talked, Irene Senter, who is a member of the Greenwich Association of University Women and the National Organization for Women, remembered a banquet she'd attended with Ms. Hopley several years ago. They'd spoken to two urban women who told them that the No. 1 issue that concerned them was safety for their children. Gun violence in the city had to be addressed.

Since that time, Connecticut has passed landmark gun-control legislation. In 1993, the General Assembly voted to ban assault weapons and, in 1994, Connecticut passed a handgun-control bill that included a waiting period and background check for secondary sales. Also under that legislation, anyone convicted of a violent misdemeanor or who had a restraining order against him or her could not get a permit to carry a handgun.

Third Wave researched the issue and found the legislation was pushed in large part by women, many ordinary, ***working-class*** women whose lives had been touched by gun violence and who knew they had to band together to make a change.

So with their cameras, Ms. Butkus Mooney, Ms. Jenkins-Sahlin and Elayne Rubinoff, a freelance video producer, interviewed a woman whose teen-age son was shot and killed in a gun fight, Sue McCalley, the executive director of Citizens Against Gun Violence and others whose lives were changed by gun violence.

Some of the narration of the documentary centers on Bridgeport where the fight for gun control gained force because of people like Police Chief Thomas Sweeney, Josh Nessen of Bridgeport Interfaith Action and Maureen Harris, a resident who galvanized the community to fight for handgun control. Ms. Harris started holding regular lunches and invited legislators and police chiefs to meet with victims of gun violence and from their meetings the coalition grew. Trauma surgeons and emergency room doctors joined the assault-weapon ban and handgun-control effort as did legislators, many of whom said that it had long been an issue most politicians would not touch.

But because of this ever-growing group of women from all over the state, Stamford Senator George Jepsen said it became an issue that could not longer be ignored. "Confronting the N.R.A. was this extraordinary array of women," he said.

With their interviewing done, Ms. Hopley and Ms. Senter, who've written many newsletters, wrote the script. Ms. Butkus Mooney gave how-to's in television production. Lauren Saraisky, an entertainment lawyer from Greenwich, volunteered her expertise. When they needed money to make copies of tapes, each member of Third Wave tossed a $10 bill on the table. "That really got us going," Ms. Senter said.

The group received $5,000 from the ConnectiCare Fund. Tom Moore of North Country Media, a production house in Stamford, donated editing time. Ms. Butkus Mooney said Ms. Woodward signed on with much enthusiasm from the start. "She's a woman who cares about a lot of issues," she said. Theirs continues to be a basic grassroots efforts.

Miram Buckland, president of the Greenwich branch of the American Association of University Women, presided over what she called "guerrilla distribution and marketing" of the documentary. Members of the Association of University Women hand-delivered copies of the documentary to about 30 cable-access television stations in the state for tomorrow's showing. They also planned to deliver copies to high schools and libraries.

Third Wave is already at work on their next production, a half-hour documentary on child care and the issues around it: the need for quality care, the cost and the lack of availability of it, and, in particular, what will happen in the welfare reform process, as more women go into the work force. The group hopes to finish and air the documentary while the Legislature is still in session. The second documentary will likely air on Connecticut public television, Ms. Butkus Mooney said.

When that production is over, they have a long list of other possible documentary subjects, all on legislation passed in Connecticut and pushed by women, issues like wage withholding for child support, sexual harassment in the workplace, gay and lesbian civil rights, domestic violence and reproductive-rights issues. "Women's voices need to be heard," Ms. Hopley said.

Added Ms. Butkus Mooney, "We aren't the voice of women, but the vehicle for their voices."

**Correction**

An article last Sunday about a television documentary on the role of women in the gun-control movement misidentified an organization whose executive director, Sue McCalley, was interviewed on the program. It is the Connecticut Coalition Against Gun Violence, not Citizens Against Gun Violence.

**Correction-Date:** January 19, 1997, Sunday

**Graphic**

Photo: Conferring at Third Wave Television, clockwise, from left: Betsy Jordan Hand, Irene Senter, Carolyn Hopley, Amy Butkus Mooney, Elayne Rubinoff and Miram Buckland. (Helen Neafsey for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** January 12, 1997

**End of Document**



[***Ontario's New Premier Didn't Think He'd Win***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-M830-0038-D16F-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 1, 1990, Monday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1990 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Page 15, Column 1; Foreign Desk

**Length:** 1135 words

**Byline:** By RICHARD D. HYLTON, Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** TORONTO, Sept. 30

**Body**

Robert Keith Rae has a bouncy, surprised enthusiasm that is understandable for a politician who has just won an election that he expected to lose. In fact, the 42-year-old lawyer who will be sworn in Monday as Ontario's Premier is quite frank on that point.

''I made no bones about being surprised,'' he said of the upset victory on Sept. 6 that gave his left-of-center New Democratic Party control of Parliament in Canada's richest and most populous province.

During the campaign, the owlish Mr. Rae pledged to introduce a minimum corporate tax, eliminate income taxes on the poor, raise the minimum wage by nearly 50 percent and generally levy heavier taxes against the rich in order to redistribute wealth. Since then, he has been trying to calm the fears of the province's business establishment. He has also become a national celebrity and the symbol of what many people, including Conservative members of Parliament, say is deep dissatisfaction among Canadians with politics and politicians.

Mr. Rae's victory is widely regarded as a sign that the political scandals that now fill the newspapers, the problems of nationalism that threaten to divide the country and Canada's seemingly inexorable decline toward recession have prompted voters to widen the mainstream political spectrum.

Recent Gallup polls have shown that the Conservative Government of Prime Minister Brian Mulroney has the lowest approval rating of any government in Canada since polls have been taken - 15 percent. Among the stubborn issues that continue to feed voter disillusionment are a bruising battle in the Canadian Senate over a broad goods and services tax that Mr. Mulroney seems determined to push through. Last week the Prime Minister, in an unpopular move requiring the approval of Queen Elizabeth II, packed the Senate with eight additional Conservatives by using an obscure constitutional provision.

Charges of Patronage

But there are other disheartening problems that make the Government seem ineffectual. The Meech Lake accord, which would have addressed the question of Quebec separatism by giving that French-speaking province special constitutional status, fell apart over the summer, raising the possibility that the country might yet be divided. In addition, a 78-day siege by a group of Mohawk Indians outside Montreal has brought the demands of native peoples to the fore and opened fresh wounds in the national psyche.

On top of it all, fresh charges of political patronage in Mr. Mulroney's Government and a criminal investigation of provincial officials in Nova Scotia, whose Government supports the Prime Minister, have helped fuel bitter distrust of politicians.

Although it is probably too soon to tell, the New Democrats' victory in Ontario, which accounts for nearly half of Canada's economic output and more than a third of its 26 million citizens, may signal a shift of significant political consequence on the national level.

''The public is demanding, and is troubled by politicians and a political system that seems to be getting away from them,'' Mr. Rae said in an interview last Thursday. ''The public now believes that they can vote for whomever they want to and that that party can win.''

Before the Sept. 6 election, the New Democratic Party had won only in several Western provinces. Its defeat of the incumbent Liberals and their provincial head, David Peterson, was a stunning upset in the wake of recent polls showing the Liberals with the highest voter approval rating in all of Canada. The Conservatives, whose dynastic 42-year rule of Ontario Government ended in 1985, ran a poor third.

Won in Most Districts

For decades, the core of the New Democrats' support in Ontario has been in the blue collar districts. According to the polls, however, the party won in most districts, however slim the margins may have been.

''It wasn't a question of the N.D.P. winning among certain groups,'' said Jordan Levipin, a pollster with Toronto-based Environics Research Group Ltd. ''The most important thing is that their support was distributed widely across the province.''

The New Democratic Party, which started out with about 24 percent of voter support, ended a five-week campaign with 38 percent of the vote, giving it 74 of the 130 seats in Ontario's Legislature.

That support was won partly by making campaign pledges to redistribute wealth. But since his victory, the Premier-elect has been preaching pragmatism as much as socialism in light of Ontario's growing budget deficit and unemployment.

''The first challenge for the Government is to get our house in order and to get a handle on the economy,'' he said. ''We are a progressive, social democratic party, we are not wackos from outer space.'' Mr. Rae added that he would not do anything to damage the province's competitiveness.

'Then God Bless Him'

Despite his cautious statements, the business community here remains wary, though respectful, of Mr. Rae and his plans.

''Bob Rae, up to now, has really behaved very well and in a reassuring manner,'' said Trevor Eyton, a newly appointed Conservative Senator and president of Brascan Ltd., a huge Toronto-based conglomerate controlled by the Bronfman family.

''If he can carry it off in spite of being a social democrat, and in spite of some of the people around him and some of the planks in his party platform, then God bless him,'' Mr. Eyton added.

Many people here believe that if any New Democratic leader can form a workable bond between the more conservative business and political establishment and the ***working class*** progressives who make up the rank and file as well as the upper echelon of the party, it is Mr. Rae.

A Privileged Background

Mr. Rae himself comes from a privileged background. A former Rhodes Scholar whose father is a diplomat, Mr. Rae grew up in Europe and Washington, D.C. and went to high school in Switzerland. His brother is an executive in one of Canada's largest holding companies.

This moderate image helped make Mr. Rae an attractive alternative to Mr. Peterson, who many pollsters say misjudged voter sentiment with a smug and complacent campaign. In addition, the power-sharing coalition formed by the N.D.P. and the Liberals from 1985 to 1987 helped bring Mr. Rae's party within the mainstream of Ontario politics and helped to deflate the red-baiting of the Liberals and Conservatives.

''The N.D.P. had gained legitimacy between 1985 and 1987,'' said Mr. Levipin, the pollster. ''They were no longer the red menace and the Ontario electorate was no longer afraid.''

As for how he will carry out his pledges to revamp the tax system to redistribute wealth, Mr. Rae emphasizes that this is a goal that will not be achieved right away.

''We have a lot on our plate,'' he said. ''But we do not intend to throw this chance away by being stupid or adventurous or irrational.''

**Graphic**

Photo: Robert Keith Rae, who is to be sworn in today as the Premier of Ontario, the richest and most populous Canadian province. (Gail Harvey for The New York Times)

**End of Document**



[***Cincinnati Jury Acquits Museum In Mapplethorpe Obscenity Case***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-M610-0038-D50C-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 6, 1990, Saturday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1990 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 1; Page 1, Column 1; National Desk

**Length:** 1159 words

**Byline:** By ISABEL WILKERSON, Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** CINCINNATI, Oct. 5

**Body**

A Cincinnati jury today acquitted the Contemporary Arts Center here and its director, Dennis Barrie, of obscenity charges stemming from an exhibition of photographs by Robert Mapplethorpe last spring.

The four men and four women on the mostly ***working-class*** jury left the courtroom without comment after what was believed to be the first criminal trial of an art museum arising from the contents of an exhibition. The jurors had listened to five days of testimony from some of the nation's leading museum directors, viewed the photographs in open court without expression and took two hours to reach their verdict today. [The Cincinnati prosecutors faced a difficult task under the current Supreme Court guidelines for determining obscenity, legal experts said yesterday. News analysis, page 6.] State Cannot Appeal Shouts and cheers filled the tiny courtroom and two adjacent overflowing rooms where television monitors were set up to view the proceedings. Supporters of the arts center hugged and kissed one another with the announcement of the final ''not guilty.''

''It's over, it's all over,'' several of them said.

The case is indeed considered put to rest because state law prohibits the state from appealing a jury verdict.

But the Mapplethorpe case is just one of several current disputes over sexual subject matter in the arts. Members of the Miami rap music group 2 Live Crew are to stand trial next week on obscenity charges stemming from a performance of songs from their recording, ''As Nasty as They Wanna Be,'' which a Federal judge had previously declared obscene.

And a Fort Lauderdale record store owner was convicted this week on obscenity charges for selling a copy of the 2 Live Crew recording to an undercover police officer.

Victory in a War on Art

Defense lawyers in the Mapplethorpe case called the trial ''a sad battle,'' but hailed the decision as a victory for the Bill of Rights and for an art world under siege.

''This is a signal to everybody that before they start shutting down museums and telling people what they can say and what they can see,'' said H. Louis Sirkin, a defense lawyer, ''they better realize there is a protection out there, and it is the greatest document ever written.''

As a clerk read the verdict, Mr. Barrie breathed deeply and looked down in relief. Later, emerging from the courtroom with teary-eyed supporters, he said: ''This was a major battle for art and for creativity, for the continuance of creativity in this country. Mapplethorpe was an important artist. It was a beautiful show. It should never have been in court.''

If convicted, the museum would have faced up to $10,000 in fines and Mr. Barrie would have faced up to a year in jail and up to $2,000 in fines.

In a written statement, Arthur Ney, the Hamilton County prosecutor who convened the grand jury that indicted the museum, said that because of the dispute over the exhibition, ''the only alternative was to let those without an interest in the controversy make the final decision,'' adding, ''Whether you agree with the verdict or not, the final analysis is that the system works.''

Helms Keeps Banner High

The verdict ends seven months of turmoil in this quiet, conservative city on the Ohio River. After weeks of urging the museum not to display the photographs, Cincinnati law enforcement officials entered the Arts Center on the exhibition's opening day, April 7, and handed the indictment to Mr. Barrie.

Much of the dispute over the Mapplethorpe photographs has centered on whether Federal money should be used to finance them, through the National Endowment for the Arts. Senator Jesse Helms, a North Carolina Republican, has led efforts to keep endowment money from being granted to artists whose work may be considered by some to be obscene or sacrilegious.

Today Senator Helms said in a statement: ''This merely proves my point that taxpayers' money should not be used to subsidize filthy and offensive art in any form. The N.E.A., and others who have no concern about the effect of such subsidies, insist that the taxpayers' objections should be ignored.''

A Helms aide explained that the Senator believed the N.E.A. grant that helped establish the Mapplethorpe exhibition last year - but not its showing in Cincinnati - had, in effect, transformed the photographs into Government-approved art, making it impossible for a jury to declare them obscene.

The case centered on seven out of 175 photographs in an exhibition that traveled from Berkeley, Calif., to Boston without incident except in Cincinnati.

Five of the seven photographs depicted men in sadomasochistic poses and were the basis of charges that the museum and Mr. Barrie had pandered obscenity. Two of the photographs showed children with their genitals exposed and were the basis of charges the defendants had illegally displayed the images of nude children.

Throughout the two-week trial, Mr. Mapplethorpe, who died from complications from AIDS last year, became a silent third defendant as the museum's lawyers sought to prove he was a legitimate artist whose work was protected by the First Amendment.

The prosecution, on the other hand, tried to keep their case as simple as possible by focusing on the pictures and their subject matter, which even defense lawyers acknowledged was disturbing. The prosecution essentially made the pictures its case, hoping that the seemingly conservative jury would be offended by the photographs.

In closing statements that at times turned emotional, Frank Prouty, the lead prosecutor, sought to stir outrage over pictures that he said were not Cincinnati's idea of art. ''Are these Van Goghs, these pictures?'' Mr. Prouty asked. He went on to describe each photograph and ask, ''Is that art?''

One of the five photographs shows a man urinating into another man's another shows a finger inserted into a penis, and the other three each depict a man with an object inserted in the rectum: a whip, a cylinder, and a man's hand and forearm.

But the jury was apparently convinced by the many defense witnesses who said Mr. Mapplethorpe's work was serious, indeed, brilliant art.

The instructions by Judge F. David J. Albanese of Hamilton County Municipal Court were considered equally important in helping the jury distinguish art from obscenity.

The judge explained a three-pronged test of obscenity: ''That the average person applying contempory community standards would find that the picture, taken as a whole, appeals to prurient interest in sex, that the picture depicts or describes sexual conduct in a patently offensive way and that the picture taken as a whole, lacks serious literary, artistic, political or scientific value.''

Judge Albanese told the jurors that the five main photographs must meet all those requirements if they were to convict the museum and that they were to disregard their personal feelings about the images. He added, ''The appeal to the prurient interest must be the main and principal appeal of the picture.''

**Graphic**

Photo: Dennis Barrie hugging Ann Mezibov, the wife of one of his lawyers, after being acquitted of obscenity charges yesterday in Cincinnati. Dennis Barrie, director of the Contemporary Arts Center in Cincinnati, and his wife, Dianne, applauding his supporters as they left court after Mr. Barrie was acquitted of obscenity charges in the Mapplethorpe trial. (Associated Press)(pg6)

**End of Document**



[***Gritty Peekskill Airs the Laundry***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4H92-M8W0-TW8F-G386-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 9, 2005 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2005 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 14WC; Column 4; Westchester Weekly Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1553 words

**Byline:** By CARIN RUBENSTEIN

**Dateline:** PEEKSKILL

**Body**

IN the 2000 census, this gritty city had one of the lowest median household incomes in Westchester. But that is changing: artists and others attracted by its waterfront locations are buying up new condominiums at an average price of $400,000 -- and a new Peekskill is emerging.

''We're absolutely trying to improve the image of Peekskill, by making it a positive place to live and work, and artists are a part of that,'' said Mayor John G. Testa, as is an influx of ''people with disposable income.''

''Those condominiums were thought to be too high priced for Peekskill,'' Mayor Testa boasted of the new development, ''but that was proven wrong.''

He isn't the only one who sees the city as underrated. ''Peekskill has labored under an image of being not terribly attractive, a low-income ***working-class*** town that doesn't seem to have a future,'' said Connie Lobur, a Purchase College political science professor who has been a resident for 15 years.

But though Ms. Lobur, who heads the city's Board of Education, recognizes the economic changes noted by the mayor, she doesn't think he has all that much to boast about.

''The current approach is to try to cosmetically change the city,'' she said, adding that instead of a business development plan, she saw ''a plan by the city to swap out people, to bring in the middle class to replace poor white and African-American families.''

She and other critics say such cosmetics may be a factor in the city's recurrent skirmishes with its largest employer, White Plains Linen, a third-generation family linen-cleaning and -rental business that, despite its name, has been in Peekskill since 1979.

With a $12 million annual payroll and operations that have expanded over the years to several sites here, the company has more than 350 workers, about 80 percent of them Hispanic. If it were to leave, says its president, Bruce Botchman, Peekskill would lose $186,000 in annual water payments and $140,000 in real estate taxes, and its coffers would feel the pinch.

But that, city officials say, does little to minimize their problem with the company: It makes a huge mess, in more than one way. Officials say Mr. Botchman, his father and two brothers have aggressively fought regulation, periodically filing court injunctions and arguing over zoning changes and code enforcement issues. The Botchmans are currently the subject of Common Council hearings, and of increasingly vociferous complaints from neighboring residents who say they are tired of White Plains Linen, its noise, its smells and its trucks on the streets at all hours.

Mr. Testa says the city spent more than two years and $400,000 on a deal to move the company to a single riverfront location, only to have it fall through.

But while the mayor holds the owners responsible, Ms. Lobur sees the buck stopping with him. ''The city has simply been negligent'' in its oversight, she said, adding, ''White Plains Linen is a business that feels it can take advantage of a community that doesn't have much political clout.'' The Botchmans, she asserts, would never have been given such free rein in Bedford or White Plains.

WHEREVER fault may lie, Mr. Botchman maintained an imperturbable demeanor as he showed a reporter around the main plant recently. Company trucks pick up soiled napkins, tablecloths, aprons, pants, bar mops, chef coats, kitchen towels and similar items from about 2,000 restaurants, hotels and caterers in the New York metropolitan region, he said. Employees sort, wash, press, fold and package about 800,000 pounds of this laundry every week, using 15 washing machines that can process up to 1,000 pounds of fabric at a time. The trucks then return the clean linen to customers, using a fleet of 50 trucks, Mr. Botchman said.

He did not need to point out that the work is labor-intensive, dirty and noisy.

The company's rapid growth has left it with several separate locations, the largest a hodgepodge of five factory buildings that face Highland and Constant Avenues. The size of that complex has outraged neighboring residents.

One of them, Frederick H. Vanca, 49, has lived in a house across the street from the laundry since he was born.

''They took over the whole block,'' said Mr. Vanca, who described nearly round-the-clock factory noise, constant truck traffic and idling truck engines, wastewater pouring out into the street, and dirty laundry left out on the sidewalk.

''I'd like to go to sleep and not have to worry about a truck hitting the house,'' he said, describing the night several years ago that his house withstood just such an incident.

Another accident, which occurred inside the plant in the summer of 2004, was nearly fatal. Mr. Botchman's brother Keith lost an eye and suffered a severe brain injury. At that time, the company was served with a notice of 39 code violations, which officials say it has since remedied (although the city is still fighting in court to collect the fines).

Mayor Testa says these actions show ''we have been very focused on trying to bring that property into compliance on a number of levels.''

But in the seven years leading up to Keith Botchman's accident, there is no evidence that municipal officials even inspected the laundry facility, according to William Florence, the city's corporation counsel, who added that he didn't know the reason for the lapse.

The Common Council is now in the process, Mr. Florence said, of deciding whether it will try to make White Plains Linen file for a special use permit, which will allow greater restrictions on some company operations.

A council vote for the special permit would overturn a vague 1996 arrangement that allowed White Plains Linen to operate using ''their best efforts'' to limit growth, hours of operation, noise and other key factors, according to Mr. Florence, who said ''the city got terribly outmaneuvered'' back then.

Mr. Florence accused the company of waging ''undeclared war on Peekskill'' by resisting zoning rules. Despite all the efforts ''to make themselves equal to the city in deciding how to run the business,'' he asserted, the municipality's ''superior right'' to set rules should trump the will of the Botchman family.

Bruce Botchman, in any case, has been busy in another contentious arena. Two years ago he became the focus of a federal investigation into price fixing in the linen rental business.

Along with four other New York area laundries, White Plains Linen was accused of eliminating competition for $100 million worth of revenues, according to John W. McReynolds, the lead federal prosecutor in the case.

Mr. Botchman eventually entered into a plea agreement, and the company was subject to a $3.5 million fine payable over five years. His sentencing has been postponed pending his testimony at the trial of a co-conspirator next March, Mr. McReynolds said.

All of which should be substantial grist for the campaign of Don Bennett Jr., a Democratic council member running in November against Mayor Testa, a Republican. ''The city has failed,'' Mr. Bennett asserted recently, ''and was not duly diligent in responsibility for code enforcement.''

But Mr. Vanca isn't optimistic about positive change. The absence of municipal oversight over the years, he said, has left him discouraged. ''I've been through six or seven mayors and so many council members I can't imagine,'' he said, ''but no one is able to do anything.''

When city inspectors entered the plant in response to an emergency call in August 2004, they said they were horrified by what they described as unsafe and unsanitary conditions.

''The place was a hovel, a dangerous and risky place to be,'' Mr. Florence said. The roof was leaking; water was dripping down walls that had electrical outlets; there was no sprinkler system; and exit doors were barred shut, he said.

MR. BOTCHMAN says the company has rectified all the problems, at a cost of $650,000. But he is challenging a $75,000 civil fine for the infractions.

The people most immediately affected by those infractions are the plant workers -- a number of them recent immigrants and many of them union members. It turns out they are not as worried about the poor conditions as they are about losing their jobs entirely.

According to Alberto Arroyo, an official with Unite Here, the laundry workers union, members are disturbed by rumors ''that the city wants to shut down the place, and creating a situation where they don't want the workers there.''

Wilfredo Larancuent, another union representative, concurred, saying of the plant, ''The city may have a plan for its future, and I hope and pray that plan includes these workers.''

In September, Mr. Larancuent said, about 150 employees showed up at what was supposed to have been a Common Council public hearing. City officials would not allow them to speak. And although he has tried to contact the mayor a half dozen times, he says, he has never been able to schedule a meeting.

The mayor disputed this account, saying he had never been contacted by Mr. Larancuent but had met with several laundry workers at the end of September. ''We are not looking to shut down the plant,'' Mr. Testa said.

Ms. Lobur agreed that Peekskill needs companies like White Plains Linen, ''but we can try making them better as neighbors.''

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

**Graphic**

Photos: White Plains Linen in Peekskill has had continuing skirmishes with city officials, who contend that the company's owners are resistant to regulation.

Bruce Botchman, president of White Plains Linen, says that if the company left, Peekskill's coffers would feel the pinch. (Photographs by Susan Stava for The New York Times)(pg. 1)

Neighbors of White Plains Linen have complained about noise, smells and trucks on streets at all hours.

Mayor John G. Testa says he is not looking to close White Plains Linen, which is in a residential neighborhood. (Photographs by Susan Stava for The New York Times)(pg. 6)

**Load-Date:** October 9, 2005

**End of Document**



[***'Regular Jersey Guy' Steps In, And He Plans to Stay Awhile***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:41YN-2GN0-00MH-F301-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 23, 2000, Saturday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2000 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk

**Section:** Section A; ; Section A; Page 1; Column 4; Metropolitan Desk ; Column 4;

**Length:** 1394 words

**Byline:** By ROBERT HANLEY with ANDREW JACOBS

By ROBERT HANLEY with ANDREW JACOBS

**Dateline:** SCOTCH PLAINS, N.J., Dec. 22

**Body**

After 25 years as one of New Jersey's most adept behind-the-scenes players, Donald T. DiFrancesco, president of the State Senate, stepped forward today as the governor-in-waiting after Gov. Christie Whitman was selected by President-elect George W. Bush to become administrator of the Environmental Protection Agency.

At a news conference at the municipal building in his hometown, Mr. DiFrancesco, a Republican, said he was ready to step into the job he has desired for years and will run for next November, seeking a full term.

Under the provisions of New Jersey's Constitution, he will remain Senate president and be a candidate for governor while serving as acting governor, assuming Mrs. Whitman's selection is confirmed by the United States Senate.

"I know that many in New Jersey have questions about the additional responsibilities that I as Senate president will be taking on as acting governor," he said. "I recognize the historic nature of this event, and I am, quite frankly, humbled to be both a witness and a participant."

Mr. DiFrancesco today hailed Mrs. Whitman's appointment and sketched out his own agenda. Mr. DiFrancesco, who is already running advertisements for his campaign for governor, cited tax cuts, health care and environmental issues as among his priorities.

"From prescription care for seniors to clean water, I am ready to move on New Jersey's priorities," he said, "starting with building public support for the Senate's 'Property Tax Relief Now' plan, which would return more than $400 million in direct property tax relief to families and seniors."

Mr. DiFrancesco, a moderate, faces a primary challenge from Mayor Bret Schundler of Jersey City, who will run to his right. The Republican nominee is likely to face Mayor James McGreevey of Woodbridge, the Democratic front-runner, in the November election. But Mr. DiFrancesco's political fortunes seem likely to get a boost by his ascension to the governor's office.

At first glance, Mr. DiFrancesco and Mrs. Whitman might appear to share several similarities. As moderate Republicans, both support abortion rights and demonize the state's property taxes and auto insurance rates.

But when Mrs. Whitman agreed to become administrator of the E.P.A. today, she opened the door for a politician who could not be more different from her in most ways. Indeed, Mr. DiFrancesco comes to the governor's office as something of the anti-Whitman.

Unlike Mrs. Whitman, the blue-blooded scion of an immensely wealthy and politically prominent family, Mr. DiFrancesco has a pedigree that is strikingly humble. The son of Italian immigrants, whose father was a carpenter, Mr. DiFrancesco, known around Trenton as Donnie D., lives in a modest home here in the ***working-class*** town where he was born and reared. He rarely travels far, opting to spend his summers at the family's Jersey Shore beach house.

Also in contrast to Mrs. Whitman, Mr. DiFrancesco, 56, has made a name as a conciliatory consensus builder who delights in the sport of legislative gamesmanship. He does not punish his opponents, but nudges them with gentle persuasion.

Mrs. Whitman, a forceful speaker, can charm even her most battle-ready enemies. Mr. DiFrancesco, even friends acknowledge, can be a bit of a dud. "He's a nice person, a nice guy to be with," said Thomas H. Kean, the former governor and a longtime friend, offering a description others repeated again and again. Tom Wilson, a political consultant who has been offering advice to the Senate president, said Mr. DiFrancesco did not come from the back-slapping, baby-kissing school of politics.

"He's quiet, reserved and has a dry sense of humor," Mr. Wilson said. And unlike Mrs. Whitman, who became a national figure from the time she was elected governor, Mr. DiFrancesco is local to the core.

"He's a regular Jersey guy," Mr. Wilson added, a description, even with appropriate gender adjustment, that would never be directed at Mrs. Whitman.

Being a regular Jersey guy could help Mr. DiFrancesco parlay his stint as chief executive into a four-year job come November. On the other hand, a lack of telegenic charisma could hinder his gubernatorial prospects. Still, the advantages of being an incumbent, most everyone agrees, will go a long way in selling Mr. DiFrancesco to voters.

"By Election Day, everyone except the most apathetic voter will know who he is," said Cliff Zukin, a political science professor at Rutgers. "For one thing, he'll save a lot of money on advertising."

Over the years, Mr. DiFrancesco has displayed considerable political skill. In 1991, when the Republicans gained a majority in the Senate after 18 years out of power, he stealthily seized control from the presumed Republican leader, John H. Dorsey, a hard-edged conservative. The reversal, many say, was something they never expected from the mild-mannered Mr. DiFrancesco.

"It was done swiftly and cleanly," said Steve Salmore, a Republican consultant who worked for Mr. Dorsey at the time. "We didn't take him seriously, and Dorsey was totally bowled over."

In 1997, when the Legislature was voting on Mrs. Whitman's $2.7 billion pension bond proposal, Mr. DiFrancesco publicly berated Senator John Scott, who unexpectedly balked on the measure. "You've got me against a wall," he told Senator Scott that day. Then, injecting an unprintable adjective, he yelled at him to push the voting button.

Mr. Scott pushed the button in support of the proposal.

David A. Norcross, a New Jersey member of the Republican National Committee, said Mr. DiFrancesco had shown that he could get tough when necessary. "He has a relaxed style of leadership and he lets folks have their say, but in the end, most of what he wants to happen happens," he said.

As the Senate's longest-serving president, Mr. DiFrancesco seems to know what he is doing. He has been a State House fixture since 1975, when he was elected to the Assembly, and over the years has pushed through the kinds of legislation that would make a Democrat proud. In 1990, the Family Leave Act that he introduced passed, giving New Jersey workers the right to take three months of unpaid leave to care for a child or for a seriously ill family member. The measure served as a model for the Clinton administration's Family and Medical Leave legislation.

Still, some critics say he has a tendency to sacrifice principle when faced with politically unpalatable decisions. At other times, they say, he has conveniently avoided votes that could be used against him in campaigns. Last January, for example, he abstained when the Senate voted to give the Legislature and governor pay raises; last week, he stayed away when the chamber narrowly approved a campaign finance bill that could help him in his bid for governor.

Some Democrats have criticized his decision to stymie a task force that was looking into the state's car inspection debacle, saying he was trying to protect a friend whose engineering firm was being investigated. Richard J. Codey, the Senate minority leader, praised Mr. DiFrancesco's style but criticized his decision to abstain on tough issues.

"He's always been a complete gentleman with me, but he's got to be more forceful, more willing to take a stand," he said. "He has a few months to show that he is a leader."

Mr. Schundler, who is challenging Mr. DiFrancesco for the Republican nomination, was more harsh. "Don is a policy agnostic," he said. "He doesn't have strong convictions or courage and he has no vision."

In an interview at his Scotch Plains district office today, Mr. DiFrancesco defended his low-key leadership style, saying he thought it would suit him as governor and serve the state's diverse population. "You can't make everybody happy, but you can bring people together and play down the unhappiness and play up the positive," he said.

Speaking at his news conference a few minutes later, Mr. DiFrancesco was characteristically self-effacing. He said he had telephoned three former governors and the Assembly speaker, Jack Collins, seeking their guidance. He also promised not to make sweeping staff changes in Trenton. Later, when asked whether he would move into the governor's mansion in Princeton, he turned to his wife and then demurred briefly. No, he said, he will stay in the house he and his wife have occupied since 1967. "I like where I live," he said. "And my sisters wouldn't like me to leave the area."

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

**Graphic**

Photo: Donald T. DiFrancesco is New Jersey's governor-in-waiting. (Dith Pran/The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** December 23, 2000

**End of Document**



[***Making the Case For State Schools***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-B9Y0-000P-N4M1-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 8, 1996, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1996 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Connecticut Weekly Desk

**Section:** Section 13CN;  ; Section 13CN;  Page 1;  Column 1;  Connecticut Weekly Desk  ; Column 1;

**Length:** 1242 words

**Byline:** By BILL RYAN

By BILL RYAN

**Body**

IN the fall of 1955, Richard L. Judd, whose father was a factory worker in Bridgeport and whose mother was an emigrant from Hungary, enrolled at Teachers College of Connecticut in New Britain for a very good reason: It was the only place he could afford.

When he talks today about the economics of his first year at New Britain it almost seems he is talking about another century. The entire tuition for his freshman year was $60. As for room and board, he lived three miles off campus in Army barracks from a World War II anti-aircraft site that had been converted to student housing. Cost: $180 for the school year. Food at the improvised dorms, under a plan using teams of students to prepare and serve food, was $7 a week, including lunch one took to the campus.

And even though he had to work three part-time jobs to get by, the important fact was that a public college was affordable, Mr. Judd says today, even if you were poor, a word used before euphemisms like "economically deprived" came into vogue. He was the first in his family to earn a college degree.

Over the decades, both the New Britain college and Mr. Judd have changed more than a little.

In 1955 the college -- founded in 1849 as the state's first public institution of higher learning -- was still relatively small, with 1,200 students. Today, it is Central Connecticut State University, with 12,000 students, about half full-time, half part-time.

And Mr. Judd is its new president.

He was inaugurated Oct. 24, in a ceremony attended by hundreds of people and which seemed more of a love-in than a formal affair, complete with hugging and kissing and the yelling of congratulations. The exuberance reflected Dick Judd, who came to the college as a big, enthusiastic kid, was graduated cum laude in 1959, went elsewhere to get a master's degree, then a doctorate, but returned to New Britain to teach.

For more than three decades, as a big enthusiastic man, he has been very much a part of the institution as a teacher and administrator, popular with students and faculty alike and also as an unofficial ambassador to the community outside the college campus, active in city affairs.

Forget the bumbling professor lost in his own thoughts and writing on esoteric topics. Mr. Judd, the author of several emergency medical texts, lives in New Britain instead of an affluent suburb; he knows the city streets, and can be very much the man of action on occasion.

Last July, for example, he was driving to the university one night when he saw what appeared to be a holdup on a street corner. Instead of riding on and looking for a police officer, he stopped his car and went over to two young men, one with his arms in the air, the other with a knife, and flashed a badge. The young man with the knife took off. The badge that inspired his quick exit was that of a city police commissioner. So Mr. Judd isn't a police commissioner anymore but, what the heck, it worked.

On the other hand, the new president of the state's oldest public college can be most eloquent, even lyrical, when he talks about education. "The demands of the information age have and will continue to have a profound impact on the fundamental patterns and cadences of learning," he said in his inaugural remarks.

Conversely, he can speedily switch to nitty-gritty problems in higher education today, particularly the one that bothers him most: Central now seems to be pricing out a lot of young people who are as poor as he once was. The state of Connecticut, he said, which once contributed about 80 percent of the cost of a student's education, today contributes just 50 percent.

He does not contend that the state, through its General Assembly, has made a conscious progressive effort to shortchange the youth of Connecticut. Rather, in his inaugural remarks, he called the state's position a "benignly neglectful policy to shift the burden of paying for college from taxpayers to students in the form of higher fees and massive borrowing. I fear so much that with the current Connecticut policy, C.C.S.U. will be put out of the reach of students, who without renewed state support will be unable to come here."

He also said he plans to be a very activist president in the effort to make his school more affordable. "Of the pledges I make today . . . one is to labor endlessly to convince public policy makers to fund C.C.S.U. adequately and to seek endowment support to provide sufficient access for our students."

Now, several weeks into his presidency, Mr. Judd is perhaps even more dogmatic about the state doing more to help students get into, and through, his university. He feels it vital not only to prospective students but also to New Britain and its surrounding area.

The city, once known as the hardware capital of the world, has taken many economic hits over the past several decades. Today, only Stanley Works remains of the glory days of hardware manufacturing, and without the industrial base, the city is getting progressively poorer.

"Those old manufacturing companies are not coming back," Mr. Judd said. What must be take their place are new technologies and a new and vastly more educated work force to make them successful. That is where Central Connecticut fits in, he said, and that is why it it is vital to make the university more affordable.

"Seventy percent of our students are working full- or part-time," he said. "The average age is 28 here. A lot of students have had to delay their educations. Some drop in and out because of money."

He will not deny that an education at Central is a bargain when compared to the costs at other institutions. Tuition, room and board and fees total $8,700 a school year if students live on campus. At the University of Connecticut, the state's scholastic flagship at Storrs, the total is $10,276.

At private colleges, costs tend to be higher. Much higher. The price for attending Yale University as an undergraduate this year is more than $27,000. At Trinity College in Hartford, it is more than $26,000.

But, of course, Central draws a good proportion of students from ***working class*** families. It and three other state universities, Southern in New Haven, Eastern in Windham and Western in Danbury, all former teachers' colleges, now make up what is known as the Connecticut State University System. Their combined total of students, Mr. Judd said, is more than the total at the University of Connecticut in Storrs and its branches around the state.

He said he does not begrudge the University of Connecticut getting a $1 billion state grant, known as UConn 2000, to upgrade its infrastructure and academic system. But he would like some of the largess of the state legislature to extend to the Connecticut State University System. "We have lots of problems with buildings here," he said, gesturing at one old building in need of roof repair on the New Britain campus.

He and other leaders of the university system, Mr. Judd said, will be pressing their case for more support from the legislature soon. Then he added, "We've got 130,000 alumni."

If that sounds like a threat, it was delivered in an even voice. Mr. Judd is not a threatening man. But he is a man of strong convictions and one of these is that society benefits when needy students are offered, and take advantage of, affordable education.

He knows something else: If he had reached college age in the 1990's instead of the 1950's he wouldn't have gone to Central. He wouldn't have been able to afford it.

**Graphic**

Photo: Richard Judd, alumnus and president of Central Connecticut State University in New Britain. (George Ruhe for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** December 8, 1996

**End of Document**



[***POP MUSIC;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-6K20-000P-21HJ-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***When the Boss Fell to Earth, He Hit Paradise***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-6K20-000P-21HJ-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 9, 1992, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1992 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Arts & Leisure Desk

**Section:** Section 2;; Section 2; Page 1; Column 1; Arts & Leisure Desk; Column 1;; Biography

**Length:** 2396 words

**Byline:** Bruce Springsteen

By STEPHEN HOLDEN

By STEPHEN HOLDEN

**Body**

Last year, shortly before marrying his former backup singer Patti Scialfa, Bruce Springsteen was seized with an intense creative fever.

"It was nine months after my son was born," he recalled recently. "I was a father, and I had a real relationship with Patti, which was something that had evaded me for a long time. I'd just finished the album 'Human Touch,' but it felt unfinished."

Working with an acoustic guitar and a drum machine, Mr. Springsteen wrote "Living Proof," a majestic rock ballad. A centerpiece of both his live show and new album "Lucky Town," it portrays fatherhood as a transcendent deliverance from a prolonged period of self-doubt and unhappiness.

"I crawled deep into some kind of darkness/ Lookin' to burn out every trace of who I'd been," sings the narrator, who remembers his predomestic life as a prison with "no keys no guards/ Just one frightened man and some old shadows for bars." With the birth of his son, he finds salvation.

" 'Living Proof' was the key unlocking the door into the next room, where a lot of songs were waiting," Mr. Springsteen continued. "I wrote one a night over the next three weeks, and they became 'Lucky Town.' The songs deal with a lot of the same spiritual issues that were in 'Born to Run.' "

Lounging on a couch in his spacious dressing room at the Brendan Byrne Arena in New Jersey, before a concert in his sold-out 11-show engagement, which ends tomorrow, Mr. Springsteen reflected on what he said was "the single biggest transition of my life." A painful journey from what he called "the mythic world into the real world," it drove him to seek therapy 10 years ago. He has been in and out ever since.

During the conversation, Mr. Springsteen shrugged off what some have perceived as an impending career crisis. After the albums "Human Touch" and "Lucky Town" were released by Columbia Records in April, the singer, whom critics had once treated as sacrosanct, received a few rare snipes. The reviews for both albums, though mostly favorable, were not as glowing as those for previous Springsteen records. There were also suggestions that the Boss, now a family man, 42 years old and wealthy to boot (with a $13 million house in Beverly Hills and another home in Rumson, N.J.), had gotten too comfortable and fallen out of touch with his Jersey Shore roots.

The records, which respectively entered Billboard's pop album chart at No. 2 and No. 3, were beaten out by Def Leppard's "Adrenalize." When they quickly fell to the lower reaches of the chart, Entertainment Weekly ran a cover story that asked, "What Ever Happened to Bruce?"

"In the mythic world, real things get in the way," Mr. Springsteen said, speaking in a quiet, husky voice while sipping tea and mineral water. "Real people get in the way. Or a real woman. Some people will just be upset by your real life and by the real choices you make because they get in the way of the dream."

Mr. Springsteen has countered his critics with doses of humor. In the opening concert in New Jersey, he invited his audience to boo his move to Beverly Hills. "I can take it," he joked. The notion that Mr. Springsteen has in some way sold out is contradicted by his longtime friend and former E Street bandmate, (Miami) Steve Van Zandt (now known as Little Steven), who helped him remix his current single, "57 Channels (and Nothin' On)," from the "Human Touch" album.

"Bruce is an adult with a wife and kids," he said, "and I think he'd have the same life style whatever town he chose to live in. I don't think living in California or in New Jersey has much to do with anything."

Trim, with no trace of gray in his hair and a face full of stubble that thickens into a beard, Mr. Springsteen looks considerably younger than his years. If he is now a father of two children (his son, Evan James, born in July 1990, was followed last December by a daughter, Jessica Rae), the aura of a rock-and-roll gypsy still clings to him. Triple-loop silver earrings adorn both ears. He wears a large silver cross around his neck, a loose-fitting open shirt, cuffed blue jeans and weather-beaten black motorcycle boots with metal tips.

Mr. Springsteen, who gives few interviews, takes answering questions seriously. He speaks slowly and deliberately, often pausing to gather his thoughts and making only fleeting eye contact. There is a brooding quality in his deep-set eyes, but it is offset by a generous grin and frequent eruptions of slightly nervous laughter, which carries a note of self-deprecation. He seems intent on projecting the conviction that, despite his fame, he is an ordinary person who has done well because he happens to be good at one thing.

During the interview, he always referred to his musical career as "my job"; to him, that job comes down to communication. "I've always believed that people listen to your music not to find out about you," he said, "but to find out about themselves."

In describing his own personal odyssey, Mr. Springsteen unabashedly compared it with sea changes in the national consciousness. The myth that fueled his early music, and that ultimately became a burden, can be traced to American pop culture itself.

"As a child, I felt the myth coming from everywhere, especially from television westerns with those big landscapes," he said. "In rock music it was Chuck Berry, the cars, the guitars, the girls, the sense of endless highway and endless night and sexual power. I believe it was something that everybody felt, and, of course, it was a romanticized view. It lasted until the 60's. Then in the 70's people really began to feel that there wasn't going to be enough for everybody."

For Bruce Springsteen, maturing has involved "sorting out the images of manhood that are thrown at you in a little town in New Jersey," he said. "There was the car thing. I wasn't what you would call a car freak, as far as building them goes, but I was taken with the image."

"Born to Run," the 1975 album that made him a star, codifies the myth of a rebellious young dreamer charging down the American highway in a quest for adventure. But barely seven years after its release, the singer took a cross-country trip during which his fantasies of leading an eternal rock-and-roll caravan came to an end.

"I was 32, and I wasn't a kid anymore," he said. "At the same time I wasn't attached and didn't have a home life. For a couple of thousand dollars I bought a car and drove it across the country with a friend from North Jersey who ran a motorcycle shop. One day in the South we stopped by a river bank where some band whose name I forget was playing. I walked around the crowd and felt vey detached and far away. I had that sinking feeling that something had gone fundamentally wrong."

Throughout the rest of the trip, he said, "I experienced a lot of bad feelings. It was an empty, floating feeling, like I had gotten lost. We finally got to California where I had a small house. And when we walked in, I couldn't sit down. I realized that the only thing I wanted to do was to get back in the car and go back the other way. And when I got home toNew Jersey, I knew I wouldn't want to stay there either."

That fall of 1982, Mr. Springsteen said, was when "I found a doctor and started to talk to him."

Since then, his life has been something of an emotional roller coaster, "finding some stuff out," as he puts it, "and then running away."

One exhilarating compensation was the Brucemania that accompanied the overwhelming success of his 1984 album "Born in the U.S.A." The record sold 21 million copies worldwide, 11 million of them in the United States, and made him a pop megastar surpassed by only Michael Jackson.

The album's cover image of Mr. Springsteen as a ***working-class*** hero with bulging biceps and tight jeans made him such an appealing icon of American machismo that both political parties angled for an endorsement in that year's Presidential election. He did not back anyone.

When asked whom he would support this year, he hedged. "I don't come out and promote politicians," he said. "But I'm not voting for Bush. The last time I voted was in '72, for McGovern. This year I *am* going to vote."

Mr. Springsteen played the role of the ***working-class*** hero for a while, but "it's not the way I grew up," he admitted. "I wasn't one of the guys or anything like that. I was a quiet, keep-to-myself kind of kid, and in a certain sense I was fragile. But during the 'Born in the U.S.A.' period I was doing a lot of physical things and exercising. I still do it, but in a more balanced sort of way."

In 1987, he released "Tunnel of Love," a compelling chronicle of the ups and downs of a troubled relationship not unlike his with Julianne Phillips, an actress and model whom he married in 1985. He insists, however, that the songs were not strictly autobiographical.

After the couple divorced in 1989, Mr. Springsteen married Ms. Scialfa, a willowy, redheaded singer and guitarist who had sung backup on his 1988 "Tunnel of Love" tour with the E Street Band. Mr. Springsteen also separated from his longtime musical cohorts; only one member of the original E Street Band, the keyboardist Roy Bittan, plays with his current band. Although some fans saw the breakup as Mr. Springsteen's rejection of his roots, Mr. Van Zandt, who left the E Street Band in 1983, was supportive.

"He had been doing one thing for a long time, and he wanted to try something new," he said. "I don't think it's anything more dramatic than that."

Mr. Springsteen has shown a deep streak of caution when it comes to tampering with his music or drawing on other art forms. Talking about literature that has impressed him, he cites the Canadian poet Leonard Cohen's album "I'm Your Man," but he is unfamiliar with Robert Bly's "Iron John."

"I like to read, but I don't do it, and it's one of the worst things I don't do," he lamented.

Although he is more in touch with movies than with books, he has no plans to be in one. With his New Jersey accent and the aura he wears of the rebel hood with the heart of gold -- Mr. Springsteen would seem an ideal choice to play one of Martin Scorsese's urban street characters or one of Sam Shepard's loners. In fact, his videos have revealed a telegenic star quality that is unconnected to music. But he claims that that kind of stardom holds little allure. "My experience with video has been that film is complicated and you have less control," he said. "It would be a very new form for me, when I feel I haven't gotten near to exhausting the one I'm in."

The contemporary film that has left the deepest impression on him is Wim Wenders's "Wings of Desire," whose story he feels parallels many of his own concerns.

"It's about an angel who gives up his wings to experience mortality," he explained. "To experience love and beauty, he has to accept temporalness. These are some of same issues I've tried to get at on my new records. I think one of the issues that is facing not only individuals but the whole country is that things are finite."

The creative dry spell that coincided with Mr. Springsteen's personal tumult ended when he began writing the songs for "Human Touch," a turbulent album that took more than a year to record, beginning in January 1990. But when it was completed, he decided to delay its release until the second album, "Lucky Town," was complete.

"I still felt I was dancing all around things I really wanted to say but didn't quite know how," he said. "For me, 'Lucky Town' was more emotionally realized."

Both of his new albums almost totally ignore the electronic innovations that have colored much of 90's pop, though he is a fan of some new pop music. "For me, rap is the stuff that gets closest to the vitality of 50's rock-and-roll. It's the rawest, most direct kind of in-your-face, bursting-off-the-street sound." He remembers watching Public Enemy on television recently. "When they came on, they felt like what I imagined Dylan must have felt like in the 60's, real timely and comedic and darkly funny, with a tremendous sense of energy."

He's only vaguely familiar with Billy Ray Cyrus, the country star whose voice reminds some of Mr. Springsteen's. "It's real healthy right now out there," he said, adding that Guns 'n' Roses, Metallica and Nirvana are "really good bands who have something to say and who really mean something in their fans' lives."

Mr. Springsteen sees his own albums as soul-and-blues-influenced ("Human Touch") and part of the folk-rock tradition ("Lucky Town"). Said Jon Landau, Mr. Springsteen's manager and co-producer: "Bruce's preoccupation is, above all, his writing. If the song is right, that's 80 percent of it for him. In our approach to production you won't find much that gets in the way of the song." In fact, "Lucky Town," on which Mr. Springsteen played most of the instruments, sounds like the homemade album that it is. Though one of Mr. Springsteen's most brilliant collections of songs, it lacks the commercial sheen that might have made its catchiest songs radio-ready hits.

With the onset of the tour, which is expected to continue through North America into 1993, sales of Mr. Springsteen's two albums have begun to pick up. In the New York market, after only two concerts, both albums saw an increase of more than 80 percent in sales from the previous week. In the United States, "Human Touch" and "Lucky Town" have sold, respectively, 1.7 million and 1.6 million copies. Together, that is more than "Tunnel of Love." Overseas sales for the two new albums are well over four million.

The New Jersey concerts, which draw heavily on material from the two albums, open with three songs from "Lucky Town" and close with back-to-back renditions of "Born to Run" and "My Beautiful Reward," the tender, searching ballad that closes "Lucky Town." Mr. Springsteen said he sees the two songs, and their albums, as bookends.

"In 1974, I was a 24-year-old sitting on my bed in Long Branch, N.J., saying, 'Hey, I want to know if love is real,' " he said. "If you listen to 'Born to Run,' that's the question the song asks. If you've followed my characters over the years, you could see them struggling and failing and losing each other and finding each other again, and losing themselves and finding themselves i pursuit of some sort of answer to that question. I felt that if you had followed my characters all the way back to 'Born to Run,' 'Lucky Town' was the place where they were going."

**Graphic**

Photos: Bruce Springsteen on tour in New Jersey -- In 1982, the singer took a cross-country trip during which his fantasies of an eternal rock-and-roll caravan came to an end. (Keith Meyers/The New York Times)(pg. 27)

Drawing of Bruce Springsteen (Al Hirschfeld)

**Load-Date:** August 9, 1992

**End of Document**



[***CRITIC'S NOTEBOOK;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-B9M0-000P-N44K-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Woman As Icon: Disturbing, Inspiring***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-B9M0-000P-N44K-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 10, 1996, Tuesday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1996 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Cultural Desk

**Section:** Section C; ; Section C; Page 15; Column 3; Cultural Desk ; Column 3; ; Review

**Length:** 1159 words

**Byline:** By MARGO JEFFERSON

By MARGO JEFFERSON

**Body**

On the subject of female icons and role models, a media obsession these days, I feel like those characters in Chekhov plays who constantly brood about what future generations will think of them. They worry that the people who come after will think their concerns were trivial, their needs primitive, their beliefs sentimental. I worry about this, too.

Will the girls and women who come after us be as needy for images to devour and models to imitate? Will they be less subject to bouts of self-loathing and shame? Will they be more imaginative than we are about the variety of types and individuals they can choose among? Less apt to seek out mirrors that will reflect them back in airbrushed, brightly colored "this is my life and don't miss a minute of it" glory?

I'm all for post-modernism's hybrid sensibility: styles made up of fragments, pieces, parts. But the fact is, the parts lose value and interest without some guiding sense of structure, a whole. Something one might call the character or the soul.

I have enjoyed the spectacle of Madonna in the past, and I will be happy to enjoy it in the future, if I'm given reasonable cause. But Madonna shrank in our imaginations; once we got used to her skill at making herself over -- and the intensity of her need to do it -- we grew jaded and started taking it for granted, the way we quickly take new pieces of machinery or technology for granted.

If Madonna succeeds in "Evita," her new film, if she makes us pay attention again, it will be because she's giving a sustained performance about something other than her visions of herself. She will have placed herself in a landscape -- some arrangement of shapes, colors, events and feelings -- that allows us to react to more than her desire to have us react.

How fabulously unexpected that would be. And it is the unexpected, what is dissonant and even unpalatable in a woman that makes her an icon or heroine worth bothering about. We expect social and political radicals to upset us. We spend too much time wanting celebrities, entertainers, artists and role models to reassure us.

At odds with bad art and tepid social conventions, Thea Kronborg, the opera-singer heroine of Willa Cather's novel "The Song of the Lark," exclaims, "One can't tell people about things they don't know already." Yes, one can, replies her lover, Fred (who is Cather, of course, in one of the male disguises she so loved), "but you must tell it in such a way that they don't know you're telling it, and that they don't know they're hearing it." Let's put it this way: you must tell them in a way that exhilarates them more than it shames and alienates them.

Disturbances and shock waves are an essential part of what pleases and inspires us. What is exciting about Katharine Hepburn after all these years isn't the fetishized patrician manners we keep going on and on about; it's the way those manners provide cover for the danger zone of ambition and pure will inside her. Watch her play the aspiring actress as empire builder in "Stage Door"; an American girl on the verge of becoming a case study in female hysteria in "Alice Adams"; a tyrannically vulnerable mother in "Long Day's Journey Into Night," as addicted to her own displays of grief and self-pity as to any dose of morphine. Or watch her play Katharine Hepburn, the celebrity who, when told by an ingratiating talk show host that he felt quite comfortable with her, replied crisply, "That's my job."

(As for her relationship with Spencer Tracy, it offered an upbeat, culturally respectable version of the charged ties that bind an upper-class woman to a ***working-class*** man, a bond we had already learned about in "Miss Julie" and "Lady Chatterley's Lover," and would learn about yet again when Robin Givens married Mike Tyson.)

The most interesting material for the construction of icons and heroines is not the stuff we're encouraged to build our dreams on. Take the figure of the Diva, the great artist devoured by a tragic life. Be she Maria Callas or Billie Holiday, the arc of these unhappy lives wearies me; it seems just as predictable as Tolstoy said happy families were. What compels is the work -- the way these women got at beauty by risking ugliness.

I do love their glamour: Callas with her high Mediterranean style (one that Jacqueline Kennedy learned something from when she became Jacqueline Onassis) and Holiday, drawing on film-star looks, from June Allyson as the plaid-skirt-and-sweater-set coed to Garbo as Camille. What a neat trick, that last one: turning Romanticism's Lady of the Camellias into modernism's Lady With the Gardenias.

These women's lives ended up undermining their art. Whose life doesn't, at some point or another, whether the blight is liquor, drugs, depression, repression or the kind of bad luck that leaves you with no fighting spirit? And how many of us produce work in the meantime that will outlast us?

If we knew nothing about their lives, we would still want to know everything about their art. To me, they're more like war heroes than tragic heroines: tough, scarred, ruthless veterans who knew they had played a part in their own destruction and who knew their work was deteriorating when they died. We know all about those soldiers who die with their boots on. Callas and Holiday died with their art done.

So much for tragedy. Right now, the culture is intent on giving us divas in a triumphantly comic mode: women like Barbra Streisand and Oprah Winfrey, who are household media goddesses dedicated to happy endings for themselves and their fans. I'm hard pressed to find an interesting edge here.

But maybe the point is that nowadays a woman can figure out how to inhabit myths that were once all male: the Horatio Alger myth, appropriately shifted from big business to show business; the myth of the benign millionaire-philanthropist, the feminine touch being that this time the philanthropy is seen as emotional, not financial. I like to think that once women like this have played these roles to the hilt, we will be ready for something more daring.

Daring can turn up in the most traditional forms and places. I watched a documentary recently about Suzanne Farrell, that glorious dancer with George Balanchine's New York City Ballet. It was called "Suzanne Farrell: Elusive Muse," and what struck me, watching Ms. Farrell this time around, was the voraciousness, the fine-tuned implacability of her talent.

We have just learned to accept -- to be thrilled by -- this aggression in female athletes. But Ms. Farrell's drive was musical and theatrical. It was also gorgeously contradictory: her lyricism was austere, her playfulness was utterly serious and her sensuality was shameless but high-minded. Call her Balanchine's muse. But once you do, you must call Balanchine her muse, too.

Will we, and the generations who come after us, use women like this to help us find ways of making something worthwhile out of the most difficult and treacherous parts of ourselves?

**Graphic**

Photos: Suzanne Farrell dancing in the documentary "Suzanne Farrell: Elusive Muse" (Max Waldman) and, left from top, Katharine Hepburn in "Alice Adams," a 1935 film (Photofest); Madonna in her new movie, "Evita" (Associated Press); and Billie Holiday in a 1957 recording session. (Don Hunstein)

**Load-Date:** December 10, 1996

**End of Document**



[***Cosmos Of Kushner, Spinning Forward***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:7VXP-6NC0-Y8TC-S2K0-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 14, 2009 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2009 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section AR; Column 0; Arts and Leisure Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1893 words

**Byline:** By ANDREA STEVENS

**Dateline:** MINNEAPOLIS

**Body**

A FEW minutes before the fifth preview of Tony Kushner's new play, a three-and-a-half-hour family drama of operatic heft with a matching title -- ''The Intelligent Homosexual's Guide to Capitalism and Socialism With a Key to the Scriptures'' -- Mr. Kushner, looking like a slightly unnerved graduate student, addressed the audience from the stage. Some actors, he said, would be holding pages of new dialogue. ''Yesterday was my day off,'' he told the audience, ''and I did a lot of rewriting.''

''At the end,'' he added, ''there will be a talk back. You'll give me your opinions, and afterward we'll all go out and have breakfast.''

The joke seemed to sum up the state that Mr. Kushner, 52, has found himself in here at the Guthrie Theater, where since April 18 (proclaimed Tony Kushner Day by the mayor of Minneapolis) he has been at the drumbeating heart of a festival occupying the Guthrie's three theaters and various ancillary sites, celebrating him and his work. That includes the 1993 Pulitzer Prize-winning epic ''Angels in America: A Gay Fantasia on National Themes''; the 2001 meditation on Afghanistan ''Homebody/Kabul''; and the 2003 musical (with Jeanine Tesori) ''Caroline, or Change,'' which is being given its first Guthrie production as part of the event.

Sixteen years after ''Angels'' established him as a major force in the theater, Mr. Kushner continues his surgery on the American body politic in his new play, uncovering with a prophet's zeal the myths that no longer sustain and the corruption at their heart. Perhaps alone among American playwrights of his generation he uses history as a character, letting its power fall on his protagonists as they stumble through their own and others' lives. And like a prophet, he wants his listeners to think hard about the world and their place in it.

''The Intelligent Homosexual,'' with a cast of 11, including the Kushner veterans Kathleen Chalfant, Linda Emond and Stephen Spinella, is directed by Michael Greif, who in 1991 directed Mr. Kushner's early play ''A Bright Room Called Day'' at the Public Theater in New York.

The new play seemed to have struck a personal chord with at least one member of the audience. In the first intermission in the McGuire Proscenium Stage theater, he turned to his companion and said: ''Welcome to my family. Everyone talks at once, but the one who talks the loudest is heard.''

A week earlier, in a brief telephone interview, Mr. Kushner had described ''The Intelligent Homosexual'' -- the story of a 75-year-old man who calls his grown children together to tell them he plans to kill himself -- as ''a shocking play.''

''I've never done anything like it before,'' he said, sounding excited. ''It's going to be very fresh.''

Scott Rudin, the theater and film producer, helped finance the production at the Guthrie. Because of his involvement -- Mr. Rudin says he is a ''friend'' of the play -- there is the chance that it could go to Broadway in the 2009-10 season. Given that possibility, national publications, except for Variety, ended up not reviewing it.

The review in that trade publication called the play a success and said it is ''packed with a level of complexity, sophistication and understanding that distinguishes it as a potentially important new American work.'' Though ''performed by lesser talents,'' the critic added, it ''would likely be an unbearable mess.'' Most local reviews, which ranged from highly favorable to mixed, said the play still needed work.

For his part, Mr. Kushner said in a telephone interview in early June: ''I am at this point completely unsure about where the play should go. I want it to go to New York, and I'd love to see it on Broadway if that's the right place for it, but I don't know that yet. I'm still working on the play.''

At the talk back after the preview, as about 150 people lingered in the theater, Mr. Kushner answered a question about why he thought he had to rewrite.

''This is the newest thing I've ever had onstage,'' he said. ''Usually it's at least a year or two before an audience sees it. I'm not a fast writer, although this time I was.'' Later he said that he planned to spend part of the summer and fall rewriting, and that a workshop would follow at the Public Theater.

Speaking of the time constraints, he said: ''I was asked three years ago if I would do a festival with the Guthrie. I was working on an Abraham Lincoln script for Steven Spielberg, and I said yes. I said yes to an opening-night date for a play I hadn't written yet. Which I will never do again. I don't regret the life-altering work I've done on the Lincoln script, but everything has been difficult because of Lincoln.'' (The film is still in development.)

''And yet writing a play this way, I didn't have a chance to second-guess myself, and I say things in the play that are different for me. I didn't have the time to say, 'Oh, my God, I can't say that!' I think there's a certain degree of emotional violence in this play. But if you've written a play, and it doesn't frighten you, then it's boring.''

Whether the Guthrie's ambitious artistic director, Joe Dowling, knew what to expect when he commissioned Mr. Kushner to write a new play, he does now. An actor and former director of the Abbey Theater in Dublin, Mr. Dowling, who has run the Guthrie, a leading regional theater, for 14 years, explained why he wanted Mr. Kushner to be the center of what he hopes will be the first of a number of Guthrie festivals: ''He uses theater in a way that has always thrilled me, to make a stink, but to make us feel.''

As part of the festival (which runs through June 28; celebratekushner.com), Mr. Kushner received an honorary doctorate on May 21 at the University of Minnesota, and there are rosters of speakers, symposiums and classes on the Kushner cosmos. The festival also took over the nine-story, midnight-blue new Guthrie Theater, perched above the Mississippi River. The three year-old $125 million complex by the French architect Jean Nouvel is a mash-up of the silolike grain mill form -- old mills are visible in several directions -- and the emphatic power of transport: a dramatic boxcar shape juts from the building like a bolt from Zeus, aiming toward the river.

Inside, Mr. Kushner reigns: from the gift shop on the ground floor, with its mugs, T-shirts (''The Intelligent Homosexual,'' one says), books and posters; to the revival of ''Caroline, or Change,'' staged by the Guthrie's director of movement, Marcela Lorca, in the Wurtele Thrust Stage; to ''Tiny Kushner,'' an evening of one-acts in the small Dowling Studio at the top of the building, directed by Tony Taccone, the artistic director of the Berkeley Rep in California. (That production was scheduled to close on Saturday.)

Mr. Taccone is another longstanding Kushner associate, as is Oskar Eustis, the artistic director of the Public Theater. Both men were co-artistic directors of the Eureka Theater Company in San Francisco, which commissioned ''Angels in America.'' The play was presented in 1992 at the Mark Taper Forum in Los Angeles, where it was directed by Mr. Eustis with Mr. Taccone, before it went to Broadway under the direction of George C. Wolfe. Mr. Eustis was also present at the Guthrie talk back.

The new play's subjects are of course Kushnerian: birth, death, God, family, betrayal, homosexuality, change, fear of time -- the ''tick by tock towards the end,'' as one character describes it -- the value of labor and its current devaluation and the loss of faith in former national ideals that no longer seem to function or even to apply. Familiar Kushner tropes surface and submerge: capitalism, socialism, fascism, Trotskyites, the ***working class***. And since this is a family play, society's larger forces of politics, economics, religion, race, class and sexuality are rendered on a personal level. (Mr. Kushner, for the record, is a strong proponent of gay marriage and is married to the writer Mark Harris.)

Humor is as much a part of the whole as everything else, starting with the title, adapted from a George Bernard Shaw treatise, ''The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism, Capitalism, Sovietism and Fascism,'' that Mr. Kushner found in his grandmother's library, and a Mary Baker Eddy text about Christian Science, ''Science and Health With Key to the Scriptures.'' There is even a local joke. One character says to another, ''I moved to Minneapolis to save my marriage.'' It brought a laugh.

The play, which takes place mainly in a Brooklyn brownstone in 2007 (''I wanted to set it before this last summer and the election,'' Mr. Kushner said), tells the story of the Italian-American Marcantonio family (for which Mr. Kushner has created an elaborate family tree extending back to the 1830s and Italy). The father, Gus (played by Michael Cristofer), a retired longshoreman, Communist, radical union organizer and translator of Horace in his spare time, claims that he has Alzheimer's disease and that he has decided to kill himself, after a failed attempt. Gus summons his three children, including Ms. Emond's and Mr. Spinella's characters, who are gay. To add to the various sexual and racial combinations, Gus's younger son (Ron Menzel) is married to a Korean-American woman, and the husband of Mr. Spinella's character is African-American. Ms. Chalfant portrays Gus's sister, a koan-spouting former Carmelite nun who once followed Mao and has come to a stop in a New Jersey housing project because ''the poor reveal the truth of life.''

In an interview several days after the preview performance Mr. Kushner talked further about ''The Intelligent Homosexual'': ''Some of the play came as a result of the stagehands' strike'' -- on Broadway in 2007 -- ''from discussions with fellow artists, many of whom had not a drop of sympathy for Local 1, for what these guys were striking for, and the incredible thought that workers are expendable. It's not magic. It's work, it's labor. There are ways of thinking about economic justice and the whole question of what really creates value in a society.

''Also, I've always been fascinated by families. In families you see how sloppy, in terms of boundaries, and intimate they are in the most beautiful and troubling ways.''

Returning to the question about the meaning of the play, he said: ''As someone who wants to be a progressive person, a person on the left, an active person, I'm negotiating my middle-age position with the politics of revolution, what I believe of revolutionary versus evolutionary change. I have a profound difficulty coming to terms with revolutionary means. The changes we need at this point to make the planet survive can be done through a functioning democracy, a much more agreeable way to have change happen. But complacency can very easily settle in.

''The question that Gus posits to us is: Will we ultimately be able to make the changes we need to make, or is it simply the case that life under a free-market, capitalist society is merely tolerable? And if so, should one spare oneself the terror of becoming a revolutionary?

''I don't know the answer.''

At the talk back Mr. Kushner spoke of Ms. Emond's character, a labor lawyer. She ''carries the heart of the play,'' he said, ''and I'm still trying to work out what that heart is. I'm still trying to understand the play.''

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

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: At top, Tony Kushner's ''Intelligent Homosexual's Guide to Capitalism and Socialism With a Key to the Scriptures'' in rehearsal: from left, the director Michael Greif, far left, and Mr. Kushner speaking with the actor Ron Menzel

the actor Michael Cristofer, center, between Mr. Kushner, left, and Mr. Greif

and Mr. Greif, right, consulting with Mr. Cristofer, occupied with notes. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY CRAIG LASSIG FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES)

Above, Michael Esper, left, as a hustler, with Stephen Spinella in the premiere of ''The Intelligent Homosexual's Guide to Capitalism and Socialism With a Key to the Scriptures.'' Left, Mr. Kushner, foreground, and the director Michael Greif. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHAEL DANIEL

CRAIG LASSIG FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (pg.AR8)

**Load-Date:** June 14, 2009

**End of Document**



[***Review/Film Festival;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-M7D0-0038-D0RF-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***A Finn's Films Start Morosely But End in Cockeyed Drollery***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-M7D0-0038-D0RF-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 3, 1990, Wednesday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1990 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section C; Page 13, Column 1; Cultural Desk; Review

**Length:** 1153 words

**Byline:** By CARYN JAMES

**Body**

For Aki Kaurismaki, the writer and director who has two films in the New York Film Festival, being laconical and deadpan is high art. Is his native Finland as dreary as it seems in his movies, he was asked at a press conference? Smoking a cigarette and drinking a bottle of beer, the director answered in a monotone, ''It's a wonderland.'' He is obviously the prototypical Kaurismaki character: a droll personality stingy with words yet offering vast irony through his impassive presence.

The characters in his latest films start out being more morose than their creator, but they get over it. In one, the downtrodden heroine of ''The Match Factory Girl'' spends most of the film looking pathetic and sad, with excellent cause. But a glimmer of a smile crosses her face when she dilutes rat poison in water, for reasons the audience will soon discover. The film, which will be shown tonight at 6:15, is a magnificent conclusion to a trilogy about Finnish ***working-class*** heroes that includes ''Shadows in Paradise'' and ''Ariel.'' This virtuosic work is heart-breaking until it turns outrageously funny.

In the black comedy ''I Hired a Contract Killer,'' Jean-Pierre Leaud plays a Frenchman working in a London office. Sitting alone in the lunchroom, he turns to a crowded table of co-workers. His sad-dog face changes, though it's hard to say whether he flashes a series of awkward smiles or one long nervous twitch. The film, made in English, does not have the taut brilliance of ''Match Factory Girl.'' Its plot is looser and its tone lighter, even though the story follows a suicidal man who takes out a contract on himself then changes his mind. A smart, entertaining trifle, ''I Hired a Contract Killer'' will be shown tomorrow at 9:45 P.M..

Despite their differences of setting, tone and language, both films are set in a realistic world filled with cockeyed consequences. These people go to the edge of defeat, only to challenge their fate at the last minute, tossing tragedy out the window as if it was a banana peel they'd happened to slip on.

The director's style is ruthlessly pared down, every scene edited to its core, every detail perfected, every lingering shot of an empty room used to good effect. Yet Mr. Kaurismaki's buoyant energy fends off any hint of a mannered or minimalist approach, and he keeps viewers trailing after him by unsettling every expectation. Having made eight smashingly original films in seven years, Mr. Kaurismaki's range and depth seem to be growing all the time. ''The Match Factory Girl'' begins with a log in a factory and follows the stages by which wood emerges as a box of matches. At the end of this long mechanical chain is a pair of hands hovering over a conveyor belt, making certain the mailing labels are stuck securely on the boxes. The hands belong to Iris, a wan blonde with circles under her eyes whose life threatens to remain as mundane and sterile as her job.

She pays rent to sleep on the couch in the apartment of her mother and stepfather, who do little more than eat and smoke. She puts on blue eyeshadow, goes to a dance and at the end of the evening is the only woman left sitting against the wall. And in a small act of heroism, she defies her parents and takes part of her paycheck to buy a cheap-looking red-flowered dress in which she is finally asked to dance.

As Iris, Kati Outinen has a slight, angelic smile as she rests her head on this strange man's shoulder. Her beautiful, unsentimental performance is all the more remarkable because so far Iris has not said a word on camera. No one, in fact, says very much in this film. Music and noise are everywhere, but dialogue is a luxury in Mr. Kaurismaki's spare esthetic.

Iris is no saint; she sleeps with the stranger that night and later finds herself in the kind of mess that makes her want to poison ratty humans. And the more rebellious she becomes, the more Mr. Kaurismaki provokes viewers to cheer her anti-social behavior. Iris is the most deeply realized and affecting character in the Finnish trilogy. If Iris is the perfect Kaurismaki character, for some viewers Mr. Leaud will always be Francois Truffaut's exuberant alter ego, Antoine Doinel. But he becomes a Kaurismaki actor with ease. In ''Contract Killer,'' he is the unblinking, unsmiling Henri Boulanger, a French white-collar version of the hapless workers in Mr. Kaurismaki's Helsinki factories. Dismissed from his job and in despair, he fails at everything, including suicide.

When Henri finds his way to a sleazy bar in a junkyard, he tries to act tough. With a heavy French accent, he yells at the dangerous-looking crowd, ''Where I come from, we eat places like this for breakfast!'' He doesn't fool anyone but gets what he came for: a contract to finish him off.

Of course, while waiting for the subcontractor to make the hit, Henri falls in love with a platinum-haired flower-seller named Margaret. Together they try to evade the killer and cancel the contract - just the kind of togetherness and business dealings you'd expect in a Kaurismaki film.

The texture of ''Contract Killer'' is more effective than its playful suspense plot, a homage to old B movies. When Henri goes to the store in the middle of a card game with Margaret, he takes his hand of cards with him. ''I don't trust you,'' he says blankly, though he insists he loves her.

''Contract Killer'' may be the most visually striking of Mr. Kaurismaki's films. Shot in London by his usual cinematographer, Timo Salminen, its rich deep colors suggest the artifice of the suspense genre. On the same program as ''Match Factory Girl'' is Alan Taylor's 27-minute ''That Burning Question.'' Effectively shot in black-and-white, it follows a feuding couple and their nosy friend, who take the subway from Manhattan to an unidentified borough to see if a rejected lover will really set himself on fire. With its hard-nosed characters swaying between romance and anti-romance, it is a tart, irreverent and appropriate companion-piece for Mr. Kaurismaki's work.

The Match Factory Girl

Directed, written and edited by Aki Kaurismaki; in Finnish with English subtitles; photography by Timo Salminen; produced by Mr. Kaurismaki, Klas Olofsson and Katinka Farago. Running time: 70 minutes.

Iris....Kati Outinen

Mother....Elina Salo

Stepfather....Esko Nikkari

Man....Vesa Vierikko

Singer....Reijo Taipale

Brother....Silu Seppala

That Burning Question

Directed by Alan Taylor. At Alice Tully Hall, as part of the 28th New York Film Festival. Running time: 30 minutes. These films have no rating.

I Hired a Contract Killer

Directed, written, edited and produced by Aki Kaurismaki; photography by Timo Salminen; production designer, John Ebden. At Alice Tully Hall, as part of the 28th New York Film Festival. Running time: 80 minutes. This film has no rating.

Henri....Jean-Pierre Leaud

Margaret....Margi Clarke

The Killer....Kenneth Colley

Department Head....Trevor Bowen

Secretary....Imogen Clare

**Graphic**

Photo: Kati Outinen in Aki Kaurismaki's ''Match Factory Girl.'' (The Film Society of Lincoln Center)

**End of Document**



[***Fairfield Area May Be Vital In the Race For Governor***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-N2B0-0038-D4NY-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 19, 1990, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1990 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 12CN; Page 1, Column 5; Connecticut Weekly Desk

**Length:** 1210 words

**Byline:** By NICK RAVO

**Body**

FAIRFIELD COUNTY has long been regarded as the state's political stepchild, a bastion of wealthy Republicans in a largely Democratic, ***working-class*** state. It is dominated by news media from New York rather than from Hartford or New Haven. The estrangement is so severe that in 1982, the Republican gubernatorial candidate in New York, Lewis E. Lehrman, raised more money in the county than Connecticut's Republican candidate, Lewis B. Rome, of Bloomfield.

This year, though, the towns in the southwestern corner of the state may play an unusually large role in Connecticut's three-way gubernatorial election, and possibly in the Sept. 11 Democratic primary between the party's endorsed candidate, United States Representative Bruce A. Morrison, of Hamden, and State Representative William J. Cibes Jr., of New London. The county's largest influence may be on the campaign of the Republican nominee, United States Representative John G. Rowland, of Waterbury. The conventional political wisdom holds that he must do well, if not win, in the county's Fourth Congressional District. Mr. Rowland's chances, however, are threatened by the independent candidacy of former United States Senator Lowell P. Weicker Jr., a Republican from Greenwich, one of the most Republican towns in the district. In the 1986 gubernatorial race, the Republican candidate, Julie D. Belaga, of Westport, came from the Fourth District but lost it decisively to Gov. William A. O'Neill, a Democrat.

Republican officials said Mr. Rowland expects to do well in the county, where he has spent considerable time seeking votes and campaign funds.''Whether he has to carry it is a matter of debate,'' said the candidate's press secretary, Jack R. Goldberg.

Because of Connecticut's lack of county government, county boundaries are of little importance, particularly for political purposes. Instead, strategists usually dissect the state along Congressional-district lines.

Fairfield County's affluent communities of Darien, Fairfield, Greenwich, New Canaan, Norwalk, Stamford and Westport lie in the Fourth District, as does part of Trumbull and the Democrat-dominated City of Bridgeport. Affluent Wilton and Weston are in the Fifth District, as are other towns in the county's northern fringe - Danbury, Ridgefield, Easton, Bethel, Shelton, Redding, Newtown, Monroe and Brookfield. Fairfield County's northernmost towns, Sherman and New Fairfield, are in the Sixth District. Stratford, on its eastern edge, is in the Third.

''Fairfield County and the Fourth Congressional District are two very different things,'' said Mr. Weicker's campaign co-chairman, Thomas J. D'Amore Jr. With only about 15 percent of the state's voters in the Fourth District, the gubernatorial election clearly does not hinge solely on it. Mr. Rowland could win the race and lose what is generally considered the most Republican area of the state (although Democrats slightly outnumber Republicans in the district) by taking his home Fifth District by an overwhelming margin.

And the First District, a largely Democratic area around Hartford, where Mr. Weicker is popular, may be a more crucial test for Mr. Morrison (if he wins his primary against Mr. Cibes) than Mr. Rowland faces in the Fourth.

''You can kind of take all the cards and throw them up in the air in a three-way race,'' Mr. D'Amore said. He added, however, that Mr. Rowland could suffer the most from a low turnout in the Fourth District.

The state's voter turnout fell 30.4 percent between the 1984 Presidential election and the 1986 gubernatorial race, said Peter S. Tuckel, an associate professor of sociology at Hunter College in Manhattan. The dropoff in Hartford County was 28.7 percent, he said, while it was 38.8 percent in Fairfield County. He said the dropoff was highest in towns with large numbers of Republicans. In Greenwich, for example, the figure was 42 percent.

''It is happening in an area where you wouldn't expect it and with voters you wouldn't expect it from,'' said Mr. Tuckel, a Fairfield County resident who has studied Connecticut registration and voting patterns.

Mr. Goldberg said the Rowland campaign is aware of these trends. ''We're not concerned,'' he said. ''But we'll pay attention to Fairfield County, with the effort being to get the vote out.,''

G.O.P. Defection in 1988

He also noted that Mr. Weicker has long alienated Republican conservatives, many of whom live in Fairfield County. The defection of these party members from Mr. Weicker's 1988 Senate campaign is one of the most frequently cited reasons for his narrow loss to his Democratic challenger, Joseph I. Lieberman, of New Haven.

In that election, Mr. Weicker received 3,500 fewer votes in Greenwich than the Republican Congressional candidate, Representative Christopher Shays, of Stamford. Mr. Weicker received 2,500 fewer votes than Mr. Shays in Darien and 1,500 fewer in Westport.

The difference is not necessarily indicative of negative attitudes about Mr. Weicker. Mr. Shays ran against a little-known Democrat, Roger Pearson, of Greenwich; and Mr. Lieberman, the state Attorney General, was well known, campaigned as a conservative and is thought to have picked up sizable portion of the county's Jewish vote. Many Republicans, however, cite those vote totals as evidence of a deep antipathy toward Mr. Weicker's liberalism, his sometimes-difficult personality and his inconsistent support of party candidates.

''He is not overly popular in the district, even if it is his home district,'' Mr. Goldberg said. ''John Rowland has raised more money in Greenwich that Lowell Weicker has.''

For Democrats, the Fourth District tends to be just as problematic as it is for Mr. Rowland. Like the entire state, it tends to support Republicans in Presidential elections and Democrats in gubernatorial elections. Mr. Weicker is also a strong vote-getter among Democrats, so he could pull votes in the district from the Democratic candidate as well as from Mr. Rowland.

Mr. Cibes's campaign chairman, State Representative Jonathan Pelto, said Fairfield County would have small significance in the general election but would play a very important part in his candidate's primary battle against Mr. Morrison. Mr. Pelto said Fairfield County's votes in a Democratic primary are vital because only 20 to 25 percent of the state's Democrats are expected to vote in the Sept. 11 primary. Only 18 percent turned out in the party's last gubernatorial primary, in 1978, between Gov. Ella T. Grasso and Lieut. Gov. Robert K. Killian.

Mr. Pelto said the 107,849 Democrats in the Fourth Congressional District are expected to turn out in higher percentages than those in other parts of the state because there are state representative primaries in Bridgeport. Primary voters tend to be better educated and more affluent than other party members, he said, and Fairfield County Democrats tend to be both.

Unlike Mr. Morrison, Mr. Cibes has spent little time campaigning in Fairfield County. Instead, he has been meeting with newspaper editorial boards and counting on exposure from news conferences.

Mr. Pelto said shaking hands on Metro-North railroad platforms would be of little use in a Democratic primary. ''You get Republicans, unaffiliated,'' he said. ''There is no ability to screen.''

**End of Document**



[***More for the Money, and Near the Water***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4H4K-79D0-TW8F-G2MH-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 18, 2005 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2005 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 11; Column 1; Real Estate Desk; Pg. 7; LIVING IN/Bay Ridge, Brooklyn

**Length:** 1535 words

**Byline:** By JEFF VANDAM

**Body**

SHARON MILADY and Mike Baker, a couple from Toronto, packed up their lives in Canada three weeks ago and moved into a limestone town house on 78th Street in Bay Ridge, Brooklyn.

Almost immediately, they found themselves being welcomed at a block party in their honor, and the gates between their backyard and the neighbors' were opened to allow their sons Matthew, 6, and Liam, 7, to skateboard with the kids down the way. ''How cool is that?'' said Ms. Milady, 36.

The family is one of many that have recently discovered Bay Ridge's gracious homes, ample shopping and harbor-front esplanade with views of the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge. Located in the southwestern corner of Brooklyn, Bay Ridge is attracting home buyers who want the comfort and peaceful nature of brownstone Brooklyn but find the prices there out of reach.

''My last 10 deals, with the exception of one, have been predominantly people from Park Slope or Manhattan,'' said Diane Henning, a broker for the Corcoran Group who works in Park Slope but lives in Bay Ridge and sells homes there. ''People are coming and seeing what kind of value they're going to get in Bay Ridge.''

And while there are some new luxury apartment buildings, such as the Bridgeview Condominiums on 97th Street, zoning changes adopted in March have pushed demand for housing higher, as developers are now limited in the sort of multifamily properties they can build.

''They can't really tear down a single house anymore and build six condominiums,'' said Susan Pulaski, president emeritus of the Bay Ridge Historical Society and an agent at Dyker Real Estate. ''That will force the prices up.''

For Ms. Milady and Mr. Baker, who were choosing between more expensive houses in Park Slope and those in Bay Ridge, the $845,000 they paid for their three-floor, three-bathroom town house was a bargain. With its expansive back deck, exposed-brick kitchen and finished basement, the house was still $500,000 less than comparable properties in brownstone Brooklyn.

What You'll Find

Bay Ridge is nestled between the curves of the Brooklyn-Queens Expressway and the Belt Parkway, though traffic noise is far from evident on its streets.

The premier residential thoroughfare is Shore Road, which bends with the shoreline and is stocked with trees on its west side, evoking images of Riverside Drive in Manhattan. Though it once contained a cavalcade of grand mansions, Shore Road now hosts a string of attractive apartment buildings.

On streets like Mr. Baker's and Ms. Milady's, those numbered roads that run east to west, pristine early-20th-century town houses are a frequent sight.

''The dedication of the people in the community for the preservation of the character and integrity of the neighborhood is the best that I've ever seen,'' said Craig Eaton, chairman of Community Board 10, which covers Bay Ridge.

In other parts of Bay Ridge, primarily stretching west from Third Avenue to the waters of New York Harbor, unattached single-family homes on 50-by-100-foot lots are among the most desirable. Narrows Avenue and Colonial Road in particular are highlights. On streets east of Third Avenue, with some exceptions, attached and semiattached houses of a more recent vintage are common.

Life in Bay Ridge is a multiethnic affair, as the neighborhood has a rich cultural history, with populations of Italians, Irish, Russians, Lebanese and Polish, among others. There are also a number of Catholic churches, four of which have schools, in addition to synagogues, Greek Orthodox churches, Protestant congregations, mosques and Korean churches.

''They always say that Brooklyn is the borough of churches and bars,'' Mr. Eaton said. ''I would have to say that Bay Ridge has its fair share of both.''

What They're Asking

In the last five years, ''prices have grown dramatically,'' said Wade Jabour Jr., owner and broker of the Jabour Realty Company, who has sold homes in Bay Ridge for 20 years. ''It's a solid market, so it'll remain strong, even if the real estate bubble does burst.''

Though prices for single-family homes averaged $400,000 in 2000, they now begin in the $600,000 to $800,000 range for smaller, attached houses. For the larger, stand-alone houses on Shore Road, Narrows Avenue and others, ''prices are going up to $3.5 million in a heartbeat,'' Mr. Jabour said.

In recent deals, Ms. Henning of Corcoran sold a two-family limestone town house with central air-conditioning, a finished basement and a screened back porch for $899,000. Mr. Jabour's firm just sold a 10-year-old four-bedroom house on a 50-by-100-foot lot on 88th Street near Narrows Avenue for $2 million.

''The market is still very strong and will be even more so this fall,'' Ms. Henning said. ''There is a lot more inventory coming on the market.''

Apartment sales in Bay Ridge are also robust, with two-bedroom condos starting at $400,000 and inching up as the buildings approach Shore Road. A batch of new luxury condo towers near the water has come on the market recently, offering full harbor views in the $700,000 to $1.2 million range.

In the rental market, prices for one-bedroom apartments average $1,000 a month, and two-bedrooms range from $1,200 to $1,400 and up for units near the water's edge.

What to Do

Bay Ridge offers one of the most expansive waterfronts of any New York neighborhood, and the city is currently refurbishing a waterside running and jogging path to match it. The path begins at Owl's Head Park to the north, where residents idle on the 69th Street pier, taking in views of downtown Manhattan and New York Harbor.

A new skateboarding area within Owl's Head Park brings in youngsters, and cyclists take the path south past the towering spires of the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge.

Bay Ridge also offers an array of restaurants and shopping, with 86th Street as the anchor for popular commerce. There, bargain seekers flock to Century 21, the discount clothing store, and to several chain stores have outposts there as well.

On Third Avenue, known as the neighborhood's restaurant row, a wide selection is available, from Zagat guidebook favorites Elia and Areo to the wafer-thin pizzas at Lento's. The avenue also now has two Starbucks and a smattering of health food cafes and markets.

The Schools

The quality of local schools played a large role in Ms. Milady's and Mr. Baker's choice of Bay Ridge. They were sold by a visit to Public School 185 at Ridge Boulevard and 86th Street, with its new library, a science lab with live animals and wall-to-wall student artwork.

''We just felt very comfortable sending them there,'' Ms. Milady said.

The school has reduced overcrowding in the last few years, and its students routinely score 30 and 40 percentage points higher on state and city mathematics and English language arts tests than city averages. Students at P.S. 104, another elementary school, on Fifth Avenue, have improved their own test scores in recent years, bettering city averages by nearly 30 points in English and math.

At Fort Hamilton High School on Shore Road, which operates at 160 percent of its capacity, average SAT scores on the school's most recent report card fell below state averages in verbal, at 427 versus 497, and in math, at 489 versus 510.

Bay Ridge also offers a number of private schools, religious and secular, the most well-known of which is Poly Prep Country Day School, on Seventh Avenue. Tuition costs from $23,850 to $24,650 a year.

At Adelphi Academy, on 86th Street, tuition begins at $7,500 for prekindergarten students and runs up to $15,500 for upper-school students.

The Commute

Though Bay Ridge looks far from Manhattan on maps, residents say getting there is a breeze on express buses that take the Gowanus Expressway to the Brooklyn-Battery Tunnel. The trip takes 30 to 50 minutes, depending whether the destination is downtown or Midtown.

The subway to Manhattan via the R train takes about 30 minutes from 95th Street in Bay Ridge to Whitehall Street downtown. Commuters can switch to the N train at 59th Street in Sunset Park for an express.

The History

Bay Ridge began life as Yellow Hook, a reflection of the yellow soil that used to cover the land in the 17th century. While its neighbor to the north, Red Hook, kept its colorful name, Yellow Hook became Bay Ridge when yellow fever swept the country in the mid-19th century.

After that, the neighborhood became a retreat for New York's elite, who built a string of homes along Shore Road. Once the subway was extended south to Bay Ridge in the 1910's, a new group of immigrants moved into the neighborhood, spawning a wave of construction and bringing a new way of life. Not long after, Bay Ridge became synonymous with ***working-class*** Brooklyn, with the opening of the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge in 1964 and the filming of ''Saturday Night Fever'' with John Travolta in 1978.

What We Like

Cruising on a bicycle under the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge and heading up the breezy shoreline to the 69th Street Pier makes for the perfect late summer day.

What We'd Change

Parking in the neighborhood is somewhat scarce -- residents need to be keenly aware of street cleaning rules and other quirks if they hope to keep a car around.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: STREETS OF BROOKLYN -- Two-story town houses, above, on 68th Street in Bay Ridge. The Verrazano-Narrows Bridge provides a backdrop for the bustle of Third Avenue. (Photographs by Phil Mansfield for The New York Times)

On the Market: 8375 SHORE ROAD -- This house has five bedrooms and four baths, and is listed at $3.3 million. (917)293-3128

8019 COLONIAL ROAD -- This house has three bedrooms and two baths, and is listed at $1.15 million. (718)748-1800

9902 THIRD AVENUE -- A co-op apartment in this building has one bedroom and one bath, and is listed at $259,000. (718)832-4193Map of Brooklyn highlighting Bay Ridge.

**Load-Date:** September 18, 2005

**End of Document**



[***Mayoral Primary Is Down to This: Who Will Vote?***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4H33-F9R0-TW8F-G2GT-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 11, 2005 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2005 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 1; Column 1; Metropolitan Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1540 words

**Byline:** By PATRICK D. HEALY

**Body**

The Democratic candidates for mayor will not say so publicly, but this cold political fact keeps them up at night: Not even their $10,000-a-month consultants know who will turn out to vote on primary day, Tuesday. Predictions and polls aside, this race has become a nail-biter.

Only two results realistically matter on Tuesday, political consultants and the four Democratic campaigns agree. First, can the leading Democrat in the polls, Fernando Ferrer, win 40 percent of the vote? If he cannot, a runoff election will be held Sept. 27 between the top two vote-getters -- and a runoff is likely to end with a bruised, cash-depleted nominee who will have just six weeks to overcome the boundless advertising budget of the billionaire Republican mayor Michael R. Bloomberg.

Second, with Mr. Ferrer expected to finish first, who will come in second to possibly face him in a runoff? The candidate showing the greatest momentum in the final days is Representative Anthony D. Weiner of Brooklyn, who is gambling on the counterintuitive idea that New York Democrats will respond to an offer of tax cuts. Yet the other Democrats in the race, Gifford Miller, the City Council speaker, and C. Virginia Fields, the Manhattan borough president, have also steadily built inroads to certain sectors of the electorate.

Both results hinge on voter turnout more than anything else, analysts say, because Mr. Ferrer cannot lock up the race with his Hispanic base alone and the likely electorate appears fickle: about 15 percent remain undecided, polls show, and many more voters say they could switch candidates at the last minute.

At the same time, interviews around the city and new polls suggest more voters are focusing on the primary race, driven by a barrage of advertising, more televised debates, and a post-Katrina concern about the government's attention to the poor, the ***working class***, and minorities.

''Fifteen people just came up to me on a street corner to talk about the election, after weeks of the candidates fighting hard out here,'' said Malcolm Smith, a Democratic state senator from southeast Queens, an enclave of middle-class blacks that is seen as a crucial tossup district in Tuesday's contest. ''Listening out here, it's anybody's game.''

Multicandidate races always have X factors that influence turnout, but this one has proved notably unpredictable, with factors ranging from political missteps and the last-minute endorsement of Mr. Ferrer by the Rev. Al Sharpton to the shifting demographics that will make this the city's first Democratic primary where minorities are expected to cast a majority of the ballots.

''It's a new era of majority-minority election,'' said Hank Sheinkopf, a political consultant who is not affiliated with any of the candidates. ''What does the mushrooming Asian population in Queens do? Do Dominicans turn out for Ferrer? Do the minority borough president candidates generate more votes for Freddy in Manhattan? A lot to wait and see.''

Indeed, Mr. Ferrer's electoral challenge best illustrates the great unknowables of this race: According to his advisers, he will avoid a runoff only if he captures at least 70 percent of the Hispanic vote and 40 percent of the black vote, along with a good share of white and Asian support.

Yet pollsters say that the particularly crucial factor for him -- Hispanic turnout -- is increasingly hard to gauge: Polls notoriously underpredict Hispanic participation, and many Hispanic New Yorkers also say they like Mayor Bloomberg or feel more comfortable with Republicans than in the past. Mr. Ferrer, who is of Puerto Rican descent, ran unsuccessfully for mayor in 1997 and 2001, and some Hispanics say the ethnic pride for him has waned.

What is more, many black voters have not forgiven Mr. Ferrer for saying in March that the police officers who killed an unarmed black immigrant, Amadou Diallo, in 1999 did not commit a crime. For months, that remark delayed Mr. Ferrer's endorsement by Mr. Sharpton, who has said he might have otherwise backed Mr. Ferrer earlier.

Polls indicate that while many black voters support Ms. Fields, who is the only black candidate in the race, those who have been dismayed by her unspectacular campaign are moving toward Mr. Weiner or Mr. Miller -- not Mr. Ferrer. (The rivals to Mr. Ferrer have been statistically tied for second place in recent weeks, although new polls suggest that Mr. Weiner is breaking from the pack.)

''I don't think the black vote for Freddy is in the bag, which makes this hard to predict,'' said Bill Lynch, a political consultant and adviser to Mr. Ferrer, who was a senior political aide to the city's only black mayor, David N. Dinkins. ''I think he still has some overcoming to do with the Diallo comment. Before that, I would have said he'd get the 40 to 45 percent of the black vote he needs, but I'm not sure.''

A low turnout is most likely to help Mr. Ferrer, who in the end should have the largest ethnic base in the race. Most political analysts expect upward of 600,000 people to vote, fewer than in 2001, when no incumbent mayor was running, but more than in 1997, when Rudolph W. Giuliani was seeking a second term.

One new wild card affecting the turnout is the interest in Manhattan over hard-fought races for district attorney, borough president and open City Council seats in East Harlem, central Harlem and the Lower East Side.

If white Manhattan professionals vote heavily, that could help Mr. Miller, the Upper East Side candidate. And internal campaign polling has seemed to influence the campaign of Mr. Weiner, whose strategy of concentrating on the other four boroughs has gradually evolved to focus on Manhattan. On Friday, for instance, he spent part of the afternoon campaigning on the West Side. But if minority turnout in those Manhattan Council races is especially high, Mr. Ferrer or Ms. Fields could benefit.

With voter-rich neighborhoods in mind, the four major Democratic candidates plan to have hundreds of workers coaxing people to the polls. Mr. Miller is widely seen as having the best get-out-the-vote operation, and is planning to deploy 2,000 people on Tuesday to hand out cards urging a Miller vote, call those most likely to vote for him and drive people to the polls. All four candidates have offices to monitor their field operations, with detailed city maps of neighborhoods where they believe their prime voters are.

Mr. Weiner has spent less money on voter turnout, and has a smaller organization to devote to it, but campaign aides say he has two significant weapons: an endorsement from the 22,000-member Uniformed Firefighters Association, on the eve of the Sept. 11 anniversary, and the political talents of Michael Whouley, who played a major role in John Kerry's surprise victory in the Iowa presidential caucuses in 2004.

''We are going to have a smart, targeted, volunteer-driven get-out-the-vote operation, designed by the best field operative in the country, Michael Whouley,'' said Anson Kaye, a spokesman for Mr. Weiner.

Even the city's political elite say they are struck by the fact that, for all the hard work by the candidates over the last eight months, the campaign will come down to a series of unpredictable factors.

''New York, are you listening? Your turnout will decide this race,'' said Ruth Messinger, the Democratic mayoral candidate in 1997, when, like this year, her party faced a strong Republican incumbent on Election Day. ''Turnout will be an incredibly important factor on Tuesday, but it will also be incredibly hard to predict.''

Yet even the best get-out-the-vote operations, from presidential primary contests to small-town mayoral races, are often overshadowed by variables that can leave candidates stunned and stumped once the ballots are counted. Among the other factors that may prove particularly salient on Tuesday:

In a break from the past, several major players have not endorsed any of the Democratic candidates, costing them manpower and phone banks on Primary Day. They include 1199/SEIU, the union of health care workers, and the city's teachers' union, which has about 105,000 registered city voters.

Some other unions, like District Council 37, the largest union of municipal workers, have endorsed Mr. Bloomberg's re-election bid.

The Democrats lack a polarizing opponent or target to help sharpen their political message and energize voters to go to the polls. Mayor Giuliani played that role in 1993 and 1997.

Mr. Bloomberg's popularity with Democrats, many of whom say they would vote for him if he were running in the Democratic primary.

Mr. Weiner has come on strong in opinion polls as he has sought to rally middle-class voters in the boroughs outside Manhattan, particularly white voters, by promising to cut income taxes by 10 percent, cut the city budget by 5 percent, discipline unruly students and remove poorly performing teachers. ''Weiner has specifically targeted a social class instead of an ethnic class, offering to cut taxes and getting tough with the school status quo,'' Mr. Sheinkopf said. ''If he does well, he will have shown something very new in New York City Democratic politics, where tribalism and ethnic warfare have dominated for 60 years.''

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

**Graphic**

Chart/Photos: ''Turning It Out''How turnout affects the candidates.FERNANDO FERRERCounting on high turnout from Hispanics and others in East Harlem, the Lower East Side, Sunset Park in Brooklyn. Expecting more than 600,000 people to vote

lower turnout, depressed by pro-Bloomberg white voters staying home, could only help him.C. VIRGINIA FIELDSCounting on heavy support from black and Asian voters, and from Harlem, Crown Heights, central Brooklyn, southeast Queens, Co-op City and other parts of Bronx. Advisers debating whether to spend heavily on black radio, TV, or automated phone calls Tuesday to get out vote.GIFFORD MILLERCounting on council allies and candidates to help him win total vote in Manhattan, where he hopes turnout will make up 30% of the citywide vote, a relatively high share.ANTHONY D. WEINERCounting on strong support from middle-class voters, predominantly whites, in Brooklyn, Queens, Staten Island and West Side of Manhattan.(pg. 37)

**Load-Date:** September 11, 2005

**End of Document**



[***Everybody Loves Somebody Sometime***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-MXB0-0038-D2FY-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 26, 1990, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1990 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 7; Page 11, Column 1; Book Review Desk; Review

**Length:** 1138 words

**Byline:** By WENDY MARTIN; Wendy Martin, who heads the English department at the Claremont Graduate School, is the editor of ''We Are the Stories We Tell: The Best Short Stories by North American Women Since 1945.''

**Body**

A PLACE I'VE NEVER BEEN

By David Leavitt.

194 pp. New York: Viking. $18.95.

The complexities of love - platonic, erotic and electronic - in the late 20th century have always fascinated David Leavitt. And in his books, he portrays the ties that bind - whether spousal, parental, filial or adulterous; heterosexual, bisexual, homosexual or lesbian - in highly individualized relationships that turn on issues of emotional loyalty and betrayal, community and autonomy, health and illness.

Just like Mr. Leavitt's earlier stories and novels, this fine new collection of short fiction is filled with love triangles that are complicated by gender permutations. In the title story, ''A Place I've Never Been,'' Celia Hoberman, a character in the last story of Mr. Leavitt's previous collection, ''Family Dancing,'' is caught in the crosscurrents of the relationship between her best friend, Nathan, and his former lover, Martin, who has tested HIV positive. In ''My Marriage to Vengeance,'' a woman named Ellen Britchkey undertakes the emotional challenge of attending her former lover Diana's wedding. In a variation on the plot of Mr. Leavitt's novel ''The Lost Language of Cranes,'' the story called ''Houses'' chronicles the psychological upheavals of a 32-year-old real estate agent who is in love with another man but does not want to leave his wife.

Conventional psychoanalysis would suggest that this repeated motif of triangles is a sign of the unresolved tensions in the lives of Mr. Leavitt's characters. In geometry, however, the triangle is the simplest and most stable figure; not surprisingly, these people long for such mathematical simplicity. ''I realized,'' says the conflicted real estate agent, ''that while it is possible to love two people at the same time, in different ways, in the heart, it is not possible to do so in the world.''

Mr. Leavitt has the wonderful ability to lead the reader to examine heterosexist assumptions without becoming polemical. In prose that is often spare and carefully honed, he sensitizes us to the daily difficulties of homosexual life - of negotiating public spaces, for example, where holding hands or a simple embrace becomes problematic. ''I drank a cup of coffee, then another,'' reports a young man alone in Paris. ''I stared unceasingly at men in the street, men in the cafe, sometimes getting cracked smiles in response.''

The coded language and rituals of gay culture give many of these tales a deeper level of meaning. Thus the acronym ''Ayor'' - a story title that comes from the abbreviation for ''At Your Own Risk,'' a category in the ''Spartacus Guide for Gay Men'' - also provides guidance for readers who believe they can enter Mr. Leavitt's fictional world and emerge from it unchanged. The narrator of this story is shielded by his friend Craig's attractiveness: ''I was invisible, and could watch, fascinated, as men approached him, as he absorbed all the damage that might be inflicted in those late-night places.'' But the narrator's experience is altered merely by knowing Craig, and so is that of the reader who shadows Mr. Leavitt's gay characters as they forge into the world of pornographic magazines and movies, assignations made through telephone services and electronic mail. With other writers this might be simply a matter of cheap thrills, but Mr. Leavitt's insight and empathy serve instead to enlighten, to make us realize that human sexuality is a continuum of possibilities that encompasses the subtle as well as the sensational.

In the story ''Roads to Rome,'' he contrasts the differences between American and European views of marriage and emotional fealty. Evoking the vaguely sinister old world portrayed by Henry James, Mr. Leavitt gives us 96-year-old Fulvia, an Italian matriarch who is a post-modern version of Countess Gemini in ''The Portrait of a Lady.'' Mr. Leavitt's naive American, Nicholas, is a masculine counterpart of Daisy Miller. Yet, rather than sensing an unalterable legacy of European corruption, Nicholas is merely curious about cultural variation. ''But in America, even if you get a divorce,'' he tells his Italian friend Marco, ''at least it's a big deal. You don't just leave a marriage behind like a shirt that doesn't fit you anymore.'' Mr. Leavitt's Italian characters clearly don't operate on such principles. At 50, Fulvia took Marco, then the 16-year-old son of her best friend, Rosa, as a lover. To complicate matters further, Marco later became the lover of Fulvia's adolescent son, Dario, who was himself a female impersonator and coprophagist. Here the parallels with James's fiction come to an abrupt halt.

Another story, ''I See London, I See France,'' takes place in the Chianti hills, where Celia Hoberman is traveling with her new lover, Seth. While visiting the villa owned by his aristocratic friends, she is overcome with shame and loathing for her own ***working-class*** background and is assaulted by memories of her mother and grandmother, endlessly absorbed in television soap operas, situation comedies and quiz shows. In this story, culinary metaphors reveal Celia's discomfort. When pasta is served in huge hand-painted bowls, ''the tubed maccheroni are luminous with bits of sausage, basil, tomato, glints of yellow garlic. What a far cry from the spaghetti and meatballs of her childhood, the overcooked, mushy noodles swimming in a bright red bath of watery, sweet tomato sauce.'' Yet, finally, Celia manages to feel a paradoxical reverence for her childhood in Queens.

Although these two stories feature Italian villas, most of the pieces in ''A Place I've Never Been'' occur in settings that are more familiar to characters like Celia, in American suburbs where houses and household appliances - the television, the videocassette recorder, the stereo and the computer - take center stage. Primal fights take place in the kitchen among the Cuisinarts, the microwaves and the Sub-Zero refrigerator - but these encounters are far from mechanical.

Still, there is sometimes a feeling in these stories that surfaces are only being skimmed, however gracefully. And one wishes that Mr. Leavitt had created more people with the depth of Louise Cooper and her son Danny, the central characters in his novel ''Equal Affections.'' On the other hand, he displays in these stories a remarkable range of people and places. In addition to portraying youth's naivete and confusion, along with its extraordinary openness to experience, Mr. Leavitt also evokes the disappointments and constricted horizons of middle age, the failures and fears of the elderly and the desperate rage of the terminally ill. And, finally and most importantly, Mr. Leavitt's fiction deftly places the many varieties of love and sexual attraction in perspective, seeing them as part of the vast, complex mosaic of human experience and emotion.

**Graphic**

Drawing

**End of Document**



[***For Sotomayor and Thomas, Paths Fork at Race and Identity - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:7VW6-CR20-Y8TC-S15G-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 7, 2009 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

**Correction Appended**



Copyright 2009 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Column 0; National Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 2125 words

**Byline:** By JODI KANTOR and DAVID GONZALEZ; David D. Kirkpatrick contributed reporting, and Kitty Bennett contributed research.

**Body**

If Judge Sonia Sotomayor joins Justice Clarence Thomas on the Supreme Court, they may find that they have far more than a job title in common.

Both come from the humblest of beginnings. Both were members of the first sizable generation of minority students at elite colleges and then Yale Law School. Both benefited from affirmative action policies.

But that is where their similarities end, and their disagreements begin. For the first time, the Supreme Court would include two minority judges, but ones who stand at opposite poles of thinking about race, identity and opportunity. Judge Sotomayor and Justice Thomas have walked parallel paths and yet arrived at contrary conclusions, not only on legal questions, but on personal ones, too.

Judge Sotomayor celebrates being Latina, calling it a reason for her success; Justice Thomas bristles at attempts to define him by race and says he has succeeded despite the obstacles it posed. Being a woman of Puerto Rican descent is rich and fulfilling, Judge Sotomayor says, while Justice Thomas calls being a black man in America a largely searing experience. Off the bench, Judge Sotomayor has helped build affirmative action programs. On the bench, Justice Thomas has argued against them with thunderous force.

The two may sit together on a court that is struggling over whether race and ethnicity should be a factor in legal thinking, each pitting his or her hard-won lessons against the other's. Both judges are passionate about minority success, dedicating countless hours to mentorship. But Judge Sotomayor sees herself as the successful product of diversity initiatives, whereas Justice Thomas, who thinks of himself as a scarred survivor of those efforts, believes they often backfire.

The two judges have lived, not just argued, the strongest cases for and against affirmative action, said Barry Friedman, a law professor at New York University. With both on the court, he said, ''their voices are going to come to exemplify the contending positions.''

When Ms. Sotomayor and Mr. Thomas arrived at college -- she at Princeton in 1972, he at Holy Cross in 1968 -- they worried about the same thing: what others would think when they opened their mouths.

Ms. Sotomayor had grown up in the Bronx speaking Spanish; Mr. Thomas's relatives in Pin Point, Ga., mixed English with Gullah, a language of the coastal South. Both attended Catholic school, where they were drilled by nuns in grammar and other subjects. But at college, they realized they still sounded unpolished.

Ms. Sotomayor shut herself in her dorm room and eventually resorted to grade-school grammar textbooks to relearn her syntax. Mr. Thomas barely spoke, he said later, and majored in English literature to conquer the language.

''I just worked at it,'' he said in an interview years later, ''on my pronunciations, sounding out words.''

For many East Coast colleges, it was a new era. After the assassination of the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. in 1968, Holy Cross pledged to do its part in the civil rights movement by recruiting black students; just a few months later, Mr. Thomas became one of six in his freshman class.

Princeton was integrating not only by race and ethnicity, but also by gender. Ms. Sotomayor was one of 20 Hispanics in her class, students estimate. Princeton had admitted women just a few years earlier, and ''husband-hunters,'' as one of the alumni still campaigning against their presence called them, were vastly outnumbered at the college.

When the students arrived, they were subject to constant suspicion that they had not earned their slots. ''It was a question echoed over and over again, not only verbally but in people's thoughts,'' said Franklin Moore, a former Princeton administrator. Ms. Sotomayor and Mr. Thomas, honors students in high school, considered themselves qualified. But to prove their critics wrong, they studied with special determination.

''We can't let these people think we just came off the street without anything to offer Princeton,'' said Eneida Rosa, another member of the Hispanic contingent, describing how seriously she and Ms. Sotomayor took their studies.

The two future judges led similar student organizations -- Mr. Thomas helped found a black student group, while Ms. Sotomayor was co-chairwoman of a Puerto Rican one -- and shared the same liberal politics. They graduated at the top of their classes. And afterward, they each headed to Yale Law School.

Interpretations

But perhaps because of their backgrounds, Judge Sotomayor and Justice Thomas came to view their campus experiences in very different ways.

Even by the standards of the Jim Crow South, Mr. Thomas's childhood was marked by bitter blows and isolation. He was taunted not only by classmates at his all-white high school but also by blacks, who called him ''ABC,'' for ''America's Blackest Child,'' on account of his dark skin. A black among Catholics and a Catholic among blacks, he sometimes seemed to fit in nowhere at all.

Mr. Thomas learned he could rely only on himself. His father left when he was a toddler. A few years later, his mother sent him to live with his grandparents, dumping his possessions in grocery bags and sending him out the front door, he wrote in his autobiography, ''My Grandfather's Son.''

Ms. Sotomayor also grew up without a father; hers died of heart problems when she was 9. But her mother was a sustaining force, supporting the family by working as a nurse. In a recent speech, Judge Sotomayor recalled her mother and grandmother chatting and chopping ingredients for dinner. ''I can't describe to you the warmth of that moment for a child,'' she said.

In New York, Puerto Ricans were pitied for poverty and blamed for crime. Popular images were dominated by the gangs of ''West Side Story'' and bumbling comics with broken English. According to friends, Ms. Sotomayor was not active in her high school's small Latino club. Ethnicity was not something to be ashamed of, they said, but they did not really celebrate it either.

But on Princeton's manicured campus, Ms. Sotomayor explored her roots in a way she never had on trips to Puerto Rico or in ''Nuyorican'' circles back home. In a Puerto Rican studies seminar, she absorbed the literature, economics, history and politics of the island, and by senior year, she was writing a thesis on its first democratically elected governor. In its dedication, she sounds newly enchanted with her heritage.

''To my family,'' she wrote, ''for you have given me my Puerto Rican-ness.''

''To the people of my island, for the rich history that is mine,'' she continued.

Back to Their Roots

Ms. Sotomayor was not alone; for many minority students who arrived at elite colleges, the first thing they wanted to study was their own backgrounds. ''What we did on campus was to use its resources to understand ourselves in a larger context,'' said Eduardo Padro, a New York State Supreme Court justice who was raised in East Harlem and arrived at Yale in 1971, part of the first group of ***working-class*** Puerto Ricans there.

Ms. Sotomayor also became a passionate advocate for Hispanic recruitment. She took a work-study job in the admissions office, traveling to high schools and lobbying on behalf of her best prospects. As co-chairwoman of Accion Puertorriquena, she wrote a complaint accusing Princeton of discrimination, convinced the leaders of the Chicano Caucus to co-sign it and filed it with the federal Department of Health, Education and Welfare.

But Ms. Sotomayor was no campus radical. She was more likely to mete out discipline than to be subjected to it: in an early turn at judgeship, she sat on a panel that ruled on student infractions.

William Bowen, Princeton's president at the time, recalled in an interview that he used to call her for advice on Hispanic issues. After all, the university's leadership wanted to make it more diverse, and Ms. Sotomayor's activism helped them make their case. As a result of her efforts, other students said, Princeton hired its first Hispanic administrator and invited a Puerto Rican professor to teach.

While Ms. Sotomayor embraced her ethnicity in college and helped bring more Hispanics to campus, Mr. Thomas began to worry about the consequences of racial categorizations and grew skeptical of Holy Cross's efforts to enroll blacks.

He flirted a bit with black nationalism, reading Malcolm X's autobiography until the pages were worn. He drank in Ayn Rand's ideas about individualism. He identified with the protagonists of Richard Wright and Ralph Ellison novels, whose destinies were determined by racial stereotypes.

''I began to think of myself as a man without a country,'' he wrote in his autobiography about his increasing alienation.

Some of his black classmates were losing their way, failing classes or falling into drug use, and he began to think of the college's recruitment efforts as misguided. In his autobiography, he wrote of ''these gifted young people being sacrificed on the altar of an abstract theory of social justice.''

Ms. Sotomayor and Mr. Thomas missed each other at Yale by only a few years, but they might as well have studied at entirely different institutions.

Given her standout record at Princeton, said James A. Thomas, a former dean of admissions, Ms. Sotomayor's background had little role in her acceptance to the school. Again, she immersed herself in Puerto Rican issues, winning a spot on the law review with an article about Puerto Rico's rights to resources in its seabed, leading the minority students' association and urging the administration to hire a tenured Hispanic faculty member. (A quarter-century later, she is still pressing the school on the issue.)

Mr. Thomas, though, felt out of place from the moment he arrived and only became more disaffected. He had listed his race on his application and later felt haunted by the decision.

''I was among the elite, and I knew that no amount of striving could make me one of them,'' he wrote. He ran into financial troubles and applied for scholarship money from a wealthy Yale family, a process he found humiliating. Friends recall that he insisted on dressing like a field hand, in overalls and a hat.

Shared Rejection

Mr. Thomas and Ms. Sotomayor did have one experience in common: law firm interviewers asked them if they really deserved their slots at Yale, implying that they might not have been accepted if they were white.

Ms. Sotomayor fought back so intensely -- against a Washington firm, now merged with another -- that she surprised even some of the school's Hispanics. She filed a complaint with a faculty-student panel, which rejected the firm's initial letter of apology and asked for a stronger one. Minority and women's groups covered campus with fliers supporting her. Ms. Sotomayor eventually dropped her complaint, but the firm had already suffered a blow to its reputation.

Mr. Thomas was more private about the experience -- even some friends do not recall it -- but he took it hard. With rejection letters piling up, he feared he would not be able to support his wife and young son.

The problem, Mr. Thomas concluded, was affirmative action. Whites would not hire him, he concluded, because no one believed he had attended Yale on his own merits. He felt acute betrayal: his education was supposed to put him on equal footing, but he was not offered the jobs that his white classmates were getting. He saved the pile of rejection letters, he said in a speech years later.

''It was futile for me to suppose that I could escape the stigmatizing effects of racial preference,'' he wrote in his autobiography.

From Yale, Mr. Thomas and Ms. Sotomayor took what seemed like entirely different paths: he as a Reagan official who helped dismantle affirmative action programs; she as a prosecutor and litigator.

But once in a while, their stories have converged. In their nominations to the Supreme Court, both were presented as barrier-breaking success stories. Both have seen those nominations become bogged down in debates about race and ethnicity.

And at times, each of them has viewed opposition to their confirmations in racial or ethnic terms. When Democrats opposed Justice Thomas's nomination because of sexual harassment accusations, he called it a ''high-tech lynching,'' a triumph of stereotype.

Judge Sotomayor saw a hitch in her own confirmation for the United States Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit in a not entirely dissimilar light. Senate Republicans had held up her nomination for a year, and shortly afterward, she said they made assumptions about her views simply ''because I was Hispanic and a woman.''

''I was dealt with on the basis of stereotypes,'' she said.

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

**Correction**

An article on June 7 about the backgrounds of Supreme Court Justice Clarence Thomas and Judge Sonia Sotomayor referred incorrectly to Mr. Thomas's enrollment at Holy Cross College in 1968. He transferred there as a sophomore; he was not a freshman that year.

**Correction-Date:** June 17, 2009

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: COLLEGE DAYS: Clarence Thomas and Sonia Sotomayor handled their minority status differently.(A1)

Sonia Sotomayor was an advocate for Hispanic recruitment, and Princeton's president consulted her on Hispanic issues.(PHOTOGRAPH BY PRINCETON UNIVERSITY, VIA ASSOCIATED PRESS) (A18)

Clarence Thomas, graduating from Yale Law School. He started to worry about racial categorizations as an undergraduate.(PHOTOGRAPH BY YALE UNIVERSITY, FROM ''MY GRANDFATHER'S SON,'' 2007)(A18)

**Load-Date:** June 7, 2009

**End of Document**



[***The Americanization of an Offbeat Player***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-31P0-000P-N4DJ-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 10, 1996, Tuesday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1996 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Sports Desk

**Section:** Section B; ; Section B; Page 15; Column 1; Sports Desk ; Column 1; ; Biography

**Length:** 1166 words

**Byline:** Zigmund Palffy

By JASON DIAMOS

By JASON DIAMOS

**Body**

Four years ago, Zigmund Palffy could barely speak any English at all. Now, he adds to an ever-expanding, if not exactly erudite, vocabulary by listening to Jerky Boys recordings.

Offbeat is one way to describe Palffy, the Islanders' 24-year-old right wing whose knack for scoring and setting up goals has made him one of the rising stars of the National Hockey League.

Refreshing is another.

But perhaps the best description is conspicuously anonymous.

With his long, curly hair, sleepy brown eyes and a 5-foot-10-inch, 184-pound body that looks as if it's conditioned by the Czech dumplings he is partial to, Palffy hardly looks like a professional athlete, let alone a franchise player. But on a team with little identity or recent success -- the Islanders had the third-worst record in the N.H.L. last season, and their eight victories this season are tied for the fewest in the league -- Palffy has become the team's most promising talent.

In his first full season with the Islanders last year, he had 43 goals and 44 assists. In 27 games this season he has 17 goals, tied for fourth in the league.

"You look at him off the ice, he could be just some Euro-punk walking around New York," said Dan Plante, Palffy's roommate on the road. "He still has a little fat. It's amazing. The guy's got no muscle tone at all. I don't even know what he does for a training regimen in the summer. But when it comes to playing hockey, the guy's unbelievable."

Goalies marvel at Palffy's cannon shot. As a skater, he is sneaky quick straight ahead. Laterally, with the puck, he has few peers.

Mike Milbury, the Islanders' coach and general manager, quotes Mike Emrick, a television announcer for the Devils, on Palffy: "This guy Emrick said, 'When Ziggy's got the puck, there's a little mystery to the game.' " said Milbury. "It's very valid."

Despite all this, Palffy is not often recognized in public. And at his favorite hangout, the Zlata Praha, a Czech restaurant in the Astoria section of Queens, there is no picture of Palffy, who is Slovakian, on the wall along with the glossy photos of famous and not-so-famous people.

Why no photo? he was asked one autumn afternoon as he escorted a visitor to lunch there, along with his teammate and best friend in the United States, 23-year-old Derek Armstrong.

"I don't know," Palffy said with a laugh. "I think they like me here."

But if he is not very visible, he is rarely forgettable.

He has a quick smile, easy laugh, and a ready supply of comical references to whatever has his interest at the moment -- all in free-flowing language couched in a European accent but filled with American slang learned from bad movies and compact disks. In Manhattan, all that might suggest a tourist, or a foreign exchange student. Or, with that zany sense of humor, perhaps one of those wild and crazy guys from the old "Saturday Night Live" skits.

But a world-class athlete? As exciting a hockey player as you can get? Never. Not with that body.

Palffy's not fat. Far from it. He's just not cut.

"He's really not sculpted by any sense of the imagination," said Milbury, who recalled a training session two summers ago when Palffy started a two-mile drill like a road runner but finished like a tortoise. "If you saw him on the street, the first thing that would strike you is that he would seem small, not sculpted."

"Look at Wayne Gretzky," Palffy said, a little insulted when it was suggested to him that maybe he did not look like an athlete. "Look at other players who are small like Theo Fleury. You don't have to be strong, tall. A lot of the smaller guys are among the best players in the league."

Sometimes, though, it seems as if even Palffy has a hard time believing it himself.

"He laughs at himself," said Plante, who has known Palffy since he first arrived -- shy and homesick -- in America for his first training camp four summers ago.

Then, Palffy had absolutely no grasp of the English language. He possessed only a burning desire to return home. And that was exactly what he did after the Islanders sent him to the minors.

A year later, he came back to stay. He studied English, through lessons, through interaction with his teammates (who loved to kid him about his resemblance -- in miniature -- to the Czech great Jaromir Jagr), and by watching television and movies like "Cool Runnings," the story of the Jamaican bobsled team that is one of Palffy's favorites.

Now, Palffy is much more at ease with his new surroundings, and has a comfortable life on Long Island, where he lives with his longtime girlfriend, Zoranka. Palffy signed a two-year, $3.1 million base contract just days before the season started after a lengthy, often acrimonious, negotiating period with Milbury. ("I've said before, whatever happened with my contract was between my agent and him," said Palffy. "Not with me. I'm just a hockey player.")

No hard feelings. Not with this happy-go-lucky guy. Life's too short. And Palffy has come too far from the ***working-class*** life he left behind in the former Czechoslovakia, where his father was a truck driver and his mother worked in an office. His twin sisters loved volleyball. Palffy's passion was always hockey.

"My parents didn't have too much money," Palffy said.

Although Palffy used some of his money to buy a new Mercedes, he sends a good portion of his salary home to Slovakia.

On Long Island, Palffy has found something of a surrogate mother in Mary Anna Hanke, a Slovak-American who lives in Mineola and who religiously attends home games with Zoranka. Through Hanke and others, Palffy has been introduced to the local Slovak and Czech communities and gathering places, like Zlata Praha, where he can have a beer and speak his native language.

But Palffy is also becoming Americanized. He has opened up to his teammates over the years and they treat him affectionately in between good-natured barbs.

This season Milbury made Palffy an alternate captain, thrusting him into a leadership role in the Islanders' dressing room. Can an athlete lead by sense of humor? If so, that would be Palffy's style.

"He walks around and pinches his belly," said Plante. "But I think he knows he has a gift for the game. He gets that gear on and it's like he snaps into a different personality."

And then, it is easy to recognize where Palffy really leads. And how good he has already become -- in so short a time. He has won over his coach, his teammates and what there is left of the Islander faithful, some of whom come to games sporting faux Palffy hair.

"I've never asked him, but my only fear about Ziggy is that someday he'll just ride off into the sunset, make his money and go back to his home in Slovakia," Milbury said with a laugh recently. "I hope he wants to play for 10 years. I guess I'm afraid to ask."

"It's hard to say," said Palffy. "Nobody knows how long they are going to play. If I have good health and everything goes well for me, I'll be playing as long as I like."

And at some point, there figures to be a glossy of him hanging somewhere in Queens.

**Graphic**

Photo: Zigmund Palffy, the 24-year-old Slovak and Islanders' top goal scorer, is trying to find ways to blend into New York City's ethnic landscape. (Fred R. Conrad/The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** December 10, 1996

**End of Document**



[***Part III: Arab Spring 2011--2014***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5KFY-3VN1-DXY4-X2J1-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 14, 2016 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2016 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section MM; Column 0; Magazine Desk; Pg. 29; FEATURE

**Length:** 12802 words

**Byline:** By SCOTT ANDERSON

**Body**

12. Laila Soueif

Egypt

Laila had been involved with Egyptian politics for far too long to believe all the talk about the plans to protest in Tahrir Square on Jan. 25, 2011. ''It's not going to be a demonstration,'' one young activist told her. ''It's going to be a revolution.'' She understood the man's excitement. Only days earlier, street protests after the self-­immolation of the fruit-­and-­vegetable vendor in Tunisia had forced the longtime Tunisian strongman Zine el-­Abidine Ben Ali from power. Throughout the Arab world, rebellion was in the air. But this was Egypt. Laila expected news conferences and solidarity committee meetings, perhaps some paper reforms, certainly not insurrection. She even joked about it. She was attending an educational conference the day before the demonstration, and when an organizer asked if she would be returning the next day, she replied, ''Well, tomorrow we're having a revolution, but if the revolution ends early, yes, I'll be here.''

The following day, as Laila approached Tahrir Square, she realized this indeed was something altogether different from the toothless Egyptian protests of the past. Until now, the Cairene activist community had considered a protest successful if it drew several hundred demonstrators. In Tahrir Square on Jan. 25, the crowd was at least 15,000, and Laila soon heard about the many thousands more who had converged on different rallying points around Cairo and in other towns and cities across Egypt. In Tahrir, as elsewhere around the nation, the stunned security forces simply stepped aside, as the emboldened crowds' calls for reform gave way to open demands for Hosni Mubarak's fall.

The protests continued over the next two days, until, on Jan. 28, Laila concluded that they truly did have a revolution on their hands. That morning, she and some friends traveled to the Imbaba neighborhood in northwest Cairo to join a group intending to march on Tahrir, only to be met by a wall of soldiers in riot gear. After dispersing the protesters, the soldiers pursued them into Imbaba's narrow alleyways, firing tear gas as they went.

''That was a very stupid mistake,'' Laila explained. ''These are small alleys where people are practically living in the street, so that just brought down Imbaba. It became a fixed battle between the troops and the residents, and there was absolutely no moving those people. They were going to break down these soldiers and torch the police stations, or die trying.''

The battle for Imbaba continued late into the afternoon. Laila, having become separated from her friends, decided to walk to downtown alone. It was an eerie journey. The streets were deserted, and fires raged in the growing dusk: cars, barricades, police stations burning. Echoing off the surrounding buildings came the sound of gunfire, some single shots, others the sustained bursts of assault rifles. With darkness falling, Laila finally emerged onto Ramses Street, a major thoroughfare in central Cairo.

''And suddenly, this huge crowd of demonstrators appeared,'' she recalled, ''running down Ramses. They had just broken through the police cordons, and they were running to get to Tahrir. One young man saw me standing there, and he came over and hugged me -- he'd obviously seen me before, in Tahrir -- and said, 'I told you we would have a revolution!' And that was the moment when I knew it was true, and that we would be victorious.''

Over the next week, both the size and the militancy of the demonstrations grew, but so did the harshness of the government's response, with soldiers and the police increasingly trading tear gas for live ammunition. On Feb. 1, a defiant Mubarak took to the airwaves vowing never to leave Egypt -- ''On its soil I will die'' -- and the following day there came the bizarre spectacle, called the Battle of the Camel, when scores of state-­sponsored thugs astride horses and camels attacked those encamped in Tahrir Square with riding crops and whips.

The following day, Ahmed Seif's law center was raided by the military police, and he and dozens of others were hauled off for questioning at the headquarters of military intelligence. For two days, Ahmed was interrogated by a variety of officers, but he would have reason to recall one encounter in particular. It came on the morning of Feb. 5, when the chief of military intelligence, a colorless general named Abdel Fattah el-Sisi, going about other business, happened to stride past Ahmed and several other prisoners. In an impromptu lecture, Sisi warned his captive audience that they should all respect Mubarak and Egypt's military leadership and that, once released, they should go home and forget Tahrir Square. When Ahmed, forgoing respectful silence, retorted that Mubarak was corrupt, the general's haughty manner swiftly changed. ''He became angry; his face became red,'' Ahmed recalled a few years later to The Guardian. ''He acted as if every citizen would accept his point and no one would reject it in public. When he was rejected in public, he lost it.''

Upon his release that day, Ahmed stopped by his home for a change of clothes and then immediately returned to Tahrir Square.

It soon became clear that the regime was losing control. Across Egypt came reports of army units refusing orders to fire on demonstrators, and in Tahrir Square television cameras captured images of soldiers embracing the protesters and sharing cigarettes with them.

On Feb. 11, the clock finally ran out on Hosni Mubarak. After submitting his resignation, the president and his immediate family boarded a plane and fled to their palatial retreat in the Red Sea resort town Sharm el Sheikh. At the news, all of Egypt erupted in celebration, and nowhere more so than in Cairo's Tahrir Square.

But among a small handful of Egyptians, joy was already tinged with a note of disquiet, especially when it was announced that a group of senior military officers, the Supreme Council of the Armed Forces, or SCAF, would serve as an interim government until elections were held. One of those who worried was Laila Soueif.

''In the last few days of Mubarak,'' she said, ''when we could see what was coming, I and some of the other independents, we tried to talk to all the different political factions. 'Seize power. Don't wait for permission. Just seize power now before the military steps in.' And everyone said: 'Yes, of course, that's a good idea. We'll organize a meeting to talk about it in a couple of days.' '' Laila shook her head, gave a bitter little laugh. ''But maybe it was asking too much. Maybe we simply couldn't do it at that point. People needed to feel they had won. Not us, the politicos, but all these millions of people who had come down to the street. They needed a time to feel victorious.'' She sighed, and then fell silent for a moment. ''I don't know. To this day, I don't know. But I think that was our critical moment, and we lost.''

13. Majdi el-­Mangoush

Libya

By January 2011, Majdi was completing his third and final year in the national air force academy, a sprawling compound in southwest Misurata, hoping to earn a degree in communications engineering. He was an unlikely soldier -- softhearted, slightly pudgy -- but the academy was an easy choice for Majdi, allowing him to spend regular leaves at his family home, just a few miles away, and hang out with his civilian friends. He and his fellow cadets followed the news of the upheavals in Tunisia and Egypt in astonishment, but none connected that tumult to their situation in Libya, much less imagined it might spread there. Then, on the evening of Feb. 19, a Saturday, the cadets heard a series of crackling sounds coming from within the city. At first, they thought it might be firecrackers, but the sounds intensified and drew nearer, until the students realized it was gunfire. Soon they were ordered to assemble at the drill ground, where they were informed that all leave had been canceled. By then, the watchtowers that ringed the compound -- usually empty or occupied by a single bored sentry -- were manned by squads of soldiers with mounted machine guns.

''That's when we knew something big had happened,'' Majdi recalled, ''because this was unlike anything we'd seen before. But still, no one would tell us what was going on.''

Majdi hoped he would get an explanation when classes resumed the next morning, but the civilian instructors failed to show up. Throughout that day, Majdi stayed in the constant company of his best friend at the academy, Jalal al-­Drisi, a 23-year-old cadet from Benghazi. In contrast to the shy Majdi, Jalal, wiry and quick on his feet, was always ready with an irreverent joke or an elaborate prank. What the two shared was a fascination with science and gadgetry -- Jalal was studying aviation weaponry -- and over the course of the previous two and a half years, they had become inseparable. Jalal frequently spent his weekend leaves at the Mangoush family home in Misurata, a hospitality that was reciprocated when Majdi spent part of the summer of 2009 with the Drisis in Benghazi. In the bizarre news-free environment that existed at the academy, the young men tried to puzzle out what was happening.

Over the next two days, the gunfire beyond the walls continued sporadically. The sound would draw near at times, only to recede; intense exchanges would be followed by long periods of quiet.

A measure of clarity finally came on Feb. 22, when Col. Muammar el-­Qaddafi, clad in an olive-­drab robe, addressed the nation. In what almost instantly became known as the Zenga Zenga speech, the dictator laid blame for the social unrest then spreading across Libya on foreign conspirators and ''rats,'' and he vowed to purify Libya ''inch by inch, house by house, room by room, alley by alley'' -- ''zenga zenga'' in Qaddafi's pronunciation of the Arabic word for ''alley'' -- ''person by person.''

No sooner did Qaddafi's address end than the gunfire in Misurata significantly escalated. ''It was like the security forces had been awaiting orders for what to do,'' Majdi said. ''After the speech, they just opened up everywhere.''

The cadets remained quarantined; they were besieged by elements outside the compound walls whose goals they weren't allowed to know and kept within those walls by soldiers who clearly didn't trust them. As the days passed and the unseen gun battles raged, the students lounged around their barracks wondering what was to become of them. It was virtually all Majdi el-­Mangoush and Jalal al-­Drisi could talk about. ''We would sit together for hours and go over every little detail, every clue we had picked up,'' Majdi said. '' 'What did it mean? Did it mean anything?' But sometimes it got to be too much. We had to stop. We had to talk about football or girls, anything to distract us.''

Their peculiar limbo ended on the night of Feb. 25, when soldiers of the elite 32nd Brigade suddenly appeared on the base. Announcing that they had come from Tripoli to ''rescue'' the cadets, the commandos ordered the students to gather their things and run to a gathering point at the edge of the compound where buses were waiting.

Someone in the vaunted 32nd had made a logistical error, however. To transport the 580 cadets, just two buses had been ordered. With each vehicle filled to bursting, the excess students were crammed wherever they might fit in the brigade's jeeps and armored cars, and then the convoy trundled into the night for the long journey to Tripoli.

Beyond effecting their ''rescue'' from Misurata, the regime in Tripoli didn't really seem to know what to do with its young charges either. Bused to a vacant military high school compound on the southern outskirts of the city, the cadets were billeted in barrack halls and empty classrooms but barred from leaving or having any contact with their families. That edict was enforced by armed soldiers posted at the gates.

But the confines of the Tripoli high school were a good deal more porous than those of the air force academy, and from their minders the cadets gradually learned something of the conflict that had befallen their nation. Although the unrest was fomented by criminal gangs and foreign mercenaries in the hire of Libya's Western enemies, they were told, misguided segments of the population had joined in to spread it. By the beginning of March, this foreign-­spawned criminality was most intense in Misurata and Benghazi, and both cities had become pitched battlegrounds.

Provided with this narrative, Majdi was not altogether surprised when, in mid-March, Western alliance warplanes began appearing over Tripoli to bomb government installations. It seemed merely to confirm that the nation was being attacked from beyond. Naturally, the situation also caused both Majdi and Jalal to worry about the fate of their hometowns and wonder which of their friends might have been seduced into joining the traitors' ranks. ''That's something we talked about a lot,'' Majdi said. '' 'Oh, Khalid was always a little crazy; I bet he's gone with them.' ''

The cadets seemed gradually to win the trust of the regime, enough for one large group to be transferred to a military base in mid-­April to begin training on missile-­guidance systems. Neither Majdi nor Jalal were selected for this mission, however, and their stay at the high school dragged on. Then one day in early May, Majdi ran into an old acquaintance at the barracks. The acquaintance, Mohammed, was now a military intelligence officer. He wanted to talk to Majdi about Misurata. The two chatted for some time, with Mohammed asking about different locations in the city and if the young cadet might know who the town's ''civic leaders'' were. Majdi thought nothing of the conversation, but one afternoon a few days later, he was called to headquarters.

There, an officer informed Majdi that he had been selected to join the cadets undergoing missile-­guidance training; the jeep that would transport him to the base was leaving immediately. So hurried was his departure that Majdi didn't even have time to say goodbye to Jalal.

But the jeep driver didn't take him to the army base. Instead, he followed the Tripoli ring road to the coastal highway and then turned east.

By early evening, they had reached Ad Dafiniyah, the last town before Misurata and the farthest limits of government control. There, Majdi was led into a small farmhouse, where he was told someone wanted to speak to him on the phone. It was Mohammed, the military intelligence officer.

As Mohammed explained, the young air force cadet had been chosen for a ''special patriotic mission'': He was to slip into Misurata and find out who the rebel leaders were and where they lived. Once he had done this, he would pass the information to a liaison officer secreted within Misurata, a man named Ayoub. To make contact with Ayoub, Majdi was given a Thuraya satellite phone and a number to call.

Upon hearing all this, Majdi had two thoughts. One was about his friends at home: Ever since hearing about the scale of fighting in Misurata, he assumed that some of his friends must have joined the other side. If he carried out this mission, it might very well result in their deaths.

The other thought was of a recent conversation he had with Jalal. His friend had awoken in a despondent state of mind, explaining that he'd had a terrible dream, and it took Majdi some time to coax out the details. ''I dreamt that you and I were sent to fight in Misurata,'' Jalal finally revealed, ''and that you were killed.''

But any hesitation swiftly passed. In his goldfish-­bowl existence in Tripoli, Majdi had heard only what the regime wanted him to hear, and if he didn't believe all of it, he believed enough of it to want to help defeat the foreigners and their followers who were destroying Libya, even if this included people he knew. Perhaps most of all, he just wanted the limbo to end. For nearly three months, he had been cut off from both his family and the outside world, and he simply wanted something -- anything -- to happen. So he agreed.

Early the next morning, Majdi said goodbye to his companions at the farmhouse and headed alone into no man's land. Misurata lay some 10 miles to the east. In the right front pocket of his pants he carried his military identification card. If stopped by the rebels, this card in itself was unlikely to cause him problems; countless government soldiers had deserted, and the fact that Majdi was from Misurata would certainly lend credence to his explanation that he was trying only to go home. The satellite phone in his left pocket was a very different matter, though. With the severing of internet and cellphone reception, the Thuraya had become the standard mode of communication for regime operatives in the field, and if the rebels discovered Majdi's -- sure to be found in the most cursory of searches -- they would inevitably conclude that he was coming into Misurata as a spy. Under those circumstances, summary execution was probably the most merciful outcome he could hope for.

As he walked, the sound of gunfire grew in intensity, and there was the occasional rumble of distant artillery explosions. But between the light wind and the rolling-­hill topography of the Misurata coastal shelf, it was quite impossible for Majdi to determine how close any of it was or even its direction. He tried to bear in mind something he picked up in basic training, that the most worrisome noise on a battlefield wasn't gunshots but rather a soft popping sound, like the snapping of fingers. This was the sound the air made as it rejoined behind a bullet, and you heard it only when a bullet passed close to your head.

Majdi's memory of that journey is vague. He doesn't remember how long it took; he estimates that he walked for about three hours, but it could have been shorter or twice as long. Only one moment sticks out in his mind. About halfway across no man's land, Majdi was suddenly filled with a sense of joy unlike anything he had ever experienced before.

''I can't really describe it,'' he said, ''and I've never had a feeling like it since, but I was just so happy, so completely at peace with everything.'' He fell silent for a time, groping for an explanation. ''I think it's because I was in the one place where I was out from the shadow of others. I hadn't betrayed my friends yet, I hadn't betrayed my country yet -- that is what lay ahead -- so as long as I stayed out there, I was free.''

14. Majd Ibrahim

Syria

Like Majdi el-­Mangoush in Libya, Majd Ibrahim was at first merely a long-­distance observer of the deepening turmoil in the region. The Syrian dictatorship made no attempt to conceal the revolts in Tunisia and Egypt from its people, and indeed spoke of them openly, with a certain smugness. ''We have more difficult circumstances than most of the Arab countries,'' President Bashar al-­Assad grandly informed The Wall Street Journal on Jan. 31, ''but in spite of that, Syria is stable. Why? Because you have to be very closely linked to the beliefs of the people.''

Shortly after that interview, however, Syria's state-­controlled media went silent on the whole topic. Certainly there was scant mention when, in early March, demonstrators took to the streets of the southern Syrian city Dara'a to protest the arrest and reported torture of a group of high-school students for writing anti-­government graffiti on walls. ''I heard about what happened in Dara'a through social media,'' Majd said, ''from Facebook and YouTube.''

It was from the same venues that Majd learned of a solidarity protest, called the Day of Dignity, that was to take place in front of the Khaled bin al-­Waleed Mosque in downtown Homs on March 18. Heeding the admonitions of his parents, Majd stayed well away from that rally, but he heard through friends that hundreds of demonstrators had shown up, watched over by a nearly equal number of police officers and state security personnel. It was a shocking story to the 18-year-old college student; Homs had simply never experienced anything like it.

And that demonstration was tiny in comparison with the next, held a week later. This time, the protesters numbered in the thousands. Majd, figuring there was safety in numbers amid the throngs of onlookers, managed to get close enough to hear their demands: for political reform, greater civil rights, a repeal of the state-­of-­emergency edict that had been in place in Syria for the previous 48 years.

On March 30, Assad delivered a speech to the Syrian Parliament, carried live by state television and radio outlets. While protests had spread to a number of Syrian cities, they were still largely peaceful, with dissenters calling for changes in the regime rather than for its overthrow. As a result -- and with the assumption that the regime had learned something from the recent collapse of the Tunisian and Egyptian governments and the widening chaos in Libya -- many expected Assad to take a conciliatory approach.

That expectation was also based on Assad's personality. In the 11 years he had ruled the nation since the death of his father, the unassuming ophthalmologist had adopted many trappings of reform. With his attractive young wife, the British-­born Asma, he had put a pleasing, modern face on the Syrian autocracy. Behind the charm offensive, however, little had truly changed; Syria's secret police were still everywhere, and the ''deep state'' -- the country's permanent ruling class of bureaucrats and military figures -- remained firmly in the hands of the Alawite minority. The Alawites, along with many in Syria's Christian minority, feared that any compromise with the protesters was to invite a Sunni revolution and, with it, their demise.

After offering vague palliatives about future reform, Assad instead used his parliamentary speech to accuse the troublemakers in the streets of aiding the ''Israeli enemy'' and to issue a stern warning. ''Burying sedition is a national, moral and religious duty, and all those who can contribute to burying it and do not are part of it,'' he declared. ''There is no compromise or middle way in this.'' In keeping with a tradition begun during his father's reign, Assad's speech was repeatedly interrupted by members of Parliament leaping to their feet to shout out their undying love and gratitude to the president.

In Majd's memory, a kind of uneasy quiet fell over Homs after Assad's address. There were still scattered protests about town, watched over by phalanxes of heavily armed security forces, but it was as if no one was quite sure what to do next -- each side fearful, perhaps, of leading the nation into the kind of open warfare then roiling Libya.

The interlude ended abruptly on April 17, 2011. That evening, as reported by Al Jazeera, a small group of demonstrators, maybe 40 in all, were protesting outside a mosque in Homs when several cars stopped alongside them. A number of men clambered out of the cars -- presumably either local plainclothes police officers or members of the largely Alawite shabiha -- and proceeded to shoot at least 25 protesters at point-blank range.

It was as if gasoline had been thrown on a smoldering fire. That night, tens of thousands of demonstrators gathered at Clock Tower Square downtown, and this time, the police and shabiha took to the roofs and upper floors of the surrounding buildings to shoot down at them. ''That is when everything changed,'' Majd said. ''Where before it was protests, from April 17 it was an uprising.''

As protesters started to be killed almost every day, their funerals the next day became rallying points for more protesters to take to the streets; the evermore brutal response of the security forces at these gatherings then created a new round of shaheeds, or martyrs, ensuring greater crowds -- and more killing -- at the next funerals. By early May, the cycle of violence had escalated so swiftly that the Syrian Army came into Homs en masse, effectively shutting down the city.

''Nobody trusted the local security forces,'' Majd recalled, referring to the vast apparatus of mukhabarat and uniformed police who traditionally held sway in Syrian towns. ''But everyone liked the soldiers coming in. Even I did, because we believed they had come to protect the people and stop the killing. And it worked. The army had tanks and everything, but they didn't use them, and very soon the killing ended.''

After just a short time, however, the regime withdrew the bulk of its military forces from Homs in order to deploy them on ''pacification'' operations elsewhere -- and with the army no longer able to provide order, the mukhabarat began distributing heavier weapons to the semiofficial shabiha. The city swiftly fell back into bloodletting. Around Homs, vigilante forces set up roadblocks and conducted raids into neighborhoods now controlled by the rebels. Throughout the summer the fighting continued, with different factions of pro- and anti-­regime gunmen taking control of ever more sections of the city.

Then matters took an even more sinister turn. In this most religiously mixed of Syrian cities, suddenly people began turning up dead for no other discernible reason than their religious affiliation. In early November 2011, according to an unconfirmed account from Reuters, gunmen stopped a bus and murdered nine Alawite passengers. The next day, at a nearby roadblock, Syrian security forces, seemingly in retaliation, led 11 Sunni laborers off to be executed. All the while, a terror campaign of kidnappings and assassinations targeted the city's professional class, leading many of them to go into hiding or flee.

The fighting also had a surreal inconstancy. Some districts saw scorched-­earth battle, even as, in others, shops stayed open and the cafes were full. Throughout, Majd Ibrahim continued his hotel-­management courses at Al-­Baath University. His neighborhood, Waer, remained one of the least affected by the violence, and by carefully monitoring the news for reports of specific conflagrations, he was able on most days to navigate the two-mile journey to his campus. By February 2012, however, the combat had become so indiscriminate that the university announced it was temporarily closing. At the same time, rumors began circulating through Homs that the Syrian Army would be returning in force, this time to put down the rebellion once and for all.

''That's when my parents decided to send me to Damascus,'' Majd explained. ''With the university closed and the fighting about to get worse, they felt there was no reason for me to stay -- and it was going to become especially dangerous for young men.'' When Majd left for the Syrian capital in early February, he passed a seemingly endless line of army transport trucks, tanks and artillery pieces parked on the shoulder of the highway just outside Homs. The next day, the Syrian Army moved in.

15. Majdi el-­Mangoush

Libya

The first living soul that Majdi el-­Mangoush saw upon reaching Misurata's western outskirts was a young boy, perhaps 8 or 9, playing in the dirt. The homes all around were deserted and shell-­pocked, but then he noticed a car parked in the shadow of a farmhouse wall.

''Is your father here?'' Majdi asked the boy. ''Will you take me to your father?''

At the farmhouse, he met the boy's father, a man in his 30s, who was both astonished and deeply suspicious of this stranger emerging from no man's land. Majdi repeated his cover story: that he had deserted from the regime and was trying to reach his family. He was helped in this subterfuge by his surname, for everyone in Misurata knew of the Mangoush clan. The man's wariness eased off, and he offered Majdi a lift into town.

As much as he'd heard about the fighting in his hometown, Majdi was unprepared for the reality. Since late February 2011, Misurata had been increasingly under siege by government forces, its residents becoming almost wholly dependent on whatever food and medical supplies could be brought in by sea. All the while, the army had rained down artillery shells, while its soldiers fought the rebels alley by alley, person by person, just as Qaddafi had promised. The siege abated somewhat with the advent of Western alliance airstrikes in late March, but the damage done to the city was staggering. Everywhere Majdi could see buildings blasted by tank shells or scorched by fire, destruction so great that in some places he couldn't even tell which street or intersection they were passing.

The man from the farmhouse dropped Majdi off at his family's home. ''I just came through the front door,'' he recalled. ''The first person I saw was my sister. And then there were my sister-­in-­law and my brother's children.'' At the memory, Majdi blinked back tears. ''It had been three months. I thought I would never see them again.''

Majdi spent the rest of that day in reunion with his family. He learned that after his father became seriously ill, his parents had gone out aboard a medical evacuation ship to Tunisia. He also learned that the list of local ''traitors'' to the regime didn't just consist of old friends but extended to his own family; in fact, for several weeks, his oldest brother, Mohammed, had secreted a group of deserting air force helicopter pilots in his own home. Everyone, it seemed, had joined the revolution and was now committed, after all Misurata had suffered, to see it through to the finish.

At some point during this family gathering, Majdi briefly excused himself to go to his old bedroom. There, he took the Thuraya from his pocket and hid it on a shelf behind a bundle of bedding. ''I didn't know what I was going to do yet,'' he said. ''I just knew that I had to hide that phone.''

Over the next week, the returned son of Misurata wandered about his ruined city, meeting up with friends and learning of those who had been wounded or killed in battle. In the process, he came to see that everything he had been told and had believed about the war was a lie. There were no criminals, there were no foreign mercenaries -- at least not among the rebels. There were only people like his own family, desperate to throw off dictatorship.

But this realization placed Majdi in a very delicate spot. Ayoub, his intelligence contact, surely knew of his arrival in Misurata and was expecting him to report in. Majdi briefly entertained the idea of simply discarding the Thuraya and going on as if nothing had happened, but then he thought of the repercussions that would befall his family if the regime won out in the end. Or what if the rebels uncovered the regime's spy cell in the city and his name surfaced?

Faced with these possibilities, the air force cadet came up with a far more clever -- and dangerous -- plan. In mid-May, he presented himself to the local rebel military council and revealed all. As Majdi well knew, for a would-be spy to throw himself on the mercy of the enemy in wartime is never a good bet -- the rebels' most expedient path would be to imprison or execute him -- but against this outcome, he made a bold offer.

The next morning, Majdi finally contacted Ayoub, his regime handler, and agreed to meet two days later in a vacant apartment building downtown. At that meeting, a group of rebel commandos burst in with guns drawn and quickly wrestled both men to the ground. Majdi and Ayoub were then placed in different cars for transport to prison. By the time the rebel military council announced that it had captured ''two regime spies'' in Misurata, Majdi was already back at his family home.

Although the sting had come off perfectly, there were apt to be other regime operatives aware of Majdi's assignment, making it risky for him to move about the city. He took advantage of the moment to slip off to Tunisia to visit his parents.

For Majdi, then 24, the contrast of Tunisia -- modern, peaceful -- was yet another journey into bewilderment. ''It was so quiet, so relaxed,'' he recalled, ''that it took me some time to believe it was real.''

Majdi might easily have stayed on in Tunisia; it's certainly what his parents wanted. But after a few weeks, he grew restless, gnawed by a sense that his role in his country's war wasn't complete. ''I think part of it was a kind of revenge. I had been with the army, but they had lied and manipulated me. And, of course, the war wasn't over yet; people were still fighting and dying. I told my parents I had no choice. I had to go home.''

Back in Misurata, Majdi immediately became active with a local rebel militia, the Dhi Qar Brigade, for the march on Qaddafi's redoubt in Tripoli. Before he could be deployed there, however, the government forces in the capital collapsed, and the dictator and his remaining loyalists retreated down the coast to Surt, Qaddafi's tribal homeland district. There, surrounded and with their backs to the sea, they waged a desperate last stand. For a month, Majdi's unit held a stretch of the Surt bypass highway, shelling regime strongholds and engaging in the occasional firefight whenever the trapped soldiers tried to break out. As elsewhere in the Libyan war -- as in most wars, frankly -- combat in Surt was an oddly desultory affair, moments of intense action followed by long stretches of tedium, and to Majdi it seemed this rhythm might continue indefinitely.

Instead, it ended very suddenly on Oct. 20, 2011. That morning, a fierce firefight erupted in the western part of Surt, punctuated by a series of airstrikes from Western coalition warplanes; from his perch on the bypass road, Majdi saw enormous plumes of fire and dust rising up from the bombs exploding around the city. Around 2 p.m., there came another concentrated flurry of small-arms fire from the western suburbs, one that lasted about 20 minutes, before all fell quiet. Initially, Majdi and his comrades thought it meant that Qaddafi's men had surrendered, but there soon came even better news: The dictator himself had been captured and killed. ''We all cheered and hugged each other,'' Majdi recalled, ''because we knew it meant the war was over. After all that killing -- and after 42 years of Qaddafi -- a new day had finally come to Libya.''

With the fighting at an end, Majdi returned to Misurata and transferred to a militia unit more suited to his gentle character: an ambulance crew ferrying the more severely war-­wounded from Misurata's hospitals to the airport for advanced medical treatment abroad. He greatly enjoyed this work, which he felt showed tangible evidence of recovery after so much death and devastation, and it fortified his optimism about the future.

Then one December day at the Misurata airport, Majdi received a visitor. He was Sameh al-­Drisi, the older brother of his friend Jalal, and he had traveled the 500 miles from Benghazi to ask a favor. The Libyan revolution had been over for two months, but the last time anyone in the Drisi family had heard from Jalal was in May. That communication was a short phone call from the Tripoli high school where the air force cadets had been sequestered, and it came just days after Majdi left for his spying mission to Misurata.

Changing course once again, Majdi set out in search of his lost friend with a tenacity that bordered on obsession. Returning to Tripoli, he spent weeks tracking down some of their former academy classmates and, from them, was able to piece together at least part of the mystery. In May 2011, Jalal had been among a group of some 50 cadets at the Tripoli high school who were assembled and told they were being sent to assist front-line troops as they advanced on the rebels in Misurata, checking for old booby-­traps and guarding communication and supply lines. Instead, the cadets were used as bait there, sent out over open ground to be shot and shelled at, while the regime's more seasoned soldiers sat back to observe where the enemy fire was coming from. As one cadet after another fell on this suicide mission, Jalal and two of his comrades managed to reach an outlying farm, where they begged an old farmer to take them south, away from the battlefield; instead, the farmer betrayed the students and delivered them to internal security forces, who in turn delivered them right back to the army. After a round of beatings, the three were sent back to their suicide squad.

But that was as far as the tale went. Shortly after, Jalal's two companions had made a second escape attempt -- this time successfully -- but by then Jalal had been moved to a different part of the front.

This set Majdi off on a new search. He finally found another former classmate who completed the story. One day in June, a small group of the cadets -- Jalal and others who had managed to survive that long -- were bivouacked along a farm road on Misurata's southern outskirts when an officer drove up and called the students over for a situation report. In that same moment, a missile from an unseen Western alliance warplane or drone blew apart the officer's car, instantly killing him and most of the cadets standing nearby. When the missile struck, Jalal was sitting beneath a tree some 50 yards away, but it was there that an errant piece of shrapnel found him, tearing off the top of his head. His surviving companions buried Jalal's spilled brain beneath the tree but put his corpse in a truck with the other dead for transport to some unknown cemetery.

''Of course I was reminded of the dream he'd had,'' Majdi said. ''Yes, we'd both gone to Misurata to fight, but it was he who died.''

For most people, this might have meant an end to the search, but not Majdi. Recalling the time he had spent with Jalal's family in Benghazi, the hospitality they had shown him, he was determined to find his friend's body so that it might be returned to them. After knocking on the doors of countless functionaries in the new revolutionary government, he was finally directed to a Tripoli cemetery where the ''traitors'' -- that is, Qaddafi regime loyalists -- had been gathered up and buried.

It was a grim, trash-­strewn stretch of land dotted with hundreds of graves. Majdi methodically passed down each row, but Jalal's name wasn't listed. Finally, he came to a far corner of the cemetery where he saw a grave marked ''unknown.'' Majdi felt a burst of excitement, for it occurred to him that given Jalal's terrible head wound, identification might have been impossible -- but then he noticed three more graves with the same ''unknown'' markers. Returning to the cemetery office, he asked for the photographs taken of the unidentified corpses before burial: The faces of all four were so horribly damaged as to be unrecognizable.

Still, Majdi was now convinced that one of the four was Jalal. He broke the news to the Drisi family and several months later flew to Benghazi to pay his respects to them in person. ''It was a very emotional meeting,'' he said, ''and I apologized to them for not being able to watch out for Jalal, but. ...'' He drifted off in sadness for a moment, but then abruptly righted himself. ''So that is it. Jalal is in one of those four graves, that is for sure.''

16. Majd Ibrahim

Syria

Majd spent three months in Damascus as street battles raged throughout his hometown, and even though the atmosphere in the capital was tranquil -- disconcertingly so -- he was eager to get back to his family and his studies. Finally in May 2012, the situation in Homs had sufficiently calmed to allow the university to reopen.

Majd had kept in regular contact with his parents and friends during his Damascus stay, so he knew that the fighting in Homs had been centered in the Baba Amr neighborhood south of downtown. He'd been told that the damage was extensive, but he wasn't prepared for the reality. ''We drove past it on the day I got back,'' he recalled, ''and -- well, it was just gone. Everything was gone. I remember thinking -- trying to find something positive, you know? -- Everyone should come see this. If people saw Baba Amr now, maybe it would be a lesson. They would understand how terrible war is.''The naïveté of that notion soon became obvious; within weeks of Majd's return, the battle for Homs started up in earnest again. This time, the regime was targeting the insurgents in the Khalidiya neighborhood, and because the army's main artillery staging ground was next to the Waer district, it meant shells passed directly over the Ibrahims' apartment building at all hours.

''When they went overhead,'' Majd said, ''it was like the air was sucked away. I don't know how else to describe it, but you felt it in your lungs. It was hard to breathe for maybe a half-­minute afterward, like all the oxygen was gone.''

The fighting in Homs raged on through the summer of 2012, with the Syrian military methodically targeting one rebel-­held neighborhood after another, their ground-troop assaults backed up by tanks, artillery and helicopter gunships. Throughout, though, the middle-­class neighborhood of Waer remained an oasis of comparative calm. Majd attributed it to Waer's diversity; with its mixed population of Sunnis, Alawites and Christians, none of the rebel militias could truly control the enclave -- and if the militias weren't there in force, the overextended Syrian Army couldn't be bothered.

By the autumn of 2012, that began to change. On the streets of Waer, Majd noticed more and more young men toting weapons, and of those who wore insignia, by far the most common was that of the Free Syrian Army, or F.S.A. The militiamen also took notice of Majd. Of perfect combat age at 20, he found his daily ventures to the university growing ever more stressful as the gunmen demanded to know who he was allied with or taunted him for not ''joining up.''

In response to the growing tension in Waer, the Ibrahims began renting a ''shelter home'' -- a safety measure that many of the city's more affluent residents were adopting. By now, so many families had fled Homs that furnished apartments sat empty throughout the city. Contacting one such family that had left for Damascus, Majd's father arranged to rent their apartment in an outlying neighborhood for use whenever trouble cropped up in Waer. At first, the Ibrahims decamped to their shelter home only occasionally, but by early 2013 their flights had increased in frequency to two or three times a week. Their greatest concern was for the safety of their eldest son at the hands of the militias.

''Most of them were just guys from the neighborhood who'd managed to get their hands on some guns,'' Majd explained. ''I knew a lot of them -- I'd grown up with them -- so that was good. But more and more were coming in from the outside, and those guys were tough. A lot of them were survivors of the battles in Baba Amr and Khalidiya. They were suspicious of everyone, and you just never knew what they were going to do.''

Adding another unsettling element to the mix, a lot of the fighters were on drugs, habitually popping an amphetamine called Captagon that could keep them alert for days, counteracted by an anti-­anxiety drug called Zolam to bring them down.

Of all the various armed groups that had pitched up in Waer -- and many were little more than neighborhood self-­defense committees -- the Free Syrian Army spurred a particular disdain in Majd. While many in American foreign-­policy circles were professing to see secular progressives who, if supported, might lead Syria to democracy, Majd saw only a bunch of opportunists and cowards.

''At least the guys in the Islamist groups had some beliefs and discipline,'' he said, ''but most of the F.S.A. in Waer were just young guys who wanted to walk around with guns and scare people. And the funny thing about that is they were the ones who scared very easily. If another group came into their area, they would just turn around and join that group.''

One day, Majd came upon a young F.S.A. commander he'd come to know quite well, an incessant chain-­smoker, sitting dejectedly and cigarette-­less. When Majd asked why he wasn't smoking, the militiaman explained that he wasn't F.S.A. anymore. His unit had been taken over by an Islamic group that had decreed smoking was haram, or forbidden.

17. Majdi el-­Mangoush

Libya

In his quest to learn the fate of his best friend, Majdi had stumbled upon a tragedy of far greater dimension. Every side in the Libyan revolution, it seemed, had taken turns killing off the air force cadets. As in Jalal's case, the Qaddafi forces had used some as bait against the rebels, but they had also executed others for simply trying to go home. In turn, the rebels, after killing many cadets on the battlefield, had executed countless more as ''regime loyalists'' in the flush of victory. In early 2012, scores of cadets who had survived this collective bloodletting were being held in revolutionary prisons, while many more were living in hiding. Of his approximately 580 colleagues at the Misurata air force academy, Majdi estimates that between 150 and 200 were killed during the war and its immediate aftermath.

''And we were just students,'' he said. ''That's all we were. Both sides used us. Both sides slaughtered us.''

Despite all this, Majdi was initially very optimistic about the future in post-­revolutionary Libya; the country had oil, smart people and, after the 42-year reign of Col. Muammar el-­Qaddafi, the will for a better life. In his view, the first great misstep was when the interim government in Tripoli, the Transitional National Council, announced that it would pay stipends to all those who had fought against the Qaddafi regime. Within weeks, the number of ''revolutionaries'' -- approximately 20,000 by the most generous estimate -- had mushroomed to some 250,000. Worse, the structure of the compensation, acquiesced to by Western governments allied with the transitional council, created an incentive for new armed groups not just to form but to remain independent of any central command, the better to demand their own share of the compensation pie. Already by the close of 2012, Libyan militias -- some composed of true revolutionary veterans, others no more than tribal or criminal gangs -- had begun carving the country into rival fiefs, their ability to do so bankrolled by the very central government that they were undermining. That instability was made painfully clear to the Obama administration when the American diplomatic compound in Benghazi was attacked in September 2012, leading to the deaths of Ambassador J.Christopher Stevens and three others. But for Majdi, final disillusionment took a more personal form. In the autumn of 2012, he received his ''diploma'' from the air force academy, announcing that he had successfully completed all the requirements for a degree in communication engineering.

''I hadn't completed anything,'' he said. ''There had been no classes for a year and a half, so this paper was absolutely meaningless. But this was the new Libya: Everything was just lies and corruption. And maybe I felt it more because of what I had gone through, all my friends at the academy who had been killed, but I just couldn't accept that. 'Here, take this paper. No one has to know. Call yourself an engineer.' Maybe others felt it in a different way, or they think of it more in political terms, but it was when I received my diploma that I saw the revolution had been betrayed, that Libya was a failed state.''

Majdi faced a stark choice: He could use his sham diploma to land some inconsequential government job, or he could start over. The next year, he enrolled in Misurata University to study engineering. Around the time he started back at school, Majdi also became involved with an environmental group based in Tripoli called Tree Lovers. He was so inspired by its work that he helped start a Misurata branch. While both money and supplies are tight, Majdi and other volunteers have planted flowers and shrubs along many of the city's dusty median strips and sought to raise awareness about the importance of preserving the very little vegetation Libya possesses. ''The desert is spreading in lots of places in Libya,'' he said, ''and the only way to stop that is with trees.''

But there may have been a more personal impulse at work on Majdi. One of the more intriguing phenomena observed among ex-­soldiers most everywhere is a desire for solitude, to be out in nature, and when I visited him in Misurata, Majdi was eager to show me the forest that he and his fellow conservationists tended. On an early morning, we drove out of Misurata for the farm fields and small villages at its southern outskirts.

Majdi's ''forest'' proved to be little more than a few rows of scraggly pines set beside a farm road, with trash strewn about from careless picnickers, but he was very proud of it. Stepping around the garbage, he strolled among the trees and breathed in deeply of the pine scent with a satisfied smile.

18. Laila Soueif

Egypt

For Laila Soueif, the news of May 28, 2012, couldn't have been worse. That afternoon, Egypt's national election commission announced the names of the two men who would compete in a runoff to become the first democratically elected president in Egyptian history. There had been 13 candidates, and the only one certain to advance was Mohamed Morsi, the leader of the Muslim Brotherhood, the one party that had unified enough Islamist voters to form a meaningful voting bloc. Against him, Laila was ready to support any of the others -- save one. That was Ahmed Shafik, Hosni Mubarak's former prime minister. That afternoon, it was announced that the runoff contenders were Morsi and Shafik.

''So what to do?'' Laila asked rhetorically. ''Morsi was completely unacceptable, but now it was him or Shafik, so we were stuck. Well, never Shafik -- that meant a return to the Mubarak era -- so. ...''

In just this way, Laila Soueif, the stalwart feminist and leftist, found herself backing the election of a man who advocated returning Egypt to traditional Islamic values. Many other Egyptians were aghast at the choice given to them; in the June runoff, Morsi barely squeaked in with 51.7 percent of the vote.

In his inaugural speech on June 30, Morsi promised that ''in the new Egypt, the president will be an employee, a servant to the people.'' But a servant to the deep state may have been more accurate. Just days before the new president assumed office, the Supreme Council of the Armed Forces, or SCAF, the military junta that had ruled Egypt since Mubarak's overthrow, transferred most presidential powers to the military. That followed a decree by the Supreme Constitutional Court, a holdover from the Mubarak era, that dissolved a sitting Parliament dominated by the Muslim Brotherhood and other Islamist political parties. On the day he assumed office, then, Morsi was barely more than a figurehead, the public face to a democracy already gutted.

Morsi tried mightily to claw back the authority taken from his office. Ignoring the fiat of the Supreme Constitutional Court, he ordered the dissolved Islamist-­dominated Parliament reinstated. Even more boldly, he dismissed the senior military leadership, including the powerful defense minister. In his place, Morsi promoted his own man, Abdel Fattah el-Sisi, the general who had lectured Ahmed Seif during his 2011 detention.

But then Morsi overreached -- badly. In October 2012, he tried to expand the powers of the presidency by decree, a move that alarmed both the deep state and the secular opposition, already growing increasingly fearful of creeping Islamization. Morsi swiftly reeled back some of the more controversial planks in his decree, but the damage was done; in a new round of protests across Egypt, the president was denounced for trying to become a new ''pharaoh'' or ''ayatollah.''

And here was the opening the deep state seemed to have been waiting for, the chance to reopen the traditional schism that existed between its Islamist and secular opponents. For decades, the Egyptian generals had held up the Islamists -- and most particularly the Muslim Brotherhood -- as the greatest threat to the modern secular state and naturally positioned themselves as the guardians against them. This strategy had broken down during the heady days of revolution, with Islamists and progressives alike turning against the generals, but Ahmed Seif had seen how easily it could be resurrected. At a meeting of human rights activists organized by Amnesty International the year before, when Egypt was still under the control of the SCAF generals, one attendee after another expressed concern about the possibility of an Islamist electoral victory. As Scott Long, an activist who was at the meeting, recalled on his personal blog, the normally soft-­spoken Ahmed finally slapped his hand against the conference table. ''I will not accept that the American government, or Amnesty, or anyone, will tell me that I need to tolerate a military dictatorship in order to avoid a takeover by Islamist people,'' he said. ''I will not accept such false choices.''

Now, with Morsi's overreach as president, that ''false choice'' was becoming increasingly stark.

''It was very clear what the state was doing,'' Laila said. ''First, block everything that Morsi tries to do, so that nothing gets done. 'He's a failed president.' But second, feed the fears about him. That was easy to do, because the propaganda against the Muslim Brotherhood -- 'They're terrorists' -- went back 50 years,'' and the propaganda had at least some basis in reality: In the 1990s, factions of the Muslim Brotherhood had formed alliances with actual terrorists groups.

By the spring of 2013, Egypt was becoming rapidly polarized between Morsi's Muslim Brotherhood followers and nearly everyone else. Perversely, many of the same young demonstrators who took to the streets in 2011 to demand democracy were now calling for Morsi's overthrow. Even more perversely, they looked to the one state institution capable of carrying that out: the Egyptian military.

This wasn't simply a case of national amnesia. One of the more curious aspects of Egyptian society has been a longstanding reverence for its military, a tradition inculcated in Egyptian students from primary school. As a result, even during Mubarak's era, many Egyptians regarded the military as somehow apart from the venal dictatorship it upheld. Nevermind that the army was, in fact, a major beneficiary of that corrupt system -- the Egyptian military owned construction companies, engineering firms, even a pasta factory -- what a lot of those who took to the streets in anti-­Morsi demonstrations in 2013 recalled was that the army had been instrumental in finally toppling Mubarak two years before. If the guardians of the nation had acted to overthrow one dictator, why not a second one in the making?

''You could see what was about to happen,'' Laila said. ''Yes, Morsi was a disaster, he had to go, but to invite in the military was worse. But so many people I knew, even people who had been in Tahrir, this is what they wanted.''

On June 30, 2013, the first anniversary of Morsi's inauguration, huge demonstrations took place throughout Egypt, with protesters demanding that he step down. They were met in the streets by counter­demonstrations of Morsi's Muslim Brotherhood supporters. All but invisible between these two great factions was a small group of protesters advocating a third path. It included Laila Soueif and her daughter, Mona.

''We gathered in one corner near Tahrir,'' Mona recalled with a rueful laugh, ''and chanted, 'Not Morsi, and not the army.' People going by gave us these confused looks, like we were all crazy, and I'm sure we kind of seemed that way.''

It was at this critical juncture that the defense minister, Abdel Fattah el-Sisi, until then regarded as a bland functionary, finally stepped from the shadows. On July 1, the general delivered an ultimatum to the man who had appointed him, giving Morsi 48 hours ''to meet the demands of the people'' or the army would step in to restore order. Pointing out that he was the elected head of state, the president defiantly dismissed the threat.

''Morsi made two great mistakes,'' Laila said. ''First, he thought the army wouldn't move against him without the approval of the Americans. He didn't realize the generals didn't care about the Americans anymore. Second, he trusted Sisi.''

True to his word, on July 3, Sisi overthrew the Egyptian government. He also annulled the Constitution, arrested Morsi and other Muslim Brotherhood leaders and shut down four television stations. Within days, he announced the formation of an interim ''transitional'' government, one composed of military officers and Mubarak-­era apparatchiks, but all Egyptians knew that the real authority now lay with Sisi.

It was on the streets of Egypt where the face of the new regime was most nakedly revealed. In the days after Sisi took power, clashes between his supporters and those of the ousted president turned increasingly violent, with the police and the military making very clear whose side they were on. On July 8, security forces fired on Morsi loyalists gathered in central Cairo, killing at least 51. That episode set the stage for far worse. On the afternoon of Aug. 14, security forces moved in to Cairo's Rabaa Square with orders to disperse the several thousand Morsi holdout supporters who had been camped there during the previous month. By the most reliable estimates, at least 800 and perhaps more than 1,000 protesters were killed in the ensuing massacre. In an obscene parody of the 2011 revolution, hundreds took to Cairo's streets over the following days to praise the army for its actions.

For Laila Soueif, there was to be another, far more personal indication that the new Egyptian regime was different from those that had come before.

Laila's son, Alaa, bore the dubious distinction of having been arrested by all three Egyptian governments that preceded Sisi's takeover: those of Mubarak, SCAF and Morsi. In 2006, he spent 45 days in jail for joining a demonstration calling for greater judicial independence. During the SCAF administration, he did a two-month stint in detention for ''inciting violence.'' He fared better under Morsi, if only because the judges, Mubarak-­era holdovers, detested the new president; his March 2013 charge of ''inciting aggression'' was summarily dismissed, while his conviction for arson resulted in a one-year suspended sentence.

Given this track record, it was probably just a matter of time before Alaa was picked up by the new Egyptian regime. That occurred on Nov. 28, 2013, when he was arrested on charges of inciting violence and, in a nice Orwellian touch, protesting an anti-­protest law enacted just four days earlier. That note of black humor aside, under the rule of Sisi, matters were to play out very differently for Laila's son from the way they had in the past.

19. Majd Ibrahim

Syria

One of the more baffling features of the Syrian civil war has been the fantastic tangle of tacit cease-fires or temporary alliances that are often forged between various militias and the regime, or even with just a local army commander. These can take any permutation imaginable -- radical Islamists teaming up with an Alawite shabiha gang, for example -- and they pose a horrifying puzzle to anyone trying to navigate the battlefield, for it means that no one is necessarily who they seem, that death can come from anywhere. But this pattern of secret deal-­making also served to long inoculate the Waer district from the scorched-­earth tactics the Assad regime was employing elsewhere in Homs because, at any given time, at least some of the myriad rebel militias roaming the neighborhood were apt to be in secret concord with the state.

That dynamic ended in early May 2013. In a colossal misstep, the Free Syrian Army had recently moved back into the devastated Baba Amr neighborhood, and there had been surrounded and slaughtered. Those who managed to escape the regime's cordon made for Waer and took near total control of the enclave. Sure enough, Syrian army artillery shells soon began raining down on Majd's neighborhood. While the scale of shelling was nothing like what befell Baba Amr or Khalidiya, it was enough to keep the Ibrahim family in their fourth-floor apartment, forever trying to guess where safety lay.

''You just never knew what to do,'' Majd explained. ''Is it better here or in the shelter home? And if it's safer there, how dangerous is it to try to get there?''

As bizarre as it might seem, one reason the Ibrahims stayed on in Homs despite the ever-­worsening situation was that Majd's finals were coming up at the university. Their insistence on his finishing was not some homage to the value of higher education; under Syrian law, college students were exempt from conscription, so as long as Majd stayed in school, he was safe from being drafted. Once he took his exams at the end of July, his parents decided, they would reassess the situation and decide what came next.

That gamble nearly led to disaster. On the afternoon of July 5, Majd was talking with friends on a Waer street when a white station wagon pulled up and three young F.S.A. fighters with Kalashnikovs jumped out. Grabbing Majd, they dragged him into the car where, blindfolded, he was driven to their nearby base.

''I thought it was a joke at the beginning,'' Majd said. ''But they knew my name, my age, what I was studying in the university. They wanted me, not anyone else.''

For the next few hours, Majd's captors insisted that he admit to being a regime spy, meeting protestations of innocence with kicks and punches. Finally, he was forced to his knees, and an F.S.A. man put a large knife to his throat. Another aimed a Kalashnikov at his head.

''Well, this is the standard way they execute,'' Majd said softly, ''so I knew this was about to happen to me. They wanted to kill me very badly.''

In prelude to his execution, however, the chief interrogator thought to look through Majd's cellphone. With each phone number and photograph he flipped to, he demanded that Majd finally give up the identity of his ''controller.'' The 20-year-old's continued professions of innocence brought more kicks, more punches. The interrogator came to the stored photograph of one young man in particular and stopped.

''Why do you have this guy's photo?'' he asked.

''Because he's my best friend,'' Majd replied.

The F.S.A. commander slowly turned to his captive. ''We will call him.''

The commander left the room, and for a long time Majd remained on his knees, the knife to his throat and the gun to his head. Quite unbeknown to Majd, his best friend was also an acquaintance of the F.S.A. commander, and he came to the base to assure the militiaman that Majd Ibrahim was no regime spy. Majd learned this only when the commander returned to the interrogation room and told him he would be set free.

''So that is what saved my life,'' Majd said, ''that photograph.''

During the drive back to Waer, the F.S.A. commander started a long sales pitch on why Majd should quit the university and take up arms against the regime. Majd said he would think about it.

When he arrived at the spot where he had been picked up earlier that day, his parents and friends were waiting for him. The next morning, July 6, the Ibrahim family left for their shelter home, never to return to the Waer neighborhood where Majd had lived his entire life. It was his 21st birthday.

20. Khulood al-­Zaidi

Jordan

Since her return from San Francisco in 2009, Khulood had been marooned in Jordan. By 2014, she was living in a small apartment in a ***working***-­***class*** neighborhood of eastern Amman with her father and two sisters, Teamim and Sahar. It was a dreary place, a three-story walk-up overlooking a dusty commercial road, but it was softened by the presence of Mystery, the sisters' pet cat, and Shiny, a small box turtle they rescued from the street.

Before leaving for the United States in 2008 Khulood had briefly worked for a Japanese humanitarian organization called Kokkyo naki Kodomotachi (Children Without Borders), or KnK, and she rejoined the agency upon her return to Amman the following year. Her principal task was to help acclimate some of the countless thousands of Iraqi children whose families had fled to Jordan to escape the war, and so impressed were the KnK supervisors with Khulood's connection to the children that they soon hired her two sisters as well. Around the same time, Ali al-­Zaidi, the retired radiologist and patriarch of the family, found work on the loading docks of a yogurt factory on the industrial outskirts of Amman. In 2014, the family was at least scraping by.

Khulood's work at KnK had undergone a shift, though. With the war in Iraq having abated, the number of Iraqi refugees in Jordan was drastically reduced from its half-­million peak. They were soon replaced, however, by new refugees from the war in Syria -- just a trickle at first, but by the end of 2014, their number was more than 600,000.

In certain ways, Khulood found the Syrian children quite different from their Iraqi counterparts. ''The Iraqis, because they had become so tired of war, they were very peaceful and easy to work with,'' she said. ''But the Syrian children -- the boys -- they have this idea, 'We have to go back to Syria to fight.' They hear this constantly from their fathers -- 'You're going to be a soldier and go back to Syria' -- so they're like little rebels, not little kids. It's all about home, missing home, how they need to go back and avenge what happened.'' By contrast, the girls had far more in common. ''In both Iraq and Syria, girls are taught to keep everything inside. They aren't listened to. This makes it much harder to reach them, so their problems are deeper.''

Khulood still hadn't given up on her quest to get her family out of the region. For several years, she continued to petition for the United States to reopen their case, but those efforts went nowhere. By 2014, she was holding out special hope for Britain; in Jordan, she had worked as an interpreter for a British film company, and with letters of support from her former co-­workers, Khulood reasoned, the authorities there might look favorably on her. She had recently become aware of a rather diabolical Catch-22, however. Nearly the only way to win asylum in Britain -- or in any other country, for that matter -- was to present the petition in person. To do that, Khulood first needed to obtain a British visa, and to get that, she needed to have legal residency in Jordan. ''And that's impossible,'' she said. ''Jordan only gives residency to wealthy refugees who, of course, have no problem resettling in Europe anyway.''

Still, in April 2014, Khulood hadn't completely given up hope. Possessed of a seemingly unconquerable will, over several days of conversation, she seemed determined to put the very best face on her situation, and she was far more interested in talking up her current plans than her past failures. Only once did this brave facade crack, and it came amid a discussion about the future she imagined for the refugee children she worked with.

''I stay with this because I want these kids to have a better life than me,'' she said, ''but frankly, I think their lives will be wasted just like mine. I try not to think that way, but, really, let's be candid: This is their future. For me, these past nine years have been wasted. My sisters and I, we have dreams. We are educated, we want to study, to have careers. But in Jordan we cannot legally work, and we cannot leave, so we are just standing in place. That's all. Now we're becoming old, we're all in our 30s, but still we can't marry or start families, because then we will never get out of here.''

Khulood sat back and let out a dispirited sigh. ''I'm sorry. I try to never pity myself or to blame anyone for this situation, but I really wish the Americans had thought more about what they were doing before they came to Iraq. That's what started all this. Without that, we would be normal.''

But for Khulood and her sisters, the situation was about to grow even worse. In the autumn of 2014, Khulood said, KnK was having problems with the Jordanian government, which insisted that the organization's foreign staff members have legal work permits. While KnK said the sisters' work was exemplary, its efforts to keep them were in vain; that December, all three Zaidi sisters were dismissed from their jobs on the same day.

21. Laila Soueif

Egypt

On Oct. 27, 2014, Laila Soueif and her oldest daughter, Mona, climbed the short row of steps leading to the main entrance of the Egyptian Supreme Court building, then stopped and sat beside one of its stone columns. From her backpack, Laila drew out a small sign written on cardboard. It announced she and her daughter were going to intensify the partial hunger strike they began in September to protest the injustices committed against their family. They would remain there off and on for the next 48 hours, taking no food or liquids.

''The idea wasn't to kill ourselves,'' Laila explained, ''but to draw attention to what the Sisi regime was doing. It was the only weapon we had left.'' As for its efficacy, she was matter-­of-­fact. ''A few people passing signaled that they supported us -- sometimes quite a subtle signal.''

Adding another layer of pain to the experience, it came at a time when Laila's family had, quite literally, disappeared before her eyes.

The first sign that the Sisi regime was to take a much dimmer view than its predecessors of dissent to its rule came with Alaa's arrest in late November 2013. Rather than being released on bail to await trial, he and his 24 co-­defendants were held for the next four months. In a tactic apparently designed to break his will, Alaa's release on bail in March 2014 was followed by his rearrest three months later.

If average Egyptians were alarmed by the deepening repression in their country -- less than a year after Sisi took power, there were already far more political prisoners in Egypt's jails than there had ever been under Mubarak -- they gave scant evidence of it. In presidential elections that May, Sisi, now officially retired from the military, won with more than 96 percent of the vote. While this surely wasn't a wholly accurate reflection of his popularity -- between those political parties that had been banned and those that boycotted the election, Sisi faced only token opposition -- even an ardent opponent like Laila Soueif recognized that the former general had widespread support. She had even seen it among many of her friends and university co-­workers. ''They had this idea that, 'O.K., maybe he's a little rough, but he saved us from the Islamists,' '' she said. ''That's all they cared about, all they saw.''

Up to that point, Laila's youngest daughter, Sanaa, then 20, had avoided the family tradition of run-ins with the law. On June 21, 2014, that changed. Increasingly infuriated by the treatment of her brother and Egypt's other political prisoners, Sanaa joined a human rights rally in Cairo. Within minutes, she was arrested on the same charge as her brother: violating the protest law.

Even under the tightening Sisi regime, members of the Cairene upper class like Sanaa enjoyed a degree of immunity -- the main enemies of the state, after all, were the ***working***-­***class*** followers of the Muslim Brotherhood, and they were to be ruthlessly hunted down. But when brought before a magistrate, the college student took a bold step. Despite suggestions from the judge that she stay quiet, Sanaa insisted that she had been a chief organizer of the demonstration and refused to sign her statement until this detail was included. ''She wasn't going to let them do the usual thing of letting the high-­profile activists go and pound on the lesser-­known ones,'' Laila said. Sanaa, like her older brother, was held in jail pending trial.

For Ahmed Seif, Egypt's pre-­eminent human rights lawyer, it had meant that his ever-­expanding roster of clients now included two of his own children. At a news conference the previous January, the former political prisoner took the microphone to eloquently address his imprisoned son, Alaa. ''I wanted you to inherit a democratic society that guards your rights, my son, but instead I passed on the prison cell that held me, and now holds you.'' By June, that haunting message applied equally to his youngest daughter.

Soon, matters took an even grimmer turn for the family of Laila Soueif. Long in frail health, Ahmed had been scheduled for open-­heart surgery at the end of August; on the 16th of that month, he suddenly collapsed and then fell into a coma. Only after intense lobbying by both influential Egyptians and international human rights organizations did the Sisi regime grant Alaa and Sanaa afternoon furloughs to visit their father before he died.

''And that was the absolute worst day,'' Laila said, ''maybe the worst day of my life. Sanaa was being held in a police station, so we had been able to see her and tell her what was going on, but Alaa had no idea. He showed up at the hospital with flowers for Ahmed, so I had to take him aside to say his father was in a coma. He said, 'So he won't even know I'm here then' and just threw the flowers out.''

The day after that hospital visit, Alaa went on a hunger strike in his cell. Sanaa stopped eating also, on Aug. 28, the day of her father's funeral. A week later, Laila and Mona announced their partial hunger strike, in which they would take only anti-­dehydration liquids.

In light of both Ahmed's death and the family's prominence, many observers believed that Alaa and Sanaa would be shown leniency by the courts. That belief was misplaced. On Oct. 26, 2014, Sanaa was sentenced to three years in prison for violating the protest law. The next day, Laila and Mona took to the courthouse steps for their intensified hunger strike. Laila braced herself for more bad news when Alaa went to trial the following month, by remembering something her husband had said.

''Because Ahmed had spent so much time in courtrooms and knew what certain things meant,'' she said, ''he was always very accurate in his predictions. Before he died, when he was still representing Alaa, he told me, 'Prepare yourself, because they're going to give him five years.' ''

22. Majd Ibrahim

Syria

By the time Laila had begun her hunger strike and Khulood and her sisters were losing their jobs and Majdi el-­Mangoush was back in school, Majd Ibrahim had himself found a moment of respite -- one that, although brief, had been a long time coming.

With the serial siege of Homs steadily grinding ever more of the city's neighborhoods to dust, by early 2014 even the Ibrahim family's shelter home was no longer safe. That March, the family moved once again, this time to New Akrama, a neighborhood that had been spared the worst of the violence. There, they simply waited along with everyone else for something, anything, to change.

That change finally came in May, when the last of Homs' rebels accepted a brokered cease-fire and safe passage from the city. The three-year siege of Homs was over. What had once been a thriving, cosmopolitan city was now known as Syria's Stalingrad, with vast expanses of its neighborhoods uninhabitable. It was also only then that the full horror of what some of its residents had been subjected to came to light. In the total-war environment, some residents had starved to death, while others had survived by eating leaves and weeds.

But even if a kind of peace had reached the shattered streets of Homs, the war continued elsewhere in Syria, and in a form that boded poorly for all its citizens. Majd Ibrahim heard the names of so many new militias competing with the plethora of already existing ones, it was quite impossible to keep track of them all. For sheer daring and cruelty, however, one group stood out: the Islamic State, or ISIS.

An even more radical offshoot of Al Qaeda, the newcomers attracted Islamic extremists from around the world. In Syria, the group announced its presence with a series of sudden, brutal attacks in Aleppo and the desert towns to the east, battling not just the Syrian Army but also those rival militias it deemed ''apostate.'' What most drew the attention of Majd Ibrahim was the group's reputation for complete mercilessness, for eliminating by the most horrific means possible any who would resist its will.

Just a month after the Homs siege ended, most of the rest of the world would hear of ISIS, too, when it stormed out of the Syrian desert to utterly transform the Middle Eastern battlefield yet again.

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: Tunisia-Libya border, March 2011. (MM31)

Majdi el-Mangoush in Misurata, Libya, March 2016. (MM33)

Lesbos Island, Greece, September 2015. (MM35)

A prison in Sulaimaniya, Iraq, June 2015. (MM37)

Khulood al-­Zaidi in Amman, Jordan, May 2015. (MM39)

Pesh merga front line, northern Iraq, May 2015. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAOLO PELLEGRIN/MAGNUM, FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (MM41) DRAWINGS (MM30

MM32

MM34

MM36

MM37

MM38

MM40

MM41

MM42)

**Load-Date:** August 14, 2016

**End of Document**



[***Child Health Insurance Drive Progresses, but at Halting Pace***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:41S3-8BP0-00MH-F0BW-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 27, 2000, Monday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2000 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk

**Section:** Section B;; Section B; Page 1; Column 2; Metropolitan Desk; Column 2;

**Length:** 1473 words

**Byline:** By ERIC LIPTON

By ERIC LIPTON

**Body**

The converted motor home that pulled up to the central courtyard of the South Bronx housing project shortly before 3 p.m. was shrink-wrapped in a rainbow-colored display featuring smiling children and upbeat slogans like "Get on Board With Kids' Health Insurance."

Earlier, fliers had been slipped under the doors of the 1,200 apartments, signs had been plastered throughout the Dr. Ramon Emeterio Betances Houses on East 146th Street in Mott Haven, and dozens of telephone calls went out as last-minute reminders of the deal being offered inside the motor home and at the housing complex's office and community center: low-cost or free health insurance for children.

Despite all the advance hoopla, only four of the most likely hundreds of uninsured people living in the Betances Houses filled out applications that day last week.

For some of the 14 people working at the fair, including city employees and representatives of health insurance and nonprofit groups, the meager turnout was plainly frustrating. But none of those involved in the Giuliani administration's four-month-old health insurance campaign expressed surprise, saying they know all too well how hard it is to bring the city's estimated 325,000 uninsured poor children into the health care mainstream.

"There is a lot of fear in this community, especially among the immigrant families," said Crimilda Rivera, who was giving away colorful stickers, flying disks and other items to generate interest. "But you have to be out there constantly in order for people to get to know you, to build trust, and then they will open up."

For a decade, federal and state programs have offered free or extremely low-priced insurance to children of low-income and ***working-class*** families in New York. As of last January, an estimated 870,000 city children were enrolled in either Medicaid, the federal program or Child Health Plus, the state's plan.

In June, two months after disclosing his own prostate cancer, Mayor Rudolph W. Giuliani announced a city effort he called Health Stat to accelerate the enrollment of the remaining uninsured children.

This week, Mr. Giuliani is stepping up that drive, with a new Health Stat advertising campaign and a City Hall meeting tomorrow with clergy members and other religious leaders whom the mayor will ask to promote the campaign within their own congregations and neighborhoods.

"In the same way that this administration has made it a safer city, a cleaner city, this administration should and can make it a healthier city as well," said Anthony P. Coles, the deputy mayor who is coordinating the effort.

Already, the almost military zeal with which the Giuliani administration has undertaken the Health Stat effort has impressed some health care advocates, who were initially skeptical about the extent of the city's commitment.

About 5,000 city workers have been trained in the fine print of government health care regulations so that they can explain the benefits available to the residents they deal with every day. An additional 100 city workers have been hired or trained more intensively and are being sent throughout the city to enroll children and adults. These city workers will join nearly 100 state workers from a dozen community groups who are also signing up city residents.

The Giuliani administration has held weekly meetings at the city's Emergency Operations Center at which city managers review plans that detail how they intend to meet their enrollment or referral goals to augment the state's ambitious effort. And a computerized city mapping program is being used to identify neighborhoods with large pockets of uninsured residents.

Starting early next year, Health Stat is scheduled to be extended to about 700,000 uninsured adults in New York City who may be eligible for low-cost coverage under a state program, Family Health Plus.

"It was not just a press conference; there is a real commitment," said Donna A. Lawrence, executive director of the New York City office of the Children's Defense Fund, a national advocacy group, which sent a letter to mayors across the United States praising the city's campaign and urging others to follow. "There is no where else in the country where a mayor has given it a directive like this and taken it on as aggressively."

Evidence of New York's effort is visible across city government. Routine forms that residents must fill out to register for free school lunches, day care and school recreation activities are being modified to include questions about the health insurance status of children.

The Housing Authority sent notices to many of its residents, telling them about Health Stat. And instead of requiring tenants, as they once had, to go to city offices to sign up for insurance, the agency is organizing enrollment fairs like the one at the Betances Houses.

The Board of Education included information about the health insurance program in a mailing to parents of its 1.1 million students, and school health officials have followed up with telephone calls to 45,000 households thought to include uninsured children, city officials said.

The Department of Correction is distributing information about the program to families visiting inmates and to inmates themselves who are posting bail, and is training its own staff members to enroll families. Department officials say they are also considering offering inmates' families an extra visit with their incarcerated relatives if they arrive prepared to enroll their uninsured children.

City and state officials acknowledge that all these efforts mean that many residents are receiving repeated notices about the insurance programs. But last week's enrollment fair at the Betances housing project and another fair held on two Sundays this month at Our Lady of Sorrows Roman Catholic Church on the Lower East Side illustrate why it is often so hard to persuade people to sign up.

Sometimes, working families without insurance assume that because they have jobs, they are not eligible, even though the income limit for subsidized insurance is $49,875 for a family of five. Others say they do not want to reveal their income, as is required, because they fear that the Housing Authority or some other agency might use the information to curtail benefits.

Still others, particularly illegal immigrants, are apprehensive about dealing with any government agency, although when he announced Health Stat, Mayor Giuliani made a point of noting that illegal immigrant children are eligible for the state insurance.

Luz Padua, 23, who lives at the Betances project and has a 1-year-old daughter, Kayla, who is uninsured, said she had seen signs promoting the program at Bronx Community College, at a local health clinic and hospital and in the building where she lives.

Yet it was not until she happened to walk into the Betances community center to greet some friends and noticed the enrollment fair that she signed up, one of the four applicants that day.

"I have been, I guess, lazy about it," she said. "It seemed like there was a lot of paperwork, but it turns out it was simple."

The enrollment fairs at Our Lady of Sorrows were held just as a Spanish-language service ended. They were in the the church bingo hall, where the congregation gathers each Sunday after Mass for coffee. For weeks, fliers advertising the fairs had been put up at local apartment houses, and church volunteers had knocked on doors seeking out the uninsured.

Ultimately, about 15 applications came in from families with children and 10 from adults seeking insurance for themselves, a number that was much smaller than organizers said they had hoped for.

"We knew it was hard," said Joe Morris, lead organizer at Lower Manhattan Together, a community group that helped with the church's effort. "This certainly confirmed it. There are no shortcuts."

It is difficult to estimate the number of children enrolled as a result of the city's efforts. Between January and October, city official say, 72,000 children were enrolled in Medicaid or Child Health Plus, bringing the overall number of uninsured children in the city down to an estimated 253,000.

State records show that Child Health Plus, which has been growing more quickly, increased enrollment by only 10,000 children in New York City between the start of Health Stat in June and October.

And the Pataki administration, which has been aggressively promoting Child Health Plus for several years, deserves much of the credit for enrollments in the city.

Regardless of who is responsible for individual enrollments, most who do sign up say they deeply appreciate the opportunity to have their children insured.

"It feels so good," said Maria Paulino of Norfolk Street on the Lower East Side, who signed up her 14-year-old daughter, Yessenia Aquino. "It has been hard paying for it myself. I'm glad for my daughter and for others."

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

**Graphic**

Photo: Carol Lopez, left, helped Sheela Marie Morales enroll her son, Christopher, in the city's insurance program at Our Lady of Sorrows Church. (Chester Higgins Jr./The New York Times)(pg. B5)

**Load-Date:** November 27, 2000

**End of Document**



[***WINE TALK***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-NJN0-0038-D3MG-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 18, 1990, Wednesday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1990 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section C; Page 9, Column 1; Living Desk

**Length:** 1207 words

**Byline:** By Frank J. Prial

**Dateline:** NAPA, Calif.

**Body**

THE wine industry is in trouble, beset by neoprohibitionists and health groups and legislators who see it as a rich mine of untapped tax revenue despite falling sales.

Its response has been largely predictable. Medical studies purporting to show that wine can be harmful are countered with other studies that show it is not. Advocates of ever-stiffer penalties for drunken driving are answered by statements contending that drunken drivers almost never get that way from drinking wine. Proposals for new taxes are fought, not always successfully, by grassroots write-in campaigns.

The continuing effort to make people think of wine as a food and an integral part of meals - as the drink of moderation - is costly. And if the broadsides of the anti-alcohol forces are any indication, it is ineffectual.

The industry is divided on what to do. Should its stance be passive and defensive? Or should it take the offensive and force the other side to respond? And if so, how to go about it?

Sheldon S. (Hack) Wilson, the owner of a winery in California's Napa Valley, is among those worried about the business.

''We mustn't respond to public attacks by responding to them or rebutting them publicly,'' he said. ''You only serve to give them credibility they don't deserve. Medical attacks should be rebutted in medical journals, not in the press. Legislative attacks should be dealt with by professional lobbyists. Our job in the industry is to communicate to the public at large on a believeable basis, so they know who and what we are.''

Mr. Wilson sees a lot of vacillation in the industry, and he is not a vacillator. When he decided in the 1970's that he wanted to start a vineyard and build a winery in California, he looked to what many consider the best wine area, the Stags Leap District in the Napa Valley.

Can't be done, he was told by naysayers in the industry. The only good land left was on a golf course.

Mr. Wilson promptly bought the golf course, left nine holes intact and turned the rest into the Chimney Rock Winery..

Mr. Wilson came to wine late in a life spent selling other drinks. After World War II, he introduced Pepsi-Cola to most of the emerging countries in Africa. He once held one of the largest Pepsi franchises in the world, covering much of Southern California, Mexico and Puerto Rico. He once owned the New York-based Rheingold Beer Company, which no longer exists, and, as a real-estate investor, owned Manhattan's exclusive Mayfair Regent Hotel with its famous Le Cirque restaurant.

''Early on,'' he said, ''market research indicated that soft drinks were an impulse purchase. Therefore, sales growth depended on making them available whenever and wherever the impulse occured. Consequently, the cola companies developed and invested heavily in equipment to dispense their products at home, at school, at work and at play. They made the product available to satisfy the impulse for refreshment when and where it occurred.

''So where does this leave wine?'' Mr. Wilson said. ''We have to convince the general public that wine 'belongs,' that it's not just a special-occasion beverage. It's a civilized refreshment to be enjoyed, by adults, in all appropriate everyday occasions, especially with food. I stress adults, and appropriate occasions.'' ''Here is an example,'' Mr. Wilson went on. ''Pizza is a food trend the wine industry has ignored. Michael Amidzich owns Pizza Man, a family-style restaurant in, of all places, the beer capital of the world, Milwaukee.

''At last count, Mr. Amidzich sells 270 different wines by the glass, at prices from $3.75 to $25. He also sells them by the bottle, and has a captain's list of reserve wines that range in price into hundreds of dollars a bottle. ''

Mr. Wilson warmed to his theme. Outside his office here, a Wilson innovation was taking place: a caterer's staff was setting up tables on the winery's trellised patio for a wedding.

''No one is working here today,'' he said. ''They rent the place and use our wines. Everyone is happy.''

''Look,'' he went on, ''there is nothing complicated about any of these things. Amidzich in Milwaukee is just employing some common sense. He softened the decor, substituted classical music for pop and the place is usually standing room only. Wine and food sales have skyrocketed, and he's actually expanding his wine-by-the-glass list.''

After Prohibition, Mr. Wilson said, the beer industry developed a slogan: ''The Beverage of Moderation.''

''They created their own versions of the concept,'' he said, ''their own individual images, but they were able to re-integrate their products into the American consumer consciousness and expanded both their per capita and total markets.''

''We must learn from the breweries and beverage makers who have successfully targeted the adult consumers on whom we must rely to expand our wine market,'' Mr Wilson went on. ''We've got to put the glass or bottle of wine on the table, right there with the hamburgers, pizza, tuna salad and tacos.''

His antipathy to the elitist approach will raise some hackles among one group, the experts who worry about the right food and wine matches.

''What's most important,'' he said, ''is that it doesn't matter if it's red wine or white wine. Pairing the right wine with the right food is fine for gourmets and wine connoisseurs. But for beginning wine drinkers, it's part of wine's stuffy rigamarole. We should encourage Americans to trust to their good taste. It a wine tastes good, drink it; if it doesn't, try another wine.''

Mr. Wilson's remarks are all the more appropriate because the wine industry is losing its ***working-class*** base. Industry leaders comfort themselves by observing that sales of fine wine continue to expand even while jug wines are in trouble.

In fact, a fairly new category in the wine business, that of moderately priced varietal wines like those produced by the Glen Ellen and Sebastiani wineries, among others, may be making inroads on the market Mr. Wilson sees as untapped. The fact remains, however, that the United States is a long way from becoming a wine-drinking nation.

Perhaps what is lacking is a good slogan. Mr. Wilson has a suggestion: ''Wine - the Civilized Refreshment.''

TASTINGS

Cabernet Sauvignon 1986, Penfolds, Bin 389, Australia; about $12.

Fads come and go. In fact, the faster they come, the quicker they go. There is a strong temptation to put Australian wines in that category. Wildly popular three or four years ago, they now have trouble getting mentioned in some of the most important retail catalogues. Most of them were not as great as some of their advocates contended, but many of them deserve to be part of any serious cellar. Penfolds' Grange Hermitage is quite simply one of the world's great wines. But it costs $40 and up for a bottle. Fortunately, Penfolds makes other fine wines, including this cabernet, that are very much worth buying and drinking. This cabernet is much in the California style, rich in flavor, smooth-textured and easy to drink. It doesn't come up to the Grange Hermitage but has its cedary aroma and is obviously the work of winemakers who know their business and who care. Penfolds' vintners, like many others in Australia, make various varietal blends and separate them by bin numbers.

**Graphic**

Photo: Sheldon S. (Hack) Wilson amid the vineyards of his Chimney Rock Winery in the Napa Valley of California. (Terrence McCarthy for The New York Times)

**End of Document**



[***The Dream Factories For Rock Musicians***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:41MW-XRV0-00MH-F1S5-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 12, 2000, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2000 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** New Jersey Weekly Desk

**Section:** Section 14NJ;; Section 14NJ; Page 22; Column 1; New Jersey Weekly Desk; Column 1;

**Length:** 1262 words

**Byline:** By KAREN DeMASTERS

By KAREN DeMASTERS

**Body**

THE club could be small and dingy with beer stains on the floor. The lighting, the little that exists, probably doesn't do much for the band or the audience. The stage is barely big enough for the band, with a smidgen of a dance floor in front of it. Half the handful of people in the room do not have a good view. The other half are not listening, anyway.

This is where the dream starts for rock 'n' roll musicians, in clubs like this all over New Jersey, where they play their own music and hope to find people who like it. For the night, they may receive only a free meal and $60 for the entire band.

But it is not the size of the club, or the decor, that matters to the bands and those who come to hear them.

"It's the vibes of the place and the staff," said Paul Maassen, guitar player and singer with the Harpoon Daddies, a band that plays regularly at the Stanhope House in Stanhope. "Band members can tell that the management likes music and they enjoying helping to put on a show. A band picks up on that right away. It can be a hole in the wall, but if there is a good atmosphere, it's better than playing a castle."

Ron DeLuca, owner of the Fast Lane in Asbury Park, one of the clubs that helped create the rock-and-blues-based musical style that became known as the Sound of Asbury Park in the 1970's, said history had a lot to do with making a good club.

"It's important to have a good sound system and a great stage to get up on, but it's also the atmosphere," Mr. DeLuca said. "There's magic in this room," he added, indicating the stage that helped begin the musical career of Bon Jovi among other now-famous acts.

Mr. DeLuca tries to do a little more than provide a good place for bands to play and for patrons to listen and dance.

"If the bands understand a little about show business, they can go further," he said. "I try to give them a few tips. But the most important thing for a band is to enjoy what they do and stay together."

The Fast Lane, along with the newly reopened Stone Pony, the Saint and a few other clubs in this once-decaying shore community are coming to life again.

Rather than competing, the owners say the clubs feed off one another. The resurgence of activity in the city will help revitalize the music scene as well, predicted Dominic Santana, the owner of the Stone Pony, which reopened Memorial Day after being closed for two years.

"The city may have died somewhat, but the music never did," Mr. Santana said. "The bands want to play here. They want to be on this stage. I get so many CD's from bands I can't even listen to them all."

To accommodate the new bands, the Pony has Fresh Wednesdays, when anyone can get on the stage where Bruce Springsteen played so many times.

"I believe some of these locals will become the national acts of tomorrow," Mr. Santana said. "I just hope they don't forget who gave them their chance when they become famous."

Although many of the clubs that feature local bands playing original music are clustered at the shore -- because that's where the crowds are in the summer -- others are scattered all over the state.

Krough's, which has a history that dates to the 1930's, is a resort site as well as a hot spot for northern New Jersey bands, said LeeAnne Stevens, entertainment manager. Located on Lake Mohawk in Sparta, Krough's has set aside Thursday nights as New Band Night.

For the bands that develop a following, Maxwell's in Hoboken is another likely stop.

"I get hundreds of submissions a month from bands that want to play here," said Todd Abramson, the owner. The club is small, holding about 200 people in standing room only, with a tiny stage. But playing there is considered a good start.

"We can get a touring act a few times a year, but it is the local bands we count on to bring in the business," Mr. Abramson said. "It's up to them to bring their followers in. If we have two or three acts and each one brings in 50 or 60 people, that's a decent evening."

From the band's perspective, a good club is one where both the management and the patrons appreciate music.

"These days there are more avenues to get music out to the public, like the Internet, but there is nothing like playing in a club and being able to strike a chord with people," said Mr. Maassen of the Harpoon Daddies. "If people know they are coming out to hear original music, they're prepared for it to be something they are not familiar with.

"Part of what makes a good club is an intangible thing because what you are trying to do when you play original music is to connect with your audience," he said. "All we ask is that people are willing to listen and give us a chance. We want a club that has that kind of vibe."

Fran Azzarto of Skanatra, a Hoboken-based band that regularly plays its Sinatra-type songs in ska style at Maxwell's, agreed.

"You need a good sound guy, because the band just brings the instruments and maybe a microphone," he said. "Getting a free meal can be a key, and drink tickets are always nice. But seriously, having a good atmosphere is what's important. If we can go on stage and have a good time, it has a domino effect. Then the audience has a good time."

Local bands also appreciate the opportunity to meet those who have made it to at least regional and possibly national fame.

"The opportunity to get on stage at Maxwell's and play with somebody we admire, like Big Sandy and the Fly Rite Boys, is just tremendous," said Rob Nissen, lead vocalist and songwriter with the Big Galoots, a rockabilly, honky-tonk band based in Hoboken.

"Having a professional and well-run club in our backyard is a big boost for us," Mr. Nissen said. "Whoever books the bands can make it a good club if he puts together groups that fit. One band can pick up fans from another that way."

A club can be dark and unpretentious like the Brighton Bar in Long Branch; it can draw mixed audiences of business people, college students and blue collar workers like the Court Tavern in New Brunswick, or it can attract hundreds of patrons from miles away to hear some of the loudest and newest bands, like Birch Hill Nite Club in Old Bridge. Each style has its own fans.

"We're an underground club and I think we are different because of the ethic we promote," said Jack Monahan, owner of Brighton Bar and a poet who reads his work from his club's stage on occasion as well as playing in his own band, Acoublack Squack.

"This is a ***working-class*** bar and we always focus on local musicians. We do three or four bands a night and try to have a thread that runs through the show. It does not have to be a musical style, but it can be based on friendship of the band members or just the dynamics of the acts.

"We do national and international acts, but, without a doubt, we get better crowds with the local bands," Mr. Monahan added.

Ultimately, whether clubs can stay open and provide the testing ground for local groups that hope to break into the big time depends on people coming out to listen.

At the Stanhope House, a club housed in a 200-year-old building, local bands have been featured regularly for the past 30 years.

"We do a lot of blues, and young people think they don't like the blues. But once they come in and hear a band they often change their minds," said Maureen Myers, owner. "Other people come in without knowing the band, because they know whoever plays here will be good. We get regular customers and we also get a lot of newcomers, which is good for the bands.

"There is some great talent in New Jersey. They don't get half the credit they deserve. They need places to play. It's a shame more can't get a big break."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Maxwell's in Hoboken is one of the likely stops for New Jersey bands that have developed a following. Performing are, from left, Ari Katz (vocals), Johnny X (guitar) and Tannis Kristuanson (keyboards) of Zero Zero. (Photographs by Earl Wilson/The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** November 12, 2000

**End of Document**



[***Debate Clock Clips Answers, And Drama***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4H2D-XHF0-TW8F-G29P-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 8, 2005 Thursday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2005 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section B; Column 5; Metropolitan Desk; Pg. 1; CAMPAIGNING FOR CITY HALL: THE DEBATE

**Length:** 1610 words

**Byline:** By PATRICK D. HEALY

**Body**

The four major Democratic mayoral candidates used a televised debate last night to try to chip away at Mayor Michael R. Bloomberg's unusual popularity with Democrats, portraying him as ill-equipped to handle a natural disaster, growing poverty, the need for affordable housing, and other concerns of voters.

Yet the 60-minute debate -- with its strict enforcement of 30-second answers and little sparring among the candidates -- was for once less lively than the day's news on the campaign trail: Fernando Ferrer delivering a stirring speech about poverty and Hurricane Katrina that returned to his 2001 theme of ''two New Yorks,'' and Gifford Miller cutting his television advertising plan in light of growing problems with the city's campaign finance rules. [Page B5.]

At the debate, the Democrats largely refrained from attacking one another, or even highlighting their differences. But with Tuesday's primary election approaching, the candidates' advisers said their priority was convincing those who liked Mr. Bloomberg that there was a better alternative.

All four Democrats tried to tie Mr. Bloomberg to President Bush over the Iraq war, saying they would use the mayoral bully pulpit to demand an immediate removal of United States troops from that nation. Mr. Ferrer, Mr. Miller and a third Democratic candidate, C. Virginia Fields, indicated they would go beyond current law and perform gay marriages, another issue that separates many Democrats from the Republican mayor. And all four denounced Mr. Bloomberg for accepting support from the Independence Party, given that a leading member of that party, Lenora B. Fulani, has made remarks that were widely seen as anti-Semitic.

Each of the Democrats also pledged to take new steps to prepare for the evacuation of all eight million New Yorkers if a meteorological nightmare on the scale of Katrina threatened the city. The steps included training city workers and even residents on how to leave.

''We've been told that we have a plan,'' Ms. Fields said. ''But when a plan is not communicated, it is no plan.''

Mr. Ferrer, speaking of the leadership over emergency response teams, added, ''My fear about New York City under Mike Bloomberg is he's muddled that command.''

Yet as a result of the tightly scripted format, there were only a few surprises and sparks -- most of them supplied by Representative Anthony D. Weiner, who has shown steady momentum in opinion polls recently. Mr. Weiner made the sharpest attack on a fellow Democrat, saying there was ''a very strong difference'' between himself and Mr. Ferrer, the leading candidate in the polls, over a method for financing school improvements.

Mr. Weiner said Mr. Ferrer showed poor judgment by offering to work with Albany officials on a financing plan. Mr. Ferrer has proposed a tax on stock transfers to generate revenue, and insisting in return that the state spend more than $20 billion on city schools under a court order that is now under appeal.

Of Mr. Ferrer's offer to the state, Mr. Weiner said: ''Us putting money on the table is essentially plea bargaining with the wrong party.''

Those passed as fighting words in the relatively mild debate, although Mr. Ferrer did not have a chance to respond. The moderator, Gabe Pressman of WNBC-TV, clicked time's up with his hand-held stopwatch and moved on to a new question about security.

In a lightning round that allowed only brief answers, the four candidates were asked which candidate they would support if they were not running. Only Mr. Weiner offered a direct response: Ms. Fields.

The two are far apart on many issues, and Mr. Weiner is trying to appeal to white voters outside Manhattan on middle-class issues, while Ms. Fields wants to reach fellow blacks and women with an empowerment message. Yet, in another spontaneous moment, Mr. Weiner did hail Ms. Fields for parrying with a debate questioner who asked her to compare her leadership style to the last three mayors of New York.

''My style is my style,'' Ms. Fields said.

''Frankly, it's a ridiculous question, with all due respect,'' Mr. Weiner added.

Mr. Weiner has been trying to broaden his appeal in recent days, reaching out particularly to the black and ***working class*** voters who dominate Ms. Fields's base. Asked why Ms. Fields would have received Mr. Weiner's vote, his spokesman, Anson Kaye, said: ''He has a lot of respect for the borough president, and thinks she is an eloquent advocate for the dispossessed and the things she believes in.''

Mr. Miller, who presented himself last night as a tested leader who had fought and won battles against the mayor's office, tried at one point to put Mr. Weiner in his place on the city budget, the council speaker's bailiwick. Mr. Miller said that Mr. Weiner's claim of being the only tax-cutter for the middle class was not true; Mr. Miller noted that he had proposed tax cuts for apartment renters and the working poor.

Unlike in his last debate performance, when he crisply mocked Mr. Weiner's tax-and-spending budget proposals as ''gimmicks,'' Mr. Miller was more wordy last night:

''I don't think that when you say you're going to propose $1.7 billion worth of cuts and half -- a third of it -- comes from the capital budget, and that you're going to finance a tax cut with that, that you're making much sense,'' Mr. Miller said.

If the Democrats were mostly polite to each other, they were unrelenting in their criticism of Mayor Bloomberg. In a New York Times poll published last week, about half the Democrats polled said they would vote for Mr. Bloomberg if he were running in the Democratic primary -- a statistic that clearly frustrated the candidates, who have struggled to excite voters or stir anger toward the mayor, a mild-mannered former Democrat and billionaire businessman who says he disdains politics.

Mr. Weiner, who recently said that New York was better off today than four years ago (when Mr. Bloomberg took office), emphasized that 9/11 had been on his mind when he made that point.

The mayor, Mr. Weiner said, has not built enough low-cost housing, has shown himself to be an ally of President Bush's and has allowed the former site of the twin towers to lie ''completely fallow.''

''He's acted like a Republican but hasn't fought like a New Yorker,'' Mr. Weiner said. At another point, Mr. Weiner quipped that the mayor ''practically dislocates his shoulder patting himself on the back'' for helping poor New Yorkers, whose plight he called shameful.

Mr. Miller, the City Council speaker, also said that Mr. Bloomberg had ''rolled over'' for President Bush and Gov. George E. Pataki, another Republican. Mr. Ferrer suggested voters had been misled into liking Mr. Bloomberg by his $10 million in campaign advertising this summer.

Mr. Ferrer, the former Bronx borough president, who has shown somewhat more bullishness on the campaign trail lately, cast himself in the role of fighter against Mr. Bloomberg's toady in the Albany budget dramas.

''Mike Bloomberg's approach has been, 'Well, let's negotiate, let's wait for it,''' Mr. Ferrer said. ''Well, we've been waiting three years.''

But when one debate questioner asked how each Democrat would close the projected $4.5 billion deficit in the city budget next year, none of them offered a plan any more concrete than Mr. Bloomberg's.

Mr. Weiner, who has portrayed himself as the candidate of fiscal responsibility, suggested he would have ''extra money left over'' to close the deficit once he raised taxes on millionaires and cut the city budget by $1.7 billion. Yet those revenue increases would also pay for a middle class tax cut of 10 percent and $2.2 billion, the most new spending of the four Democrats, according to a new Manhattan Institute report.

Ms. Fields, who has been criticized during the campaign for offering few specific plans, was still more vague than not about her proposed sources of new revenue. Yet she also showed once again that she could be the most eloquent of the candidates about problems faced by less-fortunate New Yorkers.

Saying she would appoint a new police commissioner, Mr. Fields departed from the others' hosannas for the Police Department, decrying ''the number of young people who are rounded up every night, taken into central booking for things that they might not have even been involved with.''

''Young people out there in those communities -- I cannot go to one community, especially black or Latino communities, without these complaints being made,'' she said with exasperation in her voice. ''Community policing must be brought back in a very important way.''

In the most recent New York Times poll, conducted in late August, Mr. Ferrer held his months-old lead over his three main competitors, yet his level of support -- 29 percent -- fell short of the 40 percent he needs to avoid a runoff with the second-place Democrat.

The battle for second place showed a statistical tie in the Times poll: Mr. Weiner had 13 percent, while Ms. Fields had 12 percent and Mr. Miller had 10 percent.

Since then, Mr. Ferrer has won the endorsement of an advocacy group for low-income families, Acorn, as well as lukewarm backing from the New York Times editorial page.

Two new polls published yesterday showed slight gains for Mr. Ferrer, yet he was still below the 40 percent mark. A Quinnipiac University poll gave him 32 percent, Mr. Weiner 21 percent, Mr. Miller 17 percent, and Ms. Fields 13 percent. The New York Observer, meanwhile, showed Mr. Ferrer in a slightly stronger position -- with 35 percent -- and placed Mr. Miller in second place with 17 percent. Ms. Fields drew 14 percent and Mr. Weiner 13 percent.

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

**Graphic**

Photo: The Democratic candidates, C. Virginia Fields, Anthony D. Weiner, Gifford Miller and Fernando Ferrer, at their debate at Rockefeller Center. (Photo by James Estrin/The New York Times)(pg. B5)

**Load-Date:** September 8, 2005

**End of Document**



[***RESTAURANTS;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:41SH-5V30-00MH-F1RX-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***A Cheeky Ambassador Of the British Scene***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:41SH-5V30-00MH-F1RX-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 29, 2000, Wednesday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2000 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Dining In, Dining Out/Style Desk

**Section:** Section F; ; Section F; Page 1; Column 1; Dining In, Dining Out/Style Desk ; Column 1; ; Review

**Length:** 1441 words

**Byline:** By William Grimes

By William Grimes

**Body**

CENTRAL Park South has long been one of the sleepier dining addresses in Manhattan, and initially, Atlas looked as if it would fit right in. The restaurant, in a former dentist's office, seemed rich and handsome, but the food seemed as unfocused and generic as the name. Atlas was agreeable, polite and instantly forgettable. A year after its opening, it showed every sign of being a dead duck.

Paul Liebrandt changed all that. Mr. Liebrandt is a 25-year-old English chef who trained under the culinary stars Marco Pierre White and Richard Neat, and then moved along to the London Vong and Manoir aux Quat'Saisons near Oxford.

Along the way, Mr. Liebrandt developed a daring, distinctive style, representative of the newer British chefs who have energized London's dining scene. The starting point is French, with a reverence for good ingredients and classic technique. The animating principle, however, is ***working-class*** cheek -- a determination to create friction by rubbing opposites together, or giving high-class treatment to low-status foods. Add an experimental urge, and you get a highly revved culinary engine.

London has thrived on chefs like this. New York has only heard rumors from afar, since even the most celebrated new-wave British chefs have stayed put. If for no other reason, Mr. Liebrandt piques curiosity because he affords a glimpse of the London scene. But his cooking alone would command attention.

After arriving at Atlas in September, Mr. Liebrandt took one look around and decided that the place needed some rude food. He instituted a policy of shock therapy, turning the dial all the way to "stun" when necessary.

There's no question that a new man is in charge of the kitchen, or that Atlas is now a new restaurant, one of the most exciting in the city.

Two incidental dishes caught my attention instantly. The first was a cup of salsify soup, presented as an amuse-bouche one evening. The soup itself was straightforward enough, thick and powerful, but you passed two hurdles to get there. The first was a paper-thin sheet of roasted quince sitting on top of the cup like a lid. The second was a half-inch float of Delirium Tremens, a double-fermented Belgian white beer. The progression of flavors from tart-sweet to sweetly bitter to earthy made quite a little voyage.

So did another palate-challenger, now a fixture at Atlas. It's an ovoid dollop of green-apple and wasabi sorbet nestled in a baby abalone shell and sprinkled with a few crunchy grains of Maldon salt, England's fleur de sel. There's more. Out of nowhere, a waiter appears bearing a small glass beaker, from which he pours a drizzle of olive oil over the sorbet. The combination is magic -- a jolt of fiery wasabi, a lively tingle of acidic fruit, then a palate-soothing smear of fresh, fruity oil.

Mr. Liebrandt makes you use taste buds that other chefs ignore. He forces open the taste spectrum. To shift the metaphor, he's like a pianist who seems to have found a couple of dozen extra keys. He takes appalling risks with unlikely flavor combinations and, most of the time, cashes in on one long-shot bet after another. Licorice is not an easy flavor to sell, especially in soup. But, somewhat improbably, it makes a brilliant partner for parsley, adding depth and richness to the equation, and Mr. Liebrandt thoughtfully adorns his plate with little salt-cod beignets the size and shape of oyster crackers, to sharpen things up.

Like many British chefs, Mr. Liebrandt loves humble ingredients, which he elevates in unexpected ways. His stuffed pig trotter starts with firm, succulent chunks of braised meat pressed into a cylinder with chicken mousseline, poached in chicken stock, then veiled in a foie gras foam that spreads outward, making the dish look like Cousin Itt from "The Addams Family." (Sometimes he applies a foam that is half calf's brains, half foie gras.) A sharp relish of fresh marinated anchovies and cucumbers makes the perfect foil for this down-home, uptown combination.

Diners who brave the pig trotter can advance to freshwater eel that's painted with a red-wine glaze, balanced on watermelon cubes and sprinkled with crystallized violets. It works. But it was probably a wise decision to tell the waiters at Atlas to stop reciting every ingredient when putting the food in front of customers. The list invited laughter. After one particularly flamboyant dish had been described in all its glory, my wife said, "The only thing missing was chocolate-covered ants." Better to eat, then inquire.

The main courses at Atlas pull back from the edge just a bit. This makes sense. The envelope-pushing that pleases in a small format can quickly pall when writ large. But cannon of lamb with braised artichokes in a coffee-cardamom fumet is not exactly conservative. Coffee and lamb, it turns out, were made for each other. Like star-crossed lovers, they simply took a long time to get together. Roasted beef fillet, fork-tender and exceptionally flavorful, takes a direct route, surrounded by a puree of roasted carrots and horseradish, baby onions poached in a cumin-accented broth and a wonderfully clear, intense jus.

Once you get past the bubble bath, there's nothing baroque, either, about Mr. Liebrandt's poached chicken, large slices of slow-cooked, moist, velvety meat swathed in a chicken liver and artichoke foam, then balanced on a pile of Basmati rice bound with tarragon-mushroom puree and flecked with bits of chestnuts. Mr. Liebrandt may be a dandy, but his cooking expresses flavor rather than masking it. Things taste like what they are.

Mr. Liebrandt is a precisionist, and when he miscalculates, there's nowhere for him to hide. The most egregious example is John Dory, stained dark by immersion in red-wine shiso bouillon and surrounded by baby turnips that have been fashioned expertly into tiny corkscrews. The flavors occupy the same space but that's all they have in common. The lack of communication is so complete that it would take a psychotherapist to resolve the situation. The dish has no redeeming features. But it is also a rare exception.

Natalia Andalo, who worked at Savoy and Tabla, brings the right spirit of adventure to the desserts. Chai tea ice-cream soda may be her answer to eels and violets, a slightly preposterous, nervy confrontation between chocolate-orange sorbet and vanilla-clove soda that stubbornly refuses to be dreadful. Fig and almond butter cake, soaked in warm port syrup, is homey but elegant, with creme fraiche adding a welcome sour note, and the challengingly dense chocolate-souffle tart, packed tight with dried plums, rewards the diner who applies his fork with enough force to budge the chocolate.

Atlas has always been attractive, an oddly configured two-part restaurant with tucked-away booths and secluded corners to complement the window tables, with their sightlines over the sidewalk and Central Park. I'm fond of the funny fountain near the bar, a blue globe suspended over a modernist black-marble birdbath. It seemed a little sad in the early days, a jaunty touch in a struggling restaurant. Now that globe seems like the right symbol for the right place, off-kilter but undeniably stylish, circling in its own crazy orbit with all the confidence in the world.

Atlas

\*\*\*

Rating: Three Stars

40 Central Park South; (212) 759-7968

ATMOSPHERE: Highly adventurous modern French cuisine with British accents, in a cozy dining room that looks out on Central Park.

SOUND LEVEL: Quiet, except for an intrusive jazz soundtrack.

RECOMMENDED DISHES: Parsley and licorice soup, eel with red wine glaze and watermelon, pig's trotter with cucumber-anchovy chutney, cannon of lamb with coffee-cardamom fumet, poached chicken on Basmati rice with tarragon and chestnuts, fig and almond butter cake, chocolate souffle tart.

SERVICE: Attentive but stiff and sometimes slow.

WINE LIST: A smart, well-chosen international list of about 200 wines, with three Champagnes by the glass and 10 wines served in two sizes of "fillip," either one-quarter or two-thirds of a bottle.

PRICE RANGE: Dinner, three-course prix fixe, $68. Pre-theater, 5:30 to 6:15, $48.

HOURS: Dinner, Monday through Saturday, 5:30 to 11 p.m.

CREDIT CARDS: All major cards.

WHEELCHAIR ACCESS: Restrooms are on street level.

What the stars mean:

(None) Poor to Satisfactory

\* Good

\*\* Very Good

\*\*\* Excellent

\*\*\*\* Extraordinary

Ratings reflect the reviewer's reaction primarily to food, with ambiance and service taken into consideration. Menu listings and prices are subject to change.

Past restaurant reviews from the New York Times, with additional capsule reviews by Times critics, are available on New York Today: [*www.nytoday.com*](http://www.nytoday.com)

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

**Graphic**

Photos: DARING -- Olive oil is drizzled over the wasabi and green-apple sorbet at Atlas. (Barbara Alper for The New York Times)(pg. F1); TRANSFORMED -- An English chef, Paul Liebrandt, has brought new life to Atlas on Central Park South. (Thomas Dallal for The New York Times)(pg. F15)

**Load-Date:** November 29, 2000

**End of Document**



[***As Unpopular Gowanus Overhaul Looms, a Tunnel Plan Gains Notice***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-2WV0-0005-G2MG-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 11, 1996, Monday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1996 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk

**Section:** Section B; ; Section B;  Page 1;  Column 2;  Metropolitan Desk ; Column 2;

**Length:** 1256 words

**Byline:** By RICHARD PEREZ-PENA

By RICHARD PEREZ-PENA

**Body**

For years, residents of western Brooklyn have dreaded the upcoming reconstruction of the Gowanus Expressway, a project that would swamp neighborhoods with traffic for at least five years. But an alternative may be emerging: replacing the crumbling elevated expressway with an underground highway.

Ultimately, the most important question is whether the State Department of Transportation would be willing to pay the higher cost of a tunnel. State officials say they are curious about the notion but deeply skeptical.

While the idea of a tunnel has been around for years, it has drawn more attention since the respected Regional Plan Association became interested in it. The association, a nonprofit group that advises governments on development, plans to study the idea. The city's budget allocates $75,000 for such a study, and city officials said the money was likely to go to support the association's research.

"It passes the laugh test," said Albert F. Appleton, a former New York City commissioner of environmental protection, who is heading the project for the Regional Plan Association. He said a tunnel could also undo the damage the Gowanus's construction did to several neighborhoods half a century ago. "We're relatively optimistic that this will turn out to be viable," he said.

But Richard A. Maitino, regional director of the State Department of Transportation, said: "We did a brief review of some tunnel options early on and kind of came to the conclusion that it did not meet the same objectives that we were trying to achieve. I think there are some serious issues that would be hard to address, but I wouldn't want to rule it out."

The state plans to overhaul the 3.8-mile elevated section of the Gowanus, through Sunset Park and Red Hook, beginning in 1999. It estimates that the project will cost $600 million to $700 million.

A tunnel would cost considerably more, though how much more is unclear, and arriving at a realistic projection is one of the main purposes of the Regional Plan Association's study. Mr. Appleton said that the experience in Europe and Asia with highway tunnels yielded estimates of $900 million to $2.4 billion.

But he and other advocates of an underground highway said it would be worthwhile, even at three times the cost of reconstruction. They said that a tunnel would be far more durable than an elevated highway, that it would avoid the nightmarish traffic that reconstruction would inflict on western Brooklyn and that razing the highway would revitalize Third Avenue, a thriving commercial strip until the highway was constructed.

"The only reasons I can see for not doing it are a lack of will and imagination," said City Councilman Kenneth K. Fisher, a Brooklyn Democrat who put the money for the feasibility study into the city budget. "If you were designing transportation solutions for Brooklyn now, the Gowanus would be the last thing you would want. So the idea that you would spend hundreds of millions of dollars rebuilding a 1940's highway for the 21st century just seems stupid to me."

The six-lane elevated highway, which mostly runs above Third Avenue, is falling apart. Opened in 1941 and widened in the 1950's, it suffers from a bad drainage system that has caused concrete to crumble and steel to rust, and from decades of poor maintenance. To keep it in use, much of it would have to be replaced.

The State Department of Transportation long ago concluded that it could not shut down the highway, which runs from the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge and the Shore Parkway to the Brooklyn-Battery Tunnel and the Brooklyn-Queens Expressway. The Gowanus carries 175,000 vehicles a day and is the major truck route for moving freight in and out of Brooklyn, and between Long Island and New Jersey.

Plans call for rebuilding it piecemeal, closing a few lanes at a time, which would lengthen the project, state officials say, to about 5 years -- early estimates were 8 to 10 years -- and force as many as 60,000 vehicles a day onto local streets.

Neighborhood and business groups have complained bitterly for years that the state did not take seriously the effect traffic would have on Sunset Park, Carroll Gardens, Park Slope, Bay Ridge, Brooklyn Heights and Midwood. The state only recently agreed to conduct an environmental impact study.

"There ought to be a lot more studies and a lot more care given and a lot more thought about what the impacts are," said Ben Meskin, leader of the Gowanus Expressway Community Coalition, an alliance of 20 neighborhood and business groups from Bay Ridge to Brooklyn Heights that are worried about the project.

He said the state should take steps to discourage driving on side streets, like erecting barriers and changing the directions of one-way streets. But even with such measures, he said, the project would probably be disastrous for the affected communities.

The city has been trying to promote a resurgence of business along the Brooklyn docks, but many business owners there said they would move rather than put up with years of heavy traffic and street closings.

"The tunnel idea is very appealing to us," Mr. Meskin said. "It presents an incredible way to cut the Gordian knot."

Brian T. Ketcham, an independent transportation engineer, has advocated a tunnel for years, and says much of the Brooklyn-Queens Expressway should also be underground.

"They're doing this all over the world, burying new highways to get them out of the way," he said. "And tunnels last a lot longer than elevated highways."

Mr. Ketcham estimated that the proposed overhaul of the Gowanus would cost the community more than $200 million a year in tangible losses, like less business activity, and intangible ones, like a poorer quality of life and time spent in traffic.

A tunnel could be built, advocates say, in about two years, while keeping traffic moving on the existing highway, with little effect on the neighborhood. The route would either be under Sunset Park's industrial district, just west of the present highway, or a little west of that, under the harbor's edge.

But Mr. Maitino, of the State Department of Transportation, said the cost might be prohibitive. If it were high enough, he said, it might require charging a toll on the road -- a politically risky prospect. He said there were also serious engineering challenges, like building offramps and connections to the Brooklyn-Queens Expressway, the Prospect Expressway and the Shore Parkway without making them too steep for cars to manage.

A tunnel would allow the state to raze a highway that is widely regarded as an eyesore and the cause of the long decline of a wide swath of Brooklyn. Six decades ago, Sunset Park and Red Hook were vibrant ***working-class*** communities whose life and livelihood were tied to the waterfront. The heart of Sunset Park was Third Avenue, a lively commercial and social street that was the border between the industrial area o the harbor and neighborhoods inland.

But the Gowanus, a Robert Moses project, cast the avenue into an inhospitable shadow, and business there withered and died. It spread a dull roar of traffic, and the grit and smell of fumes, across neighborhoods. It created a barrier to the waterfront, and effectively cut Red Hook off from the rest of the city.

"Once you tear that thing down, you get an enormous increase in community vitality and land value there," Mr. Appleton said. "You make Third Avenue an attractive commercial and social center again. You return the waterfront to the community. You make Red Hook a part of Brooklyn again. It's worth doing."

**Graphic**

Map shows possible tunnel routes. (pg. B5)

**Load-Date:** November 11, 1996

**End of Document**



[***Florio's School Plan Angers Bergen***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-P440-0038-D1DH-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 3, 1990, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1990 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 1; Part 1, Page 36, Column 1; Metropolitan Desk

**Length:** 1193 words

**Byline:** By ROBERT HANLEY, Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** ENGLEWOOD, N.J., June 1

**Body**

Gov. Jim Florio's proposed law redistributing state school aid to local districts, and slashing $97 million from Bergen County's aid by the mid-1990's, has left Bergen's superintendents incredulous, indignant and gloomy.

While the Governor's proclaimed intent is to equalize education spending statewide by shifting tens of millions from prosperous suburbs to poorer urban and rural districts, suburban Bergen's losses would be the deepest in the state. Seventy-one of its 78 school districts would lose money.

The losing districts cut across all Bergen's social and economic lines, from its richest northern suburbs to the largely black and Hispanic middle-class districts here and in neighboring Hackensack and Teaneck, to the ***working-class*** towns in the shadow of the Meadowlands Sports Complex in southern Bergen.

From all, the superintendents' outcry is the same - that an autocratic and devastating plan has emerged from the Governor's staff. And that his aides have not directly given local school officials - or the Bergen County Superintendent of Schools, who is the state's usual conduit of official information - any of the plan's figures or asked their opinions. They complain that the policy will leave districts facing severe program cuts or seeking sharply higher property taxes from homeowners already in revolt about school taxes.

'Dire Fiscal Constraints'

Here and elsewhere across Bergen, resentment and anxiety in school offices run deep. Englewood's schools, which have an enrollment that is 62 percent black and 23 percent Hispanic, stand to lose $3.6 million of their current state aid of $5.9 million, or roughly 15 percent of the current budget of $24 million, between fall 1992 and mid-1996.

''There's no educationally sound and sensible way for a community of this type to handle that size cut without decimating our public schools,'' said Englewood's Superintendent, Larry Leverett. ''We've never faced such dire fiscal constraints.''

He was echoed by Vincent Doyle, school business administrator in Teaneck, which would lose $5.7 million of its $9.4 million in state money. ''The Governor's proposing the most radical restructuring of education ever in New Jersey and he wants the Legislature to blow it through by June 15. It's absolutely ridiculous; it's absolutely nuts.''

Alan Sugarman, Superintendent in Fort Lee, a district of wealthy high-rise apartment buildings and modest homes next to the George Washington Bridge, said, ''We find the whole concept is absolutely impossible.'' Fort Lee stands to lose about $3.4 million of $4.5 million in aid, or about 15 percent of its current budget of $23 million.

''It's almost a kinetic effort by Trenton - like a dictum from on high -rather than a carefully analyzed, carefully discussed, prudent effort,'' Dr. Sugarman said. ''I just cannot, cannot, cannot believe this will fly.''

The seven Democrats in Bergen's 15-member legislative delegation have broken ranks with Mr. Florio over the depth of the county's cuts and are seeking amendments to restore funds. Democratic caucuses on changing the cuts started Friday in Trenton and are expected to continue until Monday.

''No Bergen County legislator can vote for this plan,'' said Senator Gabriel M. Ambrosio, a Democrat of Lyndhurst, whose blue-collar district near the Meadowlands faces an aid cut of $8.7 million. ''There will absolutely and positively be changes that will lessen the impact on Bergen County and restore all or most of the lost aid.'' Bergen's two other Democratic Senators, Matthew Feldman of Teaneck, the powerful head of the Senate Education Committee, and Paul J. Contillo of Paramus, are also involved in the struggle for changes in the Governor's bill. Their districts would lose $19 million and $22.1 million in school aid, respectively.

Poorer Districts to Benefit

Because the proposed cuts, which were announced May 24, are so new and so deep, Bergen school officials say they have not started planning how to absorb them. They talk about impact only in the broadest and most drastic terms.

''We're looking at having to come up with $6 million over four years,'' Dr. Doyle, Teaneck's business administrator, said. ''To make that kind of cut without putting it on the backs of taxpayers, we're looking at cutting a quarter of our staff of 550. We wouldn't be able to afford busing for integration or raises for teachers.''

The $97 million in aid that Bergen stands to lose over 4 years is about 35 percent of the total $277 million state-aid cutback facing 222 of the wealthiest school districts in New Jersey's 21 counties. Under the Governor's plan, state aid in 1991-92, the plan's first year, will be frozen at the level of the 1990-91 school year for all 222 districts. The plan also calls for the wealthiest 151 of the 222 districts to pay all pension and Social Security costs of their staff starting in 1991-92. This expense, now fully paid by the state, will drain money from local school programs or require higher property taxes.

In mid-1996, under the plan, all state aid for the 222 districts will end, except for money for transportation and special education programs.

The beneficiaries of Mr. Florio's plan will be 356 districts, mostly poor inner-city systems in North Jersey or sprawling rural ones in South Jersey. Starting in 1991-92, they will share $970 million in new state education aid, to come from the Governor's proposed income tax increase.

Nearly 42 percent of it, or about $402 million, will go to the state's 20 poorest cities. Camden's schools will get the most, $44.6 million, followed by Newark, $37.6 million; Paterson, where the state Education Department has taken a first step toward a state takeover of the district, $36.3 million; and Jersey City, whose schools were taken over by the state last October, $32.3 million.

Wealthy Face Double Impact

Which districts will get increases and which will face cutbacks is determined by two criteria - property values per pupil and per capita income per pupil. Districts below the state averages in those categories would benefit; those above the averages would lose.

Residents of the wealthiest districts facing aid cutbacks would bear the brunt of the proposed income tax increase. That means they face a double financial burden under the Governor's plan - potentially higher property taxes to offset losses in their state aid and higher income taxes to finance increases for poorer districts.

Critics of the plan's reliance on property values and per-capita income say it would leave northern counties like Bergen at a disadvantage because its property values and personal incomes have always exceeded South Jersey's. They say South Jersey districts, where teachers' salaries and other educational costs lag behind those in Bergen and other northern counties, will enjoy a windfall under the Governor's plan.

For instance, nearly $310 million of the $970 million in new state aid is earmarked for five adjacent southern counties: Camden, Burlington, Cumberland, Gloucester, and Salem.

About $6 million of the new aid will go to seven districts in Bergen County: Garfield, Bergenfield, Fairview, Bogota, Dumont, Waldwick and Midland Park.

**End of Document**



[***THE VIEW FROM: GEORGETOWN;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-NM80-0038-D4P7-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Plan for Factory Site Alarms Neighbors***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-NM80-0038-D4P7-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 15, 1990, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1990 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 12CN; Page 2, Column 1; Connecticut Weekly Desk

**Length:** 1137 words

**Byline:** By JAMES LOMUSCIO

**Body**

WHEN Margaret Popper and her family moved from suburban Wilton to ***working-class*** Georgetown five years ago, they did not view the move as a step down. The 1860's Victorian house she and her husband, Neal, had purchased was the most beautiful house she had seen, Mrs. Popper said. Tree-lined Church Street, with a Methodist church dating back to the 1700's, had little traffic.

Main Street was welcoming. The mile-long street had a barbershop, market and restaurants. The community of just under 1,000 people had everything she wanted, Mrs. Popper said. Her house was also within walking distance of the Gilbert & Bennett Manufacturing Company complex. Gilbert & Bennett, a manufacturer of metal fencing and one of the nation's oldest companies, had been on the site since 1818.

''The factory never bothered me,'' Mrs. Popper said. ''I remember my first night in the house. I heard this hum. It was the factory, and it made me feel comfortable. It reminded me of the town I grew up in in upstate New York.''

Today, the hum of the factory is gone. Only a quiet breeze rolls through the old brick factory, the corrugated-metal outbuildings and the wooden shacks. Now Mrs. Popper and other residents of this community - which includes corners of Wilton, Weston, Ridgefield and Redding - are worried about what will replace the factory.

300 Condominiums

The residents said they fear that a large commercial structure will replace the factory on the 52-acre site. Gilbert & Bennett, which closed the factory a little more than a year ago and moved its manufacturing to Georgia, now proposes to put an estimated 300 condominium units and about 140,000 square feet of commercial space on the site.

While the Georgetown Chamber of Commerce has applauded the plan, a group calling itself the Concerned Citizens of Georgetown views the proposal as an attempt to build an entirely new community.

''The grand scheme of things is that it is the creation of a new Georgetown with little regard for the community around it already,'' Mrs. Popper said. ''The fact is that they never recognized that there was a community here already.''

Corning Townsend, whose house sits on the Redding side of Church Street about 100 feet from the Gilbert & Bennett site, said the development would bring in high-priced shops that would be out of the range of local customers.

''I would love to see it stay the way it is,'' Mr. Townsend said. ''I would love to see anything here, anything but to turn this area into another Westport and New Canaan. Economically, it just isn't attractive to Georgetown.''

Another concern is increased traffic. Alan Davis Associates, of Norwalk, found that the proposal would mean about 11,000 cars coming into the area daily.

''And there would be no peak for traffic,'' ' said Elizabeth Edwards, a Georgetown lawyer who lives on West Church Street in the Wilton quadrant. ''This would be a constant stream.''

'Almost Like a Colony'

Because the Gilbert & Bennett property is in Redding, Georgetown residents in other towns have little say in the matter, Mrs. Edwards said. Redding officials ''will essentially be making decisions that will affect those of us in other towns,'' she said. ''We're almost like a colony. Lately, I've been thinking about how colonists must have felt during the Boston Tea Party.''

Paul Gossling, president of the privately held Gilbert & Bennett, said he expects to bring his latest proposal before Redding's zoning commission late this month. If all goes well, he said, the proposal might be approved by early 1991 and the development could be completed by 1993 or 1994.

''The governmental process has to go slow, because Redding's Zoning Commission is only used to somebody coming in and asking for an approval to put a new deck on their house,'' Mr. Gossling said. ''This totally overwhelms them.''

Redding's First Selectman, Hank Bielawa, said he supports the development plan. While he found Mr. Gossling's first proposal, which had as many as 365 condominiums and 200,000 square feet of commercial space, too ambitious, Mr. Bielawa said he has no problems with the scaled-down version.

''I think it will be good for the Georgetown community,'' Mr. Bielawa said. ''After all, the alternatives are not very appealing. You'd wind up with an empty factory sitting there with broken windows and transients living there, whereas instead you could have a nice community with shops that would be in keeping with the community.

''They plan to retain all the historic landmarks and buildings. It's not a decimation of the history of Georgetown but an incorporation of it.''

Mr. Gossling said the 150-year-old red brick factory building would be restored and used for stores and offices. The metal outbuildings would be torn down, he said, to make way for brick condominiums and stores. He said his initial plan to put in a movie theater had been put aside because of community concern that it might generate too much traffic.

Adam Lubarsky, owner of the Georgetown Saloon on Main Street, has also given his support to the project. He called it ''development in a controlled fashion.''

Mr. Lubarsky said Georgetown had been locked in a ''time warp'' compared with the rest of Fairfield County. Main Street has no sewers, and the rotary-dial telephones still require a dime to get a dial tone, he said.

''A lot of my customers, even those from out of state, when they come in here feel the same way,'' Mr. Lubarsky said. ''They feel like they're in the middle of Colorado or Nebraska.''

Still, traffic worries local residents and officials in several towns who say they are worried about more cars using roads like Roues 7 and 57.

The officials also talk of environmental concerns. While Georgetown merchants support Gilbert & Bennett's plan to put in sewers and a sewage-treatment plant, environmentalists argue that the plant would hurt the Norwalk River, into which it would empty, and ultimately Long Island Sound.

Open Space Around Pond

But Mr. Gossling said the sewage-treatment plant ''would be cleaner than anything in that water already.'' He also said the development would reclaim the 14-acre factory pond, which is in the center of the Gilbert & Bennett property.

Before the metal outbuildings were constructed around the pond in the early 1960's, many Georgetown residents used it as a fresh-water beach. Though Mr. Gossling did not promise that swimmers could use the pond again, he said the waterfall behind it and about 13 acres around the pond would be set aside for open space.

Mr. Gossling said his critics were wrong to say that the proposed shops would be too exclusive for what Georgetown residents might want.

''We're trying to give the community what it doesn't have now,'' he said. ''We're talking about usable shops, like cleaners, a bank and hardware store. We're not talking about Saks Fifth Avenue.''

**Graphic**

Photos; The Gilbert & Bennett complex that closed and view along Main Street in Georgetown . Above: Elizabeth Edwards with husband, Ian, and son, Graham (Photographs by Alan Zale for The New York Times)

**End of Document**



[***POPULAR UPRISING ENDS JUNTA'S RULE OVER IVORY COAST***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:41H8-DCG0-00MH-F4VM-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 26, 2000, Thursday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2000 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Foreign Desk

**Section:** Section A; ; Section A; Page 1; Column 4; Foreign Desk ; Column 4;

**Length:** 1399 words

**Byline:** By NORIMITSU ONISHI

By NORIMITSU ONISHI

**Dateline:** ABIDJAN, Ivory Coast, Oct. 25

**Body**

As columns of black smoke rose all across this city, tens of thousands of people poured into chaotic streets today and converged on the center of Abidjan, overthrowing the military ruler, Gen. Robert Guei, one day after he declared himself the winner of a disputed presidential election.

The whereabouts of General Guei, who seized power last year in a Christmas Eve coup in one of the few African countries never to have experienced military rule, are unclear. Soldiers and the security forces who turned against the general today did not find him in the presidential palace here.

With the popular revolt, a fierce political battle now looms.

The general's main opponent in the election held on Sunday, Laurent Gbagbo, declared himself president today, and on the state television tonight, the army chief of staff, Gen. Soumaila Diabakate, said the armed forces were now behind Mr. Gbagbo.

But at least one of the main political parties said it would not recognize the results and called for a new election. The balloting on Sunday, which many Ivoirians and Western governments considered deeply flawed, excluded major party candidates and was boycotted by large portions of the population.

Nevertheless, a disastrous 10-month-long period of military dictatorship in this former French colony appears to have reached its end, raising the possibility that the Ivory Coast may reassume its traditional role as a regional economic and political anchor.

Today, in what quickly became one of the few times that a popular uprising in support of a democratic process had dislodged a dictator in Africa, ordinary residents of this West African nation pushed through military barricades erected around the city center and the site of the presidential palace.

The protesters, many of them marching in flip-flops, were unarmed. Many painted their faces white and wore twigs with leaves around their foreheads in the belief that it would keep them safe from harm. Soldiers loyal to General Guei (pronounced gay) fired into the air, and then into the surging crowds. But other soldiers stood by with their arms crossed in front of a military barrack. Eventually, the paramilitary gendarmes joined the civilians in opposing the military government, and most soldiers could be seen siding with protesters or remaining neutral. Mr. Gbagbo's party said 60 people had been killed in violence since Tuesday.

"The mistake Guei made was to let us watch scenes from Belgrade," said Alfred Tohouri, 31, a student, referring to the fall of Slobodan Milosevic in Yugoslavia, where an uprising forced him to admit he had been defeated in a contested election.

Mr. Tohouri was making his way through thick crowds of people who had stopped for a moment this morning about 500 feet in front of an army tank in the city center. "Ah!" he added. "The people have stood up like one man. We have been marginalized too long, lied to too often."

Half an hour later, scores of gendarmes wrested away the state television building from loyalist soldiers, an event that also echoed the Yugoslav revolt. "The TV station has been freed!" a civilian near the building shouted into his cell phone as the crackle of automatic gunfire made him duck. A truck filled with heavily armed gendarmes rumbled toward the station, cheered on by onlookers who reached up to shake their hands. In front of the television building, scores of protesters tore down a shack that had been used by the soldiers and then danced on its crumpled aluminum roof.

"We are free!" shouted Hermann Karamo, one of the protesters. "It's freedom for the Ivory Coast!"

Then just before 1 p.m., Mr. Gbagbo, the opposition leader who had been leading in the ballot tally before General Guei, who took advantage of a mutiny by unpaid soldiers last year to overthrow the unpopular president, Henri Konan Bedie, canceled the vote-counting on Tuesday, appeared on the state television.

"The Ivory Coast could not accept this electoral coup d'etat," Mr. Gbagbo said in a four-minute speech in which he declared himself the country's new president. "That is why I called on you to resist."

Mr. Gbagbo said he now controlled the military, called for national reconciliation and said he would soon form a government.

Across Abidjan this afternoon, people flashed "V" signs.

Despite the euphoria, many questions remained unanswered as night fell over the city. General Guei was reported to have fled to nearby Benin with his family. But then the army chief of staff, General Diabakate, told journalists that General Guei was still in the presidential palace.

General Diabakate seemed to accept the reality of the popular uprising. He called on all soldiers to return to their barracks, telling Ivoirians that "the armies of the Ivory Coast have heard you."

Politically, the country remains as divided as ever, and there were no signs tonight that Mr. Gbagbo's declaration that he was president or his call for reconciliation would be heeded. Mr. Gbagbo's party, the Ivoirian Popular Front, is the third largest, behind the Democratic Party of the Ivory Coast and the Rally of the Republicans -- both of which were excluded from Sunday's election.

"We must hold another election with the participation of all the candidates," said Ali Coulibaly, the spokesman for the Rally of Republicans, in a telephone interview. "Guei proclaimed himself president yesterday, and Gbagbo proclaimed himself president today. The president of the country must be chosen by the people."

Members of the Rally of the Republicans marched here and through the northern cities of Bouake and Korhogo late this afternoon, calling for a new election. The party's candidate, Alassane D. Ouattara, a former prime minister and a former deputy managing director of the International Monetary Fund in Washington, was disqualified from running in Sunday's election by a court controlled by General Guei.

It will be particularly difficult for a reconciliation between Mr. Ouattara and Mr. Gbagbo. A onetime ally of Mr. Ouattara, Mr. Gbagbo turned against him last year and adopted a xenophobic platform aimed at rallying Christian southerners like himself against Muslim northerners like Mr. Ouattara.

About 40 percent of the population are Muslims, and most of them boycotted Sunday's election, whose two major candidates and three minor ones were all Christian southerners.

The court also eliminated the candidate of the Democratic Party of the Ivory Coast, whose officials had earlier rejected General Guei's attempt to become its candidate.

Western nations condemned the court's verdict, withdrawing financial support from the election, which they called illegitimate from the start. The two major Ivoirian parties boycotted Sunday's election, and turnout appeared very low.

On Tuesday, after preliminary results showed that General Guei was trailing Mr. Gbagbo, the junta dissolved the National Electoral Commission and the general declared himself the winner. The announcement immediately sent protesters into the streets.

What is more, soldiers loyal to General Guei clashed with other soldiers inside a military camp on the outskirts of Abidjan. Heavy firing could be heard from the camp until the predawn hours.

As soon as the sun rose this morning, tens of thousands of ordinary Ivoirians began marching from ***working-class*** neighborhoods surrounding the city center. In lines stretching several miles, the demonstrators moved through avenues littered with broken shop stands, burnt cars and burning tires. Supporters of Mr. Gbagbo were joined by Ivoirians from the north and other regions.

The crowds moved forward, turning back when soldiers fired.

"They fired in the air first, and when we didn't turn back they fired at us," said Roland Degre, a marcher who was running away from the city center in a large crowd. "Guei fired on us."

Another marcher, Alain Djahouri, said: "Two people were killed. They shot one in the face. They shot another in the chest."

And yet despite those two deaths, and the deaths of others today, the crowds kept surging forward toward the city center. At a spot not too far from the presidential palace, thousands of marchers had been stopped at a barricade beyond which soldiers waited in a tank.

"I'm here because I have two sons in their 30's who are sitting at home with no future in this country," said Jean-Yves LePrince, a gray-bearded 51-year-old. "I'm here for them. We must take back this country."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: In Abidjan, a poster of Gen. Robert Guei, ousted a day after declaring himself the winner of a disputed election, was defaced and torn down. (Associated Press)(pg. A1); Laurent Gbagbo, after declaring himself president of Ivory Coast. (Associated Press); Armed policemen joined civilian protesters on their way to take over the state television building in Abidjan from troops loyal to Gen. Robert Guei. (Toru Morimoto for The New York Times)(pg. A20)

**Load-Date:** October 26, 2000

**End of Document**



[***THE 2000 CAMPAIGN: THE STATES;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:41HP-14C0-00MH-F0FB-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Redistricting Puts Fire Into Legislative Races***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:41HP-14C0-00MH-F0FB-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 28, 2000, Saturday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2000 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** National Desk

**Section:** Section A;; Section A; Page 12; Column 1; National Desk; Column 1;

**Length:** 1320 words

**Byline:** By MICHAEL JANOFSKY

By MICHAEL JANOFSKY

**Dateline:** PHOENIX, Oct. 24

**Body**

State Senator Mary Hartley, a Democrat, is campaigning door-to-door these days with a virtual bull's-eye on her back. As a Democrat seeking her fourth two-year term in the Arizona Senate, where Republicans have a two-seat majority, Ms. Hartley is one of several incumbents that state Republican leaders have singled out in their fight to maintain control of the chamber.

Their efforts are nothing new to Ms. Hartley. Her opposition to Republican policies, she said, routinely earns her descriptive epithets from political opponents, as if "pugnacious" or "combative" were part of her name.

But here in Ms. Hartley's District 20, as well as in nearly 6,000 other districts in 43 other states, the stakes are the highest in a decade.

With control of state legislatures in 2001 comes control of the pens that redraw Congressional districts after the 2000 census. The party that holds most power in a state capitol generally prevails in creating safe House seats for years to come. And with the current division so narrow -- 222 Republicans, 209 Democrats, 2 independents and 2 vacancies -- the major parties are spending record amounts this year on state legislative races.

Kevin Mack, executive director of the Democratic Legislative Campaign Committee, said that in 1994, the Democratic National Committee had contributed only $250,000 for statehouse races.

"This year," Mr. Mack said, "we expect to spend $8 million to $10 million."

Tom Hofeller, redistricting director for the Republican National Committee, predicted that the Republican party would spend "about an equal amount."

The competition is intense.

Democrats control 19 state legislatures, compared with 17 in the hands of Republicans. In another 13 states, each party controls one chamber. One state, Nebraska, has a nonpartisan, single-chamber legislature. Political experts predict that a shift of just five seats or fewer in each of 39 chambers would change the control of the legislatures in 29 states.

That could translate to a swing of dozens of seats in the United States House, making the elections in 2002 far more critical to the long-term balance of power in the House than in the elections next month.

"Legislatures are as even now as they have ever been," said Tim Storey, a policy analyst with the National Conference of State Legislatures. "But if current trends continue, Republicans could lock in a strong advantage for the next 10 years."

As recently as 1990, Democrats controlled both chambers of the legislatures in 30 states, with 6 controlled by Republicans and 13 split.

In the next two election years, the Democrats' advantage began unraveling. By 1994, when Republicans gained control of Congress for the first time in 40 years, similar changes were under way at the state level. Republicans went into the elections that year controlling 8 state legislatures and emerged with 19. The Democrats have since regained two states.

Now, with 5,910 of 7,424 seats in 44 states up for election this year, many political experts say the competition for control is so close in so many states that it is impossible to predict which party will benefit from redistricting. (Six states do not have legislative elections this year.)

The line-drawing efforts are all the more important in the states that are expected to gain or lose House seats in 2002 because of population shifts to the South and West. Two independent political groups, Polidata and Election Data Services, project the same results: that Arizona and Texas will pick up two seats each and that California, Colorado, Florida, Georgia and Nevada will each gain one seat. The groups predict that New York and Pennsylvania will lose two each and that Connecticut, Illinois, Mississippi, Ohio, Oklahoma and Wisconsin will each lose one.

Each major party has its own list of state chambers that are critically important to win this year, and the parties agree on several, including the following:

PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE -- With Republicans in firm control of the Senate and Gov. Tom Ridge, a Republican, in office for two more years, the Democrats desperately need to win the state House to keep Republicans from redistricting in a way that could overturn a one-seat edge that Democrats have in the state's 21-member House delegation. The State House seats are evenly divided (100 to 100) between the two parties, with three seats vacant.

How eager are the national parties to win control? When a special election for a vacant seat in Scranton was held in June, Vice President Al Gore campaigned in the district; President Clinton recorded radio commercials; and Governor Ridge, along with other notable Republicans, made local appearances. With nearly 17,000 people voting, the Democratic candidate, Jim Wansacz, won by 752 votes over the Republican, Tom Parry.

MICHIGAN HOUSE -- As in Pennsylvania, a Republican is governor: John Engler in Michigan's case. Republicans control the Senate, and Democrats have an edge (10 to 6) in the United States House. But with all 110 State House seats up for election, Democrats need to overcome the Republicans' 6-seat majority, or Republicans will control redistricting for the first time in 20 years.

WISCONSIN SENATE -- Wisconsin has a Republican governor, Tommy G. Thompson, and a split Legislature, with Republicans in firm control of the House and Democrats clinging to a one-seat edge in the Senate. Democrats hold 5 of the 9 United States House seats. With 16 of the 33 State Senate seats up for election, Democrats are expected to hang onto their majority.

TEXAS SENATE -- A victory by Gov. George W. Bush could actually help the state's Democrats increase the party's 17-to-13 advantage in the Washington delegation. If Mr. Bush wins, his lieutenant governor, Rick Perry, a Republican, will become governor for two years until the next election. But the Texas Constitution provides that Mr. Perry's successor will be chosen by the Senate, in which Republicans hold a one-seat margin, with 15 of 31 seats up for election this year. The competition is so intense that in the race for the only open Senate seat, the Democratic and Republican candidates say they have raised a total of $3.3 million.

If Democrats win the Senate, choose a Democratic lieutenant governor and keep control of the State House, as is expected, the party would have greater influence over redistricting for a Congressional delegation that could grow by two seats.

Here in Arizona, the primary focus is on the State Senate, in which all 30 seats are being contested. At least a third of the Senate races are considered too close to call. Seven senators cannot run again because of term limits, and three others are resigning. Otherwise, Republicans abound. They are expected to retain control of the House, where they have an advantage of 40 seats to 20, and Gov. Jane Dee Hull, a Republican, has two more years to serve.

Ms. Hartley, 46, said that with population growth expected to give Arizona two new Congressional seats, Democrats would be "in deep guacamole for decades" if the Republicans held onto the State Senate. With no control over redistricting, the Democrats would be unlikely to add members to a House delegation of six that now includes five Republicans.

Ms. Hartley is one of several incumbent Democrat state senators considered vulnerable.

Her challenger, Craig Savage, the only black Republican running for a seat in the Legislature, is promoting school vouchers as a way to "break the cycle of poverty." It is a message, Mr. Savage said, that resonates among many of the Hispanics and blacks who make up a majority in the district, a ***working-class*** area in central and west Phoenix. Ms. Hartley opposes school vouchers.

Until this year, Republicans never felt they had a chance to win the seat, but now they do, Mr. Savage said.

"Ideally, it would help us get an additional seat in the Senate," he said, "but even if it helps us keep the majority, it's just as important."

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

**Graphic**

Chart: "AT STAKE -- Slim Margins of State Government Control"

The party that holds power in the state government through the Governor, House and Senate is likely to have great influence in redrawing the Congressional district lines after the 2000 census.

Chart lists states, their governor's party affiliation, number of House seats held by republicans and democrats, and number of Senate seats held by republicans and democrats.

Nebraska is not included because it has a single, nonpartisan legislative chamber.

(Source: National Conference of State Legislatures)

**Load-Date:** October 28, 2000

**End of Document**



[***UNIVERSITY PRESSES;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-3540-0005-G217-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Censored by His Own Regime***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-3540-0005-G217-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 27, 1996, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1996 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Book Review Desk

**Section:** Section 7; ; Section 7;  Page 32;  Column 1;  Book Review Desk ; Column 1; ; Review

**Length:** 1327 words

**Byline:** By Orlando Figes;

Orlando Figes's new book, "A People's Tragedy: The Russian Revolution, 1891-1924," will be published next year.

By Orlando Figes;   Orlando Figes's new book, "A People's Tragedy: The Russian Revolution, 1891-1924," will be published next year.

**Body**

The Unknown Lenin

From the Secret Archive.

Edited by Richard Pipes with David Brandenberger.

Russian documents translated by Catherine A. Fitzpatrick.

Illustrated. 204 pp. New Haven:

Yale University Press. $27.50.

There used to be a Soviet joke that if Lenin were alive in Brezhnev's Russia, he would be in prison as a dissident. Lenin's writings were carefully censored under the regime that he himself established. Even the fifth "complete" edition of his works (published in 55 thick volumes between 1958 and 1965) left out parts that either contradicted dogma or showed their author in too poor a light.

Since the days of glasnost we have begun to discover what was missing. "The Unknown Lenin" is the first collection in English of the newly released archival documents, many of them published here for the first time. It is such a slender volume that the reader might conclude that the "unknown Lenin" does not in fact amount to very much. However, as its editor, Richard Pipes, points out in his introduction, there is likely to be more material in the secret vaults of the Presidential Archive, which is controlled by the Kremlin and now stores some materials previously held in the state and party archives. All in all, "The Unknown Lenin" is an important and welcome contribution to the specialist literature, although perhaps falling slightly short of the high standard of the other publications in the Annals of Communism series published by Yale University Press.

My main reservation is the tendentious nature of the editor's own role. Mr. Pipes, an emeritus professor of Russian history at Harvard, is famous for his low opinion of Lenin -- in "The Russian Revolution" (1990) and "Russia Under the Bolshevik Regime" (1994) he depicts Lenin as the devil incarnate -- and it is difficult to avoid the inference that his selection and interpretation of the documents in "The Unknown Lenin" have been slanted to support this view.

Mr. Pipes constantly urges us to think the worst of Lenin, even where the evidence is quite ambivalent, and often gives us a one-sided gloss. For example, he claims that Lenin was opposed to the Workers Opposition of 1920-21 (which defended trade union rights) "because he considered workers to be fundamentally unsocialist and unrevolutionary." But not a word is said about the other (more common) interpretations of this -- for example, that Lenin was afraid of the Workers Opposition precisely because he recognized that the ***working class*** remained a revolutionary force and was still committed to the Socialist ideals of 1917, only now their anger was directed against Lenin's party, which claimed to rule in their name.

Mr. Pipes is at his most controversial in his treatment of by far the most important document in "The Unknown Lenin," a speech to a closed session of the Communist Party conference in September 1920. The context of the speech was the Red Army's defeat at the gates of Warsaw after it had begun a counteroffensive against the Polish Army, which had invaded Ukraine. According to Mr. Pipes, the speech proves that Lenin had intended to use the march on Warsaw "as a springboard for the invasion of Germany and England." Thus the Poles saved Europe from the Reds.

But in fact Lenin said nothing of the sort. Rather, he argued that the counter-offensive had been meant to deter the West from invading Russia. Lenin claimed that Poland had been built up by the Allies at Versailles as a weapon against Soviet Russia. Warsaw was "the center of the entire current system of international imperialism" and the march on it was meant to "shake" that system and inspire revolutions in the West. This was a form of national self-assertion, a way of warning the capitalist powers that Russia would no longer allow itself to be "carved up" by them and would fight back when attacked. It was a political offensive against the West, a declaration of the "international civil war," not the start of an invasion of the West. Nowhere did Lenin mention Germany or England -- except in a political context -- and it is unrealistic to suggest that, aware as he was of the Red Army's exhaustion from the campaign against Poland, he would have pushed it on against these stronger powers. The Reds crossing the English Channel? This is surely a cold war fantasy, or perhaps the figment of a Russophobic mind.

Otherwise, however, Mr. Pipes's editorial views are fully justified by the evidence. As one would expect, most of the newly released documents from the Soviet archives uncover Lenin's darker side. Three aspects of this in particular stand out.

One is Lenin's cruelty, his callous attitude to the helpless victims of his revolution and his calls for terror against its enemies. In one shocking letter of 1922, Lenin urged the Politburo to put down an uprising by the clergy in the textile town of Shuia: "The greater the number of representatives of the reactionary clergy and reactionary bourgeoisie we succeed in executing . . . the better." One Russian historian has recently estimated that 8,000 priests and laymen were executed as a result of this letter.

Another aspect is Lenin's contempt for his closest comrades (although not for Stalin, according to Mr. Pipes). Lev Kamenev was a "poor fellow, weak, frightened, intimidated." As for Trotsky, he was "in love with the organization, but as for politics, he hasn't got a clue."

Third, the documents reveal how far Lenin was involved in the policy of subverting Western powers -- a fact covered up by the Soviets for obvious foreign policy reasons. "The Unknown Lenin" gives us the first incontrovertible evidence that he took money from the Germans, that he planned the overthrow of the Governments of Finland, Turkey and Persia and that he helped to finance the French Communists.

One thing that strikes the reader in these documents is the extent to which Lenin, even as the head of the Soviet Government, still used the language of the revolutionary underground -- a point well made by Mr. Pipes. He gave out "secret" orders and wanted things to be done "in an extremely conspiratorial manner (as we knew how to work under the Czar)." It was as if Lenin had been psychologically unable to make the transition from military chief of an underground fighting organization to leader of a national government. But then, since his regime spent its first five years engaged in a civil war, that is not surprising.

Another striking aspect is the concern Lenin showed for the minor details of government. There was almost no matter -- from the next day's editorial in Pravda to the problems of the Caspian fishing industry -- in which he would not intervene. In this sense he was the Byzantine Czar that Nicholas II tried but failed to be. Lenin gave his whole self to politics (the Mensheviks joked that it was impossible to compete with such a man, who thought about revolution for 24 hours every day). There was no private Lenin behind the politician, and all biographies of him become unavoidably studies of his politics. Everything he did -- from the literature he read to the friends he kept -- was devoted to the pursuit of power.

There was a strong ascetic streak in Lenin. By suppressing his own sentiments, by denying himself the pleasures of life, he tried to harden himself as a revolutionary and make himself insensitive to others' suffering. Lenin did not smoke or drink, he could not tolerate flowers in the room, and apart from his brief affair with Inessa Armand, confirmed by his letters to her in "The Unknown Lenin," he did not have a weakness for beautiful women.

"I cannot listen to music too often," Lenin once admitted after a performance of Beethoven's "Appassionata" Sonata. "It makes me want to say kind, stupid things, and pat the heads of people. But now you have to beat them on the head, beat them without mercy." One can only wonder whether Lenin's revolution would have turned out kinder to the Russian people if he had allowed more passion in his life.

**Load-Date:** October 27, 1996

**End of Document**



[***IN PERSON; In Wildwood, It's a Family Affair***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:498B-FGT0-01KN-20R4-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 10, 2003 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2003 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 14NJ; Column 1; New Jersey Weekly Desk; Pg. 4

**Length:** 1384 words

**Byline:**  By ROBERT STRAUSS

**Dateline:** WILDWOOD

**Body**

ON the wall across from his desk, Jack Morey looks at an architectural drawing of a pair of pink sunglasses set on the side of a boardwalk pier.

"That's where I'd want them - smack on the side of that pier," Mr. Morey said recently, pointing out his window, past the carnival games, past the roller coaster, past the next big patch of Wildwood sand and right at a point halfway down the Spencer Avenue pier. The sign there now advertises a radio station promotion, a staple of summer life in this raucous beach town.

Of course, Mr. Morey is only too eager to add another symbol of Doo-Wop style to his beloved hometown. "Wouldn't that look great, 1960's sunglasses looking at everyone on the boardwalk?" he said. "I think people would just love it."

Cynics would say it is in his self-interest to do so. After all, the Morey Organization -- run by Jack Morey and his older brother, Will -- owns and operates three amusement piers and two water parks on the boardwalk. In addition, the men own or manage several motels, including the three-year-old StarLux, a rebuilt 50's-style masterpiece in the center of town at Atlantic and Rio Grande Avenues. They also own other commercial properties in town including the building that houses the fanciest restaurant in Wildwood, Maureen, with its signature 10-foot-high neon martini glass.

Together the Moreys have been the prime movers of a Wildwood revival over the last decade.

But no matter how wealthy they might get as Wildwood's latest boom grows, no one in town seems upset by the success of the brothers Morey -- particularly because their rising tide has floated everyone's ship.

"Everyone thinks very highly of both of them," said Dee Barrett, executive director of the Greater Wildwood Hotel/Motel Association. "They have become brilliant businessmen, and everyone seems to seek out their advice. And what is important is that they give back to the community, too. Every charity, you see them there. When an extra thing is needed, you ask the Moreys."

When the new Wildwood Convention Center-- which opened last year -- was being built, for instance, it was the Moreys who paid the consultants' fees so the project would not bog down. When some motels have needed emergency repairs, said Dan MacElrevey, owner of Ocean Property Management, the Moreys have been quick to help finance them.

"You hesitate to use the term too often, but they are really pillars of the community," said Mr. MacElrevey, whose company manages motels in the Wildwoods. "Fifteen years ago, people said Wildwood had had its day. Now it is having another day, and the Moreys are a big part of that."

To be sure, Wildwood still prides itself on being a tattoo-and-piercing kind of place as opposed to some of its tonier neighbors like Cape May to the south and Stone Harbor and Avalon to the north -- or even another nearby town with an array of family-oriented boardwalk amusements, Ocean City.

Will and Jack Morey's father, also named Will, grew up in Wildwood and decided that he wanted to be a builder.

"He basically hadn't been very successful, but was charming," Jack Morey said. "Then he met my mom, who was engaged to a fireman, and convinced her to get un-engaged. They got married and went to Florida on a honeymoon and that's when he got inspired."

The elder Morey decided that he could bring the showy architecture of Miami Beach back to Wildwood and make a success in his hometown. In the late 1940's he built the Fantasy Motel on Rio Grande Avenue, about four blocks from the beach, and then continued building a motel every year or two - the Satellite, the Jolly Roger and others - sometimes selling one off to finance the next. By the late 1950's, he had moved his young family to Fort Lauderdale ("He had cold hands," Will Morey said) and came up to Wildwood to operate the motels in the summer. In 1969, he and his brother, Bill, started buying the boardwalk amusement piers - first the 25th Street pier and then, in 1977, Mariner's Landing and the Spencer Avenue pier.

"Jack and I weren't all that interested right away," said Will Morey, who at 46 is 4 years older than Jack. "We thought we were going to make money as developers. But then, you know, opportunities present themselves at the piers and, suddenly, we were in our 20's and it became exciting to be involved."

In the 1970's and early 80's, the piers tended to have traditional smaller amusements and rides, which is how the elder generation wanted it. But as the 80's moved along, the younger Moreys gained influence, and the rides became bigger and seemed to multiply every year. They added two rides in 1999, seven in 2000 and four in 2002.

"We discovered you have to balance tradition and something new," Jack Morey said. "A 10-year-old doesn't care much about tradition. He wants something new. But you don't just replace everything all at once."

But sometimes, it seems, Jack Morey wants to do just that.

"I say this with all respect," Mayor Ernie Troiano said, "but one brother, Jack, is a nut at times, while Will is the conservative businessman. Maybe that's why it works."

Jack Morey contends that his eccentricity, combined with his brother's temperate nature, keeps the Morey Organization dynamic.

"It's my job to come up with 10 ideas and his is to tell me which 9 are crazy and which one we will do," he said.

As if to show the difference, Jack's office is filled with Disney paraphernalia - dolls of the Seven Dwarfs, a Mickey Mouse sand bucket, a statue of Walt Disney - while Will professes interest mostly in the business end of Disney.

"I was never that much of a fan of Mickey and all, but I thought that Walt was a good marketer, a smart man," Will said. "He took on the challenge of good customer service and impeccable operations and made it work for an amusement park."

Jack Morey spends much of his spare time promoting the Doo-Wop Preservation League, the organization that has taken it upon itself to make sure the 50's and 60's architecture of the Wildwoods stays intact. Paradoxically, as the Moreys have upgraded their piers and other real-estate interests in town, the 50's motels and restaurants have become more valuable. Some owners have even started cashing out to developers who would rather see condominium buildings in their place.

"I hope people see that the Doo-Wop movement makes Wildwood unique and provides an atmosphere that is conducive to good business," Jack Morey said.

He is particularly proud of two current projects: the set of two vintage Airstream trailers that he has renovated and is making into individual motel rooms across from the StarLux, and his plan to construct a Wildwood sign made of man-sized stainless-steel letters in front of the boardwalk at the foot of Rio Grande Avenue.

"Soon Wildwood will announce itself like Hollywood," he said. "It will be fun and, hopefully, last a long time."

Both brothers have two sons (Will's are Will, 17, and Kyle, 13, and Jack's are Zachary, 14, and Jordan, 12) and wives who are active on the board of the Morey Organization, helping make business decisions. But they are leery of indoctrinating their sons in the organization too soon.

"I'd really like to see them all work for someone else first, even if they want to do this in the long-term," Will Morey said. "You learn a whole lot when you work for someone other than family. They would do better if they did that and I would encourage it."

Since their parents died five years ago, the Morey brothers have been thinking about their legacy. Though they have had opportunities to invest in amusement piers in other beach towns, they have passed them up.

"We have so much to do here in Wildwood," Jack Morey said. "There is always another charity or another way to enhance the town. It might be spreading ourselves too thin if we tried to have other interests. I mean, Seaside Heights is different than here. Ocean City is different. We might not do it right. We seem to know more about what to do here."

Though Jack Morey may at least dream of expansion, Will, typically, brings it back to day-to-day tough business.

"We employ 700 people from as many as 30 countries every summer, so that needs attention," Will said. "The point is that we run a business that the rich man on vacation and the ***working-class*** guy with one day off both ask to make them have fun."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: A seat on the Ferris wheel at one of their amusement piers provides Jack Morey, left, and his brother Will with a panoramic view of the resort they helped revive. (Photographs by Norman Y. Lono for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** August 10, 2003

**End of Document**



[***A Seaport Abuzz With Cultural Ferment***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4N73-2J30-TW8F-G39Y-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 9, 2007 Friday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2007 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section E; PT2; Column 1; Leisure/Weekend Desk; Pg. 29; ART REVIEW

**Length:** 1755 words

**Byline:** By MICHAEL KIMMELMAN

**Body**

''In Barcelona there is no need to prepare the revolution, simply because it is always ready. It leans out of the window on the street every day.''

That was the city's governor talking in 1909, in the midst of the half-century or so of tumult surveyed by the fascinating, but not perfectly satisfying, ''Barcelona and Modernity,'' now at the Metropolitan Museum.

The show's subtitle is ''Gaudi to Dali,'' lest the public be deterred from an exhibition that's in fact heavy on Catalan heroes like the great (and vastly underappreciated) architect Lluis Domenech i Montaner, the whimsical jewelry designer Lluis Masriera and the painters Isidre Nonell and Ramon Casas (who, despite having passed out of fashion, was better than Picasso for many years; it was Casas, by the way, who owned the very first sports car in town, and his prestige and elan inspired the Dada artist Francis Picabia to develop his famous mania for them).

You can't blame the museum for not calling the exhibition ''From Roma Ribera to Josep de Togores.'' Nobody would come (and in the case of those two, for good reason). The Met show stocks up on Miros and Picassos, just to be safe -- too many Picassos, actually.

It's easy to assume, at a glance, that Catalan artists and architects produced provincial knockoffs of Art Nouveau or neo-Classicism. But the old capital-of-culture concept -- that art beamed out from centers like Paris or Vienna to the periphery -- doesn't account for Barcelona. It acted as a prism, absorbing but also refracting what came from abroad.

The show begins with moody Symbolist and sunny, salon-style pictures from the turn of the 20th century, which are not so memorable (save for Casas's mural for the cafe Els Quatre Gats of himself and his gangly friend Pere Romeu, a failed painter, on a tandem bicycle), but no worse than much of what was done in Paris. Rooms alternate between art and design. Designers like Masriera, Josep M. Jujol, Gaspar Homar and Joan Busquets, integrating furniture, painting, lighting, metalwork and a slew of global influences in hybrid objects, produce the first knockouts, which also describes the folding screen by Gaudi in the shape more or less of bat wings; shy of having the Casa Batllo transported to New York, it's the best we can get of him.

No museum can conjure up a city, especially one as physically remarkable as Barcelona. Gaudi's buildings need to be walked around. You need to go up onto the hill of Montjuic, where you get a panorama of the knotty Gothic quarter, the onetime capital of a Mediterranean empire, nestled inside the utopian sprawl of the 19th-century Eixample, Europe's first true urban grid plan.

The closest you come to a panorama in the exhibition is a black lacquer panel, a dining room decoration made by Jaume Busquets and Lluis Bracons, showing a bird's-eye view of the harbor mobbed with ships, the Gothic quarter receding in the background below a flock of biplanes. It's marvelous.

If the city was not Paris in 1900, it was nonetheless a proud, strange, heroic place. The period of its history covered here begins roughly with the Universal Exposition of 1888, which signaled the resurgence of Catalan prosperity and nationalism. It ends with the defeat of Republican forces in 1939 in the civil war at the hands of Gen. Francisco Franco, who imposed fascism on Spain, suppressed all Catalan culture and basically turned off the lights and left Barcelona to rot.

Between those years, the city was one of Europe's great petri dishes of political and cultural ferment. The population was exploding. A new rail line linked it to Paris. Industry thrived, above all the textile industry, with fresh construction in tow. Art followed wealth, as usual.

And the short-lived Quatre Gats (the ''four cats'' in Catalan slang meant ''just a few guys'') was where the best artists congregated. It fostered a new bohemianism that aspired to rival Paris's. Over the years nostalgia has exaggerated its reputation. But many artists introduced their works there, including hundreds of the deft, facile portrait sketches by Casas and Picasso (the Met has a few) that provide a cultural who's who of the day, and the cafe even spawned a glossy publication with articles and reviews from Paris and reproductions of drawings by Four Cats regulars.

So the city was booming. Earlier in the 19th century, the central government in Madrid had allowed Barcelona's medieval walls to be demolished, and the Enlargement, the Eixample, provided fresh boulevards and squares for the new affluent classes. They lived beside appalling, fetid congestion in the old center, where the working poor were the ones leaning out the windows, as the governor put it, and calling for revolution.

With its stress on luxury objects, the show mentions but doesn't dwell on the fact that Barcelona back then was also called ''the rose of fire'' and the ''city of bombs'' for a reason. There were endless battles among anarchists, Stalinists and republicans, and waves of strikes, terrorist attacks and police reprisals. Twenty-one people were slaughtered in a bombing of the Liceu opera house in 1893. The police forced confessions under torture and staged public executions by garroting. There was more rioting when Madrid conscripted troops for a war in Morocco. Dozens of churches were torched. The military shot hundreds in the streets.

And during the late 1910s and early 1920s, Barcelona was the site of more than 800 terrorist assassinations, among them the killing of the Spanish prime minister by three Catalan anarchists, which led to a military coup that installed a dictatorship in Spain in 1923.

Apropos of all this, Nonell drew beggars huddling in shawls in the vein of Goya. Casas painted the garrotings. But it's telling that the arts in Barcelona thrived despite and amid all this chaos, and mostly with no special regard for it.

Instead, a succession of elite movements, nationalist and internationalist in inspiration, adopting names like Modernisme, Noucentisme and Vibracionismo, unfolded. Unless you're already familiar with them, it's nearly impossible to make heads or tails of them from the show. Suffice it to say that they all shared a desire that Barcelona take a place on the world stage, on its own terms.

That's the crucial point: on its own terms. Dali's Surrealism, for instance, with its hyper-reality mixed with melting, oozy shapes, was international in its reach but had deep roots in Catalan sources. The gooey forms harked back to motifs in Gaudi and Domenech and to Miro, who shared with Dali a fixation on excrement that came straight out of an old Catalan tradition, which at Christmas still includes the ubiquitous statuettes of figurines well, you know.

A dressing table by Gaudi, from 1890 or so, with a mirror improbably set at a diagonal, its wood frame carved to resemble a ribbon unfurling, is also Dali before the fact. So too are the works by Lambert Escaler, who in the early 1900s made green earthenware jardinieres in the shapes of women's heads, which Dali all but copied directly for his ''Dream'' 30 years later.

As for Domenech, his Palau de la Musica Catalana, the Palace of Catalan Music (in the show there's a model of the building, along with blueprints, a poster, balusters and tiles), often gets lumped together with Art Nouveau, a French movement. But it's Modernista, a specifically Catalan phenomenon. It was built for local choral societies, whose members were ***working class***. They sang folk songs. The palace meant to connect folk music with international music by composers like Wagner and Brahms, loosening the grip that the Liceu had on serious music and delivering it to the masses. The building's decorative program trumpeted the idea. Its tile and stained glass celebrated crafts with Catalan roots. It was also iron and glass, a modern design.

For which reason, I might add, it had lousy acoustics, so that whenever a truck passed on the cobblestones outside, the musicians had to pause.

By the 1920s there was talk of tearing the palace down, Catalan Modernisme having gone out of style, replaced by the white stucco classicism of Noucentisme, with its preference for plaster columns and antique fountains. People in the neighborhood starting calling the building the Palace of Catalan Junk. But it survived, fortunately, as a gaudy dowager, eventually to be recognized, as Robert Hughes puts it in his 1992 book on Barcelona, as ''both Catalanist and international, proving that a vigorous regionalist culture does not have to be a provincial one.''

Exactly right. In time, a new generation of Catalan architects like Josep Lluis Sert replaced Noucentisme with the white box aesthetic of the International Style, but again gave it a local spin, Sert regarding the white box as a Mediterranean invention, not something cooked up in the architectural laboratories of Germany by Mies van der Rohe and the Bauhaus.

As proof, Sert's pavilion for the Spanish Republic at the 1937 Paris World's Fair (where Picasso's ''Guernica'' was first shown), unlike Mies's Barcelona Pavilion (of which there's a splendid model in the show) had the casual grace of a seaside villa.

There's a model for it here too, along with an old BKF chair, from 1938, designed by the Grupo Austral. Iron-framed, with a leather swing-seat roughly in the shape of a butterfly, it looks like a Calder or an Arp or one of Miro's blobs, just not like something you can get into or out of easily.

It's deeply Spanish in its materials but made to flatter one of those airy Mediterranean villas, championing a fresh take on modern life. The old era of stuffy, formal living had given way, after the Depression, to a new architecture of multipurpose rooms; proper dining chairs and straight-backed salon chairs were replaced by one that was impossible to sit up straight in. You had to lie in it sideways. You had to relax.

It comes near the end of the show, all charm and impractical ingenuity, before studies for ''Guernica'' and posters for the Republican side (and a couple for Franco's side) in the civil war that finally ended Barcelona's run: joie de vivre along with pandemonium.

Come to think of it, that's not a bad description of the city during this whole remarkable era.''Barcelona and Modernity: Gaudi to Dali,'' organized in conjunction with the Cleveland Museum of Art, remains on view at the Metropolitan Museum through June 3. It was put together at the Met by the curators Jared Goss and Magdalena Dabrowski.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Gaudi's design (around 1910) for the facade of the Colonia Guell Chapel, just outside Barcelona.

''Ramon Casas and Pere Romeu on a Tandem'' (1897), by Ramon Casas, at the Met. (Photo by Museu Nacional d'Art de Catalunya, Barcelona)(pg. E36)

Barcelona and Modernity: Gaudi to Dali Right, ''Port de Barcelona'' (1925) by Lluis Bracons and Jaume Busquets

above, a folding screen (1909) by Gaudi, both from an exhibition at the Met. (Photos by Left, Allan Stone Gallery

above, Artur Ramon Collection, Barcelona)(pg. E29)

**Load-Date:** March 9, 2007

**End of Document**



[***Park Slope: Where Is the Love?***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4SJ2-W0K0-TW8F-G0NY-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 18, 2008 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2008 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section ST; Column 0; Style Desk; Pg. 1; FIRST PERSON

**Length:** 1778 words

**Byline:** By LYNN HARRIS

**Body**

POOR Union Hall. First, there was the tempest in a sippy cup stirred up in Brooklyn last February by this bar-brunch-boccie spot's ban on children in strollers. And just last week, a subcommittee of the Park Slope community board -- swayed by an army of pitchfork-wielding locals -- dealt the joint a harsh, if symbolic blow: no liquor license renewal until you do something about the noise. Though the full board overruled the committee within days, the blogosphere's critics and conspiracy theorists had already drawn their conclusions: ''It's the revenge of the Stroller Moms.''

But it's not just the moms; it's where they live. ''Park Slope isn't even part of Brooklyn anymore,'' wrote one commenter on Gothamist. ''It's seriously a lower rung of hell, filled with hateful English teachers.'' And on Eater.com, one posted comment said: ''Park Slope and its ilk are why NYC is becoming more and more pathetic by the day.''

Yep: community fussbudgets, whiny parents, taverns crawling with toddlers, hip watering holes edging out old-man bars. It's everything New Yorkers love to hate about Park Slope.

Well, not everything. Check the comments on real estate blogs like Brownstoner and Curbed, or ask around. To its detractors, Park Slope is both haunt and hatchery of New York's smuggest limousine-liberal yuppies.

It is, if I may further summarize the bad publicity, overrated and hypocritical. Its glorious brownstone blocks and jaunty cafes are awash in carpetbagger entitlement, ruled by snarling ''Stroller Nazis.'' The neighborhood is a ground zero of all that is twee and lame. It is, God forbid, the suburbs.

''Park Slope is a perfect storm of stereotypes that provoke derision,'' said Steven Johnson, a local writer and a father of three. ''Since Park Slope is the neighborhood most explicitly associated with urban parenting, it attracts the wrath of people who think parents have gone way overboard. I imagine there's some horror fantasy fusion: the well-off Park Sloper and co-op member who is obsessed with his kids. Oh, wait, I just described myself.''

Perhaps you recall the much-publicized episode in which an innocent ''Found: Boy's hat'' message on the Park Slope Parents listserv sparked a brief debate about gender semiotics. (''What makes this a boy's hat?'')

''Every so often, we seem to fulfill people's worst expectations,'' said my friend and neighbor Lori Leibovich, whose contribution to SMITH magazine's six-word-memoir book was ''Husband. Kids. Park Slope. You know.'' Yes, we do.

When I moved to the neighborhood in 1994, I promise you, Manhattanites did not think about Park Slope any longer than it took them to blow off a party invitation. But today, you mention Park Slope on a blog or even in conversation and, especially if the reference involves the word ''stroller,'' the haters lunge like sharks at chum.

How did it come to this? Most of the above could be said of just about any other neighborhood in our tidied-up, child-rearing-friendly New York City. Doesn't the East Village have a Whole Foods? Hasn't the Upper West Side become Short Hills?

How did Slope Rage become a meme unto itself, even among people who won't take the F train below East Broadway?

We must take some hatred of Park Slope with a generous dash of salt (organic, artisanal, hand-harvested). Much anti-Slope invective is stirred up in comments on blogs, which are not known for universally trenchant insight (''Puke Slope!'') or for their warm embrace of, well, anything.

By the same token, when we talk about ''people who hate Park Slope,'' we are talking in large part about a certain stratum of the chattering, Twittering class. ''This whole thing sounds like white people being annoyed by and jealous of other white people, which I find kind of funny,'' said James Bernard, a union organizer and a member of the local Community Board 6. ''I live in the Slope. I love it. I talk about it as much as anyone else does. But I founded a charter school near Brownsville and I don't hear anyone talking about Park Slope over there.''

To be sure, much has changed here. When I first arrived, my friends would say things like, ''Brooklyn? Do you need a passport?'' and ''So, do you think you'll move into Manhattan someday?'' (Actually, they called it New York.) Then, the Slope was the only place my roommates and I could afford a decent three-bedroom apartment. Then, Fifth Avenue was guys playing dominos and bodegas selling, as far as I could tell, only motor oil and sun-faded cans of Pringles.

Today, you don't need a passport so much as a windfall. The junky Fifth Avenue shop where I bought an already-dusty broom and a ream of paper towels on the day I moved in? Now, on the same spot, I can get cedar-planked salmon and quinoa pilaf.

Today, Park Slope is a brand, a concept. Fourth Avenue -- the Champs-Elysees of auto parts! -- is home to the vile Novo Park Slope condo-monstrosity and the ridiculous boutique Hotel Le Bleu, whose Web site reveals its high prices (up to $369), but not its location on a bleak slip between a taxi garage and a Staples. (What are the odds that its cocktail bar will serve as the gin joint of choice for the fabulous fictional Slopers in the drama about the neighborhood that is being developed, seriously, by Darren Star of ''Sex and the City''?)

Many locals, and ex-locals, I talked to swore that something else has also changed. Phyllis Bobb, 42, lived here from 1990 to 2002, when she moved to Bed-Stuy because, she said, ''there were too many yuppies moving in.'' People on her block stopped sitting on stoops; a guy in the park kicked her dog. ''It wasn't a community anymore,'' she said, and she's still steamed. ''I feel like a jilted lover.''

Then again, when I asked Paul Milkman, a teacher who has lived in Park Slope for 37 years, if he's experienced this new rudeness, he has no idea what I'm talking about. Same goes for my mother-in-law; she and my father-in-law live around the corner in the brownstone they bought for five figures in 1972. ''There are new layers to the neighborhood,'' she said. ''We feel economic differences, which are now dramatic, in ways we did not before, and they can be hurtful to some. But the sense of community and friendliness has not changed.''

MY in-laws arrived in Park Slope, then largely ***working-class*** Irish, as part of the first wave of gentrification. ''Park Slope in the late '60s was the leading edge of urban revitalization,'' said John Mollenkopf, director of the Center for Urban Research at the City University Graduate Center. Founding block associations and planting trees, they were like urban kibbutzniks.

They were part of a ''postwar middle-class search for urban authenticity as a refuge from mass consumer culture,'' said Suleiman Osman, a Slope native and assistant professor of American Studies at George Washington University, who is writing a book about the history of gentrification in Brooklyn. That authenticity, he said, generally lasts only for the first phase of gentrification. It's a theme in modern urban history: the sense that authenticity is always slipping away. In short, this place was authentic until you people showed up. Repeat.

Outside any authenticity smackdown, what has remained constant in Park Slope is the glory of Prospect Park, the Brooklyn Botanic Garden and the Brooklyn Museum; the relative quiet and calm; and the fact that for the same bazillion dollars you might get a few more square feet than you get in Manhattan (maybe on a block with a tree).

Andmaybe that, when it comes to anti-Slopism, is all we need to know. Josh Grinker, the chef and an owner of Stone Park Cafe (the salmon and quinoa place), practically answered my question before I finished asking it. Why do people hate Park Slope? ''They're jealous because they can't live here,'' he said.

Many others whom I asked had the same response. ''There is all this class resentment in New York, and it's very tied up in real estate,'' Dr. Mollenkopf said. ''People who are well-housed are the envy of others.''

Park Slope also may provide a peek into a crystal ball that some don't want to see. ''Hipsters and people who don't have kids are terrified of becoming grown-ups and parents, which is what Park Slope has come to represent,'' said Jeff Sandgrund, 30, a lifelong Park Sloper. ''So you lash out against that as if it's the worst thing in the world, when in five years, you know what? It's going to be you.''

No consideration of Park Slope is complete without a discussion of stroller semiotics, of the stroller as synecdoche for the perceived evils of the neighborhood and indulgent urban child rearing in general. The high-end stroller -- which is not confined to Park Slope -- has become an epithet as inseparable from the Slope as ''wine-dark'' is from the sea.

To their detractors, expensive strollers are in-your-face, in-your-way status symbols. They say, ''I paid for this stroller, to say nothing of my three-story town house, which authorizes me to take up nine square feet.''

Sharyn Wolf, a psychotherapist in Manhattan, had fun with the query, taking it even further. ''They're a metaphor for power,'' she said. ''And whoever is in power, we hate.''

As one Sloper recently groused on Brooklynian.com: ''How come the mommies get to make all the rules around here?''

And lest we forget: these strollers, this privilege -- perceived and otherwise -- this Xanadu. Where is it? Brooklyn.

Brooklyn?

Brooklyn was supposed to be Manhattan's little burnout brother. When I arrived in New York, Brooklyn was the place you could reliably feel superior to, if you thought about it at all. New Yorkers don't hate the Upper East Side in the same way because that's old money, old news. But Brooklyn? ''There's the feeling that yuppies in Park Slope are washing away Brooklyn's grittiness and making it more like Manhattan,'' said Jose Sanchez, chairman of urban studies at Long Island University, Brooklyn. ''Brooklyn was supposed to be different. Park Slope, to some, now represents everything that Brooklyn was not supposed to be.''

That's why our feelings about Park Slope are linked to our feelings about our entire city: our overpriced, chain-store city run by bankers, socialites and, it seems, mommies. The artists are fleeing and your friends, it seems, have become Park Slope pod people. (And they're coming for you, too.) It's starting to feel as if there's nowhere left to hide. And that if we lose Brooklyn, we lose everything.

Though actually, if you could keep hating Park Slope, that would be great. Maybe if it really falls out of favor, I'll be able to afford to stay.

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

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: FAMILY FRIENDLY: Other neighborhoods have strollers, food co-ops and brownstones. So why is sneering at Park Slope an urban blood sport? (PHOTOGRAPH BY NICOLE BENGIVENO/THE NEW YORK TIMES)(pg. ST1)

THE PRIZE

Are the brownstones of Park Slope awash in carpetbagger entitlement?(PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL NAGLE FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES)(pg. ST8)

SLICE OF LIFE: Food co-ops are part of the neighborhood.(PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHEL NAGLE FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES)(pg. ST9)

**Load-Date:** May 18, 2008

**End of Document**



[***FILM; An Abuse Scandal With Nuns As Villains***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:495B-X760-01KN-20HK-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 27, 2003 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2003 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 2; Column 1; Arts and Leisure Desk; Pg. 7

**Length:** 1470 words

**Byline:**  By NANCY RAMSEY; Nancy Ramsey is a freelance writer in New York specializing in the arts.

**Body**

WHEN the Scottish actor and director Peter Mullan was growing up in a ***working-class*** Roman Catholic family, goodness was embodied in the clergy. It was the clergy of his pious mother, who contended with eight children and an alcoholic husband. It was the clergy of the Hollywood films the Mullan children watched on television: "Boys Town" with Spencer Tracy, "Angels With Dirty Faces" with Pat O'Brien, "Going My Way" with Bing Crosby.

Goodness, however, was not apparent in the local priest when the family's electricity was shut off, and Mrs. Mullan sent her son to the church for candles. "The priest got hold of me, and started beating me up," Mr. Mullan recalled over coffee last fall, when he was in town for the New York Film Festival screening of his second feature, "The Magdalene Sisters." "His first reaction was that I'd broken into his house to steal the candelabra. Then he told me that the reason we were so poor was that my father was useless." Through "blinding tears," the 10-year-old boy looked at the priest and thought, "You're no Spencer Tracy."

Fast forward to a night in March 1998. By then Mr. Mullan had taught European drama at the University of Glasgow; he had directed community theater with "every group imaginable -- prisoners, murderers, abused men, abused women, unemployed, employed," he said; and he had acted in several films, including Mel Gibson's "Braveheart," Danny Boyle's "Trainspotting" and Ken Loach's "My Name Is Joe" (for which he won the prize for best actor at the Cannes Film Festival). He had also recently directed his first film, "Orphans," a dark comedy, set in Glasgow, about four adult siblings whose pent-up rage explodes the night before their mother's funeral.

That March evening, Mr. Mullan watched a television documentary called "Sex in a Cold Climate," which aimed a bright light on a previously hidden part of the Catholic Church's domain, the Magdalene Asylums. Functioning as both girls' reformatories and profit-making laundries, the Magdalenes were virtual prisons for thousands of young women, condemned, by the church or their families, to labor under sweat-shop conditions as punishment for their "crimes," which ranged from being dangerously pretty to having babies before they had husbands. "Mary Magdalene was forgiven, and we would be forgiven in time," one woman said she was told by the nuns who ran the asylums, which first opened near the end of the 19th century and, in Britain, were located primarily near the large cities.

"Sex in a Cold Climate" enraged Mr. Mullan, and he wrote the outline for his own film in a day and a half, he said. His rage is evident in every frame of "The Magdalene Sisters," which opens in theaters on Friday. The film is a stark portrayal of abuse, of existences limited to silent, daylong toil and silent, miserly meals, with the ever-present threat of sadistic beatings for any infraction of the rules.

The movie, which won the Golden Lion at the Venice Film Festival in September, introduces its three main characters with brief vignettes detailing their falls from respectable girlhood. It is 1964. As musicians play traditional Irish songs at a festive wedding, a cousin pulls Margaret (Anne-Marie Duff) into an upstairs room and rapes her; she tells what happened, and in the next scene, she is awakened in the early dawn by her father and bundled into a car with a priest. Then the film jumps to the lying-in hospital where Rose (Dorothy Duffy) has just given birth to a boy; her mother sits beside her, too furious even to look at him, and in short order, the infant is handed over to a priest for adoption and Rose is handed over to the Magdalene. These two girls are made de facto orphans for having shamed their families; Bernadette (Nora-Jane Noone), the third, is an orphan in the literal sense. At 16, she is growing sexier by the day; the younger girls in the orphanage idolize her; local boys ogle her from the other side of the fence: clearly it's time for a stricter institution.

The three girls arrive at a Magdalene on the outskirts of Dublin the same day, and together meet their nemesis-to-be, Sister Bridget (Geraldine McEwan). (Although the film is set in Ireland, it was made in Scotland, partly, Mr. Mullan says, because he feared "acts of sabotage.") Sister Bridget punishes the girls by whipping their thighs and shearing their heads. She revels in the money her laundry brings in, and presides over breakfast feasts with the other nuns while the girls eat a ghastly porridge. One British critic, reviewing Ms. McEwan's "simply glorious performance," called her Sister Bridget "the glitteringly cruel and cantankerous empress of emotional sadism."

Bernadette is the most headstrong of the girls, and much of the film's plot centers on her attempts to escape. Ms. Noone, who makes a stunning professional debut in the role, grew up in Ireland, in County Galway. "There was a Magdalene in Galway, right in the center of town," she recalled in a telephone interview. "Pretty much everyone knew that the bad girls went to the Magdalene. But people didn't talk about it; nobody wanted to say anything bad about the Catholic Church."

Mr. Mullan, 43, is not so reticent. He has graying blond hair and a mischievous glimmer in his eyes, and speaks in a gruff voice that belies his warm, self-deprecating humor. (So does the role he gave himself in the film: that of a vicious father who returns his daughter to the Magdalene after she escapes.) The last of the Magdalene asylums closed in 1996, done in not by their injustice but by technology, said Mr. Mullan, a Socialist. "Washing machines shut them down," he said. It's estimated that they had housed some 30,000 women in Ireland alone. "But it could be twice that," Mr. Mullan said. "The Catholic Church are the only ones who really know."

Mr. Mullan's empathy for these victims of the church goes beyond the memories of his own beating by the parish priest. "I think it goes back to my relationship with my father," he said. "I could relate to living in a prison with an open door. Technically speaking, 50 girls could have overpowered 15 nuns. But ifyou did escape, your family or the police brought you back. And you can't kill yourself; as a Catholic, that's damning your eternal soul. So they had you every way."

Sister Bridget, he said, is based on a nun Mr. Mullan worked for when he was 17, after he responded to an appeal in a Catholic newspaper for volunteers to help schizophrenic single women. "I wanted to do good," he said. But the program was administered by a nun whose "cruelty had to be seen to be believed -- the arrogance, the vanity, the delusion, all of which was reinforced by society, even in a secular country," he recalled. "Nobody questioned a nun." Mr. Mullan summed up Sister Bridget in two brief phrases: "Absence of doubt. And everything has been sanctioned by God."

Ms. McEwan, who was brought up in England, said by telephone that she was "absolutely appalled" by the character when she read the script. "I was concerned that Sister Bridget not come out a total villain," she said. "Sister Bridget is a believer. She thinks it's a mortal sin for women to commit adultery and have a child out of wedlock; she absolutely believes she's saving them from themselves. But she's a very lonely woman. She's intelligent -- nobody in her environment matches her mentally. She's sexually frustrated; she's innately jealous of the girls' sexuality, and that encourages her to be sadistic to them."

For all that, Mr. Mullan said he did not see "Magdalene Sisters" as anti-Catholic (and, he pointed out, one of his three children attends Catholic school). To him, the film is critical of "all theocracies," of "fundamentalist fiefdoms." (At a news conference when the film was shown in Venice, he had likened the Irish church's treatment of women to the Taliban's.) "Can you imagine thinking teenage girls can bring about the fall of the empire?" he asked.

The Vatican newspaper, L'Osservatore Romano, wasn't quite convinced. It called the film "an angry and rancorous provocation," and denounced its presentation as "a work of art" at the Venice festival.

Speaking by phone earlier this month, Mr. Mullan seemed unshaken by the Vatican's response. "Yes, well, no more phone calls, no more Christmas cards," he said drily. Has he, perhaps, taken some pleasure in tweaking the Catholic Church? "That doesn't concern me," he said. "The only thing I'm really concerned about is that the women get the apology they deserve."

The film has opened in Britain, to a favorable response. Women who were sent to the Magdalene as young girls have approached Mr. Mullan after screenings. "They all say the same thing," he said. " 'Thanks very much for the film; we really enjoyed it.' And they always add, 'The reality was a lot worse.' "

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Dorothy Duffy as Rose, a girl sent to a Magdalene Asylum, in "The Magdalene Sisters." (Miramax Films)(pg. 7); Nora-Jane Noone portrays Bernadette in "The Magdalene Sisters." (pg. 12)

**Load-Date:** July 27, 2003

**End of Document**



[***The Price Of Power***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:562G-T6J1-JBG3-64YK-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 8, 2012 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2012 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section MM; Column 0; Magazine Desk; Pg. 20

**Length:** 5544 words

**Byline:** By ROBERT DRAPER

**Body**

One day in April, Paul Begala, a former Bill Clinton political strategist and CNN analyst, placed a phone call to a wealthy and left-leaning 41-year-old Houston lawyer named Steve Mostyn. Begala is himself a Texan, albeit one who gives off the jittery vibe of a Catskills comedian, and the two men have a few friends in common. But Mostyn, a frequent giver to Democratic causes, quickly intuited that this wasn't a social call. Begala reminded Mostyn that he was now working as a consultant for Priorities USA Action, a so-called super PAC run by Bill Burton and Sean Sweeney, former White House senior staff members, that was committed to Barack Obama's re-election. He and Burton would be coming to Houston on Friday, April 13, Begala said. Could they arrange for a meeting?

''I'll be in Fort Lauderdale that day on my boat,'' Mostyn replied. ''You're welcome to join me there.''

The invitation was not thoroughly sincere, evidenced by the fact that Mostyn did not inform Begala where his boat would be docked. Nonetheless, at noon sharp on Friday the 13th, Begala (who is prone to seasickness) and Burton (who had taken a red-eye flight from San Francisco, where he spent the previous afternoon giving his pitch to wealthy progressives at the Telegraph Hill home of the Taco Bell heir Rob McKay), materialized at the correct Fort Lauderdale marina, each wearing jeans and bearing iPads.

For the uninitiated, ''boat'' is Texan for ''yacht.'' Burton and Begala climbed aboard the outsize Mostyn vessel, All or Nothing, and the attractive first mate handed them cans of Michelob Ultra. A four-hour conversation ensued. Mostyn and his wife, Amber (who is also an attorney), were congenial but blunt. They were not fans of super PACs -- political action committees that can receive unlimited donations from individuals, corporations and unions, usually for the purpose of saturating the airwaves with attack ads -- and were appalled by the Supreme Court's Citizens United decision in 2010, which made such entities possible. For that matter, the Mostyns weren't entirely happy with Obama. The president had been far too accommodating to Republicans -- ''naive,'' as Amber Mostyn expressed it.

''We hear that a lot,'' Burton conceded. Burton was a White House deputy press secretary under Obama, and at age 34, he has spent his career as a happy warrior spewing Democratic messages from behind a lectern or on cable TV. But a big part of his new role involves shutting up and listening to rich Democrats vent about his former boss's deficiencies. Gently he reminded his hosts, ''But things will only be worse if he's not re-elected.''

The Mostyns acknowledged not wanting to see Mitt Romney in the Oval Office. Still, they wondered how any donation could possibly make a difference. ''They're spending ridiculous amounts of money on the other side,'' Amber Mostyn said. ''All the crazy commercials they're going to put up -- how do you combat that?''

Burton was ready for this question. ''You don't do it dollar for dollar,'' he said. He whipped out his iPad and showed the Mostyns a few slides from his PowerPoint presentation. The slides included polling data indicating voters' lack of familiarity with Romney's business record at the private-equity firm Bain Capital, as well as financial figures from the 2010 midterm election showing how well-spent donations could help a Democrat prevail over a better-financed Republican opponent.

Then Burton pulled up something else on his screen: raw video footage that Priorities intended to use for attack ads against Romney. Appearing were the somber images of several men and women who were laid off by Bain. The individuals were tracked down by Brennan Bilberry, the super PAC's 26-year-old research director, and persuaded to tell their stories on camera. One of these was a middle-aged paper-mill worker named Mike Earnest, who had been asked to help build a 30-foot stage that Bain officials would later stand upon while announcing to Earnest and other millworkers that they were being laid off. ''Turns out that when we built that stage,'' Earnest said in a flat Midwestern cadence, ''it was like building my own coffin.''

Steve Mostyn was impressed by their research. He asked them what sort of donation they were talking about.

''One million dollars,'' was the reply. The Mostyns had never given anywhere near that kind of money to a candidate in the past.

''And we'd like it right away,'' Burton said. He explained that TV ad rates were cheaper to buy far in advance.

Defining the opponent early was crucial, Begala pointed out. ''That's what we did to Bob Dole in 1996,'' he said. ''It's what the Bush campaign did to John Kerry in 2004.''

Burton added, ''Because voters at this point don't know much about Romney, every dollar we spend now is worth more, exponentially.''

Amber Mostyn wanted to know how they were going to re-energize a Democratic base that has been disillusioned.

That's not our role, Burton explained. Though presidential campaigns and their supporting super PACs are forbidden to communicate with one another, a division of labor was mutually understood. It was up to the Obama campaign to be the keeper of the president's story, Burton said. Priorities would focus on ''defining'' Romney, and in the process, destroying him. And to do that, it needed the Mostyns and many people like them to get over their distaste for the Citizens United decision and their frustration with the president and write a very large check, because that's what was happening every day on the other side.

Burton and his best friend, Sean Sweeney, are knockaround political operatives from ***working-class*** backgrounds who had never spent a day in the genteel stratum of fund-raising before they started their super PAC 16 months ago. Their chief qualification for the job, beyond the fact that no one else wanted it, was their shared appreciation for the devastating work that well-financed outside groups can do.

Burton and Sweeney both worked for Rahm Emanuel during the 2006 midterm elections, when Emanuel was directing the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee's successful drive to win back the House. Unions and other outside groups played a huge role during that cycle by tarring-and-feathering Republicans as corrupt and wedded to the increasingly unpopular policies of President George W. Bush. In the spring of 2008, a Democratic PAC calling itself Progressive Media USA, whose advisers included Begala, began to raise tens of millions of dollars from big-name donors to pay for attack ads against John McCain. The intent was to keep Progressive Media in place well after the election as a magnet for deep-pocketed progressives; as one of its organizers wistfully told me, ''Imagine where we'd be if we had that in place four years later.'' But the Obama campaign -- which was building its own fund-raising behemoth, even at the expense of the candidate's earlier pledge to accept public financing and the spending cap that came with it -- didn't want outside interference. The campaign sent out a 30-year-old spokesman named Bill Burton to shut Progressive Media down by telling the press, ''From the beginning of this race, Obama has told supporters that if they want to help his effort, they should do so through his campaign.''

Two years later, President Obama repeatedly denounced the conservative super PACs that had cropped up in the wake of the Citizens United decision. In so doing, Obama ended up unilaterally disarming Democrats while animating Republicans. ''When Obama attacked us by name in the fall of 2010, accusing us of taking money from the Chinese, it was basically the best fund-raising pitch we could've made,'' says Jonathan Collegio, a spokesman for American Crossroads, the conservative super PAC conceived by Karl Rove and the Republican consultant Ed Gillespie. ''We raised $13 million the week after they attacked us.'' Burton and Sweeney watched from the White House -- more with rueful admiration than moral outrage -- as the Republicans turned the tables, outspending Democratic groups by $100 million and taking back the House.

Three months after the midterms, Burton learned that he was not chosen to succeed Robert Gibbs as White House press secretary. Gibbs had not recommended his deputy for the job (which went to Vice President Joseph Biden's spokesman, Jay Carney) -- perhaps, as some have suggested, because of Burton's youth, or because the deputy had openly campaigned for the job after having been requested not to do so. Several in the White House, including the president, urged Burton to stay on. Whatever Gibbs and others might have found lacking in him, he had proved himself to be an agile stand-in for the press secretary, one who seemed to relish trading punches with Fox News hosts.

Burton is one of those ever-ascending Washingtonians whose brazen optimism seems not to have been dampened in the slightest by the cynical world he inhabits. When asked how he's doing, he routinely, and often defiantly, replies, ''Best day of my life.'' He has been a political spokesman his entire adult life and is married to a former Clinton White House aide, Laura Burton Capps, herself the daughter of Congresswoman Lois Capps and Congressman Walter Capps.

The son of a metal-foundry worker in Buffalo who, Burton says, ''was on his feet on concrete floors all day, carrying 50-pound bags of different chemical alloys and inhaling the world's worst pollutants,'' Burton learned two things by the time he was 11. The first -- which arrived as an epiphany while watching the 1988 vice-presidential debate between Lloyd Bentsen and Dan Quayle on the family's black-and-white TV -- was that ''I wanted to be in politics, and I wanted to be at the highest level.''

The second revelation was that he was black. Burton's father was African-American and his mother was Polish. One day in elementary school he identified himself as ''other'' on a standardized test. ''My fifth-grade teacher said, 'No, you're black -- mark that you're black,' '' he told me. ''I was just like, 'Oh, I'm black.' Just another piece of information.'' With little effort, he navigated both sides of the racial divide, reserving his energies for political climbing. After graduating from the University of Minnesota in 1999, he made repeated visits to the campus office of Al Gore's presidential campaign, wearing them down until they gave him the title of deputy press secretary. At age 22, he took a job on the Hill as a Congressional aide.

But presidential politics was Burton's goal. Leveraging every Washington contact he had, Burton persuaded Senator Tom Harkin (who campaigned for the presidency in 1992) to hire him as his press secretary. When Harkin elected to stay out of the 2004 race, Burton jumped ship and became Dick Gephardt's communications director in Iowa. When Gep/hardt faltered, the gabby and incessant Burton joined the Kerry campaign.

In late 2006, Burton managed to network his way into a job interview with Senator Barack Obama, whose famous speech at the 2004 Democratic convention Burton watched ''over and over, the way some kids have seen 'Star Wars' a hundred times,'' he told me. The two men spoke only briefly of their shared biracial experience. Instead, the Iowa caucuses were on the senator's mind. Burton had experience there. He recalls suggesting that Obama shoot for ''a respectable third place, maybe an unlikely second.'' Obama disagreed. He assured Burton that he would win Iowa. Soon after, Burton became one of the earliest senior staff members to join Obama's underdog campaign.

Though his ambitions eventually met a brick wall with the news that he would not be the White House's top spokesman, Burton was not going to let a bruised ego befoul relationships that he spent years cultivating. As the deputy press secretary was leaving the building in February of last year, it happened that his pal Sean Sweeney -- who had been the top aide to Rahm Emanuel, until Emanuel decided to run for mayor of Chicago -- was also in search of a new career. Sweeney is 40, dry-witted and a career backstage political technician, more than content to cede the limelight to the Burtons and Emanuels while immersing himself in the minutiae of precinct voting data and efficient ad markets. The two ex-Obamaites spent the month of February at Tunnicliff's Tavern on Capitol Hill and halfheartedly mulled over opening a consulting shop together. But Burton had not lost his appetite for presidential politics.

Sweeney and Burton kicked around the idea of starting a pro-Obama super PAC with fellow Democrats. None of them fretted aloud that going toe to toe with Karl Rove and the Koch brothers would amount to fighting above their weight -- that, as one conservative super PAC affiliate would say to me, ''the more appropriate analog to Rove and Gillespie would be James Carville and Ed Rendell,'' the former Pennsylvania governor. But if the chief function of a super PAC is to kneecap an opponent, the two campaign veterans seemed to have ample experience. That their profiles were relatively obscure, their financial resources meager and their fund-raising experience nonexistent did not apparently deter them.

Because they lacked the money for an office (and because, as Burton told me, ''it's a little too obvious to meet at Starbucks''), Burton and Sweeney took all of their early meetings in the lobby of the Mayflower Hotel. Begala was the first to sign on as a paid consultant; Terry McAuliffe, the former D.N.C. chairman, was the first to say no, citing other commitments. Teddy Johnston, the Obama campaign's Florida finance director, became their chief fund-raiser. Sweeney knew Geoff Garin, a Democratic consultant, from when they worked together for Senator Charles E. Schumer and persuaded him to handle their polling. Ellen Malcolm of Emily's List and the America Coming Together PAC agreed to provide regular consultation. Harold Ickes, the former Clinton White House deputy chief of staff and Media Fund PAC president, became president of Priorities USA Action. He recalls warning them: ''It's hard, fund-raising. You have to raise it in big chunks. Of the $200 million we raised, $95 million of that came from five sources. And you don't just walk in and ask for that.''

It took several weeks for Burton and Sweeney to come up with a name for their start-up. To their irritation, every slogan they considered had already been trademarked by Republicans. ''We gave our lawyer 10 more names,'' Burton recalls. ''Then like 50. We're literally trying every combination of whatever. You can't come up with a name that has the word 'future' in it that the Republicans don't control. Romney's Restore Our Future -- that doesn't even make sense, and that's probably why they were able to get it.''

Eventually they settled on Priorities USA Action. As a backhanded homage to Karl Rove, Burton and Sweeney explicitly modeled the two-headed corpus of their brainchild after American Crossroads. One side would consist of a tax-exempt political action committee covered by section 527 of the Internal Revenue Code, to which named individuals and groups could donate in unlimited amounts. Its companion entity, Priorities USA, permissible under section 501(c)(4) of the tax code, could, like its counterpart Crossroads GPS, receive unlimited funds by undisclosed donors, provided that the ''social welfare'' organization did not pursue political activities as its ''primary purpose.'' (The two phrases in quotation marks are, needless to say, hazily defined. ''Priorities USA, like Crossroads GPS, has one purpose, and that's to elect and defeat candidates,'' says Fred Wertheimer of the campaign watchdog group Democracy 21. ''They're blowing smoke when they claim they're a 'social welfare' organization in the business of discussing issues.'')

There was, however, one fundamental difference between Priorities and its conservative counterparts. According to Politico, Rove's organization had vowed to raise $300 million for the 2012 election -- which, when coupled with Restore Our Future ($100 million) and the outside groups of oil and chemical billionaires Charles and David Koch ($400 million), would amount to an $800 million war chest. Burton and Sweeney's stated goal was $100 million.

Having conceded the arms race before it even began, the Priorities team recognized that its only hope lay in asymmetrical warfare. Making a virtue of their relative puniness, Begala told me: ''Karl's trying to be too comprehensive, playing in too many places on too many levels. He believes in throw-weight, the way the Soviet space program worked: they believed in brute force, while we believed in precision and perfection.'' Priorities would be selective in its ad buys. Knowing that Obama had to keep Pennsylvania in the win column, it would reach for undecided voters in the Pittsburgh exurbs instead of playing in the expensive Philadelphia market. Similarly, Priorities would not bother trying to persuade the elderly (a group whose low support for the president has seemed immovable) but would instead pursue more promising demographic targets (non-college-educated young women in the suburbs, ***working-class*** Hispanics in Florida and the West). The pro-Obama super PAC would take dead aim at these very specific pockets of swing voters. Their weapon would be, in Begala's words, ''ruthless, relentless storytelling.''

Last December -- specifically, on Pearl Harbor Day -- Burton and Sweeney met with a few other Priorities advisers in the Dupont Circle office of the pollster Geoff Garin to decide just what their Romney story would be. They quickly discarded the Romney-as-flip-flopper leitmotif. To say that the Republican lacked a firm set of positions was to concede that he couldn't be defined. Better, they concluded, to assert that Romney in fact possessed beliefs -- very extreme ones.

Burton and his colleagues spent the early months of 2012 trying out the pitch that Romney was the most far-right presidential candidate since Barry Goldwater. It fell flat. The public did not view Romney as an extremist. For example, when Priorities informed a focus group that Romney supported the Ryan budget plan -- and thus championed ''ending Medicare as we know it'' -- while also advocating tax cuts for the wealthiest Americans, the respondents simply refused to believe any politician would do such a thing. What became clear was that voters had almost no sense of Obama's opponent. While conducting a different focus group -- this one with non-college-educated Milwaukee voters on the eve of Wisconsin's April 3 primary -- Burton and Sweeney were surprised to learn that even after Romney had spent months campaigning, many in the group could not recognize his face, much less characterize his positions. Compounding the Republican nominee's strangely persistent obscurity is that, as Garin told me, ''Romney is not a natural politician in the sense of embracing opportunities to talk about himself.''

That left an opening for the Democrats to tell Romney's story, and over the spring they figured out how to do so. Obama's opponent was not an ideologue per se, the Priorities team decided, but instead someone who knows and cares only about wealthy Americans. Burton describes the distinction as ''a top/bottom rather than left/right approach'' -- also known in Republican circles as class warfare.

The best explanatory tool for this narrative would prove to be Romney's tenure at Bain Capital. In this recasting of Romney's self-described chief qualification to be president, the candidate may well be someone who understands how the economy works but cares only about making it work for rich guys like himself. As one participant in the Priorities focus groups told me, ''Businessmen are often highly admired, but there's no real template for somebody with Mitt Romney's type of business experience getting embraced.''

Bain-bashing is not exactly a novel gambit. Ted Kennedy employed it during Romney's first campaign, the 1994 U.S. Senate race, and succeeded wildly. Newt Gingrich also tried it during this year's Republican primaries, and the tactic blew up in his face, when a pro-Gingrich super PAC released an anti-Bain video full of inaccuracies, which Gingrich then disavowed. To the Beltway press, and perhaps to others as well, what Romney's business did or didn't do two decades ago is old news. Burton and Sweeney acknowledged this problem to me and postulated -- sounding somewhat like Karl Rove as they did so -- that the threat of having one's steel mill shut down doesn't resonate with the elite media.

But, they insisted, the message would penetrate the membrane of their target audience. More than one member of the Priorities team told me that Romney reminded them of another wooden and reserved Massachusetts politician, Burton's former candidate in 2004, John Kerry -- who, history shows, was defined and thereafter demolished by a masterful if venal tag-team consisting of the Bush campaign and the proto-super PAC Swift Boat Veterans for Truth. And, as the Priorities team well knew, the Swift Boat assault on Kerry's war record was waged with one-twentieth of the backing that the Democrats raised for their anti-Bush PACs. In other words: ruthless, relentless storytelling could be done on the cheap.

During the first 10 months of its existence, Priorities USA Action managed to raise only $7 million. (Of this, $2 million was seed money from Jeffrey Katzenberg, the C.E.O. of DreamWorks Animation; another $1 million came from the comedian Bill Maher.) Their travails to some degree reflect the Democratic Party's greater struggle with its prim self-perception. From the perspective of many Democrats, this year's foray into post-Citizens United campaigning calls to mind an ''Apocalypse Now''-like journey into the maw of something darker than death itself -- namely, a morality-free zone in which Republicans alone can thrive. ''I think that many Democrats feel that participating in the system would be validating Citizens United, which was a bad and destructive decision,'' Geoff Garin says.

A sentiment commonly held by Democrats -- so much so that it's part of the standard Priorities pitch to donors -- is that their only motivation to contribute is a moral one, while Republicans like the Koch brothers donate because they stand to make gobs of money if their pro-business candidate is elected. One of Priorities' big donors told me another reason that conservatives are more suited to a post-Citizens United climate than progressives. ''To me, a lot of the super-PAC money on the Republican side comes from hatred,'' he said. ''We Democrats just don't hate like that.''

The idea that Democrats abhor big money and scorched-earth campaigning requires more than a touch of amnesia. ''In 2004, we had all this energy coming from the horror at what Bush was doing -- we were furious,'' recalls the liberal activist Ellen Malcolm, whose America Coming Together PAC benefited from millions in donations from wealthy Democrats like George Soros. ''George came out of Nazi Europe and looked at this so-called war on terrorism as an all-too-familiar dynamic of governments taking control. Fear and anger are the great motivators in fund-raising. And right now Karl Rove has the fear and anger on his side.''

Lacking this sort of emotional edge, Priorities struggled against a confluence of inhospitable factors. First among those is that, as Jonathan Collegio of American Crossroads observes, ''Outside money tends to flow toward the party out of power, and to causes to stop things rather than to promote things.'' Burton and Sweeney had to contend with the widely held assumption that the Obama campaign was raising enough money on its own anyway. ''These big donors are smart -- they look at the numbers,'' a prominent Democratic fund-raiser told me. ''They say, 'How's this money they want from me going to have any impact, compared to the $750 million Obama says he's raising?' '' It also did not help that for most of its young life, Priorities operated not only without Obama's endorsement but also in the face of his implicit disapproval -- at least until late last December, when Obama's campaign manager, Jim Messina, showed his fellow adviser David Axelrod the gross disparity in fund-raising between conservative and liberal groups, prompting an alarmed Axelrod to murmur, ''We've got to show this to the president.''

Over and over, Burton and Sweeney heard Democrats express distaste for super PACs, disillusionment with Obama and -- during the primary season, anyway -- disbelief that the president was in any danger of losing. (''It's been difficult,'' Sweeney told me in early spring, ''to make the case that Romney's a juggernaut when he's within 2,000 votes of losing Ohio to Rick Santorum.'') As one lackluster monthly F.E.C. disclosure followed another, a new narrative rippled through Washington, and it wasn't about Bain Capital: the Priorities team, it was suggested, was not ready for prime time.

''It's a personal process, asking for checks of this size,'' says Susan McCue, one leader of the Democratic Senate super PAC. ''You need to take the time to talk about the stakes and how their support will make a difference. And you need to assure them that their money will be used efficiently.'' Arguably, the skill sets of driving home a rapid-response message to a roomful of deadline-crazed journalists and charming a tycoon into parting with a million dollars could not be more different. Burton and Sweeney were novices at asking for money, and apparently it showed. Upper-tier Obama associates told me that in the eyes of donors, Burton and Sweeney lacked Rove's stature and Begala's natural salesman's touch. In April, after an attack ad by American Crossroads compelled the Obama campaign to respond by spending its own money for additional TV time -- knowing that Priorities lacked the money to do so -- a clearly annoyed official told me, ''If we had a Karl Rove of our own out there, we wouldn't have had to do this.''

As the super PAC's public face -- a ubiquitous MSNBC talking head, blogger and cajoler of the Washington news media -- Burton bore the brunt of the criticism. The ongoing insinuation that he was out of his depth did not outwardly jostle the spokesman's best-day-of-my-life unsinkability. (''If you didn't read the story and just looked at the pictures . . . I feel like I came out pretty good,'' he wrote me after one particularly withering article.) Burton and Sweeney repeatedly insisted to me that what they termed the ''education process'' was mainly about converting super-PAC-averse Democrats rather than learning on the fly themselves.

Still, they knew they needed help. By the end of the spring, Priorities had beefed up its fund-raising team to include Diana Rogalle (from the ACT PAC), Susan Holloway Torricelli (former Senator Robert Torricelli's ex- wife and longtime fund-raiser) and Kathleen Daughety (who was previously Senator Michael Bennet's finance director). Mary Beth Cahill, who was Burton's boss on the Kerry campaign, also signed on as a strategic adviser.

''Look, Sean and Bill make no bones about it: they'd been on the spending'' -- meaning messaging -- ''side, not the fund-raising side,'' Harold Ickes told me. ''I think they decided to do it because no one else was doing it. It was clearly necessary, and I encouraged them to do it. That said, there are techniques, and it's an art form . . . there's a minuet, almost. And it takes a lot of time, you bet.''

On April 14, the day after their get-together aboard the boat, Steve Mostyn called Begala to say that he would soon be wiring Priorities a million dollars. A month later -- 25 weeks before the general election -- Mostyn's donation would help finance a $10 million TV blitz in the swing states of Colorado, Ohio, Florida, Pennsylvania and Virginia. Each week featured a somber new anti-Romney testimonial. On May 22, it was that of Loris Huffman, who worked at the Ampad paper mill for 34 years before being laid off by Bain. On June 10, a former steel-mill employee, Donnie Box, appeared in ads.

Three days later, The Wall Street Journal reported that the conservative casino billionaire Sheldon Adelson had just pledged money to the pro-Romney super PAC Restore Our Future. The amount Adelson was donating was $10 million -- 10 times that of the Mostyns' hard-won contribution, and the sum total of Priorities USA's entire ad buy. A couple of days later, The Huffington Post reported that Adelson might also be cutting $10 million checks to American Crossroads and the Koch brothers' Americans for Prosperity. All told, the casino magnate was telling friends, his contributions to right-leaning candidates and causes might well reach $100 million -- a figure by a single Republican donor that matches the amount Priorities has set as its financial goal for the entire 2012 cycle.

After Burton read the story about Adelson's contribution to the Romney super PAC, he could think of only one thing to do. ''I sent that article out to every single Democratic donor that I know,'' he would later recall. The subject heading of Burton's e-mail -- minus a profane verb -- was: ''So apparently they're not messing around.''

But in late May and early June, it wasn't Sheldon Adelson who was drowning out the Priorities ads. Rather, the Obama campaign was inadvertently doing so. Apparently the campaign did not know or did not care about Priorities USA Action's planned mini-blitz, for it released its own two-minute attack video focusing on Bain's closure of GST Steel, which concluded with, ''I'm Barack Obama, and I approved this message.''

Reaction to the ad was swift and overwhelmingly negative. A procession of Democrats -- starting with the Newark mayor and Obama surrogate Cory Booker, followed by former Congressman Harold Ford Jr., the former U.S. Treasury adviser Steven Rattner and former Governor Ed Rendell -- publicly criticized the president for speaking so harshly of private-equity firms.

Burton and Sweeney waited out the chatter. They knew that Booker and the rest had deep associations with the financial sector. They also believed in their polling data -- which would be validated in early June by focus groups of suburban mothers conducted in Richmond, Va., and Las Vegas, and also by an NBC-Wall Street Journal poll showing that voters were twice as likely to have a negative opinion of Bain's practices. Besides, beneath all the bluster coming from Obama's fellow Democrats lurked a basic political verity: the leader of the free world is widely seen as having better things to do with his time than trash Mitt Romney's past business life. It was beneath him. But it was hardly beneath Obama's friends residing in the shadows of super PAC world. Quite the opposite: this was exactly what Priorities was set up to do.

Burton and Sweeney's creation now appears to be on relatively solid footing. As of late June, the super PAC has amassed a total of $40 million, with almost $20 million in the bank and about a dozen million-dollar donors onboard. Among the most recent is Qualcomm's co-founder Irwin M. Jacobs and his wife, Joan, newcomers to the world of political mega-giving, whom Burton and other Priorities surrogates spent a year courting in person, on the phone and by e-mail before the couple relented and gave $2 million. Priorities' $100 million goal is within reach but by no means assured. ''In order to do that,'' Ickes says, ''we're going to have go get some $5 million and $10 million donors.'' Another Priorities representative says wistfully: ''Maybe there's someone we never heard of. Is there a Charles Koch out there on our side?''

On June 21, Burton returned to Buffalo to deliver the commencement address at City Honors School, from which he graduated in 1995. ''While men and women are remembered for how they succeed,'' the former White House spokesman told his young audience, ''they are defined by how they fail. And by how they come back.'' Late that evening, while Burton was dining out with old high-school buddies and faculty members, a Washington Post article about Romney and Bain Capital appeared on the paper's Web site. The story analyzed filings with the Securities and Exchange Commission that showed Bain to have ''owned companies that were pioneers in the practice of shipping work from the United States to overseas call centers and factories.''

From the restaurant, Burton e-mailed Sweeney and their team. By 10:45 p.m., they had drafted a memo that would be sent to the e-mail addresses of several hundred political reporters by 7 the next morning: ''Despite his phony rhetoric on standing up for American workers, today's Washington Post details how Mitt Romney directly profited from the outsourcing of American jobs overseas.'' Soon they would be adding more Bain-related questions to their polls, seeking to add depth to their narrative, the one best shot their modestly financed super PAC had at persuading swing voters and thereby making a difference in a closely contested presidential election. Burton and Sweeney were doing what they do best, telling the story -- though when it came down to it, getting enough people to listen would still be the hardest part.

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

**Graphic**

PHOTOS (PHOTOGRAPHS BY REINHARD HUNGER

MODELS BY KATRIN RODEGAST) (MM20-MM21

MM22

MM25)

**Load-Date:** July 8, 2012

**End of Document**



[***EDUCATION;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-PB50-0038-D22H-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Smith Decision on Student Aid: 'Tip of the Iceberg'***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-PB50-0038-D22H-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 16, 1990, Wednesday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1990 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section B; Page 7, Column 1; National Desk

**Length:** 1238 words

**Byline:** By SUSAN CHIRA

**Body**

With Federal aid for student grants and loans down dramatically from levels of a decade ago, college administrators predict that fewer and fewer colleges will be able to guarantee financial aid to all the students they admit.

And at the nation's most selective colleges and universities, ''need-blind'' admissions policies - the practice of admitting students without regard to their ability to pay -are being re-examined.

The stakes are high, because less financial aid could mean that fewer poor, ***working-class*** and minority students will be able to attend elite colleges.

Earlier this year, Smith College quietly decided to stop admitting students without regard to their ability to pay. When the decision became public last week, it ricocheted through the world of higher education, touching off debate about how colleges can compensate for financial shortages without rejecting qualified students.

College administrators across the country said most schools shared Smith's dilemma, even if they have not chosen its solution. And it is difficult to tell whether other colleges are following Smith's course, because no one wants adverse publicity.

''Is Smith the tip of the iceberg? Yes,'' said Karl M. Furstenberg, dean of admissions and financial aid at Wesleyan University in Connecticut. In 1982, Wesleyan announced it would end need-blind admissions, but a successful fund-raising drive meant the policy never took effect.

Smith's decision to deny some students admission if the school cannot give them enough financial aid has also renewed a long-standing debate. Is it fairer to give students no money but the choice to attend and the opportunities provided by a prestigious college's degree, or does that create a group of second-class citizens, overburdened financially and set apart from their peers?

'Shared by Us All'

''The financial pressure is indeed shared by all of us, and we're all figuring out how to deal with it,'' said Nan Keohane, president of Wellesley College in Massachusetts, which has begun a five-year drive to raise $150 million. ''So many things are threatened. There's a lot of evidence that the quality of our student body, as well as diversity, depends very heavily on student aid. You stand to sacrifice both, and I just don't think we can afford to do that.''

Colleges that do not practice need-blind admissions say their decision does not necessarily mean less diversity, because only the marginally acceptable students are affected. Beginning with next year's entering class, Smith will distribute a budgeted amount of aid to applicants, starting with the most desirable ones - many of whom will be students Smith wants precisely because they are poor or from minorities. If the money runs out, students who rank lower on the acceptable list and need aid will not be admitted.

Instead, Smith's board of admissions decided yesterday, those students will be sent a letter saying that they met Smith's qualifications but that the college cannot admit them because it has no money for them. If Smith finds extra money later, or if the students can come up with more money on their own, the college will review their cases, said Mary Maples Dunn, Smith's president. She estimated that Smith would not be able to give financial aid to 5 percent to 10 percent of qualified students.

A Meeting at Barnard

But Frank Burtnett, executive director of the National Association of College Admission Counselors, remains worried: ''If part of the mission of an institution is to extend its diversity, on the other hand they are saying we won't be able to admit you if your need is too great.''

While few in the small world of higher education would criticize Smith directly, some administrators moved quickly to reaffirm their commitment to not letting financial need influence a student's chance of admission. Barnard College convened a meeting of its trustees on Monday to pass a resolution declaring that the college would continue to admit students without considering whether they could pay.

''There will be no financial toll gates for admission to Barnard College,'' Ellen V. Futter, Barnard's president, said in announcing the trustees' vote at commencement ceremonies yesterday.

The National Association of College Admission Counselors, of which Smith is a member, asks members to practice need-blind admissions. Many administrators said they were scrambling to find more money, either through fund-raising campaigns or better budgeting, to insure that they could continue need-blind admissions.

Cherished but Costly

The ideals of need-blind admission, while cherished at many of the country's most selective and prestigious colleges, are unaffordable for most schools. It is not clear exactly how many colleges do practice need-blind admissions, although Mr. Burtnett said he believes the 1,400 colleges in his association have all pledged to do so. Brown University has long had a policy similar to Smith's new one, and shortages at Tufts University briefly threatened to overturn need-blind admissions there.

Dallas Martin, president of the National Association of Student Aid Administrators, said many colleges, particularly those in the economically hard-hit Northeast, South and Southwest, were facing cutbacks in state as well as Federal financial aid and could no longer practice need-blind admissions, if they ever did.

Mr. Furstenberg of Wesleyan and many other administrators said a decade of reduced Federal aid was beginning to take its toll. According to the National Association of Independent Colleges and Universities, Federal grants to students at independent colleges decreased by 68 percent between the 1975-76 and 1987-88 school years. In 1987-88, colleges provided $2.3 billion in aid to undergraduates, more than double the level of 1970-71, with three-quarters of the increase coming in the 1980's. All figures are adjusted for inflation.

At the beginning, most colleges were able to make up for the Federal cutbacks with their own money, and financial aid budgets at most schools skyrocketed. So did tuition, with financial-aid needs cited as a main reason.

But after more than 10 years, with little prospect that Federal aid will return to former levels, some colleges are running out of resources. Severe criticism about high tuition increases appear to have convinced many colleges that they can no longer raise tuitions to cover that cost.

Some Hard Choices

The continuing squeeze leaves administrators with several choices. They can provide every admitted student with all necessary aid. If they cannot afford that course, they can admit students but deny financial aid to some. Or they can rank students and admit them all, but give more financial aid to the students they want most. These strategies would fall under the broad category of need-blind admissions.

Or colleges can, as Smith decided, move away from need-blind admissions. Ms. Dunn said Smith had had unhappy experiences with admitting students but denying them financial aid. ''Those student struggled awfully hard,'' she said. ''They often worked too many hours to try to make ends meet.

''We don't want to establish a have and have-not group on campus.''

But other administrators feel that such a policy deprives students of the opportunity to make their own choice. ''It slams the door rather than leaving it open and allowing for the possiblity that the student will come anyway, which they often do,'' Ms. Futter said.

**End of Document**